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By YOUNG E. ALLISON.

COMPLETE.

JANUARY, 1892

LIPPINCOTT'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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THE PASSING OF MAJOR KILGORE.

(TOLD BY THE CITY EDITOR.)

BY

YOUNG E. ALLISON.

PHILADELPHIA:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

1892

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THE PASSING OF MAJOR KILGORE.

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CHAPTER I.

THE AGONY OF JOURNALISM.

MR. CORCORAN, the Managing Editor of the *Democratic Banner*, instead of being a big and magnificent commander of the varied intellectual forces under him, and in spite of his sounding name, was a very small man, with absorbed habits and a temper that at times was subject to eruptions rivalling those of Vesuvius in their awful height. All the newspaper men from the wide section in which the *Democratic Banner* had its large and supreme circulation, who came in to call upon the staff when visiting the city, expressed surprise after being introduced to him and went away with reverence transformed into wonder. They were, most of them, correspondents of the *Banner* in their various localities, and their acquaintance with the Managing Editor had been mostly confined to certain telegrams of instruction concerning the news treatment of events of the occurrence of which they had notified him by telegraph. These instructions were laconic but sonorous, like these:

> Rush one hundred words fire.
> *Corcoran.*

or,—

> Rush two thousand words double murder. File by pages.
> *Corcoran.*

Perhaps it was something in the ring of them, like the short, sharp, but sounding bulletins signed "Napoleon," and which used to carry with them to England and her allies impressions of a giant stripped to the belt to eat all Europe at a meal, that gave to the country corre-

spondent, waiting upon the Managing Editor's awful nod for an intimation of "space," the idea of Mr. Corcoran, imposing, solemn, and concentrated, his fingers upon telegraphic keys, directing with the intuition of a genius that none of them could understand, and with the confidence of absolute knowledge, the destinies of his army of correspondents.

This impression was dissipated in surprise, but not in disappointment; for when one correspondent, duly promoted to a destiny that once seemed too high to win, became City Editor of the *Democratic Banner* itself, he found Mr. Corcoran to be a journalist of such varied accomplishments that the admiration of him and the respect for him succeeded to the awe of him once mingled with wonder. Mr. Corcoran hated the miserable contemporary with true ardor, and when the faithful staff of the *Democratic Banner* had "scooped," humiliated, and utterly defeated it with some glorious "exclusive spread" he never spared his commendation. There were times when it might appear to other journalists that Mr. Corcoran sacrificed the local news space to telegraphic news that was not of equal importance; but, after all, that is a question never, perhaps, to be definitely settled.

Mr. Corcoran's temper and vitality were so utterly disproportioned to his size as to render the members of the staff who served under him curious as to how he contained them. He swore in all the keys that awake sympathy or startle guilty neglect from its dream of being overlooked. There were times, notably when the midnight mail was delayed, when his temper and profanity swelled out in such awful unison that those of the staff who chanced to be lounging within reach disappeared from his presence as before pestilence. Not that he ever directed his profanity at any of *them;* on the contrary, it was the abstract subject upon which he usually concentrated a picturesqueness of condemnation that was effective. It was not impulsively- and noisily-poured-out profanity, like steam emptily escaping through a valve; it had in it the sound of an earnest expression of deep-seated personal conviction upon the subject to be damned. And the City Editor and the reporters, stilled from gossip and apparently plunged in the onerous demands of their work, would furtively watch the Managing Editor as he stalked up and down the hall, devoting to tortures and destinies beyond any but the most earnest and ingenious conception the responsible carriers of the United States mail and their unquestionable accomplices the railroad company.

Napoleon met Wellington. Mr. Corcoran occasionally met the Old Man,—that venerable fount of all authority, who was almost an office myth, we saw him so seldom. Not the Old Man in disrespect, or even in uncalculated flippancy, but the Old Man in tones interchangeable from affection to authority, from respect to sorrowful reproach; meaning, always, wherever he may be in firm authority, the supreme type,—the Old Man. There were times when Mr. Corcoran met him,—the Old Man, who thundered away at the tariff with a roar like the guns at the front of Gravelotte; who fought with the fury of fine despair every step that threatened the progress of sound currency legislation; who pointed out our national mistakes in the trade with Brazil and bitterly and fearlessly criticised the policy of the

British towards the oppressed millions of India. The young men on the force used to wonder, not where he got his knowledge, but how he worked up his interest in it. And while he trained the great guns on distant exposures and scanned the universe with a jealous eye, that talented band of humble subordinates wrote, without much interference, a minute history of the vicinity that met the demands of average intellect.

But sometimes the Old Man looked to earth and sent in "copy" that gave the office over to despair and wretchedness. It was when it came in quantities sufficient to consume three-quarters of the news space, was about something in which no mortal man could possibly take interest, and was unappealably marked "Must," that Mr. Corcoran would make his appearance wearing a bitter smile in which there was a trace of pathos, showing that the iron had gone home.

"Cut 'em short, Mr. Brown," he would say briefly to the City Editor, but with a tremor in his voice, betraying that there were depths of agony beyond the relief even of profanity,—"cut 'em short this evening: the Old Man is editing again. I've got nine columns of solid stuff over there: report of a symposium of the Jackson County Agriculturists on the wheat weevil. It has got a one-line head over it, and there's a two-column editorial to go with it, pointing out the importance of knowing how to detect and prevent this insidious blight of our agriculture. All but the first ten lines shows that if we lose our agricultural supremacy we shall inevitably lose our supremacy as a nation."

"Nine columns!" the City Editor echoed, in dismay and sympathy.

"Nine columns!" re-echoed the Managing Editor; and the confirmation of the calamity seemed to afford its own relief in the utter absurdity of such a flood upon such a subject.

"That's one of the pleasures," he continued, with a smile that was now philosophical and resigned, "of trying to run a *news*paper for a man who thinks he is editing a Review. I've 'killed' two columns of splendid crimes, that scandal about Senator Billings and the Pension bill, and have just told the Telegraph Editor he might go home. If anything good comes, the janitor can read it in the waste-basket in the morning. In the mean time, the first page will be nine columns of wheat weevil and a paragraph on Congress."

There was a dead silence, full of sympathy.

"I can't understand," resumed Mr. Corcoran, "how a man can try to edit a modern newspaper after the standard of thirty years ago." Of course, he admitted, it was none of his business. It was not his paper. It was the Old Man's. If the Old Man wanted his (Mr. Corcoran's) assistance to run it, it was his (Mr. Corcoran's) business to render that assistance cheerfully and ungrudgingly,—to oil, as it were, the downward slant along which, he gloomily concluded, everything was rapidly and unerringly going to the devil.

To all of which the City Editor lent sympathetic response. And roundly they criticised the Old Man,—not in anger or in contempt, but in sorrow, as one defacing his own noble work in misdirected zeal. And while Mr. Corcoran retreated to his room to commune with hopelessness, the City Editor bore the dreadful message to his own assistants.

"Cut that prize-fight just half in two, Mr. Burke," he said quietly to the Sporting Editor, who, stripped to the waist, figuratively speaking, was immersed in a description of one of the toughest battles on record.

"What for?" was Mr. Burke's prompt response, in which quick-springing indignant protest was mingled with inquiry. "Is the paper getting moral, or is this particular fight a little too ferocious for the tastes of our readers?"

Mr. Burke rose to his feet, and a frown betrayed his annoyance at the interruption of the frenzy in which he had been composing details of carnage that would enable his constituency to enjoy the battle again.

"Oh, no," said the City Editor, "we are not more moral, but we are short of space. The Old Man treats of the wheat weevil in nine columns to-morrow."

"The wheat weevil!" cried Mr. Burke, in a poignant burst of despair. And he adjured me solemnly, bitterly, and profanely, in the name of a locality since revised out of its accustomed alphabetical position, to tell him "*what* the wheat weevil *was*, and HOW"—in the name of that same locality—"did it EVER come to be worth nine columns in a modern newspaper!"

"Those are questions," said the City Editor, with a sarcasm that betrayed his pique, "that you might ask the Old Man. And when you go over to ask him, tell him that you've got a column prize-fight, and perhaps he'll hold the wheat-weevil matter over for a few weeks to oblige you."

Whereat Mr. Burke expressed the willingness that death might overtake him in one of its most sudden and awful forms if he *ever* had a good thing that he wasn't ordered to cut the very life and soul out of it.

There was a scene of much the same import when Mr. Forrest, the Dramatic Critic, realized that his column review of Miss Johnston's first appearance as "Rosalind" at the Grand Theatre must be shrivelled into a dry recital of forty lines of fact. As he walked loftily out of the office on his way to lunch, he admitted, with scathing irony, that, after all, the wheat weevil was too little understood in our community, and it was pleasant to feel that *our* paper had at last determined to correct an ignorance over which the civilized world must have long indulged deep grief.

"Thanks," said Tom Kirby, the Police Reporter, cheerfully. "The police record is brief to-day, and I will go home and enjoy the sight of Mrs. Kirby's happiness at my presence."

The Religious Editor, writhing and swearing his way through a tremendous report of the revival sermon, alone expressed boisterous joy. Give him wheat weevil or give him death,—either was a relief from stuff like this; and couldn't the City Editor persuade the Old Man to run the wheat story as a serial all summer?

"Come on, Burke," he added, enthusiastically, to the crushed Sporting Editor, "you can tell the prize-fight to me at lunch. Pour out upon this loyal bosom all the details of how Big Mike won the glorious victory!"

And Sullenness linked with Joy went out together for lunch, along with all the other young gentlemen of the force.

And, all being gone upon that same errand, the City Editor sat down to some silent reflections of his own over the bright and entertaining page of local news which he had been patiently building into a thing of beauty all the evening, and which was now dulled and defaced by this sudden necessity from the quarter of high authority.

Ah, who but a journalist—himself carrying a moist eye and a melting heart over similar memories—should be admitted to pass the veil and look upon the scene? None but he can conceive the utter discouragement of such a situation. For the daily newspaper is every day a new being, having its own evanescent life and soul and character. One day may be but a measure of development for the editorial character of a journal, but the news of each day is created fresh from the elements, and the record thereof must stand alone for itself. The damp sheet which you open so eagerly at your breakfast-table, my dear sir, is just about to decline and die, having reached in your hands and under your eyes the ultimate object of its creation. There was none of it in existence yesterday morning when you put aside the other, after absorbing all the stimulus of news, of suggestion and enlightenment, that its columns contained. Within the twenty-four hours another has been entirely created, instinct with every phase of life that has been revealed since. What was yesterday's history? Why should you care, if it has been happy to you? But, whatsoever it has been, here it is. Not one single line or thought or idea of it but has been patiently sought out, tested, weighed, nursed, and deftly fashioned to fit with marvellous completeness into every other line and thought and idea in it. And to the patient toilers of the press it seems like a child of the bosom brought forth in so much travail and sent forthwith away forever, like those children of slave mothers sold away from the very heart of love. And each of these toilers has the particular part of it which is his own, which is his toil, his care, his pride, his satisfaction, his child. And so, you, madam, who, fortunately, are not a slave but a happy mother,—can you imagine how you would feel if that handsome boy in your arms, upon whom you are expending so much love and care, and in whom I can see, by the torchlight of fond expectation that burns in your eyes, the manly stay of your advancing age,—if the heavy hand of some misfortune should distort those lovely young limbs or dwarf that perfect young form, how would *you* feel? It is not an answer for your husband to laugh lightly and say he knows newspaper men who do not feel that way. Perhaps he does, more's the misfortune of it. Perhaps there are some mothers who do not feel as you do, madam, towards their children. But are they types of mothers? Is the question worth an answer?

So, then, the true journalist only may be permitted to pass this veil where the City Editor sat with his shattered idols and silently nursed his grief.

CHAPTER II.

THE ETHICS OF MAJOR KILGORE.

WHEN the members of the staff had returned from lunch, it was easy to see that the City Editor's feelings were generally shared.

"It's tough!" said Mr. Burke, sitting upon the table and swinging his legs dejectedly, while he exhaled a great lungful of cigar-smoke in such a manner as to give his protest the appearance as well as the sound of an explosion. And by "tough" he meant that the curtailment of the story of the prize-fight was, in his estimation, unmixed hardship and misfortune. "It's tough," he said, "to spend a whole night out shadowing sports for a 'scoop' on those creatures down at the *Gazette*, and then, by gad, have the stuffing knocked out of the whole snap by a mile of infernal rot about the wheat weevil. What encouragement is there to lose sleep and work the head off yourself just to get razzle-dazzled by your own people?"

Eloquence, rude, picturesque, often requiring translation into simple every-day phrase, was characteristic of Mr. Burke in moments of excitement or deep feeling.

"It *is* tough," assented the Religious Editor, emitting a thin and satisfied spiral of smoke from his cigarette,—"that is, it's tough on you; but, still, I'd sooner sit all night and count nails in a floor than write sermons."

"Oh, it's TOUGH!" snorted Mr. Burke, again. "It's things like this that make a fellow feel like getting clear out of the business. I would get out, by gad, if it were not the finest life in the world, with all its drawbacks. Say what you please, it's the only profession in which a man can see life as it is." And Mr. Burke quickly counselled his disappointment with enthusiasm.

"I'm glad I'm not a young lawyer, or a doctor, or some clerk or other," he continued. "We make those sort of people, by gad, and it makes you proud of your profession when you know what it is."

"Now you're shoutin'," echoed the Religious Editor, and somewhat irrelevantly added, "So, I say, what's one prize-fight gone wrong, alongside the imperial advantages of the profession generally?"

Whereupon Mr. Burke, putting aside vain regrets, apostrophized the Fourth Estate, and, with swelling periods, marshalled in the picturesque language of the world of sport, moved up to and repeated as a grand climax the fact, indisputable to him, that journalism was the only profession in which a man could see life.

"Which," interrupted Mr. Forrest, in his steady and utterly cynical tone, "is impulsive and beautiful, but unfortunately only half true, if true at all. If, when you say that journalism enables you to see life, you mean that it gives you a sort of king's commission to indulge every sort of wild excitement, to meet every temptation and witness every corruption that prowls about a city while it leaves you to your own wits and the devil's own mercy to shun and resist them, why, you are right. But what does that amount to? Any loafer who has no character to lose has the same privilege and can exercise it better. But if you mean something serious by seeing life, what advantages does jour-

nalism offer? There is not a man on the *Banner* staff who has talent who does not know that if he had developed that talent outside of journalism he would be earning a better living and be growing older with a happier and safer prospect."

Mr. Forrest paused. The Religious Editor looked bored. Mr. Burke laconically said, "Come again!" And the others were listening intently. For, despite the Dramatic Critic's generally irritating assumption of superiority, he was respected and admired. His eyes were alight with earnestness, and, seeing that he was about to enlarge philosophically on the topic, there was quiet attention.

"No," he resumed, rising to the opportunity, "there is nothing in journalism but opportunities against which your hands are tied, and hopes that end in disappointment. It is true, it has its allurements. It is a tremendous spring into ether for a young fellow, full-blooded and intelligent, to be told, 'Here, take the mantle of Haroun Alraschid and go see all there is of human nature. It will take you, with the very least responsibility, to conventions,—anywhere; because you are the messenger of the press and are charmed against the ordinary bullets of gossip.' And this is true. Think of the penalty a young lawyer or confidential clerk would pay if he were to be seen where the reporter, because he is expected and assigned to do so, goes with impunity! And what does he see? The whole leprous procession of evil file before him like an endless cavalcade of shadows moving to hell! Virtue, peace, happiness, comfort,—these are negative sights for experience in the life that the reporter must explore. To see the life he deals with, you must watch always the portals wherein those who enter leave hope behind. It is true that a study of this awful back-yard of life is enough to give the inspiration of reaction to one who scans it for the benefit there is in it. It is worth seeing because, unless you have seen it, there will always be something important you do not know about the world you live in. The only excuse one may make for not knowing it is that 'ignorance is bliss.' But if ignorance is bliss it's rapture to be wise. Yet think of the logical results of constantly studying such a view of life. The journalist who deals with news deals always with the wretched. Peace, contentment, happiness, have no news that cannot be summed up in a paragraph; but crime,—pride, lust, excess, treachery,—these spin you histories upon which the world has turned and upon which it is turning to-day. If you write news—which is history—you write these, you dwell upon them, and saturate yourself with their unutterable meanness and selfishness. They weigh upon you, they fight down your feeble guard in some careless hour, and sooner or later, if you do not fall under them, you are possessed with them as the one thing important and all-interesting and representative, and then, if you started out a gentleman, you end by being a cynic."

The Religious Editor seemed a little contemptuous, but he repressed expression. He envied and admired the Sporting Editor, dreaming of a day when he should succeed him or assist him, when the sermon would be succeeded by the battle, the song by the slogan. And the Sporting Editor envied and admired the Dramatic Critic; so he shut his teeth, shook his head, and responded to the eloquent burst with

this admission, expressed by a shake of the head: "Old fellow, you are, perhaps, half right."

"Oh," said Mr. Forrest, misinterpreting that mute avowal, "you won't? Well, think over your newspaper friends and tell me how many of them are not cynics. How many of them believe in that honest old story told them at their mothers' knees? how many of them admit a doubt when rumor of the cruellest and most anonymous sort stabs anybody?"

Mr. Burke's newspaper friends were chiefly the reporters; they comprised the profession to him, as they did to the other young men, who regarded the editorial and critical departments with mild resignation, as they regarded the counting-room with despair and contempt. So in answer to Mr. Forrest's question he exhaled a great pillar of tobacco-cloud nervously.

"You sneer at the lawyers and doctors and clerks as at the uninitiated," continued Mr. Forrest, pitilessly. "They live in the real world, to which the newspaper reporter rarely penetrates except when sorrow has preceded him. They build up homes, fill them with happy families, accumulate money, and work out the destinies of their talents, making the world which you see exaggerated as on the stage,—for you deal only with the exceptional. How many reporters grow up and build fine homes and fortunes? And yet the profession of journalism is filled with men of exceptional talent and capacity, who if they had been trained to the detail of business might have succeeded in life. What becomes of the young man with literary aspirations, quick sensibilities, and deft address who thought that his study of human nature on a newspaper staff would give him equipment for his work? I can show you a dozen of him ended up in a common row of cynics and failures, glad at last of twenty dollars a week, and not worth it. Why, take one practical example of my idea. Look at Major Kilgore——"

The Religious Editor laughed aloud. Mr. Forrest hesitated, and then said, parenthetically and with dignity, "I know some of you do not like him, but I know his worth, and I do like him. Look at Major Kilgore," he continued, "a man of the clearest business mind and the finest practical intelligence. With his knowledge of banking, of the laws of trade, of the tendencies of forces in population and the significance of demand and the capacity of supply, if he had gained all that while making his way up in a business house, he might have been to-day a man of independent fortune, instead of earning a beggarly forty dollars a week in a position from which he can never escape. But now, nearly fifty, at an age when men have usually accumulated their competences in business interests and are realizing the joys of ease and the happiness of domesticity, he slaves his life away, shut out from all the pleasures of home. But he has 'seen life.' No, he has not even seen that: he has discharged his duty with the fidelity of a knight of the Holy Grail. He has kept his character and his good habits, and all the satisfaction he will ever have lies in that, and that he has compelled the world to believe the results of his work because his life compelled confidence."

Mr. Forrest paused here and observed the effect of his homily. It had made its way home to nearly all, whether they accepted its ideas as facts or not. It was well and fairly spoken. But there were doubts as to the Kilgore proposition. Not doubts, exactly, either, but—well, the fact is, Major Kilgore was not popular, and the young men would have preferred some other personality as the hinge upon which to hang the illustration.

"I am aware," said Mr. Forrest, deliberately, "that Major Kilgore is not liked by some of you. That counts against you, not against him. I know him to be an honest, right-living man, against whose integrity nobody can whisper. He may be cold, reserved, and unfortunate in his manner, but it is from such as he that the profession of journalism draws its strength. No man doubts him; no man relies upon him in vain; and he has given great capacities to sacrifice in his life as a journalist."

I believe from that night dated a change in the attitude of the whole local force towards Major Kilgore, who had been for more than twenty years the right hand of the Old Man. He it was who wrote the dispassionate articles upon the tendencies of trade and the prospects of the market. He studied the statistics and analyzed the analyses. No statement wandered idly from *his* pencil. When it reached paper it had fought its way through thrice-armed files of tests, proofs, and experiments. Occasionally he left these fields, studded with the artificial flowers of mathematics, and trained his theoretic pen upon monopolies and the plutocrats that he could always see hiding behind them. Then the thunder of his great guns would mingle with the universal clamor of the Old Man's armament, until in the grand unison they seemed one, and nobody but the initiated could tell which gunner was doing the execution. And during all these years he was a solitary, unbending, morose, and friendless man. He came and went like a deliberate shadow, speaking seldom, making no complaints, asking no favors, and creating about him an atmosphere in which respect, fear, and dislike mingled. He had been a brave soldier in the civil war, and it was vaguely known that he had twice gone upon the field of honor, and thought that the abolition of the *code duello* was the abolition of gentlemanhood in the United States. He never offended others, and it was tacitly accepted that he would permit no offence to himself. The idea, somehow, got out that Major Kilgore stood in a position of perpetual readiness to kill any man who gave him an affront that was recognized under the old code as deserving the trial at arms, for the reason that, as he could no longer demand satisfaction under the code, he must take it on the spot. Nobody jested with *him;* nobody directed practical jokes at *his* desk; he wore his stiff dignity as a Roman toga. His tall, angular, and unbending figure, the high and rigid cheek-bones, the cold but clear eyes that never lighted up with the fire of any enthusiasm and scarcely ever even with the warmth of a recognition that went beyond a mere glance of identification,—all these were in keeping with his character, his mind, and his habitual conduct.

"And he talks," said Mr. Burke, one night, discussing him unfavorably, "with that regular and slow deliberation, by gad, that seems

to say, 'No haste of mine shall disturb the regular vibrations of the universe!'"

But Major Kilgore was always perfectly polite; painfully so. He went through those twenty years of life an isolated man. He had moods, and his temper was so hasty that at times it seemed that cold and imperturbable mask was set around it as a guard. Sometimes it rose to a violence that manifested itself sharply but coldly, as if he fully understood the consequences and was ready to assume them. Perkins, the Religious Editor, had been but two weeks on the *Banner* when one morning a young man came into the office demanding vengeance for some objectionable paragraph concerning himself that had been carelessly allowed to creep into the department of the Sunday paper technically called in the office "Society Slush." The furious young man found Mr. Perkins in, who explained to him that the Society Editor was a young lady and therefore could not be subjected to the "thumping" so freely promised.

"Yes," said the intruder, not at all believing, and delivering himself with direct irony; "yes, I've heard he was. I heard it before this here stuff about me being engaged to Mary O'Brien was put into the paper. But you just show him to me."

And with no further hesitation Mr. Perkins conducted the young man to the door of the apartment occupied by Major Kilgore, and mutely directed him to enter. Nobody knows what passed within; but a few moments later the violent breather of frightful threats reappeared, looking pale and nervous, and instantly passed down and out of the building, shorn of his former war-footing as though he had emerged from a universal convention of peace. That evening, as I sat at my desk, Major Kilgore entered, and, addressing me with deliberate and terrible earnestness, said,—

"I would thank you to inform . . . the young man who edits your religious notices . . . that if he is ever again impertinent enough to direct strangers . . . to my desk as that of the Society Editor, . . . I shall cane his humor out of him!"

And then he walked out, leaving the office under the influence of a complete and oppressive silence.

"And, by gad," said Mr. Burke to Mr. Perkins, breaking that silence as soon as Major Kilgore's retreating footsteps made it safe to do so, "he didn't even do you the honor of giving you a name in his communication."

It will be readily understood that the major was not popular with the force; and yet Mr. Forrest's defence of him made a great change in the view taken of his character and eccentricities. We realized him for the first time at his worth, as a representative of the good name and the honor of the profession. He went into the little back rooms of banks and talked with the arbiters of fortune; he knew the great merchants whom reporters approached with awe; he went about clothed in his integrity and ability, and people said of him he was "a journalist," and we began to recognize that in him the corps had a color-bearer after whom it was honor to march.

"A man has a right to his ways," said Mr. Burke, reviewing his

own opinion judicially, "if he doesn't try to make everybody else walk in 'em. Major Kilgore won't stand any jokes, and he don't put 'em up on other people; he doesn't encourage people to come around and talk *his* arm off, and he doesn't talk anybody else's arm off."

CHAPTER III.

THE READING OF THE TRAGEDY.

I CAN look back upon that time with positive gladness and recall how Mr. Forrest's little speech opened up more cheerfully the life of that solitary and friendless man. All of us were much more careful than before to speak pleasantly to him as we met him in the hall, and little by little it appeared he might come within the influence of the vigorous human sympathies that were pulsing in the office. Occasionally he would stop at one of the desks and in his perfectly solemn and formal manner—in which the ghost of a cold, gentle smile now and then was perceptible—remark upon some current subject of local discussion or "sensation," and it was invariably noticed that he was well informed upon what he remarked. It began to be a matter of pride to the members of the staff that so intelligent a man was following them in their labors and giving his thoughts to the same questions. In a degree they were as glad of his approval as of that of old man Longworth, the copy-reader, whose marvellous information was looked upon as little short of supernatural. But with all Major Kilgore's kindness his approaches seemed to bear the evidence of having been planned in deliberate politeness and as some sort of acknowledgment of the tacit new feeling that had sprung up towards him. It required months to round out his acquaintanceship and remove some of the stiffness which never did, in fact, wholly pass away from intercourse with him.

But it became tempered with the evident desire all around to lighten the intensity of the relations existing between Major Kilgore and the remainder of the staff of the *Democratic Banner*. The feeling between the major and Mr. Forrest ripened into something like cordiality before our eyes,—into something as much like cordiality as the major's nature could exhibit. He would listen with grave interest to Mr. Forrest's critical discussions of the relative merits of actors and his earnest protests against the corrupting tendencies of the modern drama, a theme upon which the force believed—and some of the members did, in fact, express themselves to that effect—Mr. Forrest had been wound up on some system of perpetual motion. Major Kilgore would listen and emphatically approve. Though why he approved was not easily to be explained. He never went to the theatre, nor did he indulge in any other diversions of which the force was informed. But, whatever the justification he had for approval, he certainly approved.

"Mr. Forrest," said he one evening to the City Editor after such a discussion had been raging and the Dramatic Critic had departed, "is a young man of fine culture, . . . of perfectly correct principles, . . .

principles which, if honestly adhered to in any man's pursuit in life, are—sure to make him successful. . . . His ideas of the value of plays are eminently good. . . . It argues a clean and a—pure mind when it will not compromise with . . . evil tendencies. . . . It is honorable to be associated in work with a young gentleman of such principles."

This expression drew from Mr. Perkins, when Major Kilgore had gone, the opinion that there was a "'set-up job' between Forrest and old Kilgore to make a 'mutual admiration society' of themselves."

Their respect for each other had the effect of unconsciously increasing the respect that all of us felt for both. Both were somewhat unsociable beings, but their faults were on the side of serious and strong character. And the boys had their jokes upon the intimacy. The Religious Editor swore that he believed Mr. Forrest "was trying to work old Kilgore to get a note discounted at one of his pet banks," and Mr. Burke suggested that "maybe old Kilgore wants to get acquainted with the ballet-girls."

It was a curious intimacy. The major would descant to Mr. Forrest upon the intricacies and the curiosities of finance, venting in confidence the contempt he felt for the incapacity of certain bankers and financiers to anticipate movements which were plainly inevitable, and which contempt he could not properly express in the paper. There is no mystery now about the admiration each felt for the other's acquirements in his own field. There was no clash, no motive for jealousy. Each needed just such a reservoir for confidences, and each, being a good and patient listener, felt in the other that touch of sympathy which he required to strengthen his views.

How vividly it comes back to me yet, the pleased surprise of that Sunday evening when Major Kilgore invited me to dine with him, Mr. Forrest being of the party! Pride was pardonable, because the major ranked me in the organization of the staff, and, while Mr. Forrest was nominally a subordinate, his duties practically elevated him to an independent position. The dinner was served in the little room at Allen's, where we put our legs under a little round table and from sherry made a happy progress to champagne and cigars. Major Kilgore proved a tractable host. The chill that was upon his manner melted out somewhat under the warmth of good cheer, and the ghost of that gentle smile came and went and came again, seeming to gain confidence each time and stay longer.

"And now," said he, at length, when the cigars were pouring out great volumes of fragrant smoke, "it is time to make . . . let us say, confession," he abruptly concluded, turning to Mr. Forrest, who thereupon gave evidence of some embarrassment, but defended it with a courageous attempt to smile. "Yes," continued the major to me, "it *is* a confession. Mr. Forrest promised me . . . something, Mr. Brown, which I asked his permission to . . . share with you, because I know you are also his friend. . . . Mr. Forrest has occupied his leisure by writing a play, and he has promised to read it to us."

When he concluded, Mr. Forrest was watching me for results of the announcement. But I believe I succeeded entirely in concealing the numb feeling that it was a dreadful price to pay for even so good

a supper. A city editor is naturally no hand for plays. He is editing and handling in real life, all the time, plays beside which the measured and artificial creations of the stage are tame and empty. But not for worlds would I have made that confession apparent.

It was under these circumstances, then, that the celebrated tragedy of "Caligula" first became known beyond the precincts of the author's knowledge. Mr. Forrest read the five acts through, with a rich and sympathetic voice, stopping at times to hurriedly suggest the action or to rise and indicate with vigorous gesture the climaxes of his scenes. Through it all Major Kilgore accompanied him with increasing interest, in the expression of which his gravity assumed the quality of actual tenderness.

"Capital!" he would cry occasionally, and then the author's eyes would light up and his exposition of the idea would find relief in explanation of details.

It was a revelation to see the old man emerge thus from the isolation that had bound him. I remember wondering, as I watched him, whether he had ever before really touched human sympathy and immersed himself so deeply in self-forgetfulness.

"A splendid story, sir!" he cried, when Mr. Forrest had concluded. "Splendid! . . . worthy of your principles, . . . representative of fine talents. . . . It carries me back to days at school when we read such things . . . in our Latin. . . . I have never heard them since. . . . Men, sir, do not talk now as you make them talk. . . . It is the product of *mind*, sir. You ought to have it acted."

To this I made some sort of echo, in good feeling if not entirely in good faith. Mr. Forrest had unquestionably pitched his tragedy in a high key. It spoke a language never spoken in life, and there were heights to which it was not easy, for me at least, to follow him.

"No," said Mr. Forrest, laying his manuscript book upon the table, and turning with a sad smile to the major as he replied to his suggestion,—"no, it will not be acted; for the very sufficient reason that the theatres where new plays are produced want pieces made up of ballet-girls or sensational women, and the theatres where tragedy is played will try nothing that has not been approved by age."

"How Foolish!" said the major, using the large capital F in emphasis. "How can theatrical managers close their eyes to the meritorious . . . and open them to the meretricious?"

"Simply," answered Mr. Forrest, with a laconism absent from his play, "because it pays."

Of the three friends who walked home together in the early morning, full of the buoyancy of a night off and good cheer, it would have been difficult to choose the happiest: the old major, who strode along occasionally insisting that the play should be acted, that he had not since boyhood heard such a treat, and who occasionally rolled out a sounding Latin quotation from one of the old text-books, which, he said, had the same ring as some of Mr. Forrest's passages; Mr. Forrest himself, elate and proud, filled with an author's first swimming intoxication of applause; or the City Editor, very well satisfied with himself and his acquaintances, and feeling somehow the importance of being in

such a secret and the awful responsibility of having to keep it. But perhaps the greatest happiness was felt by Major Kilgore, who was deep in the beauties of the Latin he had learned at school, and whom I overheard muttering sonorously the vigorous propositions of the "Carmen Seculare."

A few days after the reading of the tragedy of "Caligula," Mr. Forrest approached me privately and with some hesitation of manner. "Brown," said he, "I want to impart a secret to you for the purpose of asking your friendly advice. Major Kilgore has set his heart upon my arranging and adapting my play 'Caligula' for acting, and he offers to stand the expense of its production."

"Nonsense!" said I, smiling at the comicality of the idea involved in Major Kilgore's becoming a royal supporter of the drama.

"No; not nonsense, so far as his standing the expense is concerned," answered Mr. Forrest. "He is amply able to do so. You will, of course, consider it a personal confidence when I tell you that the major went in on the bull movement in wheat which began three months ago, and has made a barrel of money."

"I'm heartily glad to hear it!" was the City Editor's prompt exclamation. True, a barrel of money was a somewhat indefinite sum, but it was a figurative amount offered and accepted in good faith as applying to any sum so far beyond individual needs with which we had any acquaintance as to imply difficulty in making arrangements to spend it.

"It is true," continued Mr. Forrest, "and he insists upon my preparing the play for production. Now, there are two questions: Do you think I ought to accept this opportunity from him? and, Do you think the play is good enough to try?"

And, remembering his ideas about the play when it was read, and the fate of that eminent literary critic Señor Gil Blas, the City Editor took warning by the dreadful records of history, and quickly and solemnly pronounced thus: "I certainly think it would be proper to accept the major's offer, if he can afford it; but as to the merits of the play, you know, Forrest, that my opinion is of no value. You would know better than anybody else in this town whether it would make a fine acting play or not. Bring me a sensation, and I'll tell you how many columns it is worth in to-morrow's paper, but I'm ignorant of the theatre. I know the value of a horse-race or the good points of a country fair sufficiently to adjudge space to either; but I would not dare advise you upon a literary question."

With which Mr. Forrest went away perfectly satisfied. For all he wanted, of course, was advice upon the matter of accepting the money offer of Major Kilgore. As to the merit of the play, he knew better than any of us could know, and he was long ago satisfied of that. And the City Editor did not know, until weeks and weeks had passed, what was the result of the conference in which he had given Mr. Forrest such capital advice.

CHAPTER IV.

COUNT MEAGHER, OF PARIS.

I THINK—yes, it must have been about this time that the famous Irish Count Meagher made his appearance in town. Mr. Burke soon formed the count's acquaintance, and through this means discreet mention of the count's name began to be made in the columns of the *Democratic Banner:* a score or more paragraphs can be found in the files, if any one cares to take the trouble to look them up. At first he was spoken of as Mr. Francis Meagher, but as the romantic story of his life began to creep out, from some mysterious source of authority which was never discovered, he began to be spoken of in print and by word of mouth as Count Meagher. Mr. Burke knew the story as quickly as anybody else, you may be sure, and the first paragraph in the files where "Count Meagher" succeeds "Mr. Francis Meagher" in the idle gossip of the day will tell very accurately when Mr. Burke first learned the bit of history that was interesting to all of us as we listened to it under piles of smoke. He was, it appeared, the son of the brilliant Dennis Meagher, whose decision as captain of a company of the Garde Nationale (on the night when the Duc de Morny made his famous appearance in the box at the Grand Opera in Paris and lulled the enemies of monarchy to sleep) struck the first violent blow that was to make Louis Napoleon the successor of his uncle within four days and the occupant of an imperial throne. True, Dennis Meagher lost his life, but not until he had been made a count of the tinselled Empire that sprang like a spark from the blow he struck. And when the son had grown up with nothing but the empty title and the father's bold decision reinforced by the suggestions of a shrewd mother, he went to the duc and said,—

"My father was the first officer of the Garde who drew his sword for the Emperor. He was made a count, and I, his son, have nothing but the title and the miserable pension upon which my mother has subsisted since her husband's death. I come to ask for service where I can show myself worthy of what my father would have gained had he lived."

And the duc was pleased with the air and tone of the youth; and then began that devotion of the captain's son to the minister of the Third Empire which never wavered until the duc was dead and had consigned his protégé to the Emperor himself. When Metz fell, Count Meagher had no inducement to stay in France nor to seek an asylum with the dethroned monarch in England. Whatever his reasons, he had been a wanderer, subsisting, it was whispered, upon some princely means saved out of Fortune's favors while the duc smiled upon his career. And here he was, looking at the country leisurely, as became a gentleman of his experience, middle-aged, but robust and vigorous, examining the fine horses and cattle, amusing himself with a little gambling that was sometimes for high stakes, with sporting affairs, with gentlemen who had leisure for such things themselves, and speaking English without a trace of accent, unless it were the shadow of an honest Irish brogue which his mother might have instilled into him, as

became the wife of an Irish soldier. True, he used French words occasionally, but not pedantically, and he seemed always to regret when he had done so.

Count Meagher was six feet tall and more, upright, with a stalwart figure not in the slightest inclined to flesh. His shoulders were broad, and his carriage was that of a soldier on a long furlough, inclined a little to be careless and languid, but wont in a moment to become quick and erect when attention was demanded. He had a strong, dark countenance, with gray eyes that were full of intelligence and as restless as possible, and which were set under heavy black brows, each of which seemed like the horse's tail surmounting the golden crescent of Morocco. His nose was a straight beak, perhaps a trifle short for the long face, and which may have stopped where it did in order to give the moustache room to grow in its luxuriance. The only features that were distinctly Irish were the strong cheek-bones, and the massive chin with a straight mouth containing hungry-looking white teeth which were often seen when he was in a good humor. And, lastly, the influence of France was to be seen in the imperial whisker which adorned his chin.

"That's a cracking good story," said the Religious Editor, when Mr. Burke had concluded: "I would like to meet *him*."

"Well," suggested Mr. Burke, with irony that was lacking in nothing but keenness, "suppose you give a little dinner, young fellow, and have him there. About twenty covers, with a fish, a grouse or pheasant, three wines, and the cards afterwards."

And the laugh was uproariously against Mr. Perkins, who endured it good-naturedly enough, and expressed his regret that his salary at present was in low spirits and needed careful nursing under the physician's orders.

But no vain consideration of poverty ever operated to restrain the instinct by which Mr. Perkins extended his acquaintance. He had been employed only a few months when that acquaintance began to embrace all the elements that respond in cities to the advances of Bohemia. Mr. Forrest had met him behind the scenes at the theatre, where all the company hailed him cordially, and his indiscrimination made for him friends even among the ladies and gentlemen of the variety halls. Politicians took him aside, put their hands on his shoulders, and talked earnestly. The sporting fraternity knew him, and he knew all its members by the severest abbreviations of their Christian names or by those picturesque sobriquets won upon the field of green and the turf of sport. All sorts of people called at the office and asked for him,—from the sibilantly-speaking young sensational clergyman (with the publication of a pet sermon in view) who asked for "Young Misteer Pairkins," to the tough politician from the down-town ward who put his head in at the door and snorted out an inquiry for "Perk." He received more mail than any other reporter on the force. The letters were variously addressed to him as "Editor of the *Banner*," "Sporting Editor," and "Reporter of the *Banner*." There was always on his desk in the morning a little pile of these communications, addressed to him by name with these descriptive titles, and there was

an idea in the office that Mr. Perkins was regarded by a large and active portion of the community as the directing genius of the paper.

"And I wouldn't be surprised a bit," said Mr. Burke one day, "if he thinks he is, and tells these people so, too, by gad."

There was very little surprise, therefore, the next night after the telling of Count Meagher's story when Perkins informed Mr. Burke that he had met the count.

"And if he is a count," added Mr. Perkins, off-hand, "he is *away* off my idea of counts gained from reading books. He was playing billiards with Fennesy, the gambler, and was drinking beer. But he's a good feller, and I marked the game for his majesty, and he set 'em up to the beer."

And thus began an acquaintanceship between Perkins and Count Meagher that was as close as it was unexpected. For the count, though he could be gay and animated when he thought proper, was a discreet and cold man at times, while Perkins rioted in exuberance. Nobody could withstand the fine swell of animal spirits that lifted him above any tinge of sadness and overflowed to delight and amuse everybody.

The count would occasionally drop in towards midnight, ask for "Misther Perkins," with an assumption of brogue for the effect, and perhaps insist upon all of us going with him to lunch in the private room at Allen's, where he himself would troll in a rich barytone, and Perkins would sing in a sweet and high tenor "Stolen Kisses are Sweetest" and "Believe Me, if All those Endearing Young Charms." The count would occasionally favor us with some French ballads, which he intimated were more or less wicked memories of the finest reign and the fastest career in history. And we never knew but that they were, for we had no knowledge of the French language except as it was fragmentarily contained in the appendix to the office dictionary and was sometimes laboriously spoken by the members of the staff in notices of social and semi-polite occasions. These French songs would bring Perkins out at his best, and he piped "The Bowld McIntyre," "The Irish Grenadier," and other racy reminiscences of the variety stage. Then he could dance a wonderful jig, and imitate the negro as he appeared on the stage and was never known in life.

Count Meagher was a good Bohemian, at least as far as these appearances went. True, when the fun was highest and the bottle circulated most actively, he always remained cool and collected. He sang cheerily and he laughed delightedly, but the slightest mention of any subject in which he felt a personal interest instantly brought a look of close attention into his eyes. Sometimes a suggestion of doubt as to his title and the accuracy of his personal history would be interjected into the little circle of his associates there, but nobody paid any attention to this shadow of scepticism, perhaps for fear the flavor of the mystery might be lost. And to this loyalty to his good qualities were due many evenings of good fellowship, of fast and furious but really innocent fun, in Allen's private room.

There were nights when the count had apparently no means of employing his time,—even the theatre palled upon him; and, although he won with unvarying regularity at the gambling clubs, he would

occasionally try to avoid them, and on such nights could not be persuaded to enter one of them, unless some eager loser of the night before would banter him for revenge and insist upon it with so much pertinacity that the count would get up with a big sigh, go with his tormentor, and—win again. Whether he had any other income than that which came to his purse over the card-table it was unnecessary to know. Certainly he won enough to keep him in luxurious style, and he scattered the winnings with a prodigal hand. There was nothing mooted of a sporting character that he did not seem willing to bet on either side; though there was certainly something almost approaching the marvellous in the luck with which his seemingly careless wagers always won themselves out.

The acquaintance with Mr. Perkins grew closer all the time, and it was not long until Count Meagher was so nearly regarded as one of the staff that those criticisms which the active and predatory spirits of the local news force were always ready to direct at the general policy and special mistakes of their superiors were freely expressed in his presence. And he knew the secrets of the city and the springs of influence better than even the average townsman. If he did not gather them in the office, Mr. Perkins regaled him with them in privacy. And upon such subjects, it must be confessed, Mr. Perkins had accumulated a wonderful store of information, celebrated for its accuracy when retailed in the presence of discretion, and equally famed for its fanciful variations when narrated to the eager ear of credulity. And at least one member of the force believed that Mr. Perkins improved in the breadth and style of his treatment of the incidents of local history that came under his pencil from association with the count and a ready and discreet absorption of the cosmopolitan views and experience there met with.

They were certainly together the night that Mr. Perkins discovered the celebrated actress Miss Amelie De Harte, who became so well known to us under her right name of Rosalind Baker. Mr. Forrest, absorbed by some more pressing duty, had asked Mr. Perkins to drop in at the theatres during the evening and "size up the houses." At eleven o'clock Mr. Perkins came in and handed me a notice which recited the fact that the usual large audience had gathered at the Grand Theatre to enjoy the continued performance of "The Silver Bell" burlesque. And then followed this paragraph:

"Our city has good reason to be proud of the success of Miss Amelie De Harte as *Elvira*. She took the part on short notice in the absence of Miss Darnaby, and made a gorgeous success. Old timers at the show said she was away up better than Miss Darnaby, and that she is bound to be a great success. She was called out after every act, and received great applause. Miss De Harte certainly has a great future before her, and has every prospect of becoming a Queen of Burlesque."

Apart from the language in which this verdict of unseasoned acumen was expressed, and which was a sufficient objection to its publication, the City Editor felt that any critical praise bestowed ought first to be approved by the Dramatic Critic. So he carefully condensed the enthusiastic paragraph into the mere colorless statement that,—

"Owing to the illness of Miss Darnaby, the part of *Elvira* had been taken by Miss Amelie De Harte on short notice."

And then, placing the interdicted paragraph in an envelope for Mr. Forrest's personal attention next day, he casually and properly explained to Mr. Perkins that no opinions could be expressed in the department of theatrical criticism that were not prepared or approved by Mr. Forrest. Whereupon Mr. Perkins profanely wondered what he had been sent to the theatre for, unless, indeed, Forrest expected him to count heads in the audience and time the performance! Then he went off and swore himself into forgetfulness over the religious paragraphs that were beginning to come in for Sunday's paper. But the failure of the paragraph to find publication rankled in his heart, and he told the City Editor next day that it was not a "square deal to the little girl who had done so well, to make her lose a good notice."

"Oh, well," replied the City Editor,—who had often to compose these differences of profound opinion between departments,—"perhaps Miss Darnaby is still unable to act; and if she is, Mr. Forrest will give Miss De Harte a good notice,—even to-night, perhaps."

"Grown people," rejoined Mr. Perkins, bitterly, "much less babies, would be choked on an 'if' like that. Darnaby will hear how well De Harte acted the part, and then Darnaby would get up out of a death-bed to play and keep her out of it. I know the profession! Then *you* know *Forrest!*"

Type cannot convey the tone of mingled despair and resignation in which the last sentence was pitched.

"You know," he continued, "there's nothing good for him on the stage unless Shakespeare wrote it, and no good actors unless they have played before all the crowned heads of Europe or died in the last generation. Forrest never gives anything new half a chance."

But Mr. Forrest did give Miss De Harte a chance. Luckily for that gifted young creature, Miss Darnaby's indisposition continued, and the young *débutante* shone in the *rôle* of Elvira. Mr. Forrest read the paragraph which had been referred to him by the City Editor, smiled a scornful and superior smile, carefully crumpled it in his long white fingers, and dropped it into the waste-paper basket, among the odds and ends of rejected police items and the other manuscript victims of the City Editor's fatal blue pencil.

When he came in from the theatre that night, however, he performed an act that gave Mr. Perkins glorious revenge in remorse and poignant delight. He put Mr. Perkins's crude ideas into the finished and scholarly form of critical diction, and thus apostrophized the new star that had risen on the horizon at the Grand Theatre:

"All hail the new flower that springs in the garden of art! Unexpected but most delightful incidents in the run of 'The Silver Bell' have been the first appearances of Miss Amelie De Harte in the part of *Elvira*. *Habitués* of the Grand have doubtless frequently observed Miss De Harte in a humble place in the ballet, where her graceful figure, beautiful face, and modest air attracted attention. Friday morning Miss Darnaby, who has heretofore enacted the witching *Elvira* so charmingly, was seized with severe illness. At rehearsal it appeared that the evening's performance would certainly have to be given over.

It was somehow ascertained, however, that Miss De Harte at least knew the part, and indeed it turned out she knew every part, and forthwith she was taken from the ranks of the village maidens and moved up into the Castle Delight to act the *rôle* of the mistress of the mansion. And she has acquitted herself with the greatest credit, winning the hearty applause of the crowded theatre. Not only did she know her part, but it was evident that she had observed with intelligence and rare judgment, for she displayed unusual tact, composure, and inspiration for a *débutante*. True, there was a little nervousness at first, but that soon wore off, and in the popular third act, in the ball scene, where *Elvira* kicks the wineglass out of her elderly suitor's hand and elopes in the confusion with her soldier lover, she gave the situation electric vitality and was called before the curtain several times. We predict for Miss De Harte great success as an artiste. It will be interesting to many in this city to learn that Amelie De Harte is her stage name only, and that she is the daughter of 'Uncle Dick' Baker, the efficient stage-carpenter at the Grand. Her mother was the favorite Madame Prewitt, who died many years ago, but who is well remembered by the older generation of play-goers. Miss De Harte evidently inherits genuine histrionic fire."

CHAPTER V.

THE NEW STAR MAKES A HIT.

Miss Amelie De Harte's brilliant *début* gave to the Grand Theatre its season's most pronounced success, and to the department of discriminating dramatic criticism on the *Democratic Banner* a reputation for prescience that was accepted by Mr. Forrest with indifference. Mr. Perkins regarded the triumph with a delight that was unconcealed. He began to speak of dramatic topics in a tone of decision and authority. When Miss Darnaby recovered, after a week's illness, she was considerately urged by the management of the theatre to take a needed rest and change of scene for a few weeks, and the stage-carpenter's pretty daughter continued to shine in the glories of "The Silver Bell," kicked the wineglass out of her elderly suitor's hand nightly at ten o'clock, and immediately eloped out of the back window at the extreme depth of the stage centre amidst the wildest applause of audiences that never seemed to weary of the new and captivating *Elvira*. Mr. Perkins was often a delighted spectator,—occasionally even when the thunders of revival eloquence launched in the church only a few blocks distant seemed like indignant reproach directed at his absence from reportorial duties over which he swore feelingly and solemnly in protest and despair. Count Meagher's dark and somewhat distinguished face was nightly to be seen in the Grand. And he hung on the outskirts of the audience and viewed the stage through gold-tipped ivory glasses which seemed to concentrate his gravest attention at those moments when Miss De Harte was on the scene.

Both of them enjoyed the *débutante's* wonderful success in their way,—the count with the appreciation of a veteran connoisseur, and Perkins with mere sympathetic delight in the triumph of a young and astonished novice, rather than from any knowledge of the artistic proportion and value of that triumph.

Of course Mr. Perkins knew Miss De Harte well, as he knew all sorts and conditions of people. And one by one he carried off the members of the *Democratic Banner* staff and made them look at the

performance from before the foot-lights, after which he would take them around to the stage door, where some intimate and occult relations established with the keeper thereof admitted him into the chaotic wilderness behind the curtain. And, one by one, we were all solemnly introduced to the beautiful girl of nineteen, with a long shawl drawn domino-like about the fleshings and satin which when she was on the scene accentuated every line of grace in her lithe figure. She smilingly shook hands with all of us as Mr. Perkins presented us, always adding, as he did so, the assurance that each "was one of the *Banner* boys," in a tone that implied a sort of considerate ownership in the entire staff. And there was nearly always standing somewhere, dimly and unobtrusively, in the vicinity, as the City Editor saw, and as others observed, the grim but careless figure of a kindly-faced old man, attired in working-clothes, with his coarse shirt-collar flaring open and his sleeves half rolled up, who looked upon the animated face of the muffled beauty before him with an affectionate delight and a smile in which there were pride and joy.

"And this is Uncle Dick Baker,—her father," Mr. Perkins would add, in a tone that implied to us a sort of considerate ownership in Uncle Dick, and with a gesture that took in his figure. And Uncle Dick stepped forward with eager alacrity, shook the proffered hand heartily, and said to the City Editor,—

"I'm glad to meet all the gents from the *Banner*, sir; and what do you think of her?"

And I saw a little look of cruel embarrassment on the lovely face of the daughter as she heard the question. But it instantly disappeared and was succeeded by a smile.

"That's father's first question," she said, archly. "And I hope you will not think it necessary to answer it here. I am sure the *Banner* has been already so kind that we are glad to meet all the gentlemen." And she laid her hand lovingly on the old man's rough arm and balanced herself upon one foot and leaned upon him with an air of trust.

"And *I* am sure," replied the City Editor, calling up the sleeping spirits of polite commonplace by a supreme effort, "that your father can only ask the question in a spirit of pardonable curiosity to discover if there are any dissenters from a judgment that has been so justly, universally, and enthusiastically expressed."

"Father," she went on, looking smilingly in his face as she leaned upon him and fondled his arm with her hand, "is a great goose sometimes,—especially about me; but he can't help that." And then she seemed to talk to him as if they two were alone: "Because you haven't anybody else to be a goose about."

And she laughed merrily and patted the great rough arm again.

What a beautiful picture it was! I thought nothing I had seen her do on the stage under the battery of two thousand eyes was half so charming and pretty as that.

And the old man looked fondly down upon her, and said she was like her mother, whom none of us young fellows remembered, because she had died before our theatre-going days began,—"when she," he

said, nodding his head towards his daughter, "wasn't much bigger than a cat."

She was a beautiful girl, indeed; with that appearance of fragile precocity that seems to be given by the eyes alone. She was blonde, with the fair hair—not golden nor red—falling profusely and seeming lighter in color because of its abundance, the locks straight upon her neck. And there was the mist of a faint down under the fine, small ear, and upon the pink cheeks, and even upon the bare arm that was stretched out from under the shawl, which yet gave to the fragility of her beauty a certain fleshliness of robust reality. Her eyes were big, blue, and babyish, her face oval and full, and the lips, rouged as they were, like split cherries, the upper one short and the lower one full. There was a little weakness in the chin that perhaps made up a look of childish helplessness. Bright and vivacious, she seemed keenly to appreciate her own position and her father's, and to revel in the charm she exercised over the loyal group that surrounded her and gave to her wonderful advice connected with the path that led to the temple of fame.

It is to be admitted that the first converts to her genius were among the regular frequenters of the house and the gallant band of *Banner* historians who had "discovered" her, so to speak. But as she continued in the part the duller thousands that formed the audiences gradually forgot that she had been promoted from the obscure ranks of the ballet before their very eyes. Soon they accepted her at what she really came to be, a winsome and wonderfully captivating spark of mimetic light and grace. She was in advance of her audiences in the evolution, for she seemed intoxicated with the delight of conspicuousness and success, and those who watched with eager eyes the development of her genius saw with surprise and delight the daring experiments with which she led up to successes,—the bold determination not to be a mere copyist of Miss Darnaby, but to make of *Elvira* a creation of her own idea.

"You can see in that girl," said Mr. Forrest, "the art instinct plainly visible, in the transformation that ensues when she steps on the stage in character. Notwithstanding she never forgets herself and always sees the friends 'in front,' she yet seems lifted out of herself and into the character by an intoxication growing out of the knowledge that she can execute so well. Everything she attempts succeeds, and gives her a confidence in her power to execute which buoys her up and makes the execution delightful to her. That is the true instinct and impulse of the actor; but in order to develop it and retain her power she must train herself to do all this by rote and calculation, after the inspiration has dulled. Nobody can command inspiration, but the great artist can always command the appearance of it so completely as to deceive the spectator and preserve the illusion long after the fact itself is dead."

We had the profoundest confidence in this analysis of the inspiration that was a palpable and delightful fact. She sang well, she danced well, she was glorious in all her costumes, she was grace itself; she had that melancholy air of most engaging innocence even in the broad

suggestion of greatest *abandon* that appeals to the eye as the minor wail in music appeals to the ear in the midst of the wildest music of Offenbach.

And the audiences saw her develop all these graces and powers without exactly knowing it, until suddenly she was in the blaze, a popular favorite,—in burlesque.

Even Major Kilgore paid her a visit, he who so seldom visited the theatre that his appearance there was in itself the strongest confirmation that a new star had risen. In company with Mr. Forrest, he, too, sought the gloomy recesses of the stage, and was there introduced in formal fashion to the young actress carefully enveloped in her long shawl, who had none of the dash of *Elvira* in the glare of the foot-lights, but who, frank and unaffected, greeted him cordially and received his compliments.

"What did the major say?" asked Mr. Burke, when this stage of the narration was reached.

"He came out like the gentleman he is," answered Mr. Forrest, "and told her she reminded him of Julia Dean at her best."

"And this is what he said," interrupted the irrepressible Perkins: "'Miss Baker, . . . I have been delighted, . . . I may say charmed, . . . by your acting. . . . I recall the beautiful Julia Dean . . . when she was at her best, . . . and you have all her genius . . . and . . . her grace. . . . It is an honor to the stage when such talent appears; . . . and I hope to see you rival . . . or eclipse . . . Miss Dean's successes.' After which," concluded Mr. Perkins, "the lady swooned away and fell unconscious upon her own dressing-trunk!"

"Well, I will admit," said Mr. Forrest with a smile in the midst of the laughter, "that the major gave a full and finished turn to the compliment, and that the little Baker was properly overcome by it,—so much so that she did not know what to say in answer, and the prompter's call rang like a wedding-bell to get us all out of it."

In three weeks the town had accepted "Amelie De Harte," as she continued to be professionally known: we knew her by her own name of Rosalind Baker. Never had such ready genius so quickly adapted itself to the work that was to make itself known. The fag end of the season was approaching, but the manager had determined to push the success as long as it should continue. Every night the winsome girl played, in the sheer exercise of her wonderful power, up and down the gamut of all the emotional expression that could be touched upon in the character: here a touch of exquisite pathos, there a bit of majestic dignity that would have become the *Elizabeth* of Ristori; now a tenderness that was entrancing, then a bit of broad and vigorous comedy that set the house wild with appreciation. We saw her genius like a triumphant star rising and shaking off the clouds on the horizon and preparing to go to its zenith.

Major Kilgore had called on her behind the scenes again and again. That was certainly proof of her power,—that this isolated man could be charmed out of his isolation, from solitude into companionship. He was as loyal an admirer, in his way, as any of the young men of the staff. And their admiration *was* loyal, unselfish and honest. The

major's visits were visits of state as compared with the others, and he expressed grave compliments to the young actress with a formality that was at times trying to all. Always he found a group of admirers about her between acts, and he made an effort to seem interested in the gay talk and nonsense that was reeled off. The frozen soul within the hard shell of his nature seemed occasionally to try to arouse itself and break out into the sympathy of common human nature. In the centre of the group Rosie, enveloped in her long shawl, would sit upon her dressing-trunk and be the merriest of all. And Uncle Dick would come wandering in occasionally from vast depths of darkness and gloom in the wings or underneath the stage, rub his hands, look pleased, and ask, "What do you think of her now, gents?" and wander away again, full of his honest happiness and pride.

While Major Kilgore tried to accept all the gay sallies as of course, he never lost his own gravity or the severe formality of his address. If he came in after the group had assembled, a sudden constraint fell upon all, and to his grave remarks—so commonplace, yet so earnest and admiring—Rosie made laconic answer of "Yes, sir," or "No, sir," as gravely again,—the best she could do. He seemed to chill her; and so, by the way, did Mr. Forrest. It was almost sacrilegious to those of us who so deeply respected these earnest members of the force, to see her eyes light up and hear her laugh come leaping like the note of a bird when Perkins, immediately after some serious moment of this chill, would break in with some new story or comment that was all nonsense, chaff, and cheap wit.

Nothing between heaven and earth, save fear, awoke reverence and respect in Perkins.

Very frequently Count Meagher was there, with his smile that was wont to change to thoughtfulness at a moment's notice, with his air that was always bland, with his manner that was sometimes preoccupied. He brought happy compliments and a readiness to promote any pleasure, and said things that we did not always understand, but which she understood, for she would laugh answers back with a nod or a look of intelligence.

At such a moment it might be observed that Major Kilgore would cut his stay short. He did not so express himself, but it was evident that he did not like Count Meagher. When turns in the conversation brought them face to face, so to speak, the major grew even more formal than usual, and he snapped off his deliberately-spoken words very short indeed. This happened frequently as the count took occasion, in his bland and diplomatic way, to answer the major's remarks and even to seek conversation with him. It seemed as if he were determined by the force of his ready address to conquer Major Kilgore's aversion.

"The old major," said Perkins to Count Meagher, when they were one evening discussing this aspect of the situation, "does not like you as much as a man loves his life, does he?"

"Major Kilgore does not dislike me, Perkins," answered the count, easily. "The major and I are older than you young fellows, and he naturally gives me the full measure of gravity due from one distinguished gentleman of the old school to another."

"Yes," said Perkins, banteringly, "he gives it to you cold enough to freeze, too, eh?"

One of those nights when we were all assembled in the double dressing-room assigned to her, Miss Rosie appeared wrapped in a handsome cloak of dark silk, lined with gray fur, instead of the immense shawl in which she was wont to envelop herself when she came off the scene. The white throat that rose above the soft collar and the dazzling hands that peeped from the wide sleeves seemed all the more delicate and aristocratic from this soft contact with luxury, and the eager, radiant face was aglow with the expectation of effect.

"Enter Madame the Queen!" cried Mr. Forrest, in mock heroics, giving her therewith a profound obeisance.

"Madame does us the greatest honor," echoed Count Meagher, adopting the tone, and giving her a salute so military and yet so grand that it might have been of the Third Empire.

"Madame," declared Perkins, pulling himself together, smashing his hat in, and laying it across his chest to give her the burlesque salute of the stage dancing-master, "is really and truly magnificent, and don't you forget it."

And so she was.

And I saw Major Kilgore with his eyes riveted upon that radiant beauty. He devoured every line of her face, smiled when she smiled, hung upon her words, and frowned when others spoke. And she was bubbling with delight and joyousness that she did not try to conceal.

"Madame," she said, "gives all her loyal friends permission to get to the front of the house before the act begins, so that they may see her enter in the royal robes. It will be the first time she has worn them since she succeeded to her crown, and she desires her friends to give her confidence."

And Rosie marched up and down the room with a noble step, her head carried high, and asked us if she seemed to have been sufficiently used to such magnificent robes to wear them easily. And then she minced across the floor and tried half a dozen steps, amidst the applause of the assembled gentlemen and to the great pride and delight of Uncle Dick, who came to the door and surveyed her with rapt attention.

"You do look like a queen, Rosie," cried Perkins,—"like the Queen of Diamonds."

"And it is but natural," said Count Meagher, "that the Queen of Hearts should become the Queen of Diamonds to attain her true state."

Whereat there was a sudden frown on the face of Major Kilgore, who sat apart, watching the scene, his eyes drinking in the young beauty.

"And is that cloak," asked Mr. Forrest, "the first-fruits of your most beauteous majesty's reign? Is it tribute from that astutest of prime ministers and prince of managers,—the Pillar of Art,—the one, the only lessee and proprietor, Fitzgerald?"

It was intended as nonsense, but the question blundered. Rosie answered nothing, but she shot a quick glance at Meagher, who gave no sign. But Uncle Dick from the door-way said,—

"No, gents, that ain't from Mr. Fitzgerald, but from just as good a friend of all of you and all of us,—Mr. Meagher!"

Rosie continued to walk up and down the floor with the smile on her face, but the count instantly spoke up, his impassiveness gone. There was some constraint in his tone, however, and he seemed to speak lightly and mockingly by an effort.

"Thank you for that, Mr. Baker," he said, and then, turning to us and making a sweeping gesture that comprehended Rosie enveloped in her cloak, he continued: "Yes, gentlemen, this is an humble tribute that humble appreciation has begged the privilege of paying to Art. It will not be long until her majesty can array herself as a lily of the field from her income of next season: at least let us, her friends, hope so. But it is such trumpery as that cloak which gives Art its setting in the estimation of the *canaille* that fills the chairs in front of the curtain. I have begged her to let me advance this much until the golden rain of fortune descends upon her, and then she can—repay me —the money, but never the satisfaction of being permitted the pleasure of contributing to her success."

It somehow fell very flat, the stage tones and the mock gallantry. There fell at once a chill upon the company that was more real than apparent. The smiles which the whole scene had called up were still there, but I thought that the one on Forrest's face was set and somewhat foolish, as I knew my own was. Major Kilgore's eyes blazed with scorn which he made no attempt to hide, and his face was a mask of tragedy. It was the first time that Count Meagher's plentiful money had seemed to set him apart from us. As long as good intentions and sincere admiration were current coin in that little realm of Bohemia and art, we were all equally rich. But here money was playing its magic part, and the stage-carpenter's daughter had been touched by the gold and was turned princess.

Major Kilgore got up, said a formal "Good-evening, Miss Baker, and to you, gentlemen," with a deliberate look around at the latter phrase that comprehended all of us save Count Meagher, and then stalked out.

The others remained, and life was fitfully restored through the efforts of Mr. Perkins, who did not appear to have understood, or at any rate to have noticed, the incident that had dampened so much ardor. Count Meagher explained again carefully to Mr. Forrest with a bland smile, and Rosie laughed and strutted up and down the room, and reaction came. When the prompt-bell sounded we all went to the front to see Madame make her grand entry, and she came on, a blaze of aristocratic beauty and pride.

"I wish he hadn't done it," said Mr. Forrest to me, reflectively.

And so I wished, myself.

CHAPTER VI.

A BLACK CAT AND A SINGING BIRD.

THERE was no longer any reason to doubt that Major Kilgore heartily disliked Count Meagher. Indications of that fact had been constantly observable even in the usually stiff and formal demeanor of the major, who, self-contained and deliberate, seemed to determine every action and opinion upon the hypothesis that it was to be the most serious and important of his life. His dignity and gravity were never absent or in reserve. In his moments of friendliest conversation the only light that came to his countenance was the shadow of a smile that had all the melancholy of a tender apology. There are now and then men like Major Kilgore of whom we wonder what compensations life has for the deadly seriousness they exist in. The world smiles all round them, and cracks its jokes, and takes its fling at pleasure, while they are like mutes at a funeral. Even the thoughts they express and the comments they make are the hard stones of platitudes worn down with usage, and so well understood by the most thoughtless as not to be deemed needful of expression. But under every crust is its treasure. It may never be uncovered for you, but sometimes it will be thrown up for somebody else and become a surprise and a delight. It seemed to the gay and jovial young men of the *Democratic Banner* that Major Kilgore was an endless tale of woe.

"Do you think," asked Mr. Burke one night, "that he ever gets tired looking so wise and balancing the world in his mind? Do you reckon, by gad, that he ever gives a good laugh when he gets home and goes to shave himself? I can see how he feels like he *must* look dead in earnest when he goes into Old Hundred's bank parlor to feel the pulse of finance and when he wants to make people think he's weighed down by the cares of having Congress and the currency question to bear with. That's what he gets part of his salary for, of course. But how can he keep it up all the time? I should think his face would get tired and he would tip a wink or let out a laugh to rest himself occasionally in the bosom of the *Banner* family."

But he never unbent. He went from statistics to theories, and from theories to statistics back again, without any diversion or relaxation. In his old-fashioned way he would occasionally make a hand at poker or whist, carrying into the game the excited intensity of absorbing business. Indeed, the only change that came was at the rare intervals when passion kindled his eyes, shook his body, and drove pallor, like a frightened ghost, into the gloom of his set and fearless countenance.

It must be placed to Mr. Forrest's credit that the treasure of his character had been discovered to us, the stanch honor and correctness of his life. His character as a journalist—occupying as he did a most responsible and delicate position, where a suspicion would have discredited the journal—was unassailable, and while many took issue with his views, perhaps, nobody ever doubted their integrity. Is there any sort of—let us say, inconvenience in the temperament or mental

qualities of your friends that character and reputation like this does not go a long way towards excusing? A man may be a tremendous bore about some hobby he has in training; he may be heavy and stupid, tactless and full of resources to annoy and tire you; but if you know that what he does and thinks is dictated by a conscience too true to stoop to palter with advantage or bend to expediency, you look up to him with a great deal of respect, because the line of instinctive moral vision goes over such defects. The average of human weakness was represented with great fidelity among the members of the staff of the *Democratic Banner*, and they recognized Major Kilgore's strong character and unsullied reputation as a North Star by which a doubtful navigator might steer his way with full confidence. There was no joint in the armor of his mental and actual integrity, and he regarded metaphysics as the pickpocket of morals.

"But he lives two thousand years too late!" was Mr. Burke's conclusion. "His part, by gad, is that of Death's-Head at the Feast of Enjoyment, and that fashion's gone out."

And the major's dislike of Count Meagher was hurried along in its development. It was at this time, of all others, that Uncle Dick Baker gave a dinner in honor of Rosie's success. Perhaps no expedition that might be sent to explore the unmapped wildernesses of many mental operations would be able to discover how Uncle Dick lighted upon that idea.

"You gents that has been good and true to Rosie," said Uncle Dick, speaking to the force in Mr. Forrest's person, "come down a-Saturday night and we'll have something to eat and a kag of cold beer, and I hope you'll all feel that we appreciate what you've done for her."

From that germ the dinner grew during the week. The idea struck Mrs. Commyngs, First Old Woman of the Grand Theatre, as excellent to build upon. Mrs. Commyngs was elderly in years but young at heart, and carried her one hundred and sixty pounds of avoirdupois lightly. She it was who gave Rosie Baker valuable suggestions and looked after her in a manner not motherly, indeed, but stage-motherly. She had found the young girl out of school, with longings for the stage, educated far above her father, and yet not able to rise above him. It was plain that Rosie had inherited her mother's talents, and so Mrs. Commyngs, sympathizing with her and in repayment of the old stage-carpenter's long service at the theatre, had taught the girl certain tricks of that plastic trade, given first direction as it were to the budding genius and emotional impulse struggling for means of expression.

Mrs. Commyngs not only approved of the dinner, but undertook to convert Rosie to the idea, as it appeared that she had somewhat opposed it. She made the discovery that Uncle Dick's cottage would not do, while her rooms were just suited to it.

"Your cottage," she explained to Uncle Dick, "is right on the street level, and you'll have all the children for a mile around looking in the windows,—which you *can't* keep closed in May. Then you haven't got a room big enough to seat us all. You must have Vaderberg, and the Irishman Meagher, who hangs around Rosie for nobody's good in this world but his own,—and, take my word for it, you'll find

it out yet. You must have Forrest's friend that's to pay for his play, —that outlandishly solemn old Kilgore,—besides all the boys and Me. It'll take a room as big as this front parlor of mine. And I'm up here on the fourth floor, where nobody will hear us and the police can't stop the row. That's why I climb four flights of stairs twice a day,—to be where I'm nobody's business and can do as I please."

"Now, I wanted partickler," began Uncle Dick, in mild protest and in some difficulties of language,—"wanted partickler to have it at the house, because that's where—where—we live, you know, and it would seem more like our doing it, there where me and Rosie lives. But if it really ain't big enough——"

"Of course it's not big enough," interrupted Mrs. Commyngs, flatly but kindly, thus effectually disposing of the doubt. "And, besides, if it was, it wouldn't do. You wouldn't care, and the boys wouldn't care, but Rosie would not particularly like 'em to see that poor little plain cottage and how she lives. That's why she doesn't want the dinner."

"It was good enough for her mother to live in, and for her to be born in and live in and get her chance in," said Uncle Dick, testily, and somewhat inconsequentially as to grammar, "and I be d—d if it ain't good enough for anybody she's good enough for." He gave vent to the oath in emphasis, not in profanity, and in that perfectly innocent freedom of intercourse which children of dramatic communities observe.

"Yes, yes, I know," answered Mrs. Commyngs, soothingly, and looking Uncle Dick squarely and serenely in the eyes, and, of course, looking him down by sheer force of moral determination. "It's good enough for the President of the United States and all the sovereigns of Europe who happen to be men; but it ain't good enough, Dick Baker, for a young girl who has just made a big hit and is more or less of a fool about it,—as all young girls are. It ain't good enough for her to give a state dinner in to new friends. I know more about girls than you do; and, if you want Rosie to enjoy herself, have it here."

"They ain't a one o' them newspaper gents that wouldn't——" began Uncle Dick.

"*I* know that as well as *you* do," snapped Mrs. Commyngs, shortly. "*They'd* be satisfied wherever Rosie was; but Rosie won't be satisfied to have 'em there."

"Of course you know girls' ways better'n I do," said Uncle Dick.

"I should say I do," answered Mrs. Commyngs. "If you knew as much about 'em as I do, you wouldn't have let that Irishman give Rosie that fur cloak, and you wouldn't let him hang around her."

"He only lent her the cloak," replied Uncle Dick, "until she was able to pay for it herself, and, bein' a judge of actin', he says she'll get a heap more money next winter."

"*Of course,*" she snorted, contemptuously. "Of course. And he gave it to her because he was interested in Art. As if that cold-blooded Irishman was ever interested in anything but Meagher! Anybody to know you, Dick Baker, wouldn't think you had spent thirty years around theatres."

"Why, you went out walkin' with 'em yourself!" illogically cried Uncle Dick in triumph over Mrs. Commyngs.

"Yes, I did," promptly admitted that excellent lady. "But I am not nineteen years old my next birthday, and nobody who knows me has any particular fears about *me*. *I* don't need looking after. She does. Suppose I hadn't gone? Would it give you any pleasure to think that she went out alone with Meagher? Let me tell you this: Rosie's a pretty bird, and that Irishman's a black cat."

"Look here, Commyngs," said Uncle Dick, suddenly, "you don't s'pose the count is hangin' 'round Rosie for any meanness? If I thought so——"

"No, you wouldn't do anything," interrupted Mrs. Commyngs, quietly. "You couldn't do anything, because you haven't paid for that cloak, and you can't send it back."

"I k'n get seventy-five dollars and pay him right now," was Uncle Dick's quiet remark.

"Seventy-five dollars!" echoed Mrs. Commyngs, as her eye lighted up with an amused twinkle. And then she threw back her head and laughed aloud. "Seventy-five dollars! Why, you poor old simpleton! seventy-five dollars wouldn't pay for the trimmings. That's a two-hundred-dollar cloak. Did Meagher tell her it cost seventy-five dollars when he sent it?"

"That's the very price," said Uncle Dick, humbly, beginning to have more suspicions aroused.

"Well," said Mrs. Commyngs, "he lied about it, and anybody in the wide world but a goose like you and a foolish girl like Rosie would have known better. That's a two-hundred-dollar cloak, and Meagher is up to no good. I don't believe he's a count; and I don't like his ways."

"But them newspaper gents likes him," suggested Uncle Dick.

"Newspaper gents," responded Mrs. Commyngs, "can like whom they please; but *I* don't like him, and I don't believe there's anything good in him. If you'll take my advice, you will pay him for that cloak as soon as you can, and then 'fire him out.' And in the mean time you'll say nothing, but you'll keep your eyes open. Rosie's a good girl and a kind-hearted girl, but I've seen many of 'em regret taking things too easily when they've made their first hit. She hasn't set the world afire yet, and it will take hard work and a cool head if she means to do it."

At this point it seemed clear to Mrs. Commyngs that she had no more to say; but Uncle Dick lingered, his heart laden with a sudden tremendous doubt and suspicion.

"Look here, Commyngs," he said, "I ain't no sort of father for a girl like Rosie to have. I haven't got learnin' like she has, and I don't know what to do. Mebbe I don't know how to look after her right. Couldn't you——"

"Dick Baker," said Mrs. Commyngs, solemnly, "I couldn't look after that girl more if I had four eyes instead of two. Ain't I looking after her now, when I tell you what I have told you?"

"I ain't no sort of father for her," repeated Uncle Dick, helplessly.

"If I was, I'd knowed what to do about Mr. Meagher. There's Major Kilgore, too; he's been hangin' 'round. Mebbe I ought to stop 'em both."

"What has *he* been doing?" asked Mrs. Commyngs, referring to Major Kilgore, with new interest.

"He's walked home from the theatre with Rosie and me three or four times," said Uncle Dick, "and he's come afternoons to see her, and twice't a-Sunday night."

"What does he have to say?"

"He talks about Julia Dean sometimes. Mostly he talks about money and things—like—that."

"Has *he* been wanting to give Rosie money for art?" asked Mrs. Commyngs, with keen suspicion.

"No: he talks about how it's made, and how there's too much of it sometimes, and then it ain't worth much, and it's all along o' Congress and the head devils at Washington."

"What's that?" asked Mrs. Commyngs, in astonishment.

"I don't exactly know," answered Uncle Dick. "Mebbe I don't get it straight; 'cause I never did get the hang of it."

And it was clear from the confusion of these two innocent and well-meaning people that Major Kilgore's tremendous financial theories had miscarried in effect with Uncle Dick, as they had bewildered and confused the profounder minds of the talented local department that used to wonder what they all meant.

"Does Rosie like him?" pursued Mrs. Commyngs, changing the line of examination, as if the lead she had was profitless.

"She runs from him," answered Uncle Dick. "And that leads me to think mebbe he don't mean no good neither. Mebbe she sees better than I do."

"Runs from him!" echoed Mrs. Commyngs. "What do you mean?"

"Sometimes she sends word she ain't at home when he comes. Last Sunday night he come, and she asked me to tell him she was out. I told him, and he looked mad and said he'd set down and wait for her. I never knowed what to do, so I went to get him a drink of water. Rosie had heard it all through the door, and so she told me to be surprised when I seen her come in, and say nothing. Then she puts on her bonnet and gloves and climbs over the back fence, and soon she comes in at the front gate same as if she'd been down-town. He gets up and smiles, and she was as much surprised to see him as if it was a scene in a play."

Mrs. Commyngs laughed a loud and hearty laugh.

"There's no danger from *him*, Baker," she said. "What does he talk to her about?"

"Well, he said once't that he had made twenty thousand dollars in a month on wheat. He said he knew just when to buy and when to let alone, he had studied it so hard. He could make as much money as he wanted or just as little as he wanted."

"Did he say how much he wanted?"

"Said he never wanted much, because he was a single man. But

he had thought *if* he had been a marryin' man he could just let his wife have all the opportunities of the land and see and do the best that was goin'. I says to myself, 'He's just lyin' to hear how it sounds.' Once't he said to me I oughtn't to let Rosie marry nobody in the profession, but to marry her to somebody that would appreciate her and help her to be a great actress or a great society lady. That made me sour against him,—his lyin'; makin' out as if he's rich!"

"Maybe he was lying, maybe not," said Mrs. Commyngs. "He's rich enough to pay for that play that Forrest is going to bring out. But you needn't worry about Major Kilgore. Can't you see he wants to marry Rosie, and that's what he is talking about his money for? He's awful solemn, and he's as tiresome as a ten-mile walk, but he is honest and means as well as you do."

"You don't think so!" cried Uncle Dick.

"I know so," she answered. "All the better for you and Rosie. As long as Major Kilgore is on the lookout, that makes it harder for that Irishman, who means no good to anybody but Meagher. Just don't you talk to her about either of 'em, but let her manage it."

It was clear that there was at least one other person in the world who united with Major Kilgore in the dislike and distrust of that bland French gentleman, Count Meagher, and that Uncle Dick's dinner in honor of his daughter's friends would be given in Mrs. Commyngs's plain but comfortable apartments.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MORALS OF PIE.

THE dinner grew apace between the Monday of its announcement and the Saturday night of its fulfilment. Uncle Dick's idea of "something to eat and a kag of cold beer" was actually realized; but during the week Mr. Forrest and one or two other conspirators had conveyed to Mrs. Commyngs's widowhood abode certain bottles of wine and other accompaniments of a modest feast, which that excellent and clear-headed lady introduced on the night of the dinner without explanation or apprisal to the host of the occasion. The three rooms into which Mrs. Commyngs had collected her household fortunes and sacrifices were in the fourth story of a semi-apartment-house, and consisted of a large front parlor, sitting-room, and work-room combined, a bedroom adjoining, and a small kitchen in an extreme rear and uncertain portion of the suite. The dinner was served in the principal room of these three, upon a table the legs of which felt, to sensitive knees underneath, to be shaped like saw-horses and suggested boards laid across in a manner to testify to Uncle Dick's own deft workmanship. It was covered with immaculate cloth, that might have been damask or cotton for all the glorious company cared.

Uncle Dick Baker, who habitually wore gingham shirts in summer and dingy-looking flannel ones in winter, was noticeably but heroically uneasy in a new linen shirt and a hard turn-over collar that embraced him as the iron collar of the Inquisition might have gripped the soft

neck of some young and ingenuous martyr. It was so new to him, and he was so new to the collar, that his round, honest face seemed to be redder and get apoplectic from its efforts to surmount the unusual. It is wonderful how startlingly white an ordinary shirt will look upon a man not accustomed to its wearing. He was full of good humor and uneasiness, and put all the command of the entertainment upon Mrs. Commyngs, and that amiable woman accepted the responsibility in a way that at once put Uncle Dick at his ease. In lieu of enough ladies to assign each to a gentleman, she took one end of the table and placed Rosie at the other.

"We'll both of us," she cried out in explanation to Rosie, "have a whole row of men to talk to, or we can divide 'em and have half of two rows apiece, just as comes best."

Mr. Forrest had a place at Rosie's right hand, facing a lithograph on the wall of Edwin Forrest in his great character of "Spartacus, the Gladiator," and which had written under it, in bold and uncertain autographic strokes, the legend "From yours most faithfully, E. Forrest." Uncle Dick was on Rosie's left. Major Kilgore sat on the right hand of Mrs. Commyngs, and had opposite Mr. Burke, whom Mrs. Commyngs declared to be "the most hardened and the most delightful wretch of his profession," because he regaled her with countless horrors of his reportorial experience, attractive to actors who live by studies of the characteristic and grotesque as much as by observation of the conventional. Mr. Vaderberg, stage manager of the Grand Theatre, was between Major Kilgore and Mr. Perkins, and Count Meagher and the City Editor of the *Banner* filled in the stretch of hospitable board that separated Mr. Burke from Mr. Forrest.

I take it that what is eaten and drunk at a feast like this is not of the slightest consequence to anybody,—unless it should be one of the feasters who next day, perhaps, might be peering into the sources of his indigestion. But there was no fear of indigestion lowering over the healthy stomachs gathered at that board. And there was no state and no style. What if there were a plate of toothsome meat,—say lamb, with the grace of its first spring making the sacrifice innocent and beautiful; a chicken, young and tender; some early vegetables; a salad; even an ice; and, to crown all, a delightful *pie?* And in and out between these plain and honest dishes, your own choice, ladies and gentlemen, of beer, fresh from Uncle Dick's "kag" (the foaming glasses of which he drew himself with urgent readiness and hospitality), or of wine,—the appearance of which, ordered by Mrs. Commyngs, fairly bewildered Uncle Dick.

It was the "kag" of beer that made the pie possible. Uncle Dick was determined upon the beer; "because," he had explained, "them gents has made many a lunch on it and sandwiches or milk and pie." And thereupon Mrs. Commyngs ordered the pie, a splendid deep and roomy object, constructed of apples that filled it to bursting, and which had a certain familiar and wholesome appearance, as of an old friend at table. And when the pie came on, just ahead of the ice, it was received with a round of applause, in the midst of which Mr. Burke, rising to his feet, beer-glass in hand, thus apostrophized:

"Hail! hail to the great brain-food, tired intellect's sweet midnight restorer! If we," he demanded, appealing to his colleagues, "were on some desert isle, painfully starving upon such scanty shellfish as could be laboriously picked up on the naked beach, and in the restless hours of sleepless night some beautiful vision should appear and demand, 'With what to eat shall I serve you?' what would we answer?"

"Pie!" answered Mr. Perkins, in a tone of prompt and solemn enthusiasm.

"Ay, pie!" echoed Mr. Burke. "By winter, the luscious, luxurious, and aromatic mince, hot and with buttermilk; by summer, the honest and innocent apple, simple, fat, light, and pleasing. All hail, thou handmaid of the journalist's nightly and exhaustive toil!"

This broke up the ice entirely, and was received with an outburst of applause, the tapping of knives upon glasses, the clapping of hands, and Mr. Perkins even gave the shrill whistle of the gallery god at the Grand Theatre.

Mrs. Commyngs's prophetic voice rose above the din, crying aloud to Uncle Dick, as in a wilderness of sound, "I told you, Baker, that if they wanted beer they would have pie!"

"Then it is to you, noble and thoughtful woman," cried Mr. Burke, "that we owe this sweet boon of pie? Next time there is a gentleman hanged for some high crime in this good city, I will use my best offices with the sheriff that you may witness the scene and study how to die as becomes an artiste."

"Get out, you monster!" protested Mrs. Commyngs, with a comic pretence of horror. "Keep your horrors to sup on yourself."

"Do you know," began Mr. Forrest, himself taking up the vein of badinage, "that pie is not the deadly enemy to sweet digestion and good health which affected fashion and timid scientific ignorance pretend it is? I have, somewhere on the tablets of my busy memory, notes of an interview with the famous Dr. Mackenzie upon the cataplasmic effects of pie upon the human stomach and its therapeutic effects upon the system. What I may take the liberty of calling the 'meat' of pie is good in itself; but ignorance and pedantry have assumed to find in the top crust and in the lower stratum of softened dough-bake, between which is contained the pie proper, the elements of grave dangers to health. But Dr. Mackenzie—great and glorious defender of the old honest faith of the pie of our childhood—maintains that the crust and the bake are as poultices, tender and soothing to the sensitive inner machinery, solacing to the mind and steadying to the nerves and brain."

"Give it a column, Forrest," cried the City Editor. "The idea is worth it."

"And I can give you an anecdote for the column, Mr. Forrest," said Count Meagher, who had spoken but little, and who never spoke, usually, in vain. He had been more or less preoccupied, as usual, but he had evidently waked up. And as he began to speak he was all interest and suavity. "You might quote it as an anecdote of the most expensive pie ever baked. I do not know, of course, if it would be

suitable; but we have read in history of the cost of Cleopatra's drink and Lucullus's supper."

"Good!" cried Burke. "Let us have it."

"Well," said Count Meagher, beginning in the story-telling fashion, "a certain gentleman of fortune, and to fame known, was one day proposing a dinner to a party of his friends. Of these, three were ladies and two gentlemen, and it so happened that the ladies were artistes, like the ladies we have the honor of attending this evening." And the count made a sweeping courtesy from one end of the table to the other, first comprehending Rosie and then Mrs. Commyngs. "Indeed, one of them was, like our young friend the charming Miss Baker, upon the very threshold of a career that was to prove splendid and successful."

"It's one of the count's Parisian tales, Forrest," said Perkins, across the table. "And it'll be a good one."

"But this young beginner," continued the count, "was just from the provinces, with nothing but her beauty and her talent, and she was getting along slowly, because, the manager said, her talent ran in provincial directions, while that which he wanted was talent distinctively Parisian."

"Ah-h!" cried Perkins; "what did I tell you?"

"Will you please stop Mr. Perkins's mouth with beer, Baker?" called out Mrs. Commyngs from the other end of the table.

"She was slow," resumed the count, "to take up the fashionable idea of Paris, and was sportively called 'the Pansy of Gascony' by the other artistes of the company. Well, Prince Fortunatus, when he gave a dinner, always gave an odd one, and so, this time, he proposed that his friends should each name a favorite dish and he would add one. The six courses were to compose the dinner. One of them named a rare soup, another an Algerian *entrée*, the third a grouse from Scotland, to give body to the feast, the fourth an Italian fish; but the Pansy of Gascony declared she had no favorite dish which she cared to name, and that she would be satisfied with what the host would be pleased to order. The duc insisted that she choose something, either simple or impossible,—bearing in mind, nevertheless, that the days of Bagdad were past. And all the others gathered round and pressed her until she finally blurted out,—

"'Ah, well, monsieur, I choose simply a pie.'

"'A pie!'

"The little group fairly screamed with laughter. 'A pie, a pie,' they cried, 'for the Gascon Pansy.' Who had ever heard of a pie in Paris?

"'And so you shall have one, mademoiselle,' said the duc. He alone was quite grave and considerate. 'And it shall be a beautiful pie.' While the poor girl, abashed and confused, murmured, 'What would you expect a country-girl to know of fine dishes, monsieur?'

"On the evening of the dinner the guests were all assembled, and the *menu*, so oddly chosen, was beautifully served. At last the duc turned to his man and said, 'Now, Antoine, fetch Mademoiselle's pie, and set it in the centre of the table, where its beauty can be seen.' The pie, on a gold plate, wreathed in twined pansies, was brought in.

Within the wreath the frothing surface of the meringue was as delicate and white as foam upon the crest of waves. 'You see, my friends,' said the duc, regarding the confection critically, 'even a pie may be made beautiful if you will. Confections are, however, like some women, not always good because they are fair to look on. But who loves takes, and who takes pays. Antoine, bring me the pie.' And, taking up a silver knife, he carefully calculated the lines for sharing it. 'Let me see, six pieces.' 'None for me, monsieur,' cried Mlle. Alixe, and 'None for me,' said Mlle. Flora; 'I will give all mine to the pretty Pansy who loves pie.' The two male guests shrugged their shoulders. 'Very well,' said the duc, with a good-natured smile: '*I* will take half, if Mademoiselle will share with me only.' So saying, he divided the pie, and, lifting half upon a plate which he kept, sent the other half in its garland to Mademoiselle, with his compliments.

"'This,' he said, 'is the famous lime pie of Gascony, which Mademoiselle will like, and which she will do well to eat carefully. The meringue should be removed, because it is purely ornamental, being too rich and insipid for good digestion. It is the limes only that should be eaten.' The duc pushed the meringue aside as he spoke, and Mademoiselle, taking her fork daintily, began to push the meringue from the surface of her half. And, lo! it clung together like finest eider-down lint, and as she lifted it there sparkled right under her bright eyes an enamelled pansy bearing in the centre a white diamond that would make you blink. She trembled with delight and astonishment. 'Push it all off,' said the duc; and as Mademoiselle pushed again another pansy and another diamond were discovered. 'Those,' said the duc, carelessly, 'are flowers of Gascony, mademoiselle, and they grow only for daughters of the South and of genius. You must put them in your ears as good omens of that fact.' And, trembling, she hung the drops in her ears. 'And now,' said the duc, 'pray eat the pie beneath, as I do mine; for the limes of Gascony are always good.' And, whipping off the false meringue, there was a simple pie beneath. 'Pie,' he added, 'may be made as fine as other confections.' And that certainly was; for it cost him ten thousand francs."

"And the duc," cried Mr. Forrest, "was the Duke of Monte-Christo, the Pansy of Gascony was the enchanted princess of the Théâtre Comique, and the false guests were malicious relatives who were turned into rats and devoured by Antoine, who was changed into a ferocious black cat with two mouths for that very purpose!"

But there was loud applause, and Perkins cried out, "I say, Forrest, let me write up the pie article. That's a good story; and I'll give your scientific friend a fair show for his theory."

"No," answered Mr. Forrest, with affected severity. "Because, Perkins, you would forget the moral of the story, and that is, that pies stuffed with diamonds are invariably bad for the digestion of young ladies."

"Bravo! . . . bravo!" cried Major Kilgore, from his seat next Mrs. Commyngs. It was the first time he had been heard. "Bravo!" he cried again. "That was a very good point . . . to make, indeed, Mr. Forrest. . . . Quite good, indeed. . . . Bravo! bravo!"

"Young ladies who get diamonds from old dukes," continued Mr. Forrest, "may not die of the pies, but they inevitably do of the diamonds. That's a scientific and social phenomenon."

"Bravo! . . . bravo!" again cried Major Kilgore, looking fixedly at Count Meagher. That gentleman in turn gave a look at Rosie and shrugged his shoulders. Rosie laughed lightly, looked down the table, and encountered the eyes of Mrs. Commyngs fixed curiously upon her. Whereupon she, too, shrugged her pretty shoulders, and played with her knife attentively.

"The moral of a story . . .," began Major Kilgore, in earnest ignorance of Forrest's innocent burlesque of severity, "is the very heart of it. . . . It does you honor, Mr. Forrest, to . . . point that out——"

"Oh, we cannot too much insist upon morals," persisted Mr. Forrest, in answering ignorance of the effect that he was making. Indeed, none of us knew then what we were afterwards to know.

"Gentlemen," interrupted Count Meagher, in a bland voice that masked irony and contempt, "I have given you my true story: moralize upon it as you will."

Major Kilgore fixed his keen eyes upon the count, who did not look the glance back.

"We don't want any moralizing," cried Perkins.

"Oh, of course; no moralizing at this moment," said Mr. Forrest, lightly walking over the volcano that he did not dream was beneath what he had said. "We will keep moralizing for the public mission of the press. We are here now for a more delightful purpose, the guests of our good friends, and I propose that we drink the health of Uncle Dick Baker, who is a good stage-carpenter, a good father, a good man, and a good friend."

Mr. Forrest rose to his feet, held up his wineglass as a signal for the others to rise, and all, looking at Uncle Dick, solemnly drank the toast. Then Perkins, who had a drop more wine than was necessary, insisted upon having a speech from Uncle Dick,—insisted with so much heat that the least embarrassing way out of the predicament was for all the others to join in the demand with cheerful good humor.

And so Uncle Dick rose awkwardly and hesitatingly to his feet. In that agonizing moment the half of him that was visible above the table appeared to be all starchy shirt front and collar and a face that was full of the emotion of never having before been called upon to make a speech to the silence that greeted him.

"I thank you kindly, gents," he began, "for the—drinking to my health. I can't make no speech, but I can say that I hope my health will stay as good as it has been for thirty year. In that time I never lost a day from the theatre yet account o' sickness."

Uncle Dick had started out confusedly, but he was getting along better than he expected, and the applause that came in at this moment, led by Perkins, strengthened him. Rosie was painfully abashed, but all the good company around that honest table was paying earnest attention to what he had to say, and so masked her agony. All save Perkins, who gave vent to a horse-laugh, and whose toe was instantly crushed under the table by Mr. Burke.

"Look out for my toe, will you?" cried Perkins.

"I beg pardon," said Mr. Burke, curtly, without looking at him, and then, putting his hand admonishingly on Perkins's arm, muttered savagely to him, "*Don't interrupt.*" Upon this Perkins relapsed into a respectful quiet that he did not fully understand, and he regarded the serious faces with curiosity.

"No, gents," continued Uncle Dick, "I haven't lost a day in thirty year, and my health is now first-rate. When I was turned twenty-five I was touched with rheumatiz, and was skeered up about it, but old Dr. Saffel, the Indian Doctor, give me some liniment to rub with, and from that day to this I ain't never had a ache or pain o' body. I ain't as spry as I was, but I'm hearty and manage to do my work, I hope satisfactory to Mr. Fitzgerald, who, I may say, is a good boss. To Mr. Forrest I say my hearty thanks for sayin' I'm a good stage-carpenter. I try to do my best. And Rosie tries to do her best." Here Uncle Dick began to wander. "Her health is good too. . . . She takes after me in that. . . . Me and Rosie's always hearty and healthy. . . . And I thank you, gents, for drinkin' my health, and I'll try and keep it hearty as long as I can."

And he suddenly sat down, entirely out of breath with his intellectual exertion, and amidst a round of applause as "hearty" as his health. We all drank to him again, and he drew another foaming glass of beer for himself from the "kag" and nervously drank it all at one draught.

There was a general din after this, and Mrs. Commyngs announced that if the gentlemen had cigars they were welcome to light them. "This is Liberty Hall," she said. "Rosie and I won't be the worse for all the cloud you can blow, and I know you will all be the happier for it." And the cigars turned up from various pockets, and when they were lighted Uncle Dick rose, cleared his throat, and, looking earnestly at Mr. Forrest, utterly ignoring the presence of the ladies, said,—

"Gents, I drink to Mr. Forrest's good health, and I hope you'll all join."

And we all joined, with a clattering call on that gentleman for a speech, which he made with perfect good humor, paying delightful compliments to Rosie and Mrs. Commyngs, to Uncle Dick and Vaderberg and the theatrical profession generally. He quickly and deftly wiped out the remembrance of Uncle Dick's own homely response, and restored laughter and high good nature by sallies right and left. In conclusion he called upon Mr. Perkins for a song, and Mr. Perkins completed the general delight by singing "Believe me, if All those Endearing Young Charms," in that marvellously sweet tenor, and was then compelled to give "Sally in our Alley" "for good measure."

Then everybody's tongue was loose and ready. Mr. Vaderberg spoke for "The Stage, the Mirror of Nature," and demonstrated that a very good actor may frequently speak other people's lines much better than his own. Mr. Burke toasted Mrs. Commyngs as the "only young girl he had ever known to make a splendid first old woman on the stage," and fled for his life around the table, pursued

by that active lady. Perkins called on Count Meagher, "the only real specimen of the nobility we have, and here's hoping for more of them." But the count begged off from a speech, and sang a song in his rich barytone, to the delight of all, save Major Kilgore, who eyed him coldly and never made a motion of applause. Then Perkins, emboldened by the success of this, proposed a speech from Mr. Burke; but that wily person said it was no time for serious speeches, and the one he had prepared was an hour long. But he thought that as songs were in order they should have one from the Queen of Song,—Miss Rosie.

The idea was received with great applause, and Rosie, who had quickly recovered from the abashment she exhibited during Uncle Dick's speech and who had laughed merrily over the humor that went around, was nothing loath.

"Clear the table!" commanded Mrs. Commyngs; and instantly the deserted board was tenderly moved against the wall, and, sitting down to her cottage piano, which she thumped with an honest, old-fashioned vigor, she struck the air of an Irish song well known to the professional minstrelsy of that day. And Rosie, all vivacity and coquettishness, sang away in her lovely, sympathetic voice the story of the verse, applying it on the spur of the moment as she went: On the stage she was Ma'm'selle De Harte, But her right name was Bridget McCarthy: She'd go home at nights and from matinées Wid baskets of flowers and little bookays; For she was his only daughter, And there [pointing at Uncle Dick, who looked on proudly] was the father that taught her To wear spangled clothes And go round on her toes,—The Pride of the Bally was Biddy.

Then, when the dance-symphony came! She just grasped her skirts, lifted them to her boot-tops, showing a bit of stocking, perhaps, —a glimpse that made the fleshings of the stage, beautiful though they were, seem nothing,—and gave an Irish fling that was worth the whole price of admission, and Mr. Burke so maintained. It was an Irish fling at heart, but there were also an occasional hint of the "Essence of Old Virginny" and suggestions of the ballet,—a medley and a parody of all the conventional dances of the variety stage.

There were other verses describing the triumphs and delight of Miss McCarthy who was the Pride of the Bally, and more dancing, during which Rosie gathered vivacity and enthusiasm as she went, nerved by the applause as if it came from a crowded theatre. Major Kilgore, alone, looked on with chilling gravity. Even the bit of stocking that invariably came into view in the dance had no charm for him, but seemed to chill him more. The others were prodigal of applause and appreciation.

So vigorously she danced that, as she was about ending, the long fair hair came tumbling over her eyes, released from its restraints. She suddenly stopped, and bowed her head as if to gather the straying masses and throw them back; but in the midst of the applause she looked up with the uncanny gaze of an Ophelia, plucking and playing with her hair.

"They say the owl was a baker's daughter," began this extemporaneous Ophelia, with a furtive glance that had no destination, but

which seemed to light upon Count Meagher and Mr. Forrest. "Lord! we know what we are," she continued, her eyes roaming in a wilderness of unrest, and with a distraught and foolish smile, "but we know not what we may be. God be at your table!"

And here Mrs. Commyngs took up the cue and fed her with the fence and play of as mad a scene as ever made audience shiver and hold its breath with pain and delight. But she did not close without distorting the scene into exaggeration and burlesque, and maintained at the very last that The Pride of the Bally was Biddy.

During this semi-tragic assumption Major Kilgore had been rapt in admiration. He watched Rosie with an eye that kindled more and more as the scene progressed; and when it closed he rose to his feet in great animation, paying no attention to the caricaturing lines at the conclusion. When he was most animated it was characteristic that his face showed most determination and his utterance most deliberation. Now his eyes were aflame with delight, and when he had solemnly said, "Ladies and Gentlemen," there was perfect silence.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "you are all . . . younger than I, . . . though some of you . . . may have had more experience of what . . . we have seen . . . this evening. . . . Ophelia says very well . . . that we know not what we may be, . . . which applies, with singular force, to . . . the talents which we have seen exhibited. . . . I venture to make a prediction, . . . that we will all live . . . to see the day when we can look back upon . . . this night . . . and remember that we saw . . . in this hospitable apartment . . . the first exhibition of a . . . tragic and emotional genius that will . . . be a light to the stage and a . . . glory to the young lady who so eloquently . . . gives testimony of its possession. . . . We have not yet drunk the . . . health and success of this . . . most gifted and charming young lady. I now . . . venture to propose the sentiment, . . . which I am sure *most* of us will *sincerely* [and here he gave a look at Count Meagher that was sinister and full of challenge] and gladly subscribe to. I congratulate you, Miss Baker [and here the major crossed over and took Rosie's hand solemnly, while she looked very foolish under the ceremony and Perkins put up his hand and made a sign of delight], . . . upon the evidence you have demonstrated . . . of tragic genius. [At this Perkins fell back in his chair in a heap, and Mr. Burke scowled darkly at him.] . . . You have delighted as you have astonished us. The beautiful Julia Dean . . . in the heyday and the flush of her genius . . . when I saw her . . . was not better amid the inspiration of . . . the play itself."

The major paused here, and we all applauded him. He still held Rosie's hand, and she was almost angrily embarrassed because of his intense seriousness and because she felt instinctively that all of us understood the situation and were equally restrained because of the major's gravity and earnestness. He tried to induce her to rise, and she pulled back with a look of angry vexation. He made another attempt, and sulkily she rose with a little smile of contempt.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began again, "I shall take the liberty . . . of making . . . a suggestion. You all know that . . . Mr.

Forrest . . . is about to produce his . . . admirable and stirring tragedy . . . of 'Caligula.' Why should not Miss Baker . . . play the part of *Lollia?* . . . So I propose more than . . . a toast to Miss Baker. . . . I propose the health of the . . . tragic actress, . . . and the part she will have . . . for her genius . . . and the success of my friend Mr. Forrest's fine tragedy!"

He led her, still sulky, to the table, around which we all gathered with some vague feeling that a damper had been flung over the scene. But Mr. Burke called out heartily, "Miss Baker, and the tragedy of Caligula!" and we solemnly drank the toast.

"What do you think . . . of that, madame?" asked Major Kilgore of Mrs. Commyngs.

"Put Rosie in sock and buskin?" she retorted. "Well, I think you'll spoil a good soubrette. What do you think, Mr. Forrest?—you are a dramatic critic." Mr. Forrest hesitated, and, seeing that he was embarrassed, she turned to Count Meagher.

"What do you think, Mr. Meagher?"

"I agree perfectly with you, Mrs. Commyngs," said the count, in his blandest tone.

"And why, sir?" demanded Major Kilgore, instantly fixing him with his eyes. "If a good . . . soubrette . . . were spoiled . . . and . . . a great actress made! . . . Is that any loss?"

He took a step nearer to Count Meagher, and transferred, by the action, the whole controversy to that personal field. The count gave him an intent and curious glance, and answered,—

"I am not competent to discuss that question fully, Major Kilgore. But my impressions entirely accord with those of Mrs. Commyngs, who asked me for them."

"Certainly, . . . certainly," said the major, as this clever shifting back of the point was effected. "You were right, . . . sir, to answer Mrs. Commyngs," to whom he made a bow. And then he bit his lip and glared at Count Meagher. Rosie was still sulky, and Perkins in vain called for a song. He tried to give one himself. In the midst of it, Major Kilgore took a ceremonious leave, and we broke up the party.

And Mr. Forrest and the City Editor wondered to each other as they went home if Major Kilgore were not under some subtle influence of Rosie's charm. As why should he not be?

CHAPTER VIII.

PREPARING THE TRAGEDY.

WHEN the early flowers were about to bloom, the season of the Grand Theatre closed, and "The Silver Bell" received its last representation to an audience that filled the house and thundered applause at the beautiful *Elvira,* who revelled in her own charm that night, and, under the inspiration of the moment, fairly outshone herself. Then came the long summer, during which preparations for the production of "Caligula" were to be made. Major Kilgore called on Fitzgerald,

the manager, in company with Mr. Forrest, and it was agreed that the tragedy should be played at the opening of the season, Major Kilgore paying all the expenses of the production. Costumes had to be designed, the period artistically studied, and the details arranged for the representation upon a scale of grandeur that was to eclipse all previous productions at the Grand. The only cloud that darkened this fair horizon to the young author was the persistence with which Major Kilgore assumed that Rosie Baker was to be the *Lollia*. Upon this point the major would expatiate to the little group of friends who were interested in the outcome. It took possession of him as a mania, and he profoundly argued with all of us that a career of tragedy was far preferable to the popularity, however brilliant, of a mere *comédienne* and singer. He could not understand why Rosie avoided him, and he complained innocently that she seemed always away from home when he called. He attributed this to youth and frivolity, and was afraid she was not sufficiently studious. She ought to be married and have leisure and means to pursue her studies properly. Were not all the great actresses of the English stage married women,—Mrs. Oldfield, Mrs. Woffington, Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Drake, and Julia Dean? He argued the idea out with editorial force and elaboration to Mrs. Commyngs.

"I knew none of them," answered Mrs. Commyngs, in her mild and frank way, "but poor Julia Dean, and I'm sure marriage did *her* no good."

"Because," said the major, "she made a poor match, madame, . . . with a young gentleman who did not value her high qualities, but who was fascinated by her mere personal charms. . . . *If* she had made a marriage . . . of intellect, madame, with . . . an older and more settled man, . . . who could have watched over . . . and assisted in the development of her . . . genius, she might——"

"Yes, that's what they all say," interrupted Mrs. Commyngs. "All of 'em think that the mistake was not in marrying somebody else. I've noticed that but few of them were rightly mated."

This offended the major somewhat. And Mrs. Commyngs said he was crazy about Rosie, as all men seemed to be who came under the influence of young actresses.

"They get the paint and the gas-light in their eyes once," she declared, "and they never see anything else. And the older the men the crazier they get. There's no fool in the wide world like an old fool; and, measured by that, I think your friend Major Kilgore must be at least a hundred."

The tragedy of "Caligula" was read and re-read by the unhappy author engaged in its preparation,—read with Mr. Vaderberg, the stage manager, and with Mr. Vaderberg and Mrs. Commyngs. For weeks Mr. Forrest spent anxious hours daily with these arbiters of his dramatic destiny, protesting against the cutting out of speeches of magnificent length which Mr. Vaderberg swore no audience would listen to in patience, and which Mr. Forrest bitterly contended were so necessary to the development of character that to cut them out would be to emasculate and mutilate the tragedy beyond recognition.

"Character is good enough in its way," said Mr. Vaderberg, "but we must get the play acted before midnight. Now, if the people" (meaning the ladies and gentlemen of the Grand Theatre) "undertake to speak the lines as you have written them,—all,—you will have your audience to breakfast. You want action as much as character: between action and character in the drama, why, character must always be sacrificed."

Whereat Mr. Forrest would heave a deep sigh and go again over the speeches, which he knew by heart and which were as dear to him as his own being.

"Do you think there is action enough *in* the play," he would ask, "to make it go?"

"I have been an actor," said Mr. Vaderberg, very warily indeed, "for thirty years, and stage manager for fifteen. I have put on many a play, but I never saw one yet that anybody could call a go until after it had begun to move. I've seen plays that I thought would set the world afire damned so dead in one night that the author wished he were dead with his work; I have seen plays that I scorned to put on make a whole season's hit. So I have quit the business of prophesying."

Whereat Mr. Forrest heaved another sigh after the first one, and turned to Mrs. Commyngs for relief.

"I don't know a thing about plays," said that frank lady. "I don't know anything but 'business.' If you have a gentleman to be murdered, a lady to be smothered, a 'situation' worked up, or a tableau arranged, I know how to find *my* place after Vaderberg has told me where it is; but I don't know anything about plays,—not even about those I've acted in all my life. Vaderberg knows all about 'em, my dear, or he ought to. That's what he's paid for; and I would advise you to trust him. Besides, if it should fail,—and of course it won't,—you can say Vaderberg ruined it."

And Mr. Forrest heaved a last sad sigh, and asked for time to cut out the speeches.

"You and Vaderberg do the carpenter-work and get it into shape," continued Mrs. Commyngs. "I advise you to let Vaderberg do the cutting: he knows more about it than you do, or I, or anybody else here. I've got to talk to Rosie about *Lollia;* though I must say I think it nonsense to put her in the part. She's no more intended for tragedy than I am, and the nearest I've ever come to it was playing Juliet's *Nurse.* You had better cast Miss Johnstone for *Lollia.* Vaderberg will tell you so."

And Vaderberg did tell him so, and Mr. Forrest related these particulars to me with his heart bowed down by double weight of woe. He knew Vaderberg was wrong about cutting out the magnificent speeches that were long enough for political harangues, and he believed Vaderberg was right about Miss Baker's unfitness for the part of *Lollia.*

"She is nothing in the world," Mrs. Commyngs had said and Mr. Forrest reported, "but a soubrette. You boys on the *Banner* have simply gone stark, staring mad over her, and I don't blame you for

it, because she has got talent in her toes and in her head until she tingles with it. But, my dear, it's soubrette talent, and, as another dramatic author has said before you, you cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. I take that to mean that you can't make a Lady Macbeth out of a singing and dancing chambermaid. It won't do Rosie any good in the profession to try it and fail, and it won't do your play any good, will it?"

"Now," sighed Mr. Forrest to his only confidant, the City Editor, "what, in the name of the Evangels, shall I do? Everybody else seems to think as Vaderberg and Mrs. Commyngs think; but Major Kilgore has set his heart on having Rosie Baker play this part, and, as he is going to stand the expense of mounting the play, what can I do?"

"Do nothing at all at present, Forrest," suggested his patient friend, "but get your play in shape and let the other troubles wait. You have months of time yet."

And, as Mr. Forrest could do nothing on that point, he set himself to doing everything else with heroic application. He cut out speeches, and he read aloud to his patient friend the parts he cut out and the parts he left in, and then wondered if he had not made the mistake of cutting out the wrong parts, and wanted an opinion on that subject. And his patient friend, having no opinion of any value whatsoever on the subject, managed with faithful skill to give an elaborate opinion that left Mr. Forrest in his original miserable frame of mind.

There was something pathetic in the change that came over him. The haughtiness and high indifference were exchanged for irritation and a certain sensitiveness that made the young men of the *Banner* staff shun him at times. Now that he was face to face with the public with his own production, that must stand or fall before somebody else's judgment, his famous dogmatism, his haughty and decided opinions, began to falter and resolve themselves into doubts that kept him in torture and a condition that, for Mr. Forrest, was akin to humility.

While he was thus absorbed in his labors, life, for the others, went on as usual, with only himself left out of the count. Every moment of spare time he gave to the study of his subject. Drawings and descriptions had to be made of costumes, scenery, and "properties," in order that, when the time came for the real work of preparation, the costumers and mechanics should suffer no delay. And thus he dropped out of those incidental diversions with which the *Banner* staff were wont to render picturesque and blithesome the severe demands of professional employment. And the City Editor saved him from many a duty in order to allow him more opportunity for his labors in behalf of art and the advancement of his own honorable ambition. And his absence from the diversions was in itself a mighty tribute to the earnestness and sincerity of his ambition.

For with the early spring came, with the flowers and the other sweets and joys of budding nature, the round of open-air sports and excitements at which the Dramatic Critic, at all times and by all the

immutable rules of journalistic ethics, has a front seat, with no work to do,—the seat being provided by his stanch friend the Sporting Editor; just as during the long winter the Dramatic Critic has provided for the Sporting Editor all the courtesies, rights, privileges, and immunities current in the realm of art.

First, there came the spring meeting of the Jockey Club; and that was the year Foretop won the cup, beating Alaric, the favorite,—and a Bonnie Scotland invincible,—half a length, and landing Count Meagher winner of three thousand at the comfortable odds of six to one. Mr. Forrest, who had never before missed seeing the cup run for, did not see that memorable finish. All the other members of the staff were present, together with all the rest of the world worth noting. In an open carriage across the stretch and near the paddock—right in front of the grand stand—there bobbed up and down a lilac parasol with the blonde head of Miss Rosalind Baker under it. Mrs. Commyngs, satisfied with a plain black silk shade, occupied the seat at her side, and in front was to be seen the soldierly figure of Count Meagher. Mr. Burke, who was attired in a faultlessly-fitting gray tweed suit and who had a field-glass slung over his shoulder, first discovered this little group of friends as he stood aloft in the reporters' gallery, a figure of modern Apollo, waiting to "call" the race for guidance of the other gentlemen of that wonderful engine of civilization, the press. He first caught the glance of Rosie's bright eyes,—as he was bound to do, occupying so conspicuous a position. As soon as he caught that glance, therefore, in the full view of twenty thousand eyes, with admirable composure and grace, he took off his hat, made a fine bow, and then said, in a low voice, to those of his friends near by,—

"There's Miss Baker with Meagher: he wants to bet, and some one of you might go over and give him a chance to get to the betting-room."

And this was done, and the count was soon relieved, and had an opportunity to pursue, unvexed by care, the exciting vice of "picking out the winner." He pursued it, too, with such success that before the day was over he was in fine humor, telling many a good story and proposing to come around to the *Banner* office that night at lunch-time and share his good fortune with us at Allen's. And promptly at the hour he came, and, while he waited for those in the throes of a last paragraph, he talked gayly and enthusiastically of the sport.

"You've devilish good horses here, d'ye know, Burke?" said he. "Even that Enquirer colt that lost me three hundred to-day made a run down the stretch that was worth the money to see. Fact is, I never saw better horse-flesh for courage and straight running; and I've seen 'em go wherever good running is made. But you do need more show and fashion on the course, my boy. That makes half of the glory of sport,—the splendor, the beauty, and the luxury of it."

"Well, we haven't got a Newmarket nor a Longchamps, Meagher," replied Mr. Burke, banteringly, "but we are willing to get 'em."

"Not Longchamps,—not Longchamps," rejoined the count. "You don't want Longchamps, but Chantilly, the loveliest and finest spot of earth where sport is made. And when you get that, my boy, you

want Paris with it. You want Parisian animation, taste, color, and *abandon*. In Paris they have discovered the art of life. The people you see at Chantilly are the artists of existence. They have made living as fine an art as that of sculpture,—painting,—poetry."

For the very first time, Count Meagher was talking with real volubility and spirit. There was no preoccupation, no indifference, no spirit of mere suggestion that was intended only to light the torch of animation in others.

Those who were not occupied drew nearer to listen. Major Kilgore walked in, expecting to find Mr. Forrest, and stood for a few moments waiting. The clear and animated tones of Count Meagher reached him distinctly where he stood in the door-way, to which the count's back was turned.

"And when we get all of that, Meagher," continued Mr. Burke, in his bantering vein, "we want the genuine Parisian morality to give it savor,—eh?"

"Parisian morality," said the count, buoyantly, "is the poetry of existence. What is morality or immorality to the true artist, who lives to live, and not to die? To the true painter, poet, actor,—what is morality or immorality to these? Bah! it is a feature of the face only. Is it beautiful? is it characteristic?—that is all they ask. It is a feature of the face, like a nose, or an eye, or a chin: if it is beautiful and characteristic it goes into the picture. Life, my boy, is beauty, it is not morality. Morality! It was the First Napoleon who said that laws and morals were made for the soldiers of the line, but that he was above all. Does a Napoleon of art or society ever ask for morality? It is for the soldiers of the line——"

"Which may be . . . very proper for . . . some artists," interrupted the cold and monotonous voice of Major Kilgore, colder and more deliberate than ever. The major took a few steps forward, and faced the count with a gaze that might have pinned a man to a stake. "But it strikes me . . . they are very poor principles . . . to proclaim among young men . . . with characters forming." The major chopped his words, and there was a deliberate scorn that tingled in the tones. There was a gleam in his eye and a curl of the lips.

"Bah!" said Count Meagher, carelessly, paying back to the major indifference for scorn. "These young men are not school-children."

The word was like the hiss of a serpent to the old major; and those of us who knew him expected instant resentment. But he sought to restrain himself. His eyes blazed and his nostrils were distended with anger as he took the words out of Count Meagher's mouth and answered him:

"We are all school-children, I hope, sir, . . . at least . . . touching such sentiments as those you have uttered here." The major's deliberation was accentuated by the snap of a rising and rasping inflection, and the words fell like whip-lashes. "It becomes the oldest . . . not less than the youngest . . . to be children of ignorance . . . concerning such ideas."

There was that to be seen in his manner that made the count hesitate and then seek to qualify.

"I am not giving utterance to any special sentiments of my own," he rejoined. "I am merely declaring what artists of the world think of morality and immor——"

"I do not find, sir," persisted the major, in his iciest and most provoking manner, "such thoughts in Shakespeare, . . . in fine music, . . . in great pictures. I do not see any such sentiments, sir, . . . in any of the arts . . . that have given me pleasure or profit."

Count Meagher opened his lips as if to reply, and into his cold gray eyes there came a gleam like the glint of a stiletto. Major Kilgore stood gazing at him, with a slight quiver of the lips that he sought to prevent by compressing them. His hands were nervously playing with the lapels of his coat.

Fortunately, at that moment Mr. Forrest appeared at the door and called aloud to the major that he was ready.

For a moment Major Kilgore hesitated, still looking at Count Meagher. The gleam in the latter's eye softened at the opportunity, and a smile played at the corners of his mouth so slight that it seemed but the echo of a fleeting impression. He made an almost imperceptible inclination of his head, as if he relinquished a subject that was not profitable nor pleasant. Then the major slowly turned on his heel, and in a moment more had disappeared in the descending cage of the elevator.

"What a man!" declared Count Meagher, in a tone that contained volumes of expression. And, with a smile that was not all ease, he led the way to Allen's. And then Perkins declaimed an opinion of Major Kilgore that was neither conservative nor all favorable, and Mr. Burke sighed, as if the major were a problem of unfathomable and not always agreeable import.

"But Major Kilgore," said Count Meagher, "is an old-fashioned gentleman who has not seen much of the world, and who does not know what the world thinks and does. I've no doubt he is right in the main, as representing thousands and thousands of people who are always right and for whom we do not care a rap. I shouldn't have talked as I did to a Sunday-school class, you may be sure of that; but to you young gentlemen, who are journalists, who have eyes and brains,—why!——" And he stopped suddenly, with a gesture that suggested the flowing completion of an intellectual compliment that did credit to the confidence he reposed in us.

"But *what* a man!" he added, contemplatively. "You call him Major: has he seen any service or experience in life, or is the title one of compliment?"

"He had a lifetime of service, Meagher, in four years," said Mr. Burke, quietly. "He has been through enough to test all convictions. He was as brave a man as fought in the civil war."

"Yes," put in Perkins, feelingly, "and he would kill you, Meagher, as calmly as he talks. He is an old duellist." Then he added, triumphantly, "And *that's* some Paris here for you, by gad!"

And, seriously enough, the count finished his glass, lighted his cigar, and we walked out where the night was balmy with the soft air of spring, and the moon gazed at us as steadily as Major Kilgore's eye.

CHAPTER IX.

WAR AND OTHER REMINISCENCES.

QUARREL between Major Kilgore and Count Meagher was inevitable, but it was apparent to all of us that accident must promote it. The count came to the office, indeed, but less frequently, and when he met the major passing in and out there was no sign of recognition. Major Kilgore was a scrupulous man in his recognition of the rights of others, and, as the count had friends there, the count had full right to visit the office, protected by the law of hospitality. But we constantly expected trouble between the two, and the situation grew more intense when we learned that Count Meagher had laughed at the idea of Rosie Baker's taking a tragic *rôle* in Mr. Forrest's play, and had advised her not to listen to absurd advice, but to go to New York or to Europe, where, he predicted, talent like hers would be appreciated. And, what was worse, it was discovered that Rosie distinctly agreed with him and had declared that she would not undertake the part of *Lollia*. All this came out bit by bit, and the unhappy author of "Caligula" was in despair. He admitted to his patient adviser that Mrs. Commyngs had tried in vain to persuade Rosie; that Uncle Dick had quarrelled with his daughter in his attempt to exert parental influence in favor of the major's wish. Fitzgerald, sole lessee and proprietor, alone refused to interfere. "My time comes when I have to cast the play," he said, "and I shall then say play or quit—see?"

The question became an office discussion of much capacity for producing trouble. Mr. Perkins was a warm champion of Count Meagher's views. He looked up from a pile of religious notices one evening and with great fervor proclaimed it a profane shame to think of taking a girl like Rosie Baker and setting her to crying her head off during four acts, only to be killed in the fifth.

"Why, that girl," he declared, "hasn't got any tragic stuff in her. She's only a soubrette; and you ought not to try to kill her with tragedy."

"Of course your vast experience," began Mr. Forrest, with broad but biting sarcasm that even Mr. Perkins could feel, "makes your opinion of great weight. But do you not think that after only a few weeks of experiment there may be room for a difference of opinion?"

"Yes, of course," returned Mr. Perkins, flatly, "among people whose opinion wouldn't be worth having. Anybody can see that girl has got life in her. She ought to be to America what Schneider is to Paris or Lydia Thompson is to London."

We all knew where *that* opinion came from.

"I'm afraid," said Mr. Forrest, with contemptuous severity, "that your estimate of the possibilities of her genius may be too high. Now, others of her friends have only expressed the idea that she might become an ordinarily good tragic or romantic actress, like Ristori or Neilson. Do you really think, from your critical study of Mlle. Schneider and Miss Thompson, that she might hope one day to rival those eminent artistes?"

This was a blow that fell like a trip-hammer on poor Perkins, who had not been off a farm six months.

"Oh, well," he answered, with stolid good humor, "that's all gammon you're talking now,—irony, I know. But anybody can see for himself, without a college education, that Rosie's nothing but a soubrette and you can't make a *tragédienne* out of her."

Everybody knew that these opinions of Mr. Perkins's were the opinions of Count Meagher at second-hand. And everybody knew that Major Kilgore knew it. There was a duel waging over the artistic career of Miss Rosalind Baker, and, howsoever quietly it was waging, the feeling was intense. The major and Count Meagher continued to see each other in the office without recognition and without collision.

Indeed, the count was sitting on Mr. Burke's desk, commenting upon some serious news of sporting moment, the evening Major Kilgore brought in his friend Colonel Buckley Hamilton, of California. The colonel was a tall, lean, iron-grayed man of sixty, with keen and quick eyes set in a face somewhat puffed and rosy with high living. His body was slim, and his face rather stolid, covered with pink splotches, but cleanly shaved and apparently freshly powdered. He was neatly attired in an old-fashioned style, a Prince Albert frock-coat buttoned closely about his body and descending over the slight swell of a well-developed stomach. His standing collar, with sharp and protruding points, was as white as snow, and his black silk stock was exactly in place. He wore a high-crowned soft hat, was dignified, but cordial and garrulous.

Major Kilgore introduced Colonel Hamilton to several of the force, and the colonel took a chair and talked flowingly.

"Been great changes since I used to know the *Banner*, thirty years ago," he said. "Yes, sir, great changes. The office then was around on Carnation Street, next door to a faro-bank." The colonel pronounced "faro" trippingly, as if it were spelled "fairer," and that stamped him at once as one who had been upon easy terms with life in its more rapid phases. "Old Man Hardee was the editor then, and he used to say that he was going to quit, because sitting up all night at work was making his eyesight so bad he couldn't see how to shoot well next day when trouble commenced."

This appreciative reminiscence at once installed Colonel Hamilton on a friendly footing.

"Old Hardee was a worker," he continued. "At that time newspapers were not what they are to-day. Hardee and his local editor did all the work. That was before everything got to be 'news.' Now a newspaper has so many reporters they fall over each other getting around town! Old Hardee was 'one of the boys,' too. He loved to play faro-bank, and he fought everybody who didn't like what the *Banner* printed and who felt called to be insulted and fight about it. He was very fond of faro-bank. One summer night his local editor got drunk, and Old Hardee had to write up the paper by himself. It was sweltering hot, and the faro-table in the house next door had been moved up to the window. It wasn't six feet from where Old Hardee sat writing away at *his* table. About midnight, when the game was

warming up, Old Hardee heard the dealer say, 'Make your bets, gentlemen, on the turn.' He couldn't stand it any longer. He got up, stuck his head out the window, and called in the next one, 'Say, Billy, I call it king-seven for ten dollars!' And he won, too,—by the Lord Harry!"

Colonel Hamilton was full of genial reminiscences. He knew Hardee's rival, Jethro Claymore, and repeated a stanza of Claymore's best poem, "To the Years that have Flown Too Fast." It was written as a Carrier's Address one night while Mr. Claymore was drunk. "Everybody used to drink then, and gamble," he explained, easily. "I came here one winter with two nigger men and a girl belonging to my wife. They got me drunk one night, and I lost 'em all."

The circle had gradually grown, and all those who came up had been introduced to Colonel Hamilton. In the midst of it Count Meagher rose to leave Mr. Burke's desk and walk out. In order to do so he was forced to walk past the group around Major Kilgore and his friend. Colonel Hamilton looked up and fastened his keen eye upon him as he approached, and then made a movement as if supposing that this was another member of the force seeking introduction.

Major Kilgore saw the instant's situation. His face became set, and he gazed coldly at Count Meagher, who passed by without any sign and walked out. Colonel Hamilton'e eyes were riveted upon Count Meagher's face as he advanced and passed, and they followed him until he disappeared.

"Who's that, Kilgore?" he asked.

"His name is . . . Meagher," answered the major.

"Meagher?" repeated Colonel Hamilton. "One of the force?"

"No," replied the major, "he is not." And then we saw a wonderful transformation and an exhibition that startled all of us. Major Kilgore's eyes blazed with anger; he rose unsteadily to his feet, stepping backward a pace or two as he did so, with his hands clutching the lapels of his coat,—a favorite trick when he was excited. Walking up and down the floor, with his eyes fixed on Colonel Hamilton, he almost shouted, "He's an infernal scoundrel, sir; . . . a low scoundrel, without principles and without honor; . . . and, I believe, without courage. . . . He is known as Count Meagher; . . . but I believe he is a professional sharper, sir, . . . and a villain. Whenever he dares to address me . . . I shall cane him within an inch of his life, . . . as I would a dog! . . . He has no business in this office, sir!" And the major looked fiercely around as he fairly screamed the words.

"What—what's the matter with him?" asked Colonel Hamilton, looking at Major Kilgore in surprise, and then at the young men, who had drawn back, amazed at this sudden and terrible outbreak in Major Kilgore's usually determined but well-restrained temper.

"He's an infernal scoundrel, sir," replied Major Kilgore. "Is it not enough?—A scoundrel, . . . with years enough to know better, . . . who spends his time in idleness, . . . corrupting the young and teaching them his own loose principles! . . . He ought to be sent out of town by the police, . . . before a gentleman is compelled to lay hands upon him . . . and cane him like a dog!"

Major Kilgore was in an acute rage, and the members of the

Banner staff were astounded. His eyes were gleaming like coals of fire, and his hands clutching furiously at his lapels. He bit his lips and hesitated, but he continued to pace up and down the floor, planting his heels firmly and nervously, his gaze roaming from one to the other of the members of the staff. Mr. Perkins took occasion at one of the turns to slip quietly out the door.

"I beg your pardon," said Colonel Hamilton, "for bringing up a disagreeable subject. I thought at first I knew him."

"Perhaps you have met him, sir," replied Major Kilgore. "He goes everywhere here,—the scoundrel that he is."

"No, I haven't met him here," responded Colonel Hamilton. "But I thought I knew his face. He looks uncommonly like Jack Quinn, who was a captain in St. Leger Grenfel's regiment and afterwards turned up in Frisco dealing faro-bank, and a brace game at that! He was smoked out there, and went to Honolulu."

As Major Kilgore listened, pacing the floor nervously, Colonel Hamilton sought to make amends by diverting the subject:

"Some of the fellows we knew in the C. S. A. have had queer luck in the shuffle, Kilgore. You remember Knowles, of Georgia? I found him keeping bar at Sacramento. Young, of North Carolina, who led that charge at Fredericksburg, is running a restaurant in Colorado; and Thomas, of East Tennessee,—by the Lord Harry, he killed himself with drink, working in a mine in Arizona,—had the jim-jams seven times, they say, and thought his head was a rabbits' nest. Last time I saw you 'riled,' Kilgore, was that night in the trenches at Fredericksburg when Nelson hid your tobacco-bag. You wanted to fight him, by the Lord Harry, there and then, but he wouldn't do it,—because, he said, he would rather kill Yankees than gentlemen. And you both agreed to take your chances next day on a fool trial which would fight the Yanks best. But you couldn't keep the tab, it was so hot that next day; and before next night we were all giving foot-race to Hooker's men. Do you remember that?"

Under the flow of Colonel Hamilton's reminiscences of the caprices of fickle fortune and the war, Major Kilgore had cooled down somewhat, and he was led skilfully to other subjects, from which it appeared that he and Colonel Hamilton had been comrades in the Confederate service, and that the latter had gone to California in disgust after the struggle was over. This was his first visit, since, to the States east of the Mississippi, and he was making a general tour of his old haunts in the cities where, before the war, he had visited in splendor with his wife, his slaves, his equipment, and his easy habits.

And soon they settled down to discussing old times, and left the City Editor and his assistants in peace to digest as they could that astonishing outbreak of Major Kilgore's rancor and hostility. Not one of us had ever before seen him under such excitement and rage. And every one guessed that this hostility had been smouldering and waiting for some weak moment to break out. A few moments later Mr. Forrest came in, and was introduced to Colonel Hamilton, and the three walked out to lunch together, Mr. Forrest being the only one there ignorant of what had occurred.

"You can come out from under the bed, Perkins," cried Mr. Burke to the Religious Editor a minute or two afterwards, when that young gentleman sauntered into the room.

But this sally at Mr. Perkins's expense did not dissipate the serious feeling that there was trouble ahead.

Major Kilgore never spoke harshly of anybody. We had all recognized his as one of those frank and determined natures that take complaints straight to their source and never speak ill of those absent. This made it all the more a certainty that he would feel bound in honor to repeat what he had said to Count Meagher's face and at the earliest opportunity. Mr. Burke said that he had heard several complaints of Major Kilgore's temper recently. He had threatened to cuff the elevator-boy, and had insulted the foreman. This was all proof that the fascinations of Miss Rosalind Baker's mere existence were working not wisely but too well.

CHAPTER X.

MAJOR KILGORE AND HIS FORTUNE.

THE very nature of affairs seemed to demand that the City Editor, next morning, should inform Mr. Forrest of Major Kilgore's outburst of frightful temper, in order that he might not alone be ignorant of the new and serious face which it put upon the relations between the major and Count Meagher. So, when Mr. Forrest came into the office after breakfast, and just before the force was assembling for assignments at one o'clock, I took him aside and related all that had occurred the previous night, made him acquainted with the general opinion that Major Kilgore's utterances boded violence when he should meet Count Meagher, and told him my reasons for placing him in possession of the facts.

Mr. Forrest immediately sank into dejection.

"I almost wish," said he, "that I had never thought of the play. You cannot imagine the annoyance and trouble it has cost me. Besides, it has been cut and hacked to an extent that mutilates it beyond recognition. Vaderberg will not leave enough of the original to make a quilt piece. As I wrote it, the symmetry of the characters was worked out and each had an opportunity to develop itself. It is now a skeleton that hangs together by thin wires of that sort of dialogue that makes up the melodrama of to-day."

"Oh," said I, "trust something to Vaderberg's knowledge of dramatic effects. You see an immense deal cut out, but the audience, never having read it, will not see it from your stand-point."

That was said because there was nothing else to say.

"No," he answered, in deep dejection; "it's all cut up out of any intelligent shape, and I'm glad there has not been anything done to put it on."

"But," remonstrated the City Editor, "you must go on with it, even if you have to make a determined stand against Vaderberg's cutting. Besides, Major Kilgore's heart is set upon it."

Mr. Forrest walked up and down the room with all the appearance of utter despair.

"Yes," he said, dejectedly, "Major Kilgore's heart is set upon it, and set upon Rosie Baker's appearance as *Lollia*. That will be a mistake worse than Vaderberg's work on the play itself. Can't you see that the major is infatuated with that girl?—yes, completely infatuated. And what a pity! He is honorable and earnest, and her beauty and talent have simply charmed him. When he proposed to back the venture he did it purely out of friendship for me; but that has all changed. Now he wants to see Miss Baker a tragic actress; he, who had never seen the inside of a theatre half a dozen times in his life before her *début*, has been fascinated by this girl. In her beauty, displayed in what he considers ignoble trash, he sees, like the honest gentleman that he is, what he imagines to be genius in the guise of innocence and youth wasted because it lacks opportunity and direction. Serious and well-intentioned himself, he has determined she shall have the opportunity and the direction, and he has fallen hopelessly in love with her."

"Are you sure of that?" I asked.

"Oh, entirely," he answered. "Mrs. Commyngs has told me a great deal, and Vaderberg has told me much. I've seen some things with my own eyes, and Major Kilgore has let the rest out in his own way. The girl is frightened by his serious attempt to take possession of her career, until she fairly hates him. She is a soubrette, and she has no tragic capacity. Mrs. Commyngs tells me that; and Rosie herself knows it. She is spoiled by the instantaneous success she has achieved, moreover, and she has told her father that rather than act *Lollia* she will go to New York, where, it seems, she has had an offer."

"But cannot all this be intelligently explained and arranged?"

"Explained! Arranged!" said Mr. Forrest, bitterly. "I am tired, body and soul, of the whole business. If you knew how I have been harried and harassed! Who can explain or arrange it? I cannot. As long as Major Kilgore is backing the venture, can I object to the part he wants for Miss Baker? It will cost several thousands of dollars to produce the play; and if it's a failure—as I know it will be, since Vaderberg has cut the very life and soul out of it—I can never forgive myself for costing the major that sum. Now, on top of all, comes this trouble with Meagher, whom the major has never liked. It seems inevitable that the whole business is to produce only trouble. And I'm going to stop it right here—to-day. I'll go and tell Major Kilgore that I will not go on with the production."

"Hold on," said Mr. Forrest's adviser, temperately. "Do not determine so quickly. This may all be a mole-hill after all. Perhaps the major's not so much in love as you think; perhaps he will have no trouble with Meagher; perhaps you are worried out of temper by your work on the play and by Vaderberg. Think over it a day or two."

"There are no 'buts' in the matter," answered he. "I don't mind telling you, Brown, all I know. The major is hopelessly infatuated. He wants to marry Miss Baker. Think of it!—the wreck of peace

that would follow such a match! A serious, middle-aged man, accustomed to his isolation and habits, married to a beautiful, gay, admiration-mad girl. He has made her an offer, and told her he was rich and he would take her to Europe to study under the great teachers, that she might shine in tragedy. Like an honest man that he is, he told her that talent like that he thought hers to be ought not to be hidden, and that she ought to marry him because he had the means to develop it and as her husband he could provide her with means without provoking talk."

"You don't tell me!" cried the City Editor, in astonishment.

"Oh, yes," continued Mr. Forrest, "and she laughed in his face, while he went off and complained to Uncle Dick that she did not treat him respectfully. Then he told Mrs. Commyngs that it was all due to Rosie's youth and inexperience. And he has been back again and again, and she has been eluding him. He has convinced Uncle Dick that she is making a serious mistake, and Uncle Dick has made his daughter's life wretched. Mrs. Commyngs, who told me this, said it was none of her business, because it was the fate of men, as far as she knew, to go crazy about actresses, and the easiest way out of it was to let them get over it the best way they could."

"But," I asked, "is Major Kilgore so rich?"

"I don't know," answered Mr. Forrest. "I suppose he thinks he is rich enough. But the trouble with Meagher is worse still. He is convinced Meagher is the cause of Miss Baker's refusal and hostility, and, as he never had a good opinion of Meagher, his feeling has changed to rancor and hatred. That is none of my affair. The major does not believe Meagher has either honesty or courage. I believe he is mistaken. But whether he is or not—if Meagher had the courage of a thousand lions, it would not deter the major from denouncing him. And there is going to be serious trouble when they meet. As for me, I'm sick and tired of the whole business, and I'm going to take myself out of it, because I don't think Major Kilgore is exactly in a responsible frame of mind, and I may be able to withdraw some of the influences that disturb him and make him unhappy."

Again Mr. Forrest's adviser counselled patience; but Mr. Forrest was determined, and to all the reasons turned an obdurate countenance.

"Come on," he said, "come with me now to see Major Kilgore. Before any money is spent, before anything is done, I want to see if I cannot put a stop to all the trouble."

The City Editor could appreciate this unselfish determination, despite his advice to the contrary, and so together they walked down the hall to Major Kilgore's room, where he sat at his desk busy with his work.

"Good-morning, gentlemen, . . . good-morning," he said, with a cold smile that meant cordiality, bowing as he saw us enter. We both shook hands with him, and then, without any beating about the bush, Mr. Forrest began.

"Major Kilgore," said he, "you remember Mr. Brown was the first of our friends to be let into the secret of—er—'Caligula.' He knows that you kindly offered to pay the expenses of the production——"

"And the money is ready,—now, if you are ready for it," interrupted Major Kilgore, with the smile still on his face.

"But I came to say," persisted Mr. Forrest, "that I have concluded not to produce it. There are many reasons, which I will explain to you some time when we have more leisure."

As Mr. Forrest was saying this, Major Kilgore dropped his pencil, and looked up with his face drawn with anger.

"At present," concluded Mr. Forrest, "it is enough to say that it cannot be produced; and, while I thank you for——"

Major Kilgore rose to his feet, nervously fingering the lapels of his coat.

"And have *you*, sir," he demanded, in his coldest tones, while his eyes blazed and looked Mr. Forrest straight through,—"have *you* joined with others to thwart me——"

"No, sir," interrupted Mr. Forrest, instantly. "I have joined with nobody. I am thinking of you and myself. It will cost several thousand dollars to produce the play, for which you have kindly offered to be responsible. Now, I do not wish to spend as large a sum of *your* money as that without being sure of success with the play. If I did, I should never——"

"I thought at first," interrupted the major, who had visibly relaxed as Mr. Forrest spoke, and who now was quite himself again, with the vague little smile upon his lips,—"that you were . . . leagued with certain persons . . . against me. I beg your pardon. . . . I have been unjust. . . . But I hope you will . . . not allow any consideration . . . of money to . . . step between us and the production. . . . The small sum is of no . . . consequence to me. . . . I can tell you two gentlemen in confidence . . . that I have plenty . . . to spare such a sum without missing it. You would not," the major continued, his smile dying away, but a mild and earnest look coming into his eye,—"you would not, I am afraid, believe . . . how much money I have made . . . out of the markets lately; . . . I need not tell you; . . . but I suppose that in Old Hundred's Exchange Bank I have at least fifty thousand dollars."

"Fifty thousand dollars!" repeated Mr. Forrest, in great astonishment.

Major Kilgore smiled, and seemed to enjoy the sensation of surprise exhibited upon both the countenances before him. Then his face became serious again, and, walking to the door, he closed it, and, coming back to us again, he said,—

"I trust you will not speak of this . . . If it were known, I should be . . . exposed to all sorts of annoyances, . . . perhaps to conspiracy. . . . When men make a great deal of money . . . there are always scoundrels . . . lying in wait . . . to get it. Respectable as the banks are, . . . I would not dare let them know of . . . my wealth. . . . I do not keep it in one bank."

It will not do to say that Mr. Forrest and I were both amazed. We were struck dumb with the revelation. We had never suspected it. The same thought occurred to both of us, as we acknowledged afterwards. If Major Kilgore had fifty thousand dollars in Old Hundred's

bank, how much did he have in the others? The major seemed to divine this thought from our astonished and bewildered countenances.

"Oh," he said, "I have money . . . in every bank in town, . . . in larger and smaller sums." Here a troubled look came over his face, and, altering his manner to one apparently explanatory, he continued: "I do not want this . . . money for my own use. . . . You are my friends, and . . . you will not misunderstand me. . . . I have no tastes or habits . . . that require money. If I had wanted money I could . . . have made it long ago, . . . as much as the wildest desire would demand. . . . I have not studied the markets and the course of speculation . . . in vain for thirty years."

No words can describe the mute wonder with which Mr. Forrest and his companion listened to this confession of a secret that had in a moment converted Major Kilgore, in their estimation, from a plodding man enveloped in his own isolation, into a Monte-Christo who could stand off and enjoy the wonders he might himself create. He motioned to us to be seated, but he did not himself sit down. He stood up, and occasionally took a few nervous steps up and down the floor as he talked. There were some traces of excitement, too, as if he had for the first time let this secret out from his own breast and was excited at its very proportions.

"You cannot imagine," he said, drawing a deep breath and striking himself on the breast, "what it is . . . to carry alone a secret that is . . . so near discovery and which means . . . unhappiness to millions of men. . . . Fortunately, no human being but myself . . . knows the only possible way of . . . forecasting prices. I shall not tell you the secret. . . . It shall perish with me. . . . But it is so simple that . . . day after day I have waked up . . . in terror lest somebody without the moral courage . . . to despise riches . . . should have discovered it. . . . I offered to make one man rich, . . . but the miserable creature disappointed me in my ideas of him, . . . and he is poor to-day.

"But no more of that. . . . I do not want money for myself. . . . I want it to do good to others. I want to encourage genius, . . . honorable ambition and struggling talent, . . . wherever I can see it. What are a few thousands of dollars—to me? If they are lost, I can replace them. . . . So, Mr. Forrest, I trust you will not—hesitate or turn back . . . on that account. . . . If it requires five thousand or ten thousand dollars, . . . or even more, to produce your play properly, . . . you shall have it. . . . Come to me to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock, and we . . . will go to the bank and get enough to begin the . . . work of preparation,—say five thousand dollars."

Mr. Forrest was so overcome that he could only stammer his thanks.

"I cannot," he said, "refuse so much—kindness from such noble generousness—as yours, major."

"Tut, tut!" said the major; "that's nothing from me. . . . That is what your genius and your right principles deserve.—But not a word of this," he added, as we started out in our bewilderment. "Not a word to . . . any one about what I have told you." Then, turning

to the City Editor, he said, "I have you in mind, Mr. Brown. . . . I have watched your work as a journalist, . . . and I have plans for you."

"Thank you, sir," said Mr. Brown, with a depth of gratitude as sincere as it was ready. He could not say more. The world was rising under his feet. And in that moment he remembered, with thankfulness, that hard work and an honest desire to do his duty were at least deserving of recognition, even if that recognition stopped where the princely and generous old major had left it. It was something to be in the thought of such an honest, appreciative, and wonderful man.

"I have plans for you both, and for others," said the major, as he bade us good-morning, and we walked out.

There were two young gentlemen walking upon air in the hall of the *Banner* office. There was not enough air in the wretched old building to enable them to fill their lungs. One of them requested Mr. Burke to look after the assignments, and went out with the other, to find the sun shining as it never shone before. The atmosphere was buoyant as water under the strokes of the swimmer, and the world seemed younger and sweeter and fuller of joy than it ever had been before.

"What did I tell you?" asked the City Editor of Mr. Forrest.

"You did not tell me THAT!" answered Mr. Forrest, with an emphasis that suggested something he dared not put in words.

"But," he continued, "who would have thought it? We must keep that a secret as we would keep our honor. Let us not even talk to each other. But here goes for 'Caligula,' trouble or not, success or failure. I cannot stop now."

"No," said his chief adviser. "And if you are wise you will go to-morrow and complete your arrangements with the major. You will need money, and it helps confidence in the others to feel that it is forthcoming. It may even make Vaderberg reasonable. But what plans do you think the major has for me?"

"Perhaps a new paper; perhaps an interest in the *Banner*."

And then the talk took its course reminiscentially about our early struggles and our hopes and ambitions. Mr. Forrest, it is true, seemed to me somewhat full of his Ego. He went over his hopes and fears concerning "Caligula" with a lighter heart, too, as if the troubles were passed; but he did not seem inclined to listen. At least I should have liked to elaborate more to him my plans in journalism if I should ever become a proprietor, but he did not seem disposed to listen. As we came back to the office several hours later to resume our work, steadied and calmed by reflection, we saw Major Kilgore, and we both looked at him as he passed by on the other side of the street, and felt distinctly—at least the City Editor did—the wonderful change that had come into our minds respecting him. Those two buoyant hearts beat as one, and the City Editor felt that here was for once the good fairy of fortune at work. No honester, better, simpler, truer heart ever held riches in prayerful trust for good than the heart beating under the homely but honest breast of Major Kilgore.

I did not fully appreciate what a change this knowledge made in

my estimation of the major until Count Meagher came in that night for a few minutes to see Mr. Burke. He spoke to me, as he passed, with his usual politeness, and I felt a repellent chill strike me as he did so. Perhaps it was that an unconscious mental process had revealed to me for the first time the distinct gulf that separated him in every respect from the moral type represented by Major Kilgore. They were both cold and deliberate men, but now the difference in their temperaments was visible. Count Meagher's coldness was wary and cautious; Major Kilgore's was natural and disadvantageous. I felt the infinite value of that temperament, prosaic and unattractive as it was, which was so unselfish that it could occupy itself with the good of others whom it could not charm and from whom it could not get the pleasures of sympathy. There could be nothing more disinterested and generous than Major Kilgore's aid given so freely to Forrest. I could see now how this almost friendless man could have a purpose almost sublime in encouraging Rosie Baker to a serious career. If he chose to marry her and give her the benefits of fortune, I could understand how, notwithstanding the disparity of their ages and temperaments, he would never be the cause of her unhappiness. Interest as unselfish as his would never willingly cause pain to the young creature whose career he was so manfully trying to advance.

Then I understood, too, with a sudden shock, his feeling towards Count Meagher for hindering his plans, for sympathizing with Miss Baker's unseasoned judgment. I experienced myself, for the first time, a hostile feeling and one of suspicion towards the count. Heretofore all of these persons had been mere friendly acquaintances, made in the course of recreation and pleasure. Rosie Baker was merely an actress whom I knew well enough and admired and liked. The dangers of her position were nothing to me, because, while I respected her and wished her every good and honest fortune, I could not feel in any way responsible for her. But I could put myself in Major Kilgore's place and understand with what honest fear he must regard the influence of Count Meagher upon the young girl. While there had been nothing in the latter's conduct that I had seen which indicated wrong motives towards Miss Baker, the very character of the man was disturbing to Major Kilgore. All the seriousness of Count Meagher's nature was given to pleasure. The money which he had in such plenty and spent so lavishly was spent for the pleasure of others as well as himself, but only for pleasures, not for that serious good and advancement which is assistance. To him Rosie Baker was a pleasure, her beauty an intoxication. To Major Kilgore she was the incarnation of possibilities in achievement, her beauty an aid to a serious, useful, and successful career. No wonder he was jealously alarmed and irritated at Count Meagher's influence. I experienced the feeling for the first time myself, and saw the immeasurable difference between Major Kilgore's well and honorably meant devotion and the count's dilettante and dangerous interest. It was a struggle over the beauty, the genius, the budding capacities of that charming young creature that became instantly to me a personal feeling. And I mentioned this to Mr. Forrest when he came in.

"I have seen this all along," said he. "I could understand how Major Kilgore, with his elevated standard of honor and responsibility, could scorn and despise any influence that seemed frivolous. When he saw that influence in Count Meagher it instantly led him to greater lengths to render service to Miss Baker, and his high spirit has turned into bold hatred at the feeling that his noble intentions were likely to be frustrated by Count Meagher. I cannot say I agree with him, but I can understand and sympathize with him."

Fortunately, Count Meagher did not stay long. He was gone when later in the evening Major Kilgore came in with Colonel Hamilton. They had been dining together, and the colonel was in high spirits.

"Kilgore and I have fought the war over again," he said, "from Manassas to Appomattox; and the Confederacy won all along the line. But that's all right: even the Yankees wouldn't object to our winning at our own dinner-tables, especially when there was nobody on the other side to fight us. It makes me feel young again, and I see Kilgore, there, a slim young fellow of thirty, again, fighting like a gray hornet against the devil's own blue-coats. We are both young again. It takes more than war and pestilence to wear the old boys out. Let's make a night of it, eh, Kilgore? Let's go and hunt the wild beast of fortune in his lair in the jungle of the green table; or have you quit that sort of thing?"

"Long ago," answered the major. His voice sounded a little thick, and he spoke with some difficulty and a trembling of the chin. I wondered if he had been drinking too much.

"A complete reformation?" asked the colonel, pleasantly. "Something," he continued, flowingly, "like a general Appomattox surrender to the good enemy?"

"I was not at Appomattox surrender," answered the major, irrelevantly and somewhat sluggishly, his utterance still thick. And then he rambled along on war reminiscence, ignoring Colonel Hamilton's suggestion.

"That's all right," interrupted the latter; "but let's go and take one whirl with the tiger."

"I have not done so," answered the major, "for years. . . . I will go with you to one of the clubs, . . . where you can amuse yourself . . . with cards, for stakes; but I do not play. . . . I have not done so for years."

And they started out together, Colonel Hamilton briskly, with the expectation of excitement to round out an evening of pleasure, Major Kilgore slowly and apparently with reluctance.

Colonel Hamilton cheerily invited us to come, and Mr. Forrest and the City Editor promised to join them later and look on.

CHAPTER XI.

MAJOR KILGORE AND COUNT MEAGHER.

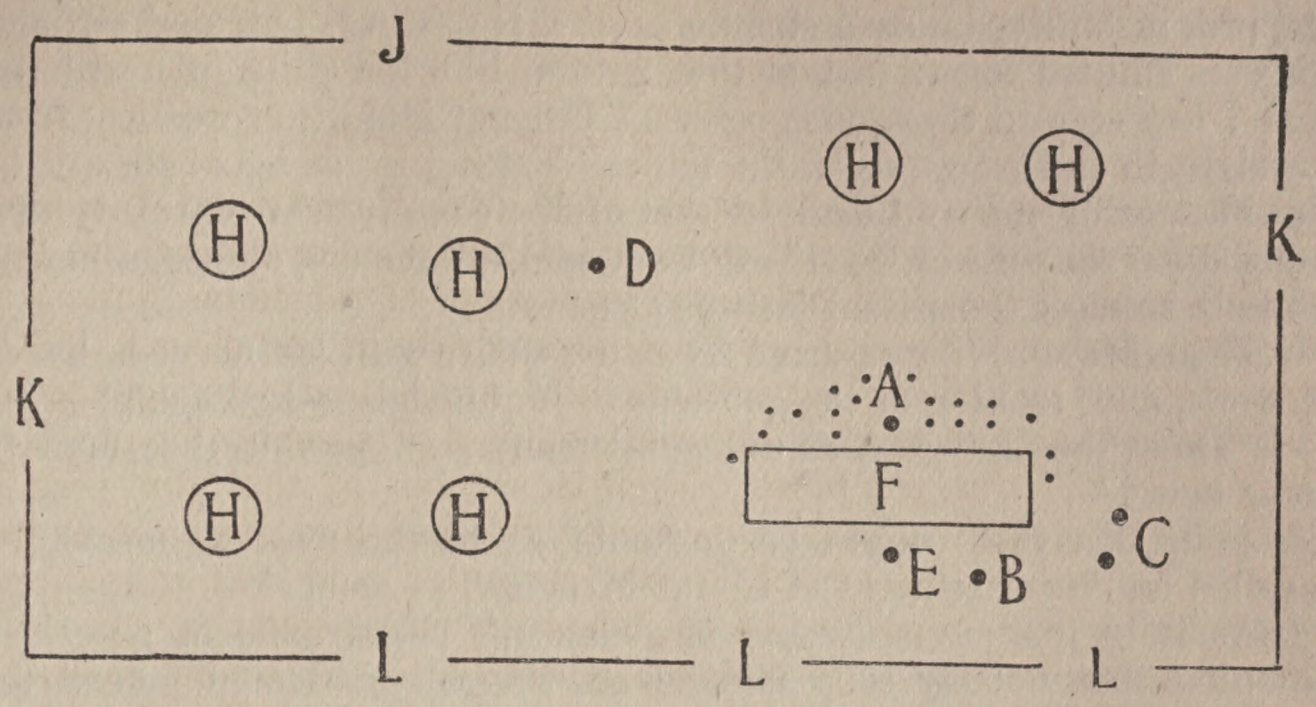
It was just turning midnight when Mr. Forrest and I entered the Jefferson Club, where Colonel Hamilton was revisiting the pale glimpses of his pleasures of thirty years ago. I remember quite well the time, because the club was closed promptly at one o'clock in the morning, and I reflected afterwards how much that was unexpected could be compressed within the brief compass of a chance hour. The Jefferson Club was composed of gentlemen, but at that time—as in many other clubs that have since been wrecked and forgotten as bad dreams because of it—gambling was permitted, and was, indeed, one of the principal occupations of the members in attendance. But the gambling was confined by consent, generally, to the round games in which gentlemen then took their excitement. Colonel Hamilton had, upon entering, had both whist and poker proposed to him. He chose the latter, but, it seems, after pursuing fortune with even chances for a short time he had proposed that some of the gentlemen present form a bank for faro. This was a suggestion that met with much favor, as the colonel was well known by reputation to most of the members; and when Mr. Forrest and his friend entered, a dozen persons were gathered around the improvised faro-table, half of them betting against the game, the others composing the bank watching the progress with much interest. Colonel Hamilton, his chair drawn up in the centre, was eagerly playing, while Major Kilgore sat across the table from him, watching the changes of fortune in his serious and dignified way. The stakes were small, and the game was proceeding with much good humor and occasional laughter.

In the midst of it the door of the card-room was quietly opened and Count Meagher walked in.

Mr. Forrest and I were standing where we could see him as he first entered, and I felt my heart stand still for a moment and then begin to beat rapidly with an expectation of grave consequences. It was that instant recognition of a crisis which a reporter feels when he sees a man led out for death, and which makes his pulse gallop like a race-horse while his trained observation, like a cool jockey, sits firmly with an eye for every motion and awake to every detail of the picture. In that moment, deprived, by the very suddenness of the confrontation, of the power to stir and avert what I felt was to follow, every detail of the scene was burned into my memory as if the snap-shot of a camera had instantaneously photographed it there. If there should be need for its use in the *Banner*, a diagram of the card-room of the Jefferson Club was ready for making.

As has been said before, the door of the hall opened quietly, and Count Meagher walked into the room as the game was proceeding amid good humor and laughter. Colonel Hamilton had just lost on the queen, and, replacing his stake, he said,—

"I am too old a man to be fortunate with the ladies, and therefore I shall copper the queen to lose, Mr. Dealer."



A, where Colonel Hamilton sat, opposite the dealer, E, across the table, F; B, where Major Kilgore sat, watching the game; C, where Mr. Forrest and the City Editor stood; D, the point to which Count Meagher had advanced when Major Kilgore perceived him; H, H, H, H, H, H, card-tables; J, door opening into the hall through which Count Meagher entered; K, K, doors opening into adjoining rooms; L L L, windows.

All the players and most of the spectators were gathered around Colonel Hamilton, who had his back turned to the hall door. All of them laughed as he made the bantering remark. By this time Count Meagher had advanced half a dozen steps towards the table. His quick eye had comprehended the meaning of the group. Mr. Forrest and I were standing near Major Kilgore, who was sitting down,—all of us facing the hall door. Major Kilgore's eyes were upon the game, but ours were fastened upon Count Meagher as he advanced. I saw upon Meagher's lips his suave and confident smile, anticipating the pleasure of this excitement that was varying the usual custom of the club. It was plain that he, too, would play. In fact, his attention was so held by the picture that suggested its own origin to him that he had not probably recognized any of those present, unconsciously assuming the usual presences and feeling at home there. He did not look at Mr. Forrest or at me. He was advancing thus, easily, confidently, smilingly, when suddenly, like a piercing draught of winter penetrating a glowing room, the hard, irritating voice of Major Kilgore demanded above the hum of good humor,—

"*What!—Is that man* permitted *here!*"

Instantly there was a hush. I had noticed before that nobody ever misunderstood Major Kilgore's tone. It was indescribably propulsive; it had no sympathetic quality; it was always serious and ominous of the determined nature behind it.

"What!—Is that man permitted here!" he said, not interrogatively alone, but with indignant and scornful surprise in the tone.

Every smile vanished; all present looked up inquiringly at Major Kilgore, and then, following his scornful look, saw Count Meagher in the middle of the room. I saw the smile fade from Meagher's face. With a lightning glance that comprehended instantly the situation, as his careless glance had comprehended the occupation of the group, he

stopped, instantly, under a chandelier. His face was pale and set, and his eyes emitted for an instant that gleam, like the glint of a stiletto, that I had seen in them once before. Colonel Hamilton was lost from his sight in the group about the table. Taking in, as he stood, all the significance of the cold demand and of the concentrated curiosity that hung upon the answer, he still did not speak, but stood alone, gathering himself to meet the crisis that was at hand.

Then Major Kilgore arose from his chair, with his nervous hands at work, and, looking at the gentlemen, inquiringly asked again,—

"Does the Jefferson Club, gentlemen, . . . permit that man to come here?"

And, that there might be no doubt as to the man he meant, he levelled his finger straight at Count Meagher, as he spoke.

As if by instinct, to avert or delay the catastrophe of a serious situation that nobody fully understood, several gentlemen moved towards Count Meagher and others towards Major Kilgore. As they approached the count he stepped aside to cast a look of inveterate defiance at Major Kilgore, and called out to him,—

"Do I understand, sir, that you are speaking of me?"

"I am asking . . . a—information . . . of gentlemen, sir," returned Major Kilgore. "I have not addressed you."

The old major's voice was as cold as lead and his words as direct as bullets fly. The thickness of utterance noticeable early in the evening was gone. He stood as erect as an athlete, as rigid as stone, his head thrown back with an air of contempt, and fine scorn in every line of his face. His fingers were playing with the lapels of his coat, and his eyes were flaming.

As he spoke, the few persons who had moved towards each adversary went nearer to them, as if still inclined to interpose. One of the party near the forgotten table of pleasure sought to penetrate the mystery of the situation.

"Why, Major Kilgore," he asked, deprecatingly, "what is the matter with Count Meagher?"

"Is his name Meagher?" retorted the major, as coldly and raspingly as possible. "I have given him no name, sir. . . . Perhaps you are better . . . informed than I am, sir. . . . But *that*," pointing again over the intervening heads directly at Count Meagher's pale face and gleaming eyes,—"*that* is the man I mean."

"You do?" returned Count Meagher. "Then I mean *you* when I say you are a miserable fool, and that you are impertinent, and that if these gentlemen will give us the room we can deal with each other."

He held his hat in his hand. As he spoke he tossed it to one side across the room and with a deft motion of his hand was about to draw a revolver from his hip pocket. But those who were intent upon averting the catastrophe were as quick as he. They seized him and prevented him from drawing the weapon, and others came to their assistance. Count Meagher seemed to fear hostility in this, and struggled to free himself. But he was overcome, and the weapon taken from his hand. In the mean time, Major Kilgore had not moved from his place, nor had his face abated a jot of the coldness and contempt

that it expressed. Two gentlemen had laid hands upon him, also, in abundant caution. To these he said,—

"Gentlemen, I am not armed."

At this juncture one of the party, whose name it is not necessary to use in this painful record, held up his hand, and, commanding silence, began to speak. Count Meagher was standing with his arms held by those about him, a flush upon his face, and his dress disordered with the struggle, while Major Kilgore, as cool as any girl in summer, stood with a friend on either hand.

"Gentlemen," said the speaker, "will some of you kindly lock the doors?"

This was done, and then, addressing himself to Major Kilgore, he continued:

"As a member of the Governing Board of this Club, and for the information of all the gentlemen here who do not understand this quarrel, I feel that I have a right to ask of Major Kilgore, an old member who is seldom in attendance but who has long been valued here, the meaning of the serious words he has directed at Count Meagher, also a member."

There was silence to hear the reply.

"I have directed no words . . . at Count Meagher," said the major, laying emphasis on the name. "I spoke of that man!" And again he pointed with a glance of contempt at the count, whose face, now pale and set, was a mask of defiant hatred. "I do not know his name. . . . It may be Count Meagher here, . . . as it was Jack Quinn at San Francisco, . . . or may have been other aliases . . . as a professional gambler and sharper needed . . . the protection of disguise!"

"You are an infernal liar!" cried Count Meagher, leaping from the hands that held him and starting towards Major Kilgore, who instantly advanced to meet him. But both men were held back by those who had thrown themselves between the antagonists.

Major Kilgore's accusation had fallen like a bomb-shell, and every eye, that had turned on Count Meagher as the charge was launched, was now turned back again upon Major Kilgore.

"I have proof of the truth . . . of my statements . . . in my friend Colonel Buckley Hamilton, . . . of San Francisco, . . . whom all of you must know . . . by reputation as a gentleman. . . . For him I am responsible to the club . . . and to the members of the club. Colonel Hamilton recognized . . . that man . . . this morning distinctly."

As he spoke Colonel Hamilton's name, that gentleman came out from the group and stood beside Major Kilgore. Count Meagher gave him one look of implacable hatred, and then fastened his eyes upon the major, who, waving his hand towards Colonel Hamilton, stepped aside.

"We all know Colonel Hamilton," said the governor, "well enough by reputation and in person to accept him among gentlemen as worthy of fullest credence.—This is all true, Colonel Hamilton?" he concluded interrogatively, a significant way of putting the question.

"And more," answered Colonel Hamilton, promptly. "He was Jack Quinn in 'Frisco, and Jack Quinn in the army. That is, I suppose so. There was a Jack Quinn in the army who was a run-down from a good old New Orleans family, but I did not know him then. But this Jack Quinn here I did know in 'Frisco, and he was a 'skin-gambler.' Those who knew him in the army said he was a brave man, but a 'Welcher' then, and owed honor debts to every man in the command. I know he was run out of 'Frisco for dealing brace games of faro upon gentlemen, and he carried three thousand dollars of my money with him as part of his haul.—You know that's true, Jack, you d——d scoundrel.—I hadn't laid eyes on him for five years until last night I saw him in the *Banner* office. I said to myself, 'That's Jack Quinn or his ghost;' but I asked his name, and they told me it was Meagher. Major Kilgore told me that, and said further that in his opinion Meagher was a dashed scoundrel. 'More than likely,' I said to myself, 'that is Quinn, unless all the dashed scoundrels in the world have a family likeness.' I said nothing, however, until this morning, when I saw him playing billiards at the Empire Hotel, and I'll bet a thousand to ten—limited to ten thousand—on that game finger on his left hand. I've watched it deal faro-bank a thousand times, and I've seen his face keeping it company over the box until I would know it in Africa. I told Major Kilgore of it, and I say again that it's Jack Quinn—and you know you are, Jack!"

The colonel appealed innocently enough to Meagher, who stood without a tremor on his face, erect as a soldier, and coolly waiting for the story to end.

"Mr.—Meagher," said the governor, turning to him, "you are a member of the Jefferson Club, and you have a right to be heard. Do you care to say anything now, or would you prefer to wait until the matter is heard by the Board? For, I take it, it must be heard, and, as a member of the Board, I shall report it for investigation. But in the mean time, as a member, you have a right to be heard by all these gentlemen who have listened to the other side."

He was pale and deliberate under the scrutiny of those two dozen eyes, but he was prompt to answer. Bowing to the governor, he said,—

"I am a stranger in this town, although I have many acquaintances. I have been here a year, and I have paid my way. I ask any gentleman here if I have not paid like a gentleman, or if he knows anything that I have done in that time which was unworthy. I am not to be catechised here—or elsewhere, for that matter—as to my honor, except by those having the right. But I will say this much of your Colonel Hamilton,—and I leave it to those who know me to say whether I am a man of my word,—that I never saw him in my life before last night, and that, old man as he is, he should know better than to gamble and to lie. And I will be pleased to repeat this anywhere else."

This retort was straight into Colonel Hamilton's teeth. It caused a flutter and a sensation, in the midst of which the colonel smiled, and, stepping a pace towards Meagher, answered,—

"That's all right, Jack; you are brave enough; but I think you

know I'm not afraid of you. You are brave enough; and if you were not such a dashed eternal scoundrel I'd give you a chance to say it elsewhere."

The response to this was a scornful smile, and Count Meagher continued, with a curl of the lip:

"As to Major Kilgore, I am free to say that I do not understand his part in this—er—conspiracy upon any other than personal grounds, which, as they concern a lady——"

"Stop, sir!" thundered Major Kilgore, starting towards Count Meagher. Again we seized him, and those about the count again laid hands upon their charge. The major's rage was frightful to witness. Gathering himself together with one great effort, he flung Mr. Forrest, Colonel Hamilton, and myself aside, and made a mighty stride towards Meagher. But the others present threw themselves upon him and forced him back. Breathless with his exertions, his eyes protruding and gleaming with rage, he leaned against the wall, the picture of baffled vengeance. Meagher looked him over with a dauntless air, and waited, evidently, for the excitement to calm down to continue his speech.

As Colonel Hamilton came up to the major the latter asked, "Have you got a pistol, sir?"

"Yes," answered the colonel, frankly.

"Give it to me," said Major Kilgore, and then, raising his voice, he called aloud,—

"Give the scoundrel his pistol, gentlemen, . . . and be good enough to leave the room. . . . We can deal with each other here."

He held out his hand for Colonel Hamilton's pistol, and that gentleman was innocently enough about to deliver it, when loud protests were made, and Colonel Hamilton was reminded that the Jefferson Club was not the place for violent affrays.

"I expect that's true," said Colonel Hamilton, putting back his weapon.

"Let me go! let me get at the scoundrel!" shouted Major Kilgore, and he fought with a fury that was painful in its lack of dignity, demanding to be released and allowed to go out of a club-house where scoundrels were permitted to become members and impose themselves upon gentlemen. "I am responsible for what I say," he screamed. "I will post him upon the board as a scoundrel. . . . I will post him upon the streets and in the press. . . . I will kill him upon the street as I would a dog!"

It was most trying and painful, to see Major Kilgore beside himself with disorderly rage and hatred, his clothing torn, his collar asunder, his hair disordered and falling upon his forehead and into his eyes, which were fiery with hatred and fixed upon Count Meagher, who now stood coolly watching this spectacle, that began, by its very excitement and difficulty, to arouse anger and mortification in all who witnessed or were taking part in the struggle.

"Does it occur to you, gentlemen," asked Meagher at this moment, "that Major Kilgore is drunk and irresponsible?"

"It occurs to me," retorted the governor, turning a withering

glance upon him, "that this has gone quite far enough. I know Major Kilgore very well. He is quite responsible for all he says. I think you had better go,—Mr.—Quinn."

"A thousand to ten on it!" cried Colonel Hamilton, supporting this direct but quiet adoption of the name that showed Meagher how the charge had become conviction in the minds of those present.

There was a moment of dead silence. Count Meagher, being released, adjusted his disordered dress deliberately, buttoned his long frock-coat carefully across his breast, brushed his sleeve, looking intently at his hand as he did so, and seeming all the time to be meditating something to say. He walked to one side of the room, where he had thrown his hat, recovered and smoothed it with his silk handkerchief, placed it upon his head, and hesitated for a moment as he looked at Major Kilgore, who, exhausted, had sunk into a chair, where he was surrounded by friends. Then Count Meagher turned on his heel and walked to the door.

"I shall send your pistol to your hotel," called out the governor, as Meagher stopped while the door was unlocked and opened.

"I shall be in luck to get it!" was his last contemptuous retort, flung in the face of all, as he turned his back and walked out into the hall-way and disappeared from view.

Major Kilgore was trembling and murmuring thickly to Colonel Hamilton. A carriage was soon called, and he was helped down and placed in it. He moved slowly and leaned heavily upon Mr. Forrest's shoulder, and there was something pathetic in the stoop of the shoulders usually so rigid and erect. Colonel Hamilton and Mr. Forrest went with him home, and the City Editor returned to the *Banner* office, every nerve tingling with excitement over so great a sensation that must be suppressed.

CHAPTER XII.

THE TRAGEDY.

THE next morning found the City Editor astir at the office earlier than usual. It was in the atmosphere to be up early that morning. It was scarcely ten o'clock when he heard the slow, formal, familiar tread of Major Kilgore sound in the hall as it passed to his room. A few minutes later Mr. Forrest entered the City Editor's room, that was so gray and inhospitable and ghastly-looking by the light of day.

"The major has come down," said the City Editor, tentatively. The same thought was in both minds, and yet it was seeking expression cautiously.

"How does he look?" inquired Forrest.

"I have not seen him; but I heard him in the hall, and, if he looks as he walks, he is all right."

"What a game and true old fellow he is!" exclaimed Forrest, in a suppressed tone of admiration. "It is a great pity to see him embroiled in this way. I'm sorry he is able to be out. When we left him last night he was heavily asleep; and I hoped he would be in bed to-day. The fact is, Brown, there is going to be a man killed when the major

meets Meagher to-day,—if they should meet. It is my opinion they will meet, because Meagher will wait for him. He may be a scoundrel and an impostor, but he has courage."

The City Editor felt every word that was uttered a reflection of his own restless thoughts on the same subject. If Major Kilgore and Count Meagher met, there would be death to follow.

"What ought we to do?" he asked of Forrest.

"I am quite sure we ought to apprise Major Kilgore of our ideas," said he, "in order that he may not go out without warning. That is why I came down so early. But the major will resent any interference or any uneasiness we may express."

"Still, as his friends, we must at least speak." This was the City Editor's judgment, and Mr. Forrest admitted that it was the correct view.

"You have an appointment with the major at eleven o'clock this morning," said the City Editor; "and we can make that an excuse to call in his room before he goes out."

"About that money?" cried Forrest. "Do you suppose I would bother him about such a thing at this time?"

"If the bother gives us an excuse to do Major Kilgore a service, certainly. If we have an excuse, it is not so hard as to go in and break the subject. You can lead up to it."

"Well," sighed Forrest, reluctantly, "I suppose you are right. But I would rather fight Meagher myself than to broach the subject of that money to him this morning."

"Oh, pshaw, Forrest!" replied the City Editor, in plain expostulation. "You must not be too sensitive on that subject. Entirely aside from this quarrel you should call on the major. You go at his own request to accept his own proposition, made to you as a gentleman should make it. You must go at eleven o'clock, as you promised, and let the major take care of the rest. No foolish hesitation now. Strike while the iron is hot, and take the chances for fame and success for yourself, and safety, pleasure, and satisfaction for the major."

This advice had the effect of bracing Mr. Forrest to the ordeal, especially as it was supplemented by the promise of the City Editor to go with him.

And at eleven o'clock they walked into Major Kilgore's room, where he was sitting at his desk, writing away, as calm as the summer morning without. As he turned to welcome us he was very pale, and there were shadows under his eyes, but the eyes were bright and his countenance was as amiable as its habitual solemnity would permit.

"Good-morning," said Mr. Forrest, deprecatingly, and, at the moment when he was facing the crisis, becoming confused under the ordeal. "I beg your pardon, major, for coming at all this morning, after that unfortunate affair of last night——"

"Why, what has happened?" interrupted the major.

"Well," began Mr. Forrest, somewhat disconcerted, "you told me to come at eleven this morning to get the money for 'Caligula,' but after last night's—quarrel, I—thought I——"

"I am sorry to hear . . . that you have had a quarrel," said Major Kilgore, with interest manifest in his tone.

"I have had no quarrel," explained Mr. Forrest. "I mean the unfortunate—ah—affair you had last night."

"Oh, I have had . . . no quarrel," said the major, his shadowy smile playing over his lips. Forrest had blundered, it was plain. Major Kilgore was of the old school of chivalry. He was putting aside as nothing an encounter that might well have set the bravest man's blood a-gallop, and was determined to hold his denunciation of Meagher as no quarrel, but a duty well begun and to be finished without hesitancy. The consequences were his. He was even buoyant. "I have had . . . a good night's sleep, . . . and I feel like a . . . fighting-cock this morning," he said. And the smile played over his lips again, and he struck his breast with his hand to show how vigorous he felt. "And I am ready . . . to go down to the bank," concluded Major Kilgore, "and get what you need. . . . How much shall it be?"

"Well,"—and Forrest hesitated in the confusion of that question of his own interests taking the leading position: he was trying to work back to the subject of Meagher,—"I think one thousand dollars will be enough at present; but it will require five thousand dollars altogether. But I do not think that is sufficiently pressing now, major. I came really to ask you about Meagher."

"Do not mention that name, sir," sharply cried Major Kilgore. "We will go and get the money. . . . Better take it all at once," he concluded, in a cheery tone,—as cheery, indeed, as his monotonous voice could express.

I thought so, myself. It was plain that Major Kilgore would let nobody penetrate his intentions or his expectations on the score of his deadly quarrel. I watched them go down the hall together towards the elevator. Major Kilgore was erect, buoyant, and firm. He walked with a spirit that might have fearlessly saluted Cæsar before death in the million-eyed ring at Rome. What he might meet when he left that building was in the grasp of fate or chance; yet he walked straight without looking back, refusing all conference, all suggestion, carrying with him his own supreme and sufficient courage and readiness to meet whatever lay in wait. I felt my heart suffused with the impulses of admiration, pride, and affection. There was in it, also, something of compassion,—compassion that all this hero's kindly virtues were covered with that immovable mask of unbending coldness which turned off the warm recognition of other sympathies. I glanced at his desk, where he had been writing an editorial on "The Silver Question," and I felt the pathos of his condition. With riches himself, doing his duty modestly, and honestly thundering away against the encroachments of the moneyed classes, with the secret of money-getting in his breast he was locking it away from those who would not dispense riches beneficently. He was a good, honest, appreciative man. And I patted the unfinished page with my hand and walked out to take up my own duties.

And I was engaged with them industriously an hour later, when I heard the scampering of footsteps in the hall, and the next instant the elevator-boy thrust his head in the door, and, with his eyes wide open, cried,—

"Better come down-stairs, Mr. Brown. Mr. Forrest's done brought Major Kilgore in, killed!"

"What!" I shouted, springing to my feet and running with the acute lad to the elevator: "killed?"

"I 'spec' he's cut," said the boy, as he pulled the rope and the cage shot downwards. "Mr. Forrest brought him in a carriage and helped him into the back counting-room."

As I reached the lower hall I met Dr. Conant coming into the building leisurely.

"Come in at once, doctor," I said, seizing him. "Major Kilgore has been wounded, and, I expect, is seriously hurt."

We went through the hall into the side-door that led into the private room behind the counting-room. One of the Business Manager's numerous staff of useless assistants was holding the door, and he held it but a hair's breadth ajar to scrutinize us before he would allow us to enter. As soon as he saw the doctor, however, he opened the door, turning his head as he did so to say,—

"Here's Dr. Conant: he can tell us what's the matter."

There on the floor, his head pillowed upon some bound volumes of the *Banner*,—a pillow he had helped so laboriously through so many years to construct,—lay Major Kilgore, still and unconscious. His face was flushed, almost to a purplish color, and his chest heaved with the struggle to breathe. Mr. Forrest knelt at his side and fanned him with his hat, and a gaping half-dozen of counting-room superfluities stood about him.

"What's the matter, Forrest?" asked Dr. Conant, curtly.

"I think he has just fainted, doctor," answered Mr. Forrest, looking up with an expression of great relief.

"What made him faint?"

Mr. Forrest hesitated. "I don't care to talk freely before so many," he said, "because it is somewhat confidential."

"All of you get out and give us plenty of air," said Dr. Conant, quickly and determinedly. He put his hand on the shoulder of one of the gaping superfluities as he spoke, and his brusque manner started us all.

"You can stay, Brown," said Mr. Forrest; and I remained behind while the cavalcade of sullen, curiosity-baffled clerks filed out.

"Now what is it, Forrest?" asked the doctor, as he shut the door firmly. Dr. Conant had been surgeon in Major Kilgore's regiment during the war, and Mr. Forrest could talk freely.

"Major Kilgore," he said, "has had a frightful quarrel with Old Hundred, of the Exchange Bank, and after it was over he fainted."

"Old Hundred!" I cried, in amazement.

"What was it about?" snapped the doctor, laconically.

"The major went to the bank to draw some money. He told Mr. Brown and myself that he kept a large deposit there; in fact, he said, doctor, that he had fifty thousand dollars there."

"Ah?" said the doctor.

"And he wanted five thousand dollars this morning," continued Mr. Forrest, "which he intended advancing to—a—a—friend."

"Indeed?" muttered Dr. Conant.

"He talked to Mr. Brown and myself about this yesterday, and said some things that indicated his distrust of the bank. This morning Old Hundred, it seems, would not let him have any money. I did not go back to the parlor, but there was a quarrel, and Old Hundred accused the major of being drunk, and ordered him out of the room. The major, I know, was not drinking. You know how he is. He seized Old Hundred by the throat, and would have killed him if the clerks and a lot of people in the lobby had not run in and pulled him off. Major Kilgore was furious with rage, and they sent a messenger for an officer. When he came the major had fainted, and we put him in a carriage and brought him here. I did not want to take him to his boarding-house: there's no use in causing annoyance there."

"Humph!" said the doctor, with a serious look in his face. "I suppose," he continued, "you know he didn't have fifty thousand dollars there?"

Mr. Forrest and I looked blankly at each other, and I answered that we did not know what he had.

"What he has got," continued Dr. Conant, "is general paralysis of the insane. *He is hopelessly, incurably insane.*"

"What!" cried Mr. Forrest and myself, in a gasp of the most undisguised astonishment.

"I have known it for weeks," said Dr. Conant. "He came to me a month or two ago with a proposition to make me rich by gambling in wheat and pork. He became furious when I told him I was not in that business. He told me a cock-and-bull story about the thousands of dollars he had made gambling in futures, and of the immense sums he had deposited in different banks to keep his wealth a secret. He had the fool idea that if the banks knew he was so rich they would combine to rob him of it."

Mr. Forrest and the City Editor were following the narrative with intense curiosity, but at this juncture they looked at each other and a little foolishly at hearing this point quoted as a matter-of-course evidence of insanity.

"Why, a fool would have thought from his talk," continued Dr. Conant, in his pitiless tones, "that he had discovered a certain 'system' of winning at wheat-gambling, as some half-mad gamblers imagine they have a certain system of breaking the bank at New Orleans—if they could only play the system out. And the poor fellow was possessed by a crazy fear that somebody else might discover his system by accident. He had a plan for distributing riches to deserving people in need of money. That was queer, now. You know Kilgore, with his habits and tastes, had about as much use for money as Hottentots would have for overcoats. And that was perfectly clear to him even in his madness, and it became a proud and beautiful self-abnegation."

Which fact Mr. Forrest and the City Editor had fully recognized, and the recollection of which they conveyed to each other in a look.

"He said to me," resumed Dr. Conant, "that he could not offer me money, but that if I would put five hundred dollars in his hands

he would make me rich. I saw his mind was affected, and soothed him down. Then I told him he ought to take rest, now; that he had plenty of money; that I noticed he looked tired. I thought this dog's life of slavery on this dashed newspaper was too much for him, and suggested that if he did not rest his mind might suffer. Well, he fired up again, insulted me, and swore his health had never been better in his life; said I was trying to get him under treatment and rob him with excessive charges. I left him, and told the Old Man that very day that Kilgore was crazy. That was all that came of it. Next thing I heard, he had quarrelled with old Buck Hamilton, of California, who hadn't seen him for fifteen years and who served in the war with him. I told Buck the man was crazy; and Buck said he never saw a man that the doctors didn't think crazy. Why, only last night, I am told, he had a row in the Jefferson Club with Count Meagher, and prodded Meagher so that they came near having a shooting-match. Now here's this attack on 'Old Hundred' about this dashed imaginary money; and if he ain't shut up there'll be murder done."

"But you can cure him, doctor?" asked Mr. Forrest, with genuine eagerness.

"Never! Never! They who enter that valley," said Dr. Conant, pointing with his finger to the inert and heavily-breathing figure of Major Kilgore, lying stretched out upon the floor, "leave all hope behind. The quicker death comes the better for all, but especially so for him."

It was a fearful shock to the two friends, who listened as if to the announcement of a death already suddenly come. They looked at Major Kilgore with that feeling of awful curiosity that one experiences as he looks upon the cold mask of some friend and would seek to read the mystery behind it.

"Get a carriage, Brown," broke in Dr. Conant's brusque professional tone.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE TRAGEDY IS OVER.

We bore Major Kilgore to an infirmary, and there left him, after Dr. Conant had administered an opiate and installed two trusted watchers at the bedside. Dr. Conant drove back with us. Mr. Forrest and the City Editor climbed by the elevator to the office, that was so full of excited inquiry and so dull for the lack of that once cold and almost unnoticed presence. We wandered at length into Major Kilgore's room, and saw the empty chair, the tenantless table.

"And so, old man,—kind, honest, true old man,—farewell!" said Mr. Forrest, with a burst of feeling, as he swept the empty room with his glance, seeming to address the presence that had so long kept its isolated interest there. And again I felt that oppressive idea of a death that had already occurred.

We walked over to the table, and he took up the unfinished editorial on the "Silver Question." It was all incoherent, and yet had a strained and discordant coherency. Mr. Forrest quietly crushed it in his hand,

tore it into small bits, flung them out the window upon the air, and we watched them flutter and fall, like airy and unsubstantial clods, into the grave of space below. And then, without a word, we walked out of the room and into the apartment where Mr. Forrest had his desk.

We sat down in silence, and reviewed, each of us, that sad tragedy, each with his personal load of gloom to carry.

"Well, what do you think of Meagher?" the City Editor asked, breaking the silence after a while.

"I think, d—n Meagher!" replied Forrest, curtly.

"But Meagher is not responsible for this," protested the City Editor.

"Don't you see there's no Meagher?" asked Forrest, angrily. "Didn't you see last night that his name was Quinn, and that he was a card-sharp and a scoundrel? Leave the major out: there was Colonel Hamilton. Wasn't Colonel Hamilton as ready to fight as Major Kilgore? He is a hard case, but he is a gentleman, and he knew what he was talking about. No, no; there's no Meagher,—but there's a Mr. Quinn, who belongs to the police."

As if echoing the sentiment, the door opened, and Uncle Dick Baker walked into the room, his face full of trouble.

"Gents," he began, in a troubled whisper,—"gents, I'm 'fraid she's gone; Rosie, I mean. I do' know wheer she is, and I just found this at the house. You are friends of hers and me, and I know you don't wish her no harm. Read this."

And Uncle Dick handed to me a sheet of note-paper that had been crumpled and carefully straightened out again. It was in Meagher's handwriting, bold and vigorous:

"ROSIE,"—it began,—

"I have got to leave this town on the ten o'clock train. I am bound to be in New York in three days. If you have made up your mind not to let certain people (who have not much judgment) ruin your chances, meet me at the train ready to go, and I'll promise you all the success in New York that you could want. I tell you they are waiting for you there,—and in London, too, if you want to go. Stay here, and they'll make a fool of you in their tragedies. You are welcome to all I've got to get a good start in New York, and I know the ins and outs of the business there. Don't stay here and wear calico dresses, when you might just as well have silk and diamonds where they know a good thing when they see it. Think of this, and come. They'll make you play that fool part in the fool tragedy, sure. I've got plenty of money for both: don't forget that. Come to the ten o'clock train. M."

Forrest looked over the page with me as this was read, with its coarse temptation and pleading and its treacherous allusions and sneers.

"Where did you get this?" he asked, as the reading concluded, addressing Uncle Dick.

"A messenger come to the house with it this mornin', just as I was gettin' my breakfus'," said Uncle Dick, his voice full of grief. "I give it to her, and she read it, shut it up in her hand, and threw it in the coal-bin in the kitchen. She never said nothin'. She's been mad at me for talkin' about Major Kilgore and your play," he explained, looking at Forrest. "After breakfus' she put on her hat and went out. When she never come back to dinner, I got oneasy, and as I was pokin' around I found this note and read it. She's gone with him, gents!" concluded Uncle Dick, with heart-broken accents.

"The infernal scoundrel!" exclaimed Forrest. "He has not said a word to her about the true reasons for his leaving town."

"Because he was afraid of Major Kilgore!" the City Editor said.

"No; not because he was afraid of anybody," explained Forrest, sharply, "but because his string was played out. What good to fight or kill the major, when he was already exposed and ruined? But he hasn't said a word about this quarrel. Oh, the infernal scoundrel!" again cried Forrest. "I wish now the major had killed him when he wanted to!"

"Has him and the old major had a fight?" asked Uncle Dick.

Then we told that sorrowing old father the story of Meagher's denunciation and exposure, and every word of it added to his grief and his dejection.

"Gents," he said, huskily, "Rosie had a brother that was a bad boy and come to his death of drink. They said I was too easy on him bringin' him up. Maybe I was. I was as hard on her as I could be on a girl. I tried to make her play in your play, Mr. Forrest, and I drummed it into her to listen to Major Kilgore. I ought to 'a' let her alone. I do' know nothin' about plays and actin', and maybe I was too hard and run her away."

Uncle Dick did not perceive the innocent irony that was in his speech, nor did Forrest notice it in the rush of a feeling of indignation against Meagher.

"Brown," he cried, "let me write this scoundrel up for to-morrow. Give it to Burke and me. I will send his record after him wherever he goes."

"Certainly," I said. "I will see Burke at once."

"You won't say nothin' about *her*, gents?" asked Uncle Dick, pleadingly.

"Not a word," said Forrest. "And more: if the telegraph is faster than that scoundrel we'll get her back again. You go home, Uncle Dick, and say nothing to anybody."

And so he did.

And he came right back again as fast as horse-cars could carry him, his face beaming with delight: Rosie was at home! She had gone out in a fit of indignation and anger to spend the morning with Mrs. Commyngs, and that estimable First Old Woman had finally persuaded her to take the part of *Lollia*. And then, with a woman's last little tingling spite, Rosie had taken her cry and concluded not to go home to dinner. And there it all was.

"And she'll play in your play," concluded Uncle Dick.

"No, she won't," said Mr. Forrest, with a sad smile. "The play will not be played, Uncle Dick: the tragedy has been acted before the curtain was ready to go up."

And then we told him of Major Kilgore's condition, of the vanished dream of wealth, and of the fate before the gallant old major that was worse than death.

All the troubles that had besieged Uncle Dick Baker thus seemed to melt away at once, in ruin and woe to others.

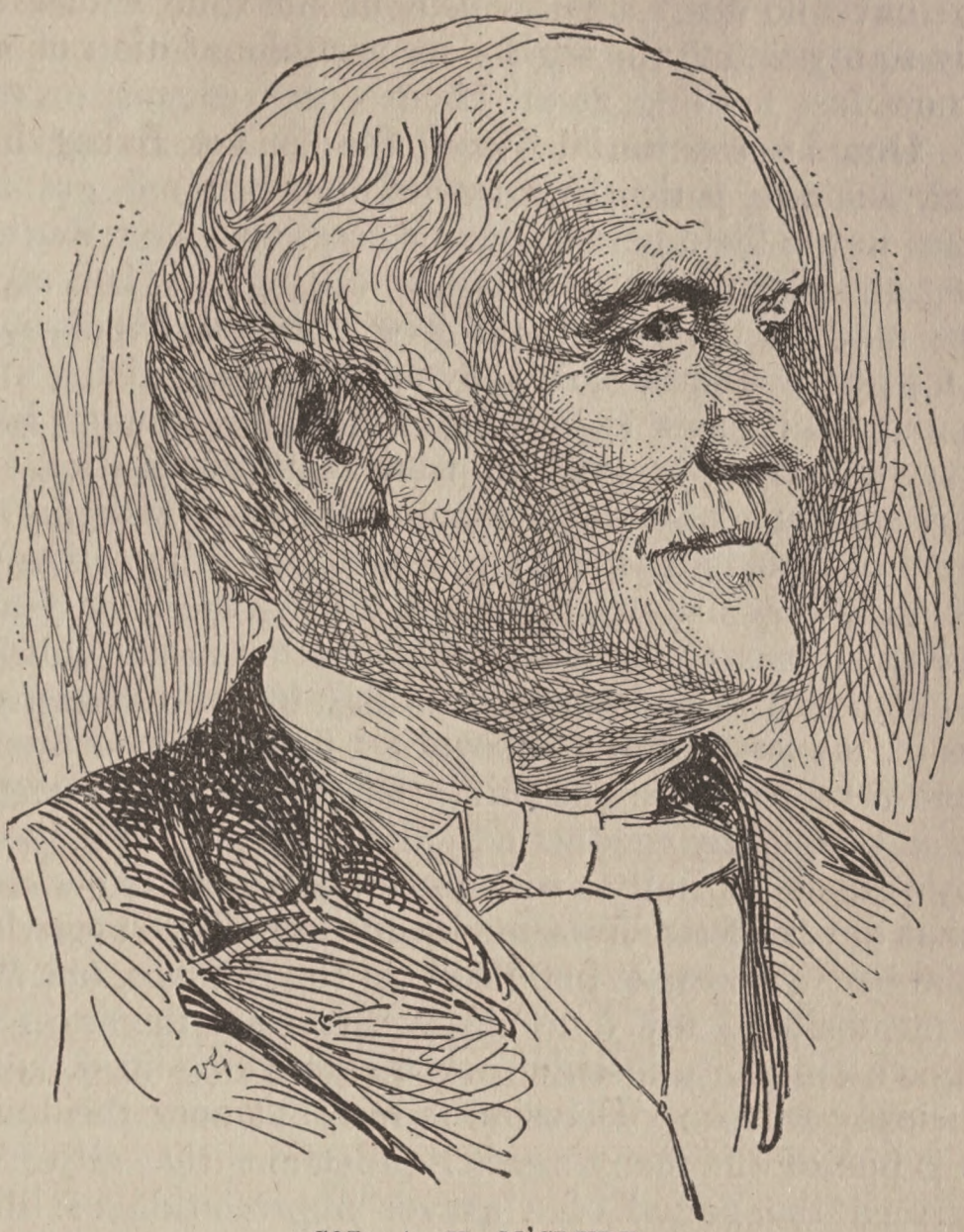
* * * * * * * *

"How fast the silent feet of death follow upon the footsteps of life!" That was the first sentence of Mr. Forrest's memorial sketch of Major Kilgore, marked by black rules in the paper that Major Kilgore had so long and faithfully served,—a sketch which was one of the very finest examples of that admirable writer's best work.

He it was, also, who, in September, wrote the following paragraph, over which I heaved a sigh as I saw it in proof, and which I put in the battered scrap-book from which it is now copied:

THE GRAND THEATRE.—This popular theatre, entirely renovated and repainted during the vacation, will be opened for the season next Monday. New scenery has been painted, and Manager Fitzgerald will spare neither pains nor expense to please his patrons. The opening production will be the burlesque of "The Silver Bell," which proved such a popular hit at the close of last season. Miss Rosalind Baker, who, under the *nom de théâtre* of Miss Amelie De Harte, made such a successful *début* last season as *Elvira*, will reappear in that *rôle*. During the summer she has been studying hard, has added several burlesques to her répertoire, and the prospect is that Miss Baker will be seen during the season in a round of those light performances which appear to please the public more and more every year, and which seem destined to exclude serious comedy and the classic tragedies from the American stage. Manager Fitzgerald cannot be criticised for pleasing his audiences, however, and it must be said that in such pieces Miss Baker has proved herself a revelation of grace and delight and well worthy of her great popularity.

THE END.



COL. A. K. M'CLURE.

THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

YOU just struck my suit when you requested a pen-picture of the editor-in-chief. I am one from away back, and have never been anything else in journalism. The editor-in-chief does not belong to any particular class of newspapers. He is just as important a character in the little village weekly as he is in the great daily; and whether he talks, or directs others to talk, for five hundred or for five hundred thousand subscribers, he is all the same editor-in-chief. My experience began forty-five years and a few odd months ago, when the click of the telegraph was a strange tongue to ninety-nine one-hundredths of the newspaper men of the country, and when the editor-in-chief usually combined about all of the important features of the establishment,—viz., foreman, compositor, pressman, clerk, devil, etc. It was not in one of the great centres of population of the State, but away off in the shadows of the eastern spurs of the Alleghanies, in a little county the creation of which never could be plausibly explained except by the single fact that the people above and below the "Narrows" never agreed upon

anything but to bury people when they died. A county, however small, had to have its newspapers, even at that early day, and the facts that there happened to be no Whig organ in the county, and that I happened to have no other employment at the time, called me, quite unexpectedly to myself, to the highly responsible position of editor-in-chief. I knew just nothing at all about either editing or printing a newspaper. One kind editorial friend, who is yet living in mellow and honored old age, patiently corrected my original grammar and gave me space in his little newspaper for occasional contributions while I was serving an apprenticeship to another calling. When my journalistic venture reached the dignity of five hundred circulation, it was reckoned a magnificent success, and my aptness in acquiring mechanical knowledge, and willingness to perform the chief labor of issuing the paper in every department, saved me from financial disaster.

There are some memorable incidents connected with my early experience as editor-in-chief that may be worth recording. On one point my recollection is very distinct. I have, during the later years of my life, after the experience of more than a generation in journalism, appreciated how much had to be learned from day to day to keep pace with the progress of my profession; but when I first became editor-in-chief of my village newspaper the one thing that I understood perfectly was how to edit and generally conduct a public journal. It is possible that many of my readers, as well as the most of the more experienced journalists of that day, differed from me in my well-settled conviction that I printed the best newspaper published in the country, but among the pleasantest memories of my journalistic career are the sweet delusions of my boyhood editorship-in-chief, when everything in my own newspaper was simply perfect. Delusion it was, but none the less delightful; and it is one of the many sweet recollections that all turn back to when they reach the period of a graver appreciation of life and its duties. The labors of the editor-in-chief of the little village newspaper forty-five years ago were mostly directed to maintain its little subscription-list. Every subscriber was personally known to the editor-in-chief. He came in personal contact with them during court weeks, circuses, militia parades, etc., when they would wander into the town and occasionally drop in to pay their subscriptions or make a close barter to pay for the same in country produce, including wood, potatoes, turnips, cabbages, etc. The rural readers of that day were a frugal set, and the question of spending a dollar and a half for a newspaper was often a matter of the gravest consideration, and frequently required the employment of all the eloquence the editor-in-chief could command to prevent subscribers from stopping their paper when they came to pay their bills. The good old rule prevailed, and was flaunted under the editorial head of the paper, that, under the decision of the Post-Office department, "no newspaper could be discontinued until all arrearages are paid." As an illustration of the important labors of the editor-in-chief of that day, I might mention one typical case of a reluctant subscriber, who, after trying the paper for six months, brought in a small load of half-rotted wood in payment of the seventy-five cents due for his subscription, and ordered his paper stopped. After

much persuasion, I succeeded in getting a suspension of judgment on the subject until he should come into town again. When he returned some days thereafter, he said that he had consulted the women-folk about the matter, and they had concluded that they would continue another six months during the winter season, "as the papers were very convenient for tying up apple-butter crocks."

Unlike the editor-in-chief of any of our great dailies of to-day, the editor-in-chief of that time was omnipotent in everything pertaining to his newspaper: everything about the establishment was attended to by him in person. There were no reporters to play pranks and put libel suits upon you by airing their resentments in your columns. There were no editorial assistants to write on unthought-of subjects and ruin your appetite for breakfast in the morning because of the things they made you say. There were no drummers to sell paper, as what was called the "bundle" came with scrupulous punctuality every two weeks on top of the stage from the place of purchase, fifty miles distant. Advertisers did not quarrel over positions, and the now familiar terms of "top of column and next to reading-matter" were unknown to the advertisers of the land. Volney B. Palmer was announced under the editorial head as the only authorized advertising agent in the United States, as he had taught all the editors-in-chiefs in the country that it would be a grave mistake to recognize any other to compete with him and reduce prices. His advertisements were chiefly payable in trade, with an occasional cash contract to enable him to get his commissions in money. There was no rush or jostle about newspaper establishments in those days to get out the edition; all things went smoothly and peacefully, and the life of the editor-in-chief was one of delightful self-appreciation, with reasonable worldly comfort and magnificent repose.

Mutability is stamped upon all human affairs; and this quiet, enjoyable life as editor-in-chief in one of the little towns of the State finally fulfilled its mission. A larger field was found, and I was promoted to editor-in-chief of one of the leading rural weeklies of the State. This new occasion created many new duties. Instead of keeping the vision of the editor-in-chief within the narrow limits of a little county, a broader view of State questions and the moulding of political opinions throughout the Commonwealth had to be accepted. Pride in progressive journalism had begun to inspire the editor-in-chief in his broader field of labor. The paper was enlarged, and the editors of the State startled by a large quarto weekly that had risen to the dignity of a Washington, New York, and Philadelphia correspondent. "Oliver Oldschool," a name familiar to the long-time-ago readers of Joseph R. Chandler's *United States Gazette*, was then in retirement at Washington, enjoying the evening of his life as a starving dependant in one of the Departments, and he was glad to furnish a weekly letter over his old signature for the munificent sum of two dollars each. Political friends were drawn upon in various parts of the State as contributors, and the most grateful recollection of that period of my life is that my newspaper ranked with not over a dozen other weeklies in the State which were more potent in shaping political sentiment at that day than are the great dailies of the present. I can recall not over a dozen

weekly newspapers in Pennsylvania forty years ago, each of which was much more looked to for political guidance than are any of the daily journals of the present.

Daily newspapers were unknown in the State outside of Philadelphia and Pittsburg, and there was but one in the entire State that claimed to have thirty thousand circulation, while no other daily exceeded five thousand, and most of them were below that figure. The editor-in-chief of the first-class weekly journal of that time was a more important factor in politics, and indeed a more important factor in directing public sentiment generally, than is the editor-in-chief of the leading journal now. Then newspapers were a luxury. There was no tendency to sensation; they were, as a rule, sober, conservative, and seldom aggressive, although often violent in the heat of political campaigns, and they were accorded popular faith in their utterances. Now the newspaper is in every home, leads even schools and churches in the great work of educating mankind, and readers have learned to think and act for themselves. The journalistic mountains are higher than they were in those days, but the valleys have filled up, and the people are rapidly growing towards equality with their teachers. There, as in my earlier experience, the editor-in-chief was the omnipotent ruler of the entire establishment; but the addition of a clerk in what was by courtesy called the counting-room, in one corner of which the editorial pen was wielded, dignified the establishment. I recall no incident of special note in this period of my experience as editor-in-chief beyond the often decidedly exciting occasions when armies came into our community wearing the uniforms to which our people were strangers. Jeb Stuart came upon me most unceremoniously in 1862, and gave occasion for one of the most interesting and sensational locals that ever appeared in the newspaper. Of course it came from the pen of the editor-in-chief. Next General Lee came along and suspended publication for a week or two because the editor-in-chief did not remain to extend his hospitality to the Confederate commander. Later in the war General McCausland dropped in before daylight one morning, and all that was left a few hours later of a superbly-equipped newspaper establishment was smouldering ruins. The newspaper, like the town, suddenly rose from its ashes, and it is needless to say that the editor-in-chief thereafter discussed the issues of the war with more than usual fervency.

I turn back to this chapter of my record as editor-in-chief with recollections quite as pleasant as those which go away beyond to my earlier and more awkward efforts in journalism. My newspaper had a most congenial and delightful clientage in a community of unusually intelligent people and thoroughly appreciative of everything progressive in my own profession. If I were asked what part of my life of more than sixty years I would rather live over again, I would choose the experience of more than half a generation in one of the oldest and pleasantest villages of the Cumberland Valley. There honesty ruled in politics and public trust; there was sincerity in religious and social life; there was generous sympathy for the unfortunate of all classes and conditions, and there was bountiful appreciation of every honest

and earnest public-spirited citizen. It was in such a community that the editor-in-chief who merited the confidence of his readers not only commanded the highest measure of respect, but attained the highest measure of usefulness among his people; and in the crowded multitude of our cities, unknowing, unknown, and unsympathetic, with no heart-strings reaching from home to home, I often turn back to my days as editor-in-chief of a leading weekly newspaper as the sunniest of my life. Thurlow Weed once well said that the editor of a widely-read respected weekly newspaper occupied the most delightful position in the world; but the potent country weekly has passed away forever. Wherever it has made fame for journalism and for editors-in-chief, the daily newspaper has come, and the original weekly is driven to the wayside villages.

What seemed to be bitter fate, bred by the desolation of war and the misfortunes which followed, made me a city editor-in-chief. I had, as I supposed, abandoned forever the dream of distinction in my old calling, but, however resolute in the purpose to pursue another profession, and however tempting seemed its opportunities, the love of journalism was never chilled, and it was a luxury at times to turn from the more perplexing duties of the law and take a rest by writing a leader for one of the Philadelphia dailies. Wise men change their purposes, though fools seldom do so, and a tidal wave came along that caught me up as not unwilling drift-wood on the journalistic shore and again tumbled me into the position of editor-in-chief. It was regarded by many as a quixotic venture; and when I say that the new journal was started without a single subscriber, and that it had neither party nor patronage on which to depend for support, it may be understood why considerate friends had grave apprehensions as to the issue of the effort. It happened to be a period when advancement in Philadelphia journalism was a recognized and supreme necessity; and he who turns back during the last half-generation and notes the progress of all the Philadelphia newspapers, and then takes a broader view of the wonderful progress of journalism in the leading centres of population, may readily understand why it was possible to achieve a high measure of success with a progressive newspaper.

The editor-in-chief of a great daily newspaper differs little from the editor-in-chief of the village journal except in degree of responsibility and vexation. The main difference that I see between the editor-in-chief of a great daily and the editor-in-chief of the old-time weekly is in the fact that he is made responsible for the utterances of a dozen editorial associates whose writings he cannot revise, for the vaporings of scores of reporters whom he seldom sees and whose articles he rarely has knowledge of until they appear in his columns, and for hundreds of correspondents who are flashing their news and speculations over the wires from all parts of the earth, in the late hours of the night, to be hurriedly jammed into a newspaper and printed without opportunity of verifying any. For all these things the editor-in-chief is responsible in every way,—legally responsible for libels which he never dreamed of, and held morally responsible for utterances that often grate as harshly upon his views as upon the views of his readers.

An incident illustrative of the responsibility of an editor-in-chief of the daily newspaper is given in one of the twenty-nine libel suits I have enjoyed since my connection with daily journalism. A Washington correspondent, regarded as unusually reliable, in one of his regular despatches referred to some Pennsylvania politicians who were in Washington on political affairs, and stated that one of the men whose promotion they desired was a disreputable character and had been "convicted of perjury." The editor-in-chief was as guiltless of this despatch as the man in the moon, but there it was published and read by hundreds of thousands, and I was just as much responsible for it in law, and presumably in morals, as if I had written it myself. When I saw it the next morning I knew that it was technically inaccurate, although substantially true, but I had learned, by going through a hurricane of libel suits, that technical accuracy was absolutely essential to the defence of such a publication in court. The man had been indicted for embezzlement as a public officer and also for perjury. It was finally arranged that if he pleaded guilty to the indictment for embezzlement and accepted punishment for that offence the prosecution for perjury would not be pressed. Of course he could not have been guilty of embezzlement as a public officer without being both morally and legally guilty of perjury, but he had not been "convicted of perjury," as the despatch stated, and the indictment for that offence had been abandoned. A genial constable from away up in the mountains, after introducing himself to the editor-in-chief, politely exhibited a warrant of arrest for criminal libel. The case had to be tried in a distant county, where partisanship is often visible in the jury-box as well as in political contests, and this technical error of a correspondent, for whom the editor-in-chief had to answer, promised the exhilarating achievement of landing the editor-in-chief in jail. The case attracted much attention in the community. An ex-governor, an ex-attorney-general, and an ex-president-judge appeared in the sanctuary of justice to defend the editor-in-chief for an offence that he had never dreamed of committing. The boasted bulwark of our liberties, the right of trial by a jury of peers, was beautifully illustrated in this case. Six of the jurors were known, from the beginning of the case, as warmly in sympathy with the prosecution,—their political and personal environment made that manifest to every one who intelligently understood the situation,—but the other half of the jurors were regarded as unprejudiced and likely to insist upon a just verdict. The trial was warmly contested, and the ex-governor and the ex-attorney-general liberally enlightened the court on the law, the ex-president-judge made one of his most eloquent appeals to the jury, and an able and rather manly public prosecutor closed the case with an argument that forcibly presented what was denominated in the bond by the law itself. A learned judge charged with the utmost impartiality, and the case was committed to the jury for its judgment. I need hardly say that six of the jurors promptly and persistently voted to convict the editor-in-chief, and that the other six voted as promptly and persistently to acquit him. After hours of dispute, a verdict was finally reached by what in Pennsylvania is called the rule of "Dutch arbitration,"—that

is, a compromise of the dispute between the jurors. Each side finding that the other would not yield, a middle ground was finally chosen upon which all could stand, by rendering a verdict of "not guilty, but the defendant to pay the costs." One half of the jury gained the point of acquittal; the other half of the jury gained the point of qualifying the acquittal by putting the cost of prosecution on the acquitted defendant.

Libel suits have become one of the important incidents in the life of every editor-in-chief of sufficient importance to attract public attention or to make a newspaper read by the public, and but for the generous sense of justice that the law extends to the editor-in-chief, by protecting him from punishment for others' wrongs as far as it can be done with public safety, there is not an editor-in-chief of the daily newspaper in Pennsylvania who would not be fined or imprisoned every year of his life, unless newspapers ceased to be newspapers. Thus the chief distinction of the editor-in-chief in these days is, first of all he is responsible for the general tone and expression of his newspaper columns, and next he is responsible for the countless utterances of others which he cannot dictate or revise. If he is a sensitive man, he is likely to lose his appetite every day over the first meal he takes after reading his own newspaper; and if he is not a sensitive man, he is likely to land himself in jail by his neglect of caution about the things which are written and published in his name. But, with all its unpleasant embarrassments, I regard it as the most important position that a man can attain under our free institutions. The editor-in-chief of a widely-read and respected daily newspaper holds the highest public trust under our government of the people. It is the most responsible office to which an American can aspire. Parties rise and fall; Presidents come and go; Cabinets gather and scatter; Senators and Representatives fill their brief missions and pass away; but the daily newspaper continues through all the swift changes in politics and society, ever teaching and ever ennobling mankind if faithful to its sacred duties, and its influence, although often unseen and apparently unfelt, is as constant as the genial rays of the sun that bursts the seed and ripens the harvest.

A. K. McClure.

GREAT PAN IS DEAD!

"GREAT Pan is dead!" a dying creed
Wailed 'neath Sicilian skies.
"Great Pan is dead!" in hour of need
A spent faith always cries.
Take comfort, soul; for know, indeed,
That great Pan never dies!

Henry Peterson, in "Deus in Natura."

THE DECLINE OF POLITENESS.

WE may admit at once that the elaborate courtesies of our grandfathers have been superseded by a hurry, restlessness, and self-assurance that are antagonistic to all stately ceremonies, and that in this transition social caste has been lost, and social barriers broken down, and many beautiful and significant symbols pushed out of recognition. But, in conceding so much, we must also remind ourselves that every age produces its own manners, and that therefore it would be manifestly unjust to judge those of the present era by a standard of one hundred or even of fifty years ago.

The manners of this world, like the fashions of it, are constantly passing away. Certain fundamentals in both cases remain; but every generation has its own expression of what is movable; and the causes of this variety lie deeper than any book of etiquette has ever dreamed of: they blend themselves with the national history and the national characteristics arising out of that history, the manners of all epochs being the flower of the special development of the humanity of that epoch. One hundred years ago, men had not to compete with steam and electricity; they had time to bow; they could afford to frame elaborate compliments; they could easily interrupt the even tenor of their occupations to discuss the health and the domestic movements of a friend's family.

Now we are all in a hurry, and we must be in a hurry, or fall behind the marching order of the day. A very courteous man is a bore. Men rushing to the Stock Exchange or the office cannot stop to bandy bows and polite family inquiries. Women desperately in earnest with their lives cannot be troubled with civil platitudes which are common property, though each would stop to listen to a few words meant for her alone. Words which mean nothing but politeness are now inexpressibly tiresome, and only maiden ladies with settled incomes have time for them; the busy world is content with a few sentences of good-natured chaff, and passes on without reflecting that chaff easily falls into familiarity and impertinence.

Another reason for the decline of politeness is found in the fact that wealth now pushes itself everywhere, and cultured society suffers by the introduction of persons whose only claim to recognition is that they have made money. Making money does not necessarily make a man vulgar, but pushing does. Nobody is vulgar in his natural place, but wealth has discovered that the kingdom of fashion may be taken by violence, and so gold pushes, and shouts, and advertises itself, and does as Thackeray advised: "If you want to be asked anywhere, ask to be asked." And in this crowding, shoving, and vulgarity of push, courtesy is lost, and unselfishness—the fundamental quality of fine manners—becomes the very excellence that is *not* wanted.

Yet even this change is not altogether deplorable. It is this national push that has filled the wilderness with cities, and turned deserts into

corn-fields. And in a progress almost revolutionary in its pace, there has been no time to keep the hat in the hand and to be picturesque and elegant. The newly rich, hot from the struggle of the market-place, have the stiffness and artificial polish of their brand-new furniture; they are restless and assertive, and fluent unreserve, effusive cordiality, rapacious egotism, are their chief characteristics. How can fine manners spring from such a moral condition? And if it is intimated that a *parvenu* people bear a strong resemblance to a *parvenu* individual, the suggestion need not be taken to mean anything derogatory or offensive.

Most social evils are retrievable, unless women take part in them; but in the general decline of politeness women are undeniably "in the transgression." They have airily permitted that indescribable moral phenomenon called "the tone of society" to be lowered. Their habits of gregarious fastness have been constantly more daring and reckless. In the middle classes, women have gradually identified their work with the work of men, and in this social disturbance the most delicate graces of life are being lost. Women's work is indeed an immense gain to the community in working power; but chivalry and tender reverence for women began in an age that knew nothing of strong-minded, strangely-dressed females, voluble and exacting, elbowing their male competitors in the market-place, in the courts, in the dissecting-rooms, and in the halls of colleges. The very element of rivalry makes chivalry meaningless and impossible.

In another respect women are to blame. They have permitted the practical ignoring of that law which commands home courtesy. Children are not now taught to honor their father and their mother; and neither the tone of society nor its securities have been improved by neglecting those domestic good manners which sweeten and strengthen life at its very roots. This dereliction supposes another,—rude fathers and nagging mothers, who replace their artificial public manners with icy sarcasms, provoking silences, and irritable complainings at home. And true politeness depends upon an *undeviating habit.* No man is polite enough, no man is human enough, whose public courtesies have not their origin in the gracious sweetness generated upon his own hearth.

Unfortunately, we are apt to assume, with Rousseau, that "nature is a holy thing," and that people naturally know how to behave themselves, or else we believe that good manners will of course follow a good education. But the general idea of education is the passing an examination in some book-learning. No one thinks of subjecting children to discipline, of teaching them obedience, truthfulness, honest dealing, sympathy for suffering, respect for honorable old age. Yet if we do not have these virtues in greater perfection than they existed in preceding generations, what becomes of our vaunted education? It is, indeed, the relaxed discipline, the diminished respect for authority, the encouragement of luxury, the going out of fashion of industry, contentment, and thrift, united with mere book-learning, that has made the working classes everywhere discontented, covetous, dishonest, without pride in their work, every year doing it more reluctantly, more scampishly, more dishonorably.

Education is a moral training as well as a bookish acquirement; and in this moral training too much neglect is shown for the social rules of gesture, which centuries of human experience have proved to be necessary. Mischiefs enough come of careless and impertinent language; familiarities of manner are still more dangerous. Bows, courtesies, costumes, ceremonies, have an enormous moral value. The natural inequalities that exist between father and son, teacher and scholar, soldier and officer, must have forms to represent them; gestures of respect are necessary to discipline; and without discipline society would rest on the gospel that all men, women, and children are equal, —that the privileges of one sex or age are the rights of all; and this brings us to that anarchy of creed, opinions, and usages which is the millennium of advanced radicalism. But infant-school teaching shows us how important the gestures of the body are to the training of the mind; and any one can see what different beings are the soldier standing at attention and the lout lounging through his existence.

This is an age of transition, and an age out of proportion; and between its exigencies and our faculties there is a discrepancy that leaves us neither time nor strength for mere formalities of speech or deeds. Money rules everything, and no one can escape its yoke; and money scorns the quiet habits of the old world; it pulls the old social machine to pieces, puts what was below above, and the ancient surface of society, so skilfully levelled, is made to sink and swell at random. Money flies here and there, comes in a night, vanishes in a morning, constructs, demolishes, mingles, and confuses everything, and we suffer because we oppose to this transition all the rigidity of former habits.

But the next generation will know how to put things in their proper place. Our heads ache, we are weary, the neuralgia at which our ancestors would have laughed tortures our fretted nerves; we have, indeed, fits of strange energy, but, for all that, we have not health. Our children will take things differently. Look at them already! What upsets us does not disturb them. We run, they sit. They will cultivate indifference; they will not rush about the world; they will rest; they will not suffer anything to worry or disarrange them. They will close their ears and their doors, and do very well. Then their minds will regain the elasticity, the will, and the suavity we have been compelled to let go, or to spend upon the mere task of getting through life.

But until this time arrives naturally there is great danger of our losing in the struggle that exquisite something which alone makes us human enough. There is real social danger in discarding all forms of civility, and even some antiquated costumes and ceremonies. They are the symbols of order and of safety; and if they are removed from the growing generation, as well as neglected by our own overworked selves, then we voluntarily take off powerful checks from brutal passions, and we may gird up our loins to meet such evil days as we have at present no conception of. The soldier's uniform, the sailor's peculiar garb, the nun's veil, the clergyman's cloth, the civil oath, the attitude of prayer, the bridal veil, the marriage-ring, the sign of the cross,—these, and many other kindred forms and symbols,

are the rivets and bolts that keep home and society from falling into chaos.

But before deeds come words; and here again women are to blame, because of the perversion of language they not only permit, but practise. Slang is a note of savagery on our hearths and in our drawing-rooms. It replaces the easy grace of courtesy by a familiarity often tinged with indelicacy, and is incompatible with that respect and deference that the noblest ideal of womanhood demands. And coarse speech is speedily followed by loose manners. No pure woman will speak a lingo into which it would be a kind of blasphemy to translate the Ten Commandments and the Apostles' Creed. There is something painfully grotesque in imagining a jolly girl of the period talking slang to the babe on her knee; and all good men must frown down such a degradation of the world's-mother.

As far as this generation deserves blame for its rude, careless, selfish manners, both sexes are guilty: men positively so; women—because of their higher moral position—superlatively so. Nor is it in man materially to raise the degraded standard. A noble age produces noble manners; but this is an age devoted to the worship of Mammon, "the least erected" of all the spirits that rule us. The meanness and thinness of men's aims make them small and flippant; for at present they have no large national or religious interest to give them size and demeanor. Men filled with grand ideas have naturally fine manners; men wrapped up in a bank-book have fine manners to cultivate. For private acquisitions impart only a mean ostentation, and an egotism that whispers its own affairs and will listen to nothing else. As far, then, as men are concerned, the situation of to-day is unfavorable; even the unusual demand for travel is against their politeness. Travel used to be the final polish to a fine manner; now we have only to frequent railway-stations and hotel dining-rooms to believe that policemen would be the proper arbitrators of etiquette among well-dressed travelling people.

The real responsibility for the high social tone of any nation rests with its women. Men left without womanly restraint revert quickly to a bull-dog have-and-keep-my-own way. If, then, the manners of an epoch are greatly below what they have a right to be, the cure for this social disorder rests altogether in the hands of its women. It would be as useless to tell a negro to change his skin as to tell a snob to be a gentleman, but in the presence of a pure, lofty-minded woman he would be compelled to behave with gentleness and unselfishness or to leave her society. Women influence, for good or for evil, every man they come in contact with; and if they are good women their purity hedges them round with such divinity that men, though stained to the soul with ledgers and money-bags, will

> Bend to the goddess manifest again.

And undoubtedly the first step towards this noble manifestation of woman's power to reform manners will be her rigorous refusal to speak or to listen to slang. It is manifestly also to her own highest interest;

for when speech becomes unruly, when assertion and denial lose all value, and truth and falsehood masquerade in undistinguishable forms, then she is nigh to familiarities of manner fatal to her purity and her honorable wooing; for

> Love's perfect blossom only blows
> Where noble manners veil defect:
> Angels may be familiar; those
> Who err, each other must respect.
>
> *Amelia E. Barr.*

MY LOVE AND I.

I DREAMED, last night, that we were afloat,
My love and I, in a fairy boat;
The troubles of life we had risen above,
And had naught to do save dream of love.

The crescent moon was our fairy boat;
On the soft white clouds we seemed to float,
While far in our wake the Milky Way
A gleaming flood of glory lay.

My oar-blades rose and fell in the tide,
Scattering moonbeams on every side.
Happier far than the gods were we
To float on that boundless, starry sea.

Music divine fell from above,
Whose every note was a breath of love.
A discord rude on the music broke,
The glory vanished, and—I awoke.

Yes, awoke to the old, hard-working life,
With its endless worry and toil and strife;
But through the darkness shines one gleam,—
The memory of that golden dream.

And oftentimes, as I close my eyes,
Once more I am back in Paradise,
Once more my love and I do float
On the fleecy clouds, in a fairy boat.

Albert Payson Terhune.

THE TRIUMPH OF MOGLEY.

MR. MOGLEY was an actor of what he termed the "old school." He railed against the prevalence of travelling theatrical troupes, and when he attitudinized in the bar-room, his left elbow upon the brass rail, his right hand encircling a glass of foaming beer, he often clamored for a return of the system of permanently-located dramatic companies, and sighed at the departure of the "palmy days."

A picturesque figure, typical of an almost by-gone race of such figures, was Mogley at these moments, his form being long and attenuated, his visage smooth and of angular contour, his facial mildness really enhanced by the severity which he attempted to impart to his countenance when he conversed with such of his fellow-men as were not of "the profession."

Like Mogley's style of acting, his coat was old. But, although neither he nor any of his acquaintances suspected it, his heart was young. He still waited and hoped.

For Mogley's long professional career had not once been brightened by a distinct success. He had never made what the men and women of his occupation designate "a hit," or even what the dramatic critics wearily describe as a "favorable impression." This he ascribed to lack of opportunity, as he was merely human. Mr. and Mrs. Mogley eagerly sent for the newspapers on the morning after each opening night and sought the notices of the performance. These records never contained a word of either praise or censure for Mogley.

Mrs. Mogley had first met Mogley when she was a soubrette and he a "walking gentleman." It was his Guildenstern (or it may have been his Rosencrantz) that had won her. Shortly after their marriage there came to her that life-ailment which made it impossible for her to continue acting. She had swallowed her aspirations, shedding a few tears. She lived in the hope of his triumph, and, as she had more time to think than he had, she suffered more keenly the agony of yearning unsatisfied.

She was a little, fragile being, with large, pale-blue eyes, and a face from which the roses had fled when she was twenty. But she was very much to Mogley: she did his planning, his thinking, the greater part of his aspiring. She always accompanied him upon tours, undergoing cheerfully the hard life that a player at "one-night stands" must endure in the interest of art.

This continued through the years, until last season. Then, when Mogley was about to start "on the road" with the "Two Lives for One" company, the doctor said that Mrs. Mogley would have to stay in New York or die,—perhaps die in any event. So Mogley went alone, playing the melodramatic father in the first act, and later the secondary villain who in the end drowns the principal villain in the tank of real water; while his heart was with the pain-racked little woman pining

away in the small room at the top of the dingy theatrical boarding-house on Eleventh Street.

The "Two Lives for One" company "collapsed," as the newspapers say, in Ohio, three months after its departure from New York; this notwithstanding the tank of real water. Mogley and the leading actress overtook the manager at the railway-station as he was about to flee, and extorted sufficient money from him to take them back to New York.

Mogley had not returned too soon to the small room at the top of the house on Eleventh Street. He turned paler than his wife when he saw her lying on the bed. She smiled through her tears,—a really heart-rending smile.

"Yes, Tom, I've changed much since you left; and not for the better. I don't know whether I can live out the season."

"Don't say that, Alice, for God's sake!"

"I would be resigned, Tom, if only—if only you would make a success before I go."

"If only I could get the chance, Alice!"

As the days went by, Mrs. Mogley rapidly grew worse. She seemed to fail perceptibly. But Mogley had to seek an engagement. They couldn't live on nothing. Mrs. Jones would wait with the daily increasing board-bill, but medicine required cash. Each evening when Mogley returned from his tour of the theatrical agencies, of Fourteenth Street and of Broadway, the ill woman put the question, almost before he opened the door,—

"Anything yet?"

"Not yet. You see, this is the bad part of the season. Ah, the profession is overcrowded!"

But one Monday afternoon he rushed up the stairs, his face aglow. In the dark, narrow hall-way on the top floor he met the doctor.

"Mrs. Mogley has had a sudden turn for the worse," said the physician, abruptly: "I am afraid she won't live until midnight."

Doctors need not give themselves the trouble to "break news gently" in cases where they stand small chance of remuneration.

Mogley staggered. It was cruel that this should occur just when he had such great news. But an idea came to him. Perhaps the good news would reanimate her.

"Alice," he cried, as he threw open the door, "you must get well! My chance has come. The 'tide which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune,' is here."

She sat up in bed, trembling. "What is it, Tom?"

"This. Young Hopkins asked me to have a drink at the Hoffman this afternoon, and, while I was in there, Hexter, who managed the 'Silver King' company the season I played Coombe, came in, all rattled. 'Why this extravagant wrath?' Hopkins asked, in his picturesque way. Then Hexter explained that his revival of Wilkins's old burlesque on 'Faust' couldn't be put on to-night, because Renshaw, who was to be the Mephisto, was too sick to walk. 'No one else knows the part,' Hexter said. Then I told him I knew the part; how I'd played Valentine to Wilkins's Mephisto when the piece was first produced, long

before these Gaiety people brought their 'Faust up to Date' from London. You remember how, as Wilkins was given to late dinners and too much ale, he made me understudy his Mephisto, and if the piece had run more'n two weeks I'd probably have had a chance to play it. Well, Hexter said, as everything was ready to put on the piece, if I thought I was up in the part he'd let me try it. So we went to Renshaw's room and got the part, and here it is."

"But, Tom, burlesque isn't in your line."

"Isn't it? Anything's in my line. 'Versatility is the touchstone of power.' That's where we of the old stock days come in! Besides, burlesque is the thing now. Look at Leslie, and Wilson, and Hopper, and Powers. They're the men who draw the salaries nowadays. If I make a hit in this part, my fortune is sure."

"But Hexter's Theatre is on the Bowery."

"That doesn't matter. Hexter pays salaries."

Objections like this last one had often been made, and as often overcome in the same words.

"And then, besides—— Why, Alice! what's the matter?"

She had fallen back on the bed, with a feeble moan. He leaned over her. Slowly she opened her eyes.

"Tom, I'm afraid I'm dying."

Then Mogley remembered the doctor's words. Alice dying! Life was hard enough, even when he had her to sustain his courage. What would it be without her?

The type-written "part" had fallen on the bed. He pushed it aside.

"Hexter and his Mephisto be d—d!" said Mogley. "I shall stay at home with you to-night."

"No, no, Tom: your one chance, remember! If you should make a hit before I die, I could go easier. It would brighten the next world for me till you come to join me."

Mogley's weaker will succumbed to hers. So, with his right hand around Mrs. Mogley's wrist, turning his eye now and then to the clock in the steeple which was visible through the narrow window, that he might know when to administer her medicine, he held his "part" in his left hand and refreshed his recollection of the lines.

At seven o'clock, with a last pressure of her thin fingers, a kiss upon her cheek, where a tear lay, he left her. He had thought she was asleep, but she murmured,—

"May God help you to-night, Tom! My thoughts will be at the theatre with you. Good-by."

Mrs. Jones's daughter had promised to look in at Mrs. Mogley now and then during the evening and to give her the medicine at the proper intervals.

Mogley reported to the stage manager, who showed him Renshaw's dressing-room and gave him Renshaw's costume for the part. His mind ever turning back to the little room at the top of the house, and then to the words and "business" of his part, he got into Renshaw's red tights and crimson cape. Then he donned the scarlet cap and plume, and pasted the exaggerated eyebrows upon his forehead, while

the stage manager stood by, giving him hints as to new "business" invented by Renshaw.

"You have the stage to yourself, you know, at that time, for a specialty."

"Yes. I'll sing the song Wilkins did there. I see it's marked in the part, and the orchestra must be 'up' in it. In the second act I'll do some imitations of actors."

At eight he was ready to go on the stage.

"May God be with you!" re-echoed in his ear,—the echo of a weak voice put forth with an effort.

He heard the stage manager in front of the curtain announcing that, "owing to Mr. Renshaw's sudden illness, the talented comedian Thomas Mogley had kindly consented to play Mephisto, at short notice, without a rehearsal."

He had never heard himself called a "talented comedian" before, and he involuntarily held his head a trifle higher as the startling and delicious words reached his ears.

The opening chorus, the witless dialogue of secondary personages, then an almost empty stage, old Faust alone remaining, and the entrance of Mephisto.

Some applause that came from people who had not heard the preliminary announcement, and whose demonstration was intended for Renshaw, rather disconcerted Mogley. Then, ere he had spoken a word, or his eye had ranged over the hazy, lighted theatre on the other side of the foot-lights, there sounded in the depths of his brain,—

"My thoughts will be at the theatre with you!"

There were many vacant seats in the house. He singled out one of them, on the front row, and imagined she was in it. He would play to that vacant seat throughout the evening.

In all burlesques of "Faust" the *rôle* of Mephisto is the leading comic figure. The actor who assumes it undertakes to make peeple laugh.

Mogley made people laugh that night, but it was not his intentional efforts at humor that excited their hilarity. It was the man himself. They began by jeering him quietly. Then the gallery grew bold.

"Ah, there, Edwin Booth!" sarcastically yelled an urchin aloft.

"Oh, what a funny little man he is!" ironically quoted another from a song in one of Mr. Hoyt's farces, alluding to Mogley's spare if elongated frame.

"He t'inks dis is a tragedy," suggested a Bowery youth.

But Mogley tried not to heed.

In the second act some one threw an apple at him. Mogley labored zealously. The ribald gallery had often been his foe. Wait until such and such a scene! He would show them how a pupil of the old stock companies could play burlesque! Song-and-dance men from "the varieties" had too long enjoyed undisputed possession of that form of drama.

But, one by one, he passed his opportunities without capturing the house. Nearer came the end of the piece. Slimmer grew his chance

of making the longed-for "impression." The derision of the audience increased. Now the gallery made comments upon his personal appearance.

"He could get between rain-drops," yelled one, applying a recent speech of Edwin Stevens, the comic opera comedian.

And at home Mogley's wife was dying,—holding to life by sheer power of will, that she might rejoice with him over his triumph. Tears blinded his eyes. Even the other members of the company were laughing at his discomfiture.

Only a little brunette in pink tights, who played Siebel, and whom he had never met before, had a look of sympathy for him.

"It's a 'tough' audience. Don't mind them," she whispered.

Mogley has never seen or heard of the little brunette since. But he anticipates eventually to behold her ranking first after Alice among the angels of heaven.

The curtain fell, and Mogley, somewhat dazed in mind, mechanically removed his red apparel, washed off his "make-up," donned his worn street attire and his haughty demeanor, and started for home.

Home! Behind him, failure and derision. Before him, Alice dying, awaiting impatiently his return, the news of his triumph.

"We won't need you to-morrow night, Mr. Mogley," said the stage manager, as he reached the stage door. "Mr. Hexter told me to pay you now. Here's your money for to-night."

Mogley took the envelope as in a dream, answered not a word, and hastened homeward. He thought only,—

"To tell her the truth will kill her at once."

Mrs. Mogley was awake and in a fever of anticipation when Mogley entered the little room. She was sitting up in bed, staring at him with shining eyes.

"Well, how was it?" she asked, quickly.

Mogley's face wore a look of jubilant joy.

"Success!" he cried. "Tremendous hit! The house roared! Called before the curtain four times, and had to make a speech!"

Mogley's ecstasy was admirably simulated. It was a fine bit of acting. Never before or since did Mogley rise to such a height of dramatic illusion.

"Ah, Tom, at last, at last! And, now, I must live till morning, to read about it in the papers!"

Mogley's heart fell. If the papers would mention the performance at all, they would dismiss it in three or four lines, bestowing perhaps a word of ridicule upon him. She was sure to see one paper,—the one that the landlady's daughter lent her every day.

Mogley looked at the illuminated clock on the steeple across the way. A quarter to twelve.

"My love," he said, "I promised Hexter I would meet him to-night at the Five A's club, to arrange about salary and so forth. I'll be gone only an hour. Can you do without me that long?"

"Yes, go; and don't let him have you for less than fifty dollars a week."

Shortly after midnight, the dramatic editor of that newspaper which

Miss Jones daily lent to Mrs. Mogley, having sent up the last page of his notice of the new play at Palmer's, was confronted by the office-boy ushering to the side of his desk a tall, spare, smooth-faced man, with a sober countenance, an ill-concealed manner of being somewhat overawed by his surroundings, and a coat frayed at the edges.

"I'm Mr. Thomas Mogley," said this apparition.

"Ah! Have a cigarette, Mr. Mogley?" replied the dramatic editor, absently, lighting one himself.

"Thank you, sir. I was this evening, but am not now, the leading comedian of the company that played Wilkins's 'Faust' at the —— Theatre. I played Mephisto." (He had begun his speech in a dignified manner, but now he spoke quickly and in a quivering voice.) "I was a failure,—a very great failure! My wife is extremely ill. If she knew I was a failure, it would kill her. So I told her I made a success. I have really never made a success in my life. She is sure to read your paper to-morrow. Will you kindly not speak of my failure in your criticism of the performance? She cannot live later than to-morrow morning, and I should not like—you see—I have never deigned to solicit favors from the press before, sir, and——"

"I understand, Mr. Mogley. It's very late, but I'll see what I can do."

Mogley passed out, walking down the five flights of stairs to the street, forgetful of the elevator.

The dramatic editor looked at his watch. "Half-past twelve," he said; then to a man at another desk,—

"Jack, I can't come just yet. I'll meet you at the club. Order devilled crabs and a bottle of Bass' for me."

He ran up-stairs to the night editor. "Mr. Dorney, have you the theatre proofs? I'd like to make a change in one of the notices."

"Too late for the first edition, my boy. Is it important?"

"Yes, an exceptional case. I'll deem it a personal favor."

"All right. I'll get it in the city edition. Here are the proofs."

"Let's see," mused the dramatic editor, looking over the wet proofs. "Who covered the —— Theatre to-night? Some one in the city department. I suppose he 'roasted' Gugley, or whatever his name is. Ah, here it is."

And he read, on the proof,—

"The revival of an ancient burlesque on 'Faust' at the —— last night was without any noteworthy feature save the pitiful performance of the part of Mephisto by a doleful gentleman named Thomas Mogley, who showed not the faintest perception of humor, and who was tremendously guyed by a turbulent audience. Mr. Mogley was temporarily taking the place of William Renshaw, a fun-maker of more advanced methods, who will appear in the *rôle* to-night. There are some pretty girls and agile dancers in the company."

Which the dramatic editor changed to read as follows:

"The revival of a familiar burlesque on 'Faust' at the —— Theatre last night was distinguished by a decidedly novel and original embodiment of Mephisto by Thomas Mogley, a trained and painstaking comedian. His performance created an abundance of merriment, and

it was the manifest thought of the audience that a new type of burlesque comedian had been discovered."

All of which was literally true. And the dramatic editor laughed about it later, over his bottle of white label at the club.

By what power Mrs. Mogley managed to keep alive till morning I do not know. The dull gray light was stealing through the window into the little room as Mogley, leaning over the bed, held a fresh newspaper close to her face. Her head was propped up by means of pillows. She laughed through her tears. Her face was all gladness.

"A new—comedian—discovered," she repeated. "Ah, Tom, at last! This is what I lived for! I can die happy now. We've made a—great hit—Tom——"

The voice ceased. There was a convulsion at her throat. Nothing stirred in the room. From the street below came the sound of a passing car and a boy's voice, "Morning papers." Mogley was weeping.

The dead woman's hand clutched the paper. Her face wore a smile.

Robert Neilson Stephens.

A FRAGMENT.

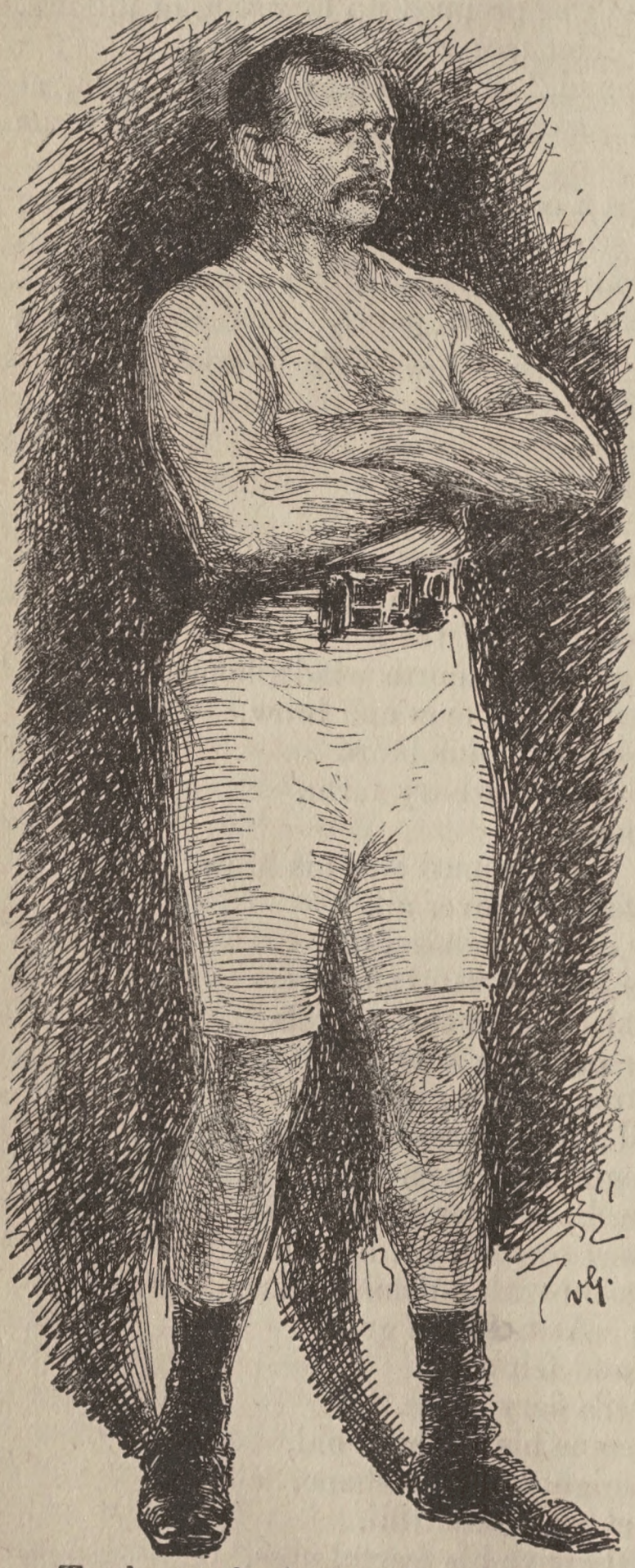
DEEP in the vast of Hymer's icy gorge,
Ringed by the roar of Ran and all her waves
Beating the stainless columns of the ice
That hold the domes above the north wind's home,
And glass gray Gymer's chilly eyes and brow,
And all the frozen thickets of his beard
Falling like snow around his wintry form,
Fierce Loki stood alone.
Seamed was his brow
With hate and utter fear, but over all
The rugged grandeur of his godhead old
And kinship with the highest fitful shone,
As shine across the dark the northern lights.
Now did he seem like one of giant race,
Vast as an iceberg, strong as granite stone,
And now he crouched a dark-born mountain Alf,
And glared, and thought, and, even with the thought,
Grew snarling were-wolf, warder of the wild,
Or fanged and venomed serpent, till his whim
Would make him woman with a demon heart,
Seducer of mankind. At times he grew
Into the giant steed, and felt again
The pain of Svadilfari's fiery chase.
Then at the last did come his godhead old,
And on him fell his mighty human shape,
Deadly and woful, but most beautiful.
His set brows frowned above his fearful eyes,
Enduring as the rock.

Daniel L. Dawson.

WITH THE GLOVES.

(BOXING.)

THAT there is no new thing under the sun may be fairly questioned when one is called on to write a defence of the art of self-defence.



At a time when Dr. Mackenzie, of London, is impelled to write an elaborate article on the use and abuse of athletics, for wide circulation, it will be well for persons who have made observations and had experience in the different lines of physical effort to say some words about their work and its method, in order to assist other explorers in the same paths.

It will be unnecessary to set forth, in any general way, the necessity for, and the beneficial effect of, regular and proper exercise. It is absolutely requisite for the well-being of man that he shall have a certain quantity of work, and this work should be systematized, arranged, and practised regularly in order to receive the greatest benefit from it.

The great remedies of nature are exercise, rest, air, and cleanliness. A just system of training will contain the proper use of all of these. The exercise one likes best, and that he finds most pleasure in, will be, of course, the best to choose; but it often happens that time and opportunity cannot be had for the desired practice, and then one must take the means nearest to hand.

To those who have only a moderate amount of leisure and opportunity, boxing should commend itself before all other forms of work.

Any one who undertakes a course of training and exercise for the strengthening of his body and the effort to acquire proficiency must make up his mind to persevere and systematize his work, which must be regular beyond all other things. No one can expect to excel in any line of work without system, and it is absolutely essential in the exercise of boxing. If the effort made is spasmodic and irregular, the benefit gained one day is lost in the next, the body and mind have to make each new day the original violent effort, and the training and work are continually irksome and will produce no lasting benefit.

All forms of exercise practised moderately are, of course, beneficial; but certain forms, if persevered in violently, may develop the muscles exceedingly at the expense of the vital organs. The hundred-yard dash, pole-vaulting, heavy weight lifting, heavy dumb-bell raising, are injurious work when carried to excess. In fact, these and kindred exercises should be practised as little as possible except in mild connection with other exercises.

The heart and lungs must not be overstrained or jarred too violently. Light quick work rather than heavy violent work is best. The muscular development of the cart-horse does not compare with the steel sinews and muscles of the race-horse. I would advise, by all means, as much as possible, symmetrical development of the muscles. Extraordinary size of biceps is not so necessary as proportionate development of muscle. There have been gotten up many different methods of exercise, and among these one of the "fads" has been what is called "Swedish movements." One of the first exponents of this system I ever met was a professional. By constant and finicky practice he had developed nearly every muscle in his body. Stripped, he looked enormously strong, but when an effort was required it was found that the very affluence of inferior, minor, and unnecessary muscles retarded rather than aided.

Moral, do not develop the minor muscles.

On one occasion, recently, I introduced an advocate of the Swedish movements to Mr. Fitzsimmons, the middle-weight champion of the world, and explained his athletic method. Mr. Fitzsimmons's reply was simply, "So he thinks wind of no value?"

Wind, or endurance of lung-power, is of far more value than muscular development, and, of course, any exercise that leaves lung-strengthening out is not of great service.

In boxing, lung-endurance, or wind, is of the first importance. Temperance and regularity are essentials. No one but a man who leads a moral, regular, and cleanly life, at some portions of his career, can expect to become a great boxer.

Any one, by attention to instructions, diet, temperance, and regularity, can acquire a fair knowledge of boxing, no matter what his size or strength, or lack of it, may be. It can be practised at any time and in any weather, winter or summer, and will strengthen the muscles and vital organs more gradually than any other work, giving firmness, flexibility, and agility to the body, and furnishing exercise to the mind and senses as well.

To acquire a little knowledge of this art, or indeed any other ex-

ercise, it would be well to begin soon after one is fifteen or sixteen years of age, as the muscles at that time are in need of regular exercise and will develop under the moderate and careful use of athletics as the body grows. Almost any teaching master can give the earlier positions, blows, and movements, and then it is easy to get some friend to box at school, college, or athletic club at proper times.

POSITION PRELIMINARY TO THE LEFT HIGH HIT.

For the benefit of those who may not have had the knowledge of the movements, I will give a description of some few blows.

The position should be taken easily and gracefully, the muscles alert but relaxed, the left hand and foot advanced, and the left foot pointed nearly straight in front and at right angles to the right foot. The latter should be somewhat bent from the knee and held near enough to the left foot to brace it and the body and yet move with ease and strength. If any movement is made it is necessary to get the feet back again to this position as rapidly as possible. The left arm should be about a half-arm position, and the right hand should be held lightly over the breast, ready to hit or guard.

The picture of John H. Clark, light-weight, on page 103, gives an excellent boxing position.

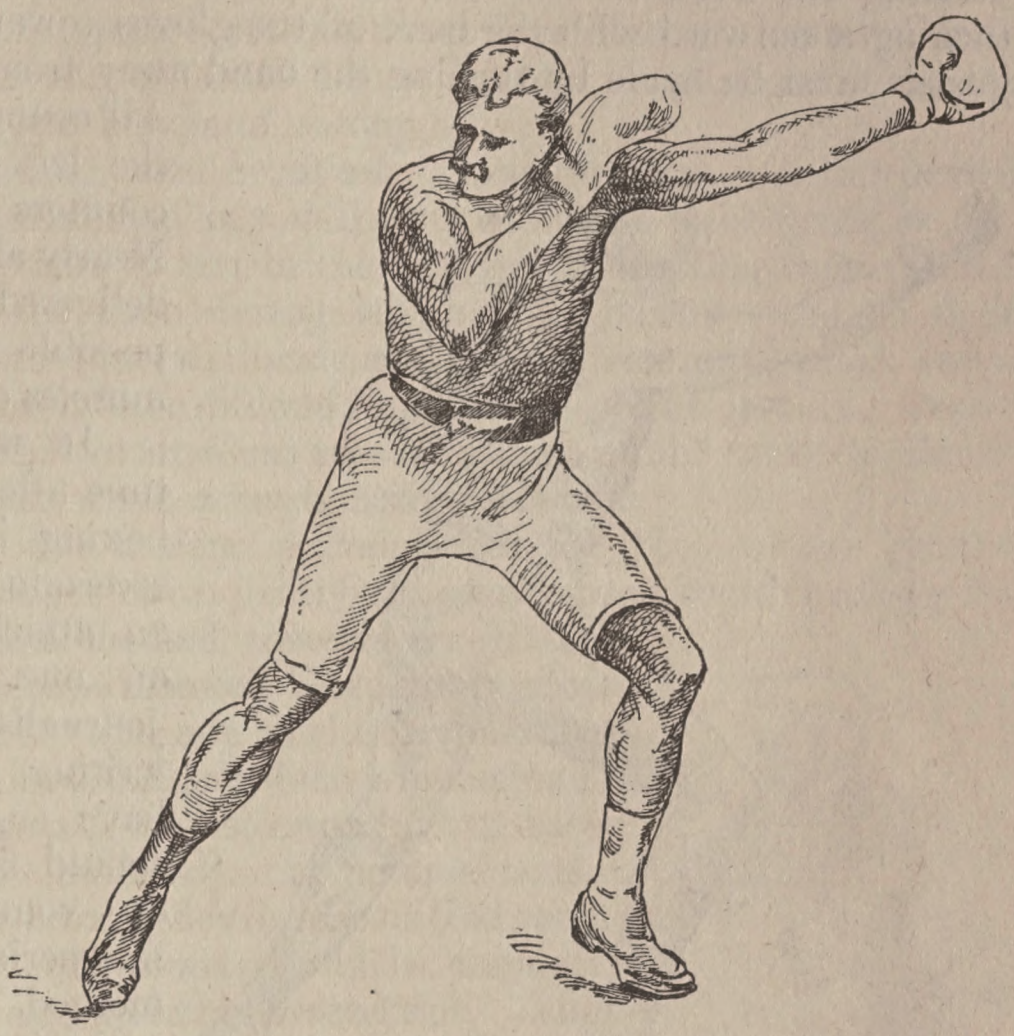
At this point it may be well to state what constitutes the different divisions of boxers by weight.

Bantam weight is seven stone, or ninety-eight pounds. Feather-weight is eight stone, or one hundred and twelve pounds. Light weight is nine and a half stone, or one hundred and thirty-three pounds. Middle weight is eleven stone, or one hundred and fifty-four pounds. Above one hundred and fifty-four pounds is heavy weight. Welter weight is a term borrowed from horse-racing, and means in light welter weight one stone above the scale, and in heavy welter weight twenty-eight pounds, or two stone, above the scale. The scale means weight for age in horse-racing, and varies from two years old to five years old and *aged* horses.

The most vital spots on which a blow can be delivered are the edge of the jaw and the pit of the stomach. A blow on the latter is sometimes fatal. The blow on the former is most generally used in four-round bouts. It need not be a very hard blow. A man can easily knock himself out by hitting himself smartly in the side of the jaw with his right hand. I have seen two men go out together, both swinging the right hand and landing at the same time. The knock-out blow is not necessarily painful. One is simply asleep for a little while.

The rules under which boxing was practised for so many years were called "London Prize-Ring Rules." These rules permitted wrestling to a certain extent, but no hold could be taken below the waist. A ring twenty-four feet square was used in all contests.

The lead or left high hit is done with the left hand, the left foot being advanced as far as possible, the body rising up on both toes, the head bending and turning to the right so as to avoid a cross-counter or swinging blow, and the body turning at right angles to the opponent, so that one gets half the width of his body with his reach. The left foot being raised on the toes and moving forward as the blow is delivered, will give the spring by which one can jump backward out of danger. Try to gain strength enough in the calves to be able to box all the time on the toes instead of on the flat of the foot.



LEFT HIGH HIT DELIVERED, WITH GUARD FOR COUNTER.

The left high hit is the first blow taught in boxing, and its variations are difficult. It takes years to acquire this blow in all its force and skill. The old-style boxers, such as the English of twenty-five years ago, practised this lead depending mainly on their quickness to avoid a return, keeping the head well up, and guarding the face little or none. It is needless to say that it would be folly to attempt the blow in that way in these days.

The newer style of boxing, or what might be called the second period, came in with Jem Mace. It is the style now in use in Australia, though with many improvements, and has helped the people of that country to a number of victories in the ring.

The last and best style of boxing is that practised by John H. Clark, Charles Mitchell, and, to a certain extent, Robert Fitzsimmons,—although the latter bases his work on Mace's tactics.

At this point it should be evident that, no matter how much the body has to do in boxing, the mind must play no mean part. It is necessary to be a mind-reader to a certain extent to be a great boxer. Nor is this all: one must be able to divert and influence his opponent into the use of blows and into the proper position to receive the attack.

A well-formed body, reasonable courage and endurance, a quick eye, a mind quick to act and think, and muscles strengthened by work and

training, are requisite in boxing, and can be developed and acquired in its practice.

After the left high hit is acquired, a guard for it in a number of ways may be learned. The two quickest ways are by turning or ducking the head to one side and by guarding with the right hand, turning it outward with the back of the gloves towards the face. All guards must be made by turning the hand away from the body firmly.

BACK VIEW OF LEFT HIGH HIT.

All counters are done with the left hand; all cross-counters with the right. Nearly all blows should be delivered as straight as possible in a line with the muscles of the closed hand.

It will take a long time after the exercise of boxing is engaged in to ascertain or discern when an attack is being made on one. Some writers, journalists, and novelists writing on this subject have suggested that you should fix your eagle eye on your opponent and mesmerize him. If this method is tried persistently it may work for a round or two, but the eagle eye may get itself closed up. So, on the whole, I would respectfully advise the avoidance of any attempt at mesmerism in boxing. In spite of newspapers, don't try to hit any one in the jugular vein. Men have cut their throats and never touched that important blood-vessel, and it is just as well to let it alone. After one has boxed with a competent boxer for some months he will acquire an instinctive knowledge of an attack being made. Instinct is the thing on which the boxer places his reliance for intimations of an attack. This instinctive knowledge must be possessed by any one who wishes to become a good boxer; and after it is acquired the further acquisition of boxing becomes exceedingly easy.

The great difference among great boxers is in the use of feints.

Unless one is in play absolutely, he should never deliver a lead or other blow without a feint. A feint is of no value unless the blow follows it immediately, except in cases where it is necessary to feint to divert an attack or to get out of a corner. It is simply waste of strength.

The Fitzsimmons or Mace style of boxing is to wait for the opponent's attack and then make use of the attack to strike the opponent with a trick or counter-attack.

The Clark style is by feinting to *create* an attack for which there is a waiting counter-attack.

The latter I think the best style, but of course exceedingly difficult to learn, as you must get your opponent to make a certain attack or else by feinting discover at what part of your body his next blow will be aimed.

The space for magazine articles is so short that it is impossible to go into a detail of the different blows, guards, attacks, and tricks as practised by the great boxers of to-day.

No blow in boxing must be struck below the waist. A line drawn above the hips around the body will give about the waist-mark.

The rule as to time or rest in the London Prize-Ring rules made a round consist of the time during which both boxers stood on their feet. If a man went to his hands and knees, time was called, and a rest of thirty seconds was allowed. A round might last one second or ten minutes, and under these rules a contest might continue almost indefinitely; in fact, some contests lasted two days.

It is evident that a very skilful boxer by going to the ground often when in danger or in receiving punishment could prolong the contest to unreasonable and unnecessary limits, when boxing under the London Prize-Ring rules. It was only requisite that one should hit, and in the act of hitting he could fall, even a few seconds after starting a round, and so could get a half-minute's rest after each fall. It became necessary, as the art of boxing developed, to find some rules under which the contest could be certainly brought within a reasonable time-limit. This need produced and made popular the famous Marquis of Queensberry rules.

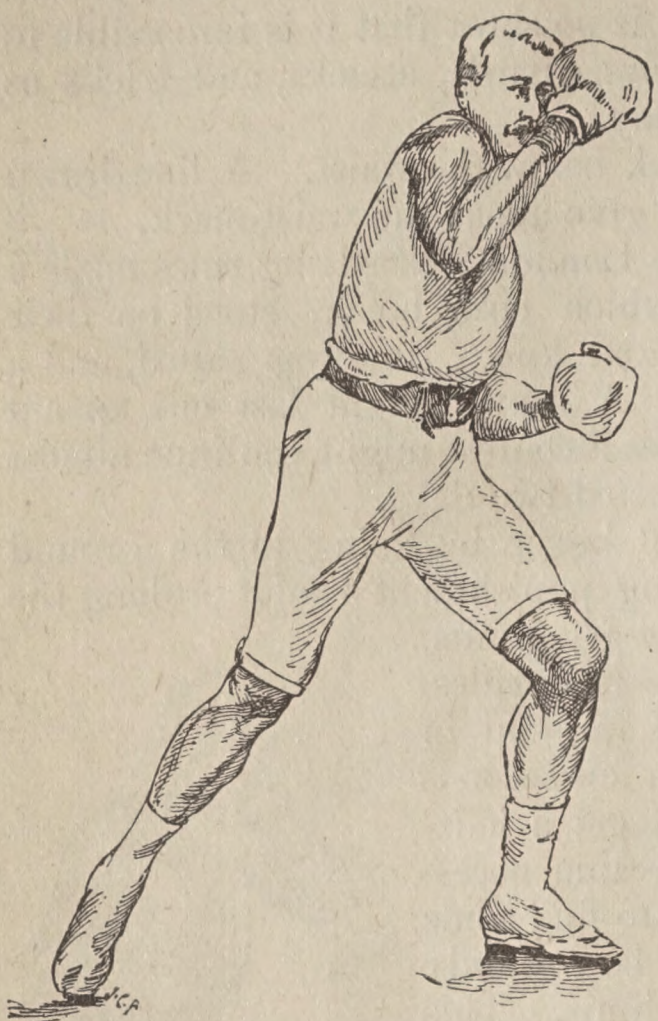
A GUARD FOR LEFT HIGH HIT.

Under these rules new gloves must be used, and the boxers must contest for three minutes, with but one minute rest between the rounds, which were ordered to be four in number. There have been devised numerous variations from these rules, but the main rules as to time and number of rounds are generally retained. No clinching or wrestling is allowed; and if a man fall to the ground, or be knocked down, his opponent must retire to his own corner and wait till his opponent arise, if he can; should the latter fail to arise at the call of time, after ten seconds have expired the contest is awarded to the man on his feet.

One great advantage of the Queensberry rules was the duration of the contest. This enabled the boxer to go in and fight far more rapidly than in a finish fight under the old rules, when, if he felt that he had a long contest before him, he would naturally reserve his force. In olden times the man who could endure punishment was regarded highly. To-day a boxer rather despises a man who has received very much

punishment. The ability to defend has been learned to such an extent that a skilful boxer even after a long and hard match shows little or no sign of hurt.

A boxer should enter into a contest first with the determination to win. He should not think, I must win in an hour, or two hours, or three; he should say to himself, I am here to win, and if it takes two days, or six, or a year, I propose to stay during that period. Do not be too anxious. Let the other side wear itself out in violent effort. Stay all the time.



CROSS-COUNTER HIGH.

A swinging blow may be used at times with great success, but it must be practised carefully, as it not only exposes one more, but is also liable to injure the bones of the hand and arm.

To acquire good bodily strength it is necessary to take other work besides mere boxing. Light dumb-bells used morning and evening quickly, Indian clubs, and a series of Swedish movements for the legs suggested by Professor Blaikie in his book on Athletics, which consist in rising up on the toes a great number of times to develop the calf and hip muscles, will all be found advantageous.

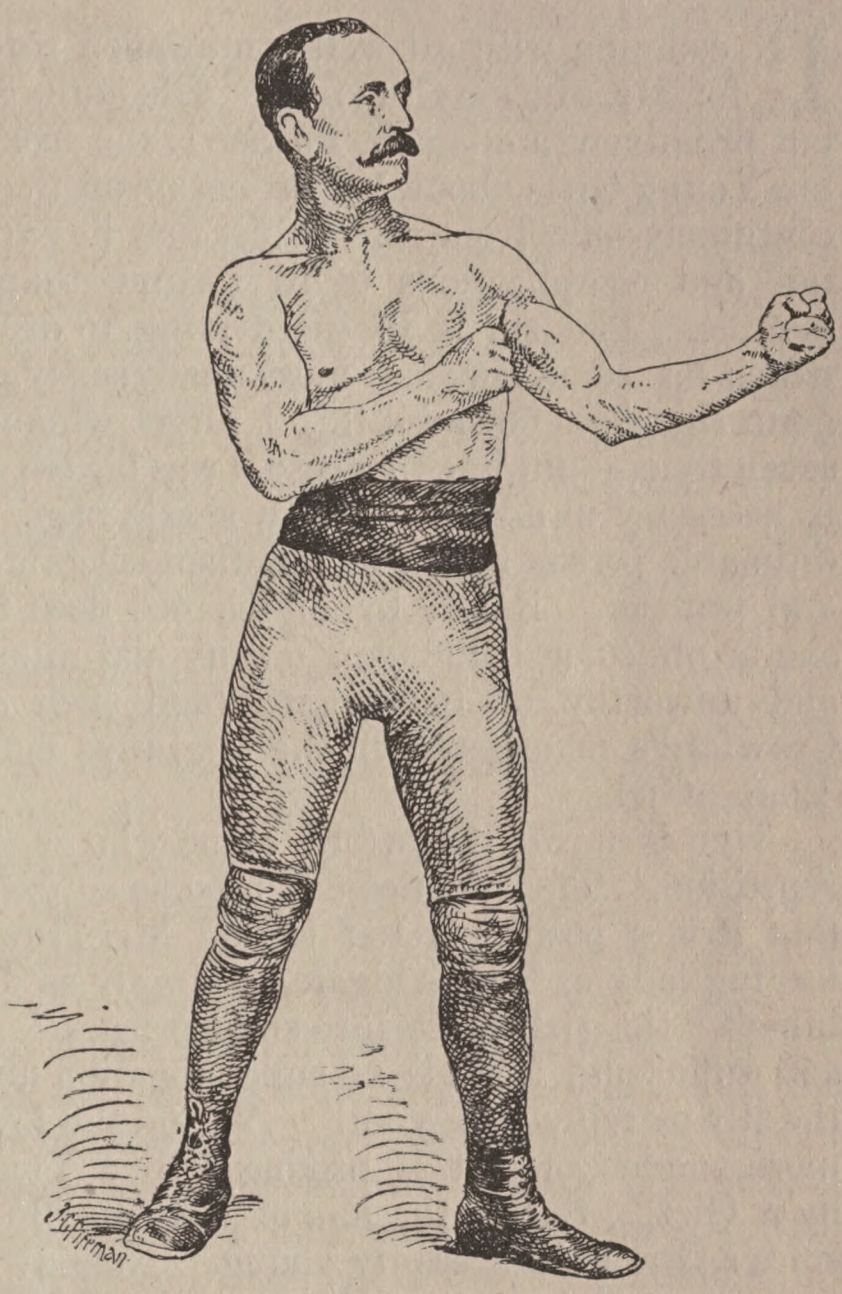
The best exercise in this connection, besides walking, is half-mile running, which gives strength to both the lungs and the legs. Bathing is the most important of hygienic means of keeping the body in good shape and health. The ordinary cold bath should be used by people in good health and after reasonable exercise, but never in case the reaction is not sufficient or complete. If the health is not good, great care should be exercised in the use of the bath. If the health is excellent, the cold bath is very desirable at all seasons, but not on arising in the morning, unless in a warm room, and the reaction must be had.

Russian baths are of great benefit in health. The steam room should first be visited for about ten minutes; then a cold shower should be taken, then the steam room again; then the rub should be had; and then the steam room should be visited again, and a plunge or shower taken, or a shower alone. The hot room should not be used at all.

An external alcohol rub after the Russian will assist the resistance to the possible effects of exposure after leaving the bath.

As this article purports to be a defence of boxing, it may be well to mention some of the reasons why boxing should be more generally practised than it is.

There is no reason that any one should receive severe blows in the practice of boxing, as gloves of good size can be used; and if one is fortunate enough to box with a great boxer he is as safe as though he were in a church, unless his conceit leads him to suppose that the time has arrived when he can give his preceptor a point or two; and even then he may change his mind soon after.



PROF. JOHN H. CLARK—BOXING POSITION.

Boxing develops the body uniformly and strengthens the lungs, gives confidence, and as much as anything else shows a man his limitations.

When a man has boxed with any great boxer, he realizes that other people can fight as well as himself, and that it is folly to waste effort in unnecessary quarrels.

One learns to discriminate between a just and an unjust quarrel. No good boxer will get into a quarrel that he can possibly avoid.

Further, should a quarrel be necessary, as it often is, he is fitted by training and practice to cope with one or more such persons as will put a quarrel on a man who wishes to avoid all trouble of that sort.

Boxing seems to me to be the best of all exercises for mind and body. So far from being difficult, it may be learned by women as well as men. If more people were well skilled in this exercise, fewer weapons would be carried, and the mind of man would be developed more in the direction of the art of self-defence than in that of attack.

Daniel L. Dawson.

"THE YOUNG GIRL."

IN common with all well-conditioned readers, I have a high respect for Mr. Marion Crawford. His faults are small beside his virtues; but prominent among the former is the reckless way in which he tosses his Young Girls about. I do not mean that he treats his heroines with contumely—far from it; nor yet that he exposes them to greater severities and complications of ill fortune than may properly befall any heroine. The sin is in his driving to death an inoffensive adjective which has somehow, and most unadvisedly, got itself associated with a noun that does not need it. I forget whether it was seventeen or only seven times—but in either case it was far too often—that he once thought it necessary to assure us, on a single page, as to the juvenility of the estimable person whom he was then celebrating. And such is his general practice. Rarely by any chance does he speak of a Girl: unless she be off color, below par in rank and mind, or otherwise unattractive and unworthy of our regard (and such seldom appear under Mr. Crawford's management), she is always emphatically and explicitly a Young Girl.

Nor is it Mr. Crawford alone who is guilty of this form of vain repetition. The practice has become so frequent among his colleagues that it is a positive relief to find Mr. Howells referring to his latest leading lady as Miss Aldgate, or simply as The Girl. "The girl loved him:" "the girl broke into sudden tears." This is manly, and direct, and sufficient; there is no supererogation about it, no striving to paint the lily or rejuvenate youth. Would the love be any warmer, the tears more sudden or salt, if produced by a Young Girl instead of simply by a Girl? Surely the loss of the superfluous epithet is wholly gain, since a Girl is of necessity young. Nobody speaks of "a young boy;" and why not that as well as the other? Nor do we hear of Middle-aged Girls at all, nor of Old Girls except from jesters of the kidney of Full-Private James, who are given to jokes of doubtful taste. When a word has a fixed and definite meaning, it is made no clearer by a gloss; nor is it laudable in writers of repute, who are supposed to settle or improve our lingual usages, to becloud and confuse them thus.

It is not difficult to dip far enough into the novel-making mind to hit the probable motive of this tautologism. In Mr. Crawford, and, one may trust, in some of his brethren, it arises from a feeling of mistaken chivalry. Not that the feeling is mistaken, but this particular expression of it is. They wish, as Christian gentlemen and advanced thinkers of these last years of the nineteenth century, to treat their feminine characters, who are usually admirable and delightful persons, with all due and possible respect; and they are haunted by the lurking ghost of a brigandish notion that the word Girl is not sufficiently respectful. But why? It is not the equivalent of Fellow. It is or should be as much on a par with Woman as the species can be with the genus. To be sure, there are those for whom Woman is not fine enough; who

must have their Salesladies, and presently their Washerladies, and who would ask this Lady if she will have this Gentleman to her wedded husband. To such there may well be a covert taunt or suspicion of belittling about plain "Girl." But, even so, it is hard to see how they mend the matter by lugging in the useless adjective, since Girl means simply a young unmarried woman. If they must struggle to be remote and superfine, they should say "Young Lady," and then explain as often as they think desirable that she has not yet changed her patronymic.

Of course this is not exactly the trouble with the gentlemen (for, so far as I have observed, the ladies generally know better) who oppress us with their ever-recurring and never-ending Young Girls. Yet one may doubt whether they could define their difficulty more clearly. Can it be that they distrust our confidence in their veracity, or in that of their presumed informant, when we are assured that Clorinda is but seventeen, or nineteen as it may be? One telling is as good as fifty, and anxious iteration can only induce the doubt it would allay. Suppose she is a wee bit older, we shall but think the worse of her for trying to conceal the fact. It was a former era that received with awe Miss Sinclair's profound dictum that "a woman's reign is from seventeen to twenty." We would admit now that if a woman is extraordinarily beautiful, and witty, and wise, and amiable, and spirited, and tactful, and accomplished, and all the rest of it, her "reign," with her youth, may possibly last till twenty-five or so, even if she is not married; that her not being a Mrs. does not positively prove that she never had an opportunity of becoming such; that it is conceivable she may have a mind and a will of her own on this subject; and so on. Or even supposing that Youth had a defined limit, say at twenty-two, or twenty, or what you please, and that it were settled beyond cavil that Dulcinea is on the safe side of this dead-line: why insist on the fact, as if it were something singular and momentous? Youth is a precious attribute, but it can scarcely be called rare, even in the case of Girls. Beauty and wealth (to go no further) are less common; yet our novelists do not go on repeating, "The Beautiful Girl," or "The Rich Girl." Yet why not—when their heroines are happily thus endowed—if the other formula be correct? Even if it were not an inalienable mark of the class to which she belongs, and from which she can be removed only by the fatal stroke of Time or Matrimony, it seems but a small thing to make a fuss about, this mere every-day fact that a Girl is Young.

The Young Girl has a congener, who might be open to equal objection except that he is somewhat less familiar in our approved literature, of which he rather hangs on the outskirts than forms an integral part, —the Strong Man. He is usually found in tears, or in prayer, or otherwise under the temporary dominion of some emotion yet stronger than himself. Sometimes there is a number of him, as at a revival or the like, when the wave of feeling easily spreads; but he can play his part just as well singly. It seems to be considered that his physical condition makes his tears and prayers specially notable, and that it is very good and rather condescending in a muscular person to yield to the

ordinary stirrings of humanity, and be sorry when a friend dies or a battle is lost, just as if there were less of him by three inches and twenty pounds. Is not this a little unfair to the undersized and unpractised, not to say the dyspeptics and consumptives? Or, rather, is it not unfair to the Strong Man himself? He has just as good a right to be impressed by pathetic incidents or exciting news as the Weak Man has. As a matter of fact, endowments of the body are not known to have any remarkable influence on those of the heart: the gymnasium and the boating-club are less likely to put a stopper on the flow of feeling than are social training and mental culture, which affect the Strong Man and his feeble brother pretty much alike. Not to put too fine a point upon the argument, the Strong Man is mere clap-trap, and those who use him probably know it, but trust that their readers are not so well posted, or will not stop to think whether he has any meaning or not. He may do to tickle the ears of the groundlings, but he is several pegs below our best writers, and thus happily a back number in real literature.

The Young Girl is not clap-trap. If one is driven to characterize her, it must be as a small piece of imbecility, due to the momentarily arrested mental action or imperfect cerebration of her producers. Those who still parade and patronize her boneless appearances simply "didn't think;" when they take the trouble to consider, they will soon reform this abuse. Adjectives are useful tools, not to be flung about aimlessly, any more than verbs and nouns. They should be left to repose peacefully in the dictionary till they are wanted, and then put in only where they fit.

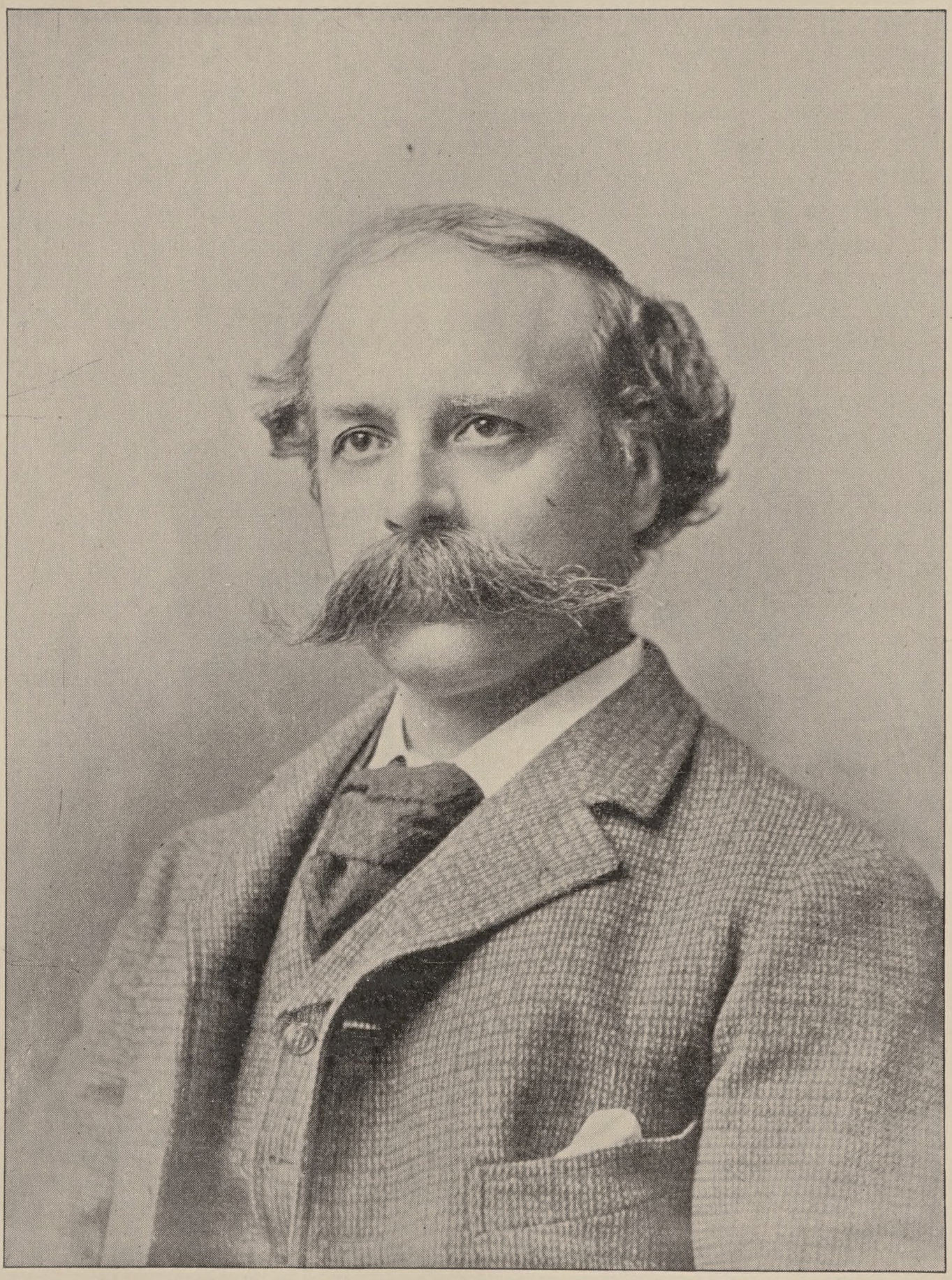
Frederic M. Bird.

AT DAWN.

EACH leaf, another wakening, sighs,
"Sweet sister, it is day!
The last night-blooming glory dies,
And wheresoe'er a petal lies,
The east grows warm and gray.

"The birds are still asleep; and yet,
Amid the silent throng,
Like dusky vapors that beget
The dew, dream-wingéd shades have set
The germs of heavenly song."

John B. Tabb.



Sidney Woollett

THE INTERPRETER.

(SIDNEY WOOLLETT.)

IN my study hangs an engraving of Alma Tadema's picture "A Reading from Homer." On a semicircular divan of white marble, in the open air of Greece, sit or recline three or four figures, one of them such a woman as only Tadema can portray. A youth, crowned with laurel, and half swathed in a white toga, leans forward with a scroll outspread between his extended hands. His lips are parted, his face kindles; you can almost hear the sonorous Greek roll forth in melodious rhythm on the balmy stillness of the afternoon. His audience is rapt: the eyes of all are fixed upon the reader, but they see, not him, but the scene which he interprets. Both audience and speaker have forgotten themselves: they are before the walls of windy Troy; they behold Hector and the great Achilles; the divine gods brighten through the cloud; then come the thunder of the captains, and the shouting.

In those old days, before books, poems and romances were carried in the memory, and were uttered with the living voice to eager ears. We hardly realize the situation. Backward three thousand years in the abysm of time, we had no shelves of volumes, we never read a page or wrote a line, our conceptions of the creations of genius were not vulgarized and materialized by association with print and paper. They were born for us through the noble modulations of the human voice, and were vivified by the flushing of the cheek, by the bending of the brow, by the sweeping arm and speaking hand. Thus they leaped full-panoplied into the regions of the imagination, out of which they also came; and poetry, to the ancient Greek, meant a very different thing from what the sagacious modern critic understands by that term. He speaks of the iambic tetrameter acatalectic, and thinks of feet and accents; the Greek knew only a joy of the ear, an ecstasy of the soul. Between the analytic and the creative attitude the gulf is just as wide as that between death and life. The heroic hexameters of Homer were the spontaneous expression of emotion and temperament; his words must needs marshal themselves thus, and not otherwise; the half-savage majesty of his conception naturally incarnated itself in this garb, and trod to this measure. A modern poet will go the other way about: in the effort to give an appearance of dignity to his ideas, he will take his dividers and his hand-book and point off his lines into the requisite lengths. The ass in the lion's skin. I shall indicate, presently, how the analytic method as applied to the verbal delivery of verse is open to a like objection.

It is hardly too much to say that the art of reading (*not* aloud, but to one's solitary self) has taken away from the human race as much happiness as it has bestowed upon it. It has led to the endless multiplication of vapid and redundant trash, and to our diligent assimilation of the same; it has associated the idea of noble verse with printed pages, and has even influenced the poets themselves, so that no one now can write as Homer sang, because our contemporary Homers know that

they are literary men, whereas the great, blind, innocent Homer never for a moment suspected such a thing of himself. He had the faculty of impassioned speech, that was all, but it was always speech, the telling of something to one man by another. Once spoken, it was gone, save that the fresh memories of those days would let nothing beautiful escape them, and what Homer uttered could not die. Nowadays the poet thinks of editions, of presentation copies, of wide margins, of bindings. Nowadays fools can buy him and lock him up in a glazed book-case. But in the old times no one could have Homer who did not deserve to have him; if the stately verses went in at one ear and out at the other, it was because there was nothing in the space between worth their staying for. While as for the poet, his poem was himself, and it was nothing else: it was his highest self. There was nothing between him and his auditor. There were no publishers, in short.

However, we are destined to pass through certain valleys in our pilgrimage. We are still deep in this valley of volumes and perusals and publishers: we shall escape at last, but whether soon or late, who can tell? Meanwhile we have actors, and platform readers and reciters, and quasi-impromptu speakers, small and big, down to the ward heeler mounted on his ash-barrel. There have always been speakers; and the Oriental improvisatores, though lacking the severity and reticence of the Homeric reciter, is yet a poor relation by blood-inheritance. As for the actors, they have a hard time of it; it is a marvel they do so well: each one is at the mercy of all the others, and all are in bonds to the text. The art of writing good stage dialogue is still inchoate: it must be natural; and yet when it is natural it is beneath the dignity of the drama, and must be elevated again to the proper pitch. Manifestly, the stage is not to blame for this, but the world of society, which is too loquacious and frivolous, and lives without regard to the compensations, keeping, and culminations of art. Only the esoteric essence of our life is now fit for dramatic representation; and the dramatists who can see and adequately portray that essence are—shall we say, he is?—not numerous. Yes, the stage is in difficulties.

There remains the public reader or reciter. This personage inspires terror similar to that which attends the advent of the book-agent. The latter, in private life, is probably an agreeable man; and why not the reciter, too? The trouble with them is, they are (in the practice of their trade) in a false position. The book-agent feels no real enthusiasm for his book: he has never read it, but he knows it must be trash, else the publisher would not go these lengths to get rid of it. The reciter is a peculiar creature: he is a skilled mechanic erecting himself in the shoes of genius; it is his business to make you believe that the genius in question would have stood and spoken thus. That is where his skilled mechanism comes in. Let us examine him more closely.

There was a man named Delsarte. A man more fatally plausible has seldom visited this planet. More people have made fools of themselves through his influence than he could have counted during his lifetime. His principle was admirable: let the body express the mind. To do that, the body must be in subjection to the will. No involuntary

movements. Every thought, impulse, emotion, must have its appropriate movement, expression, gesture, better suited than any other to its portrayal. What we have to do, is to fit the action to the word—as the word is already supposed to be fitted to the thought or emotion—from the beginning to the end of the chapter. A thorough and intelligent training is therefore indispensable. Having classified all the qualities of mind and heart, note the manner in which the body naturally responds to their stimulation, and train yourself to produce these responses correctly and instantly, at the fiat of the will. By untiring diligence and sleepless vigilance you may at length complete your dictionary, which for every word of the spirit gives the corresponding physical symbol. Modulations of the voice are, of course, included in these gymnastics. When all is done, your hitherto stiff and disobedient body will have become an organized eloquence: it will not only accurately express anything you feel, but it will go through the motions independent of the feeling. You may appear to the spectator to be all on fire with emotion, while in fact you are as it were asleep, or repeating the multiplication-table.

This is Delsartism. Is it not a good thing? Poison is a good thing, taken in reasonable doses. Koch's lymph cures lupus. Arsenic, up to a certain point, gives you a good complexion. Exercise, properly used, is excellent for mind and body. To have the body under the control of the will is excellent. Grace—the sense of balance and proportion in movement—is admirable. If you tumble out of a three-story window, it may serve you in good stead to have learned how to "let yourself go." The man who cannot control every muscle and group of muscles in his body is, in so far, a cripple.

But Delsartism does not stop here; and every step it takes beyond this is a step amiss. As soon as it aims to enable the body to supplant the spirit, it aims wrong. It mistakes its office every time it specifies a particular movement as the proper expression of a particular feeling. What is wanted is, not a dictionary, but an alphabet. I believe (but I am subject to correction here) that the Chinese have no alphabet: they make a separate figure for each word. Chinese is a Delsartian language. The indispensable things in true expression are the very things that Delsartism cannot give: they are spontaneity, sincerity, and individuality. The last is not the least important. No two people can express a given feeling in the same way. In the first place, the feeling itself is never the same in both,—nay, it is never twice the same in either. Secondly, the necessity that Delsartism is under of giving one formula for all persons obliges every one of those persons to be more or less false in his action. Some people laugh when they are amused; others look particularly solemn. Some people stare and tremble when they are frightened; others laugh. Which is right? The question is obviously absurd. Anything is right that is spontaneous and inevitable to the particular subject of the experiment. But may not an actor or a reciter "identify himself" with an imaginary alien character? To be sure he may; that is precisely his function. But his conception of that character must be his own conception; and, whatever it be, Delsarte can only deaden, never vivify, his interpretation of it.

I do not care to dwell longer on this point: I have said enough to make Delsartians indignant, and to indicate to sane persons the line of argument, which they can follow out for themselves. It is a stupid subject, unless you make fun of it; and my present purpose is serious.

What the reciter (we are not to discuss actors as such)—what the reader or reciter wants is to move his audience with his own emotion. Some men, good sparrers, get thrashed in a fight with a rough-and-tumble fellow. It is contrary to law and order, but it will sometimes happen. Sometimes, too, a man wholly untrained in Delsartism, or even in ordinary elocution, will move you to tears or make you faint with laughter, contrary to all rules. Did you ever hear Artemus Ward deliver his lecture? Probably you have never heard Tennyson recite "Maud" or "Morte d'Arthur." Neither of these gentlemen knew anything about Delsarte. Their methods are all wrong. But the spirit, the feeling—it is unique, never to be forgotten. You go away convinced, satisfied. You have experienced something real. You despise Delsarte ever afterwards. Or, did you ever hear a mother ask a fireman to go into a burning house to get her child? There is sincerity there, but voice, gesture, expression, are barbarous. At the moment, however, you do not observe this: you are with the mother, heart and soul.

Strong, hearty, intense emotion is the electric stimulus that carries all with it. It is a substitute for all else, and without it nothing else avails. This is not to say that eloquent gestures and sympathetic tones do not enhance true sentiment and feeling; it is to say that, of the two, it is the latter and not the former that are indispensable. Accustom your body to do your bidding, by all means; cultivate breath and voice to give true utterance to what the spirit moves; but avoid the fatal habit of putting forward the show when the informing soul is not behind it. To do so is the mark, not of the artist, but of the artisan and charlatan. The artisan imitates, and talks as the parrot talks: the artist interprets and creates; he is never twice the same. Alas! how wearisome are the tricks that we know to be tricks!—and we do know it, be they performed never so cunningly. But how refreshing and inspiring is the word rank from the heart, tingling with life and conviction, never till now revealed, like gold from the mine! It comes from a man, not from an automaton. It can be heard only here and now, for it is uttered not by talent, but by genius. The finest quality of all is always the unexpected, the indescribable, the inimitable quality; and this is born of immediate inspiration. The cultivation, the study, the labor, that the artist has brought to his work may not be less than that of the artisan; it may be more. But it is on a higher plane; it aims at nobler results; it does not contemplate doing without the soul, but, on the contrary, leaves to the soul the greatest effort: that must be foremost, let what will come next. Like the artisan, the artist speaks words that have been committed to memory; but he does not permit his memory to stand apart from himself. He fuses himself and it in one act of impassioned utterance, and thus the words become indeed his own, by right of marriage in art.

Let me leave generalities and bring forward a concrete illustration.

There is a reciter, as he calls himself,—an interpreter, as I prefer to call him,—who has been before our public for more than twenty years. Sidney Woollett, to my thinking, stands at the head of interpreters of English poetry. Nature has given him a sympathetic voice, of unusual power and compass; a countenance good to look upon, manly, harmonious, and sensitive; a slender and graceful figure; a quick, appreciative spirit. He has given himself a cultivated mind, a memory stored with the richest specimens of English poetry, a lofty ambition, and thorough technical training.

Mr. Woollett walks on the stage, and the stage ceases to seem like a stage, but immediately appears like a drawing-room. This, in itself, is a remarkable feat, and, for aught I know, Mr. Woollett may himself be unconscious that he performs it. A chair and a table are in the centre of the room: he stands by these, and confronts us with the air at once cheerful, serious, and thoughtful of a man of the world and a scholar.

He tells us, in a quiet, conversational tone, what he is going to do; and then, after a moment's pause, he proceeds to do it. And now the second feat or phenomenon occurs: Mr. Woollett disappears. We are looking straight at him,—and he is, as has been intimated, a very agreeable object of contemplation,—but we cease to see him. Why is this? I suppose it may be because we cannot give our attention to two things at once. Mr. Woollett is himself deeply interested in what he is reciting; he is not in the least interested in or solicitous about his own person; and he constrains us to adopt his attitude. As the theme evolves itself before the eyes of our imagination, the speaker vanishes: he is so completely in harmony with what he is saying—his own outlines, we might say, become so merged in those of his subject—that he seems to be absorbed into it. We never say "how beautifully he does it," but "how beautiful it is." Mr. Woollett makes himself the medium through which the impression, the picture, the sentiment, reaches us; and he will be nothing more. He is as the violin in the master's hands; when the bow strikes the strings, bow, violin, master, all pass in music out of sight.

By no ingenious movement, by no startling vocal acrobatism, by no laboriously finished "impersonation," does he for one moment recall us from the poem to himself. He is in movement always, if you compel yourself to investigate the matter; and you can perceive that his mind is most sensitively alive to each change and transition in the drama; but the physical signs by which he indicates this are so slight that we can scarcely say in what they consist. They are all-sufficient, because they are in the right direction; but they are strictly subordinated to the metaphysical part. In no respect is Mr. Woollett an acrobat: he is a man of taste and feeling, and a gentleman. When I see a fellow get on the stage and in the course of ten or fifteen minutes pretend to be half a dozen different people,—now roaring and stamping as the villain, now pleading and mincing as the woman, now giggling and mouthing dialect with the peasant, now pompous and short-winded with the judge,—of course I know that he is a humbug, and is feloniously attempting to involve my sympathies in a matter in which he himself is unconcerned.

The more skilfully he does it, the greater is the insult both to common sense and to art. But when a man like Sidney Woollett appeals to me, as one man to another, with no pretence of doing anything that any gentleman in a drawing-room may not legitimately and naturally do,—when he shows me meanings and beauties that I had not before appreciated,—when, instead of stripping the subject stark naked, as the Delsartians do, he envelops it in the deep artistic atmosphere the absence of which is vulgarity,—when, in short, he never exceeds the tone or the action that men in society employ to convey their meaning to one another, and yet contrives to so interest, captivate, melt, and thrill me that an hour and a half passes like five minutes,—then, of course, I know that I have been listening to a man of genius and of sincerity, who takes me nowhere that he does not go himself, who has felt what he makes me feel, and who loves Art so truly as to sink himself and give her the prominence and the glory.

That is the sort of interpreter Mr. Woollett is. I wish there were more of his sort; but I do not know of any others. He has the whole fantastic army of Delsartian charlatans arrayed against him; but I believe that intelligent people show by their attendance at his recitations that they know and are thankful for a genuine and good thing when, once in a generation or two, they get it.

Julian Hawthorne.

THE GUDEWIFE.

MY gudewife—she that is tae be—
O she sall seeme sang-sweete tae me
As her ain croon tuned wi' the chiel's
Or spinnin'-wheel's.
An' faire she'll be an' saft an' light
An' muslin'-bright
As her spick apron, jimpy laced
The-round her waiste.—
Yet aye as rosy sall she bloome
Intil the roome
(The where alike baith bake an' dine)
As a full-fine
Ripe rose, lang rinset wi' the raine,
Sun-kist againe;
Sall seate me at her table-spread,
White as her bread,—
Where I, sae kissen her for *grace*,
Sall see her face
Smudged, yet aye sweeter, for the bit
O' floure on it,
Whiles, witless, she sall sip wi' me
Luve's tapmaist-bubblin' ecstasy.

James Whitcomb Riley.

AGNES HUNTINGTON.

HER present triumphs and the brilliant possibilities of her future in the song-world entitle Agnes Huntington to more than passing mention. As an artist she has done much for her art, and English opera is greatly her debtor for its advancement to a higher plane. An American girl, proud of her country, her country is no less proud of her achievements. In social life Miss Huntington is seen even to greater advantage than upon the stage. To a commanding presence and clear-cut classic face she adds a charming personality and magnetism, and to a liberal education, an experience gained by European travel that renders an interview with her most interesting. Under all circumstances she is of the same equable temperament, always accessible to every one seeking her either from business motives or congratulatory desire, from the most humble member of her company to the greatest in it: her early trials have not soured her, and her triumphs have not spoiled her.

The history of her life comprises but few chapters, and, short though they be, they add only another illustration to the fact that natural talent developed by application and industry leads inevitably to success. Miss Huntington's girlhood was passed in the city of New York, where she was educated at a private school under the best tutors. Her rich contralto voice, not only noticeable in girlhood but a subject for wonder, is remarkable in its strength and beauty, and is inherited from her mother. Both from her own predilection and at the advice of earnest friends, who foresaw the great future before her, Miss Huntington decided to adopt the stage as a profession.

Vocation, adaptability, talent, and, above all, the years of patient industry required to educate one for the greatest of all arts, the expression of the human passions, are matters not always fully realized nor adequately considered.

The drawbacks and trials of her adopted profession, as well as its promised glories, were fully considered by Miss Huntington, and she determined to begin properly the training necessary to fit her for the position to which she aspired. She went to Dresden, where, under the greatest maestro of this day, she began her four years' musical course. "If I had indulged in any vanity regarding my musical talent, founded upon my two years' musical instruction in America," she said, smilingly, "my maestro, G. B. Lamperti, scattered it like snow-flakes on a windy wintry day, when he gravely assured me, on my vocal examination, that I at least had acquired no bad vocal habits, and that my voice was in a fair condition for rapid development. If I had much to learn, I had nothing to unlearn. I was in this respect better off than many, and there was consolation in this fact."

"These years of preparation," continued Miss Huntington, "were no child's play. They were years of constant and hard work, and of the many who began with me few remained the four years. I do not

now begrudge one moment I spent in the laborious study of vocal technique. The benefits I have derived from my patience and labor have been too numerous to detail."

How faithfully and diligently Miss Huntington worked in Dresden is evident not only from the high position she has attained almost at a bound, but from the close and conscientious attention to every detail which characterizes her course as the leading star on the English operatic stage. At the close of her musical course she appeared in concert in different cities in Germany, in Paris, and in London, winning at once most favorable notice and receiving everywhere the strongest endorsements of her worth. It was her intention to become a member of a grand opera company, either German or Italian, both of which languages she speaks and sings fluently, but by a seemingly fortuitous incident her plan was changed, and she adopted English opera, the school she has so much advanced and adorned. When Miss Huntington returned to America she found English opera in full vigor and favor, and after her appearance in one or two concerts, her dramatic ability and high musical culture being at once recognized, she received the most advantageous offers from alert managers of English opera, who recognized her worth. Such was the advent of Miss Huntington upon the English operatic stage, four years ago.

Her first season was with the Boston Ideals, the next with the Bostonians, in which she visited the principal cities of the United States and Canada, appearing in the leading *rôles* of the standard operas, for which her commanding presence and contralto voice eminently fitted her, and when on the evening of January 14, 1889, she made her London appearance in "Paul Jones," the London papers proclaimed her *début* a success unequalled by any singer of modern times, and her vocal efficiency, charming voice, and finished style the most notable acquisition to the English operatic stage they had welcomed in many years; and on the three-hundredth representation of "Paul Jones" the same papers united in saying that "Miss Huntington made a hit to begin with, and gained ground every time she repeated the part." Miss Huntington received honors and gifts from the highest and noblest, and from the richest and poorest; and some of the sweetest and most touching of her experiences during her stay in London were the letters and souvenirs signed "from your friends in the pit" and "from girls in a work-room," and embroideries and laces made by nurses in hospitals while watching by the bedsides of their patients. She says these letters are put away with those from the great and distinguished, whose names are familiar to all, who sent their tributes of admiration. Miss Huntington says she can always hear the cheers and see the faces of the hundreds who gathered around her carriage at the stage door, and shall never forget her pleased embarrassment to find bunches of flowers tied to the handle of her carriage door, and the interior so filled with flowers that she and her mother and maid had to fill their arms with the fragrant offerings before they could sit down. Another pleasant memory was the frequent visits of wedding parties, as it became the fashion for them to conclude the evening at "Paul Jones." And on those evenings her carriage was filled with

bouquets whose predominating color was white. Among her most cherished treasures are books of poems written by different celebrated poets, which she has had beautifully illuminated and bound in white vellum.

When Miss Huntington's year in London was finished, she determined to become a star and produce her own operas. Under the management of Mr. Marcus Mayer she began her career as a star last season in "Paul Jones" in New York, and she could have selected no better production. She asserts that her short experience convinces her that the public have grown tired of coarse fun and vulgarity and will patronize opéra comique that is clean and pure, with a story to tell, a consistent plot to unfold, and ennobled with good music and well-concerted orchestration, and that her ventures are made upon this assumption; and so far she has not been mistaken in her premises.

The laudable ambition of Miss Huntington as a caterer of operatic productions for the entertainment of the public leads her to constant novelty and progressiveness, and as a result she is presenting during the present season Planquette's latest work, "Captain Thérèse." As Miss Huntington personally superintends all of her own productions in every detail, the amount of labor which devolves upon her may be imagined, and her own description of her work in this respect may prove interesting.

"In every production," she says, "the most careful regard must be paid to historical unity and accuracy. The time, the place, and the scene represented, as well as the costumes and properties, must all correspond in detail to produce a perfect combined effect. I select my scenic designs and costumes from plates and paintings of the scene and time represented. The properties are modelled after antiques. These are all preliminaries, however. The selection and rehearsal of a company are the most exacting demands, and when the company is a large one, aggregating upwards of sixty people, the task is the most trying one imaginable. I recall the hot sultry days of last September, when we were rehearsing 'Captain Thérèse.' When every one who could afford it was at sea-shore or mountain retreat, in a hot, stifling, empty theatre by day and night I was rehearsing with my company, striving to obtain perfection out of seeming chaos. Musical bars and passages would be slurred, involving endless repetition, and details would be forgotten, only to be repeated without end."

In all her travels Miss Huntington is accompanied by her mother, who has proved her best friend and adviser, and between the two there exists the utmost devotion. With her company Miss Huntington is deservedly popular. If she is a strict disciplinarian, she is also generous, and the slightest complaint of any wrong or oversight finds her always a willing listener and quick to rectify any error. On the occasion of the disbandment of her company last season, a list was presented to her of the fines inflicted upon several of the members during its continuance for tardiness and oversights. In some cases these amounted to considerable sums. She generously remitted every fine, paid her company in full, and re-engaged its best members on the spot.

Not the least drag upon her time is correspondence involved in answers to the many letters she receives from girls about to adopt the stage, asking her advice regarding the qualifications necessary and the best means of procuring engagements. These letters she feels it a duty to answer. She encourages none with false hopes, but represents the trials and labors of stage life fully and clearly, so that the frivolous are deterred, while the truly ambitious are encouraged. Most careful and painstaking in every effort, she abhors nothing so much as sham, and will not tolerate meretricious advertising or any tricks of the trade, so often resorted to by actors for the sake of notoriety. She trusts entirely to the excellence of her productions, upon which she spares no expense in staging, and in which her entire fortune is invested, and to her own merit, for recognition and patronage. She has in her efforts shown English opéra comique to be a high grade of entertaining amusement; she has lived a life without reproach, and her artistic merits have won for her a success in her own country quite equal to that she won in England.

J. F. R.

ON A BLIND GIRL.

OH, blame me not for loving her!—
You have not seen her eyes;
You have not felt her warm heart stir
When taken by surprise;
You have not felt her little hands
Go stealing through your hair;
And so—and so, you cannot know
How sweet she is and fair!

Oh, blame me not! Oh, blame me not!
You have not heard her sighs,
Nor seen the blue in her wide two
And speechless tender eyes;
You do not know how soft she is.—
How far we are apart;
And, oh—and, oh, you do not know
How she sleeps in my heart!

John Ernest McCann.

CONSOLATION FOR THE UGLY GIRLS.

"A PLEA for the Ugly Girls, by One of them," in a recent number of *Lippincott's*, was a piquant and interesting little article, but it left a great deep unsounded.

The gift of personal beauty is unquestionably one of the high prizes in a woman's life, but the life of her counterpart man is so complex, his needs are so many-sided, that in some situations he is led to appreciate a cabbage a good deal more than he does a rose.

Nor is female beauty an exact science, figured out by measurement after the Venus de' Medici or de Milo; not only national but individual standards vary; what is beautiful to a Chinese mandarin is ugly to the gilded youth of Gallic or Celtic race; and Dr. Johnson's "Tetty," always "a pretty creature" through the glasses tinted by his own fond fancy, was, according to the verdict of his friends, a coarse-looking, painted dowager, old enough to be his mother.

Imagination is such a potent factor in love, that if a man admires a tiny foot its possessor often borrows from her extremities a general comeliness of person in his opinion. Another, like "Althea's" Lovelace, may be entangled in a damsel's hair, or "fettered by her eyes," and straightway forget a big nose, clumsy ears, a sallow skin, even all these disadvantages combined, and constituting positive homeliness to casual observers.

Most ugly girls have something pretty about them, and the few who know that they cannot claim even this limited endowment become pathetic to men of a generous mind, exciting pity, and we all know what pity is akin to under favorable conditions. I recall a maiden of this stamp who secured a handsome and devoted husband by her very hopelessness of winning his preference, by the tender humility of her worship of himself. Living in the same house, the constant appeal to his chivalry became more powerful at last than all the varied charms of other women he might have won.

Ugly girls, however, generally carry their consolation with them in a blessed unconsciousness of their want of good looks; have we not all seen them stand before a mirror noting the effect of a color or a new fashion, with an undisguised expression of admiration on their faces?—very much like the ugly young man who ties his cravat and smiles at his image in the glass with the comforting mental comment, "Not handsome, but devilish fascinating!"

The statement that "ugly girls are generally left to run to waste, as unappropriated blessings," is not supported by evidence: who has not met wives as ugly as any old maid in his list of acquaintances? It is safe to make the broad generalization that an ugly girl, all other things being equal, is likely to have fewer offers than a pretty girl, but quite as likely to receive the one offer which will make her a happy wife. It may be doubted whether a plurality of lovers is an unmixed advantage to a girl; one good lover, the elect man, attracted to her by affinity in its highest sense, is forever enough.

But all other things (save the gift of beauty) seldom *are* equal between the ugly and the pretty girl: by the natural law of compensation the ugly girl has either some inherent or some acquired quality that is lacking in the other, which asserts its charm as acquaintance progresses. Beauty only has the start in the race.

The *tête-à-tête* drives in the Park and free seats at the theatre mentioned in the "Plea" as the special prerogative of pretty girls are fast becoming unfashionable among the higher classes in our large cities, the complexities of advancing civilization presenting obstacles to freedom and obligations of this kind.

The ugly girl often has superior tact and finesse. Being obliged to study human nature closely in order to get the most out of it, she learns so well how and when to speak delicate flattery that she ends by convincing the man who scarcely noticed her on the evening when they were introduced, that the lips which can utter such bewitching things are really beautiful; for somebody has said—I cannot give the authority for the quotation—that men are vain.

Propinquity oftenest decides attachments of every kind; if a city man had to spend a winter in a Cape Cod village with a homely but pleasant girl, he would be more likely to find himself in love with her by spring than with the pretty and pleasant girl he left in Boston when he went to Cape Cod.

An ugly girl has a firm grip, generally speaking: she is not sated with admiration, or confident when she gets it that it will be perennial, so she does not let chances give her the slip, after the fashion of many belles. When once married she has plenty of grit, too, to protect her lawful property and to distance the pretty and unscrupulous flirts who would try their wiles on him.

It is questionable, after all, if a woman's beauty or homeliness makes much difference to a man after he has been married to her a year: does he even know how she looks? He sees her inner nature, and the happiness of the couple is decided by the effect of their inner natures upon each other. Many a man with a pretty wife has been infatuated with the society of a very plain looking woman who possessed either intelligence or some power of adaptation he missed in his partner.

The clever pleader for ugly girls says, "Suppose Grover Cleveland's too ample girth of waist had kept him out of the White House, as it certainly would have kept Mrs. Cleveland had she been the unlucky possessor," etc.

Most girls by one thing or another have been kept out of the White House, but I once knew a widow with a waist that might have rivalled our ex-President's, and she married a man of military and social position who was enough in love with her to take her without the jointure she was obliged to resign in accepting his offer.

Nor does a bald head in this day of artistic wigs necessarily make a woman ineligible for the office of Governor's wife. I knew a charming lady rendered bald by insomnia, who married an adoring husband. To be sure, she had a pretty face and an uncommonly sweet disposition. It is interesting to know that he saw her bald head after marriage and that his love survived the test.

Prominent statesmen do sometimes wed homely women; persons yet living remember with pleasure the brilliant and very ugly Princess Metternich who was one of the social attractions of the court of Louis Napoleon.

The "tree of life" still stands in the midst of the garden, and its fruit is for all woman-kind: baby fingers pat wrinkled and flabby cheeks as softly as round and rosy ones; "babies' skies are mothers' eyes," even if they are cross-eyes; moles and disfiguring birthmarks have been called "mamma's beauty-spots" by tender, lisping voices. Wedded love, too, has been as constant to the homely woman as ever it has to the beautiful one. Even Mahomet, with all the laxity of the Moslem creed he was promulgating, took no other wife while

the elderly Khadijah, greatly his senior, lived, and among the endearments of her youthful successors he always declared, "There is no one like Khadijah; she believed in me when no one else did." Her sovereignty, it will be seen, lay in the immortal principle of the man's nature, transfiguring and dominating the lower elements that help to constitute marriage.

Success in literature, science, and art is open to the ugly as it is to the beautiful, granted that it does come more easily to the woman equipped with good looks as an auxiliary. Charlotte Cushman, plain and masculine-looking, attained the pinnacle of an art which from its nature must appeal largely to the senses. Think of a homely Romeo! she took the part sometimes.

Margaret Fuller, another homely woman, influences even yet by her personal magnetism the thought of New England; and George Eliot, whose ugliness was almost phenomenal, was not prevented by it from winning the love of two devoted men and "living again in minds made better" by her genius.

We hope girls will go on being pretty and prettier, just as we hope flowers will go on blooming; but destiny is more than skin-deep, it is determined by the force of character, the subtleties of temperament, the magic of opportunity, and by we know not what stress of "Karma" behind the veil.

We strongly suspect that the author of the "Plea for Ugly Girls" is not "one of them," but, if she is, the writer of this paper will try to match her consummate candor by saying that, although never an "ugly girl" herself, she has through life looked at many ugly girls and been forced to acknowledge that in one way or another they had managed to obtain a superior share of all that makes life worth having. *Frances Albert Doughty.*

THE BOTTS TWINS.

"You ain't never been hyeered 'bout dem Botts twins, is yer?" said Uncle Ike the last time I asked for a story. "You ain't? Den I 'spec's p'r'aps I better tell you 'bout dat, do' tooby sho' dey ain't much story 'bout it, leas'ways 'tain't nothin' new fer niggers ter lie, but den 'tain't many on 'em kin lie so slick an' so cool ez dat Jeff Botts. I jes' nat'ally b'lieve he'd sooner lie ner eat, do' he wa'n't no small shakes at er meal er vittles eider, min' yer.

"Well, Jeff he wuz gittin' right smart ole, en 'twix' folks not bein' able ter put no 'pen'unce in w'at he tole 'um an' his likin' fer settin' down an' gabblin' mo'n ter wu'k, he didn' never have mo'n 'nuff fer hisself an' Dilly ter eat an' none ter spar'. Howsever, dey did manage ter scratch 'long somehow, ez de chil'n wuz all big 'nuff ter hire 'bout 'mong de nabers, an' w'at Jeff an' de ole woman couldn' do de good Lawd done fer'm, I s'pose.

"But, laws, honey! one day, kinder on'spected like, come 'long two little twin brats whar wuz blacker'n yo' shoe, an' den I tell yer dey wuz trubble in dat Botts 'stablishment, you hyeer me.

"Jeff he wuz powerful bothered 'bout how dey gwine git 'long, kase Aunt Dilly mos' in gen'ly done mo' wu'k en he did hisself, an' now she'd got ter stay home wid dem babies an' couldn' take in no washin' er nothin'. Las' Jeff he 'skivered er plan fer ter git vittles 'nuff fer hisself an' Aunt Dilly 'thout doin'

mo' wu'k en he hatter; so he starts off roun' 'mong de nabers ter tell 'bout dem twins. Fus' dere wuz my ole Miss' an' farmer Dusenberry, whar j'ined farms. Well, Jeff he goes ter ole Miss' an' he makes er great 'miration 'bout de 'fliction dat de good Lawd done sont 'im in's ole age, an' den he ups an' 'scribes dem twins an' tells ole Miss' dat he's gwine name de bigges' an' fattes' one Wuthin'ton, arter her fambly. Ole Miss' wuz allus intrusted in babies, an' she wuz mons'us tickled 'bout de chris'nin' one on 'um arter her, an' she sont me off right 'way ter de shanty wid er sight er vittles fer Jeff an' Dilly; an' I allus 'spected dat she gin dat no-'count nigger some money, but dat's neider hyer ner dar.

"Den Jeff he goes off ober ter de Dusenberry place, an' dar he 'gun mo'nin' ober de jedgmunt f'um heaben an' all dat stuff ober 'gen, an' how he don' know w'at's gwine come er him an' de ole woman sence dem twins is done 'rived, an' las' he lets on how he's gwine call de pooties' er de brats arter ole man Dusenberry hisself. De old man wa'n't ez much intrusted in de young uns ez my ole Miss', but he wuz right smart pleased fer all dat, an' I 'spec' Jeff made er pooty fa'r haul dar too. Den one er two er de yuther nabers heered tell er de twins er comin', an' how dey wa'n't by no means welkum, an' dey sont de ole woman right smart er vittles an' sich truck.

"Well, chile, Jeff he wuz livin' fat fer mebbe er mont', an' he ain't so much ez tu'ned his han' ober, 'cep'n' ter cut de ole woman er little passel er wood er some sich marter. But bimeby de nabers 'gun ter fergit 'bout de twins, an' mebbe some on em wuz tired er feedin' Jeff, but, howsever, vittles 'gun ter git sca'ce, an' Jeff 'gun ter 'flec' on de marter, an' he 'cided dat dem twins wuz good fer mo' vittles yit, an' so he starts out an' goes ober ter see ole Miss Jones, one er dese hyer Quaker ladies, whar he knowed wuz er red-hot 'bublikin. So Jeff he tells de same ole story 'bout de twins, an' las' he outs wid de p'int an' tells de ole lady how he's gwine name dem babies Lincoln an' Grant. Dat tickled de ole lady no en', an' she gin Jeff er dollar on de spot an' fixed 'im up er whole harmper er vittles ter cyar' home ter Dilly. Den de ongodly liar he goes smack ober ter ole man Rabbit's, whar wuz one er dese hyer rip-snortin', ole-time, secesh dimmycrats, an' gits er nuther dollar ter name dem twins Jeff Davis an' Bob Tooms.

"Ole Doctor Jones, whar 'tended Aunt Dilly, an' wuz all 'bout de naberhood, ez doctors is, you know, he hyeered f'um dis one dat de twins wuz ter be name' sich an' sich, an' f'um dat one dat dey wuz ter be chris'n' so an' so. Well, honey, he kinder 'spected w'at Jeff wuz up ter, an' so one day he met up wid Jeff in de road, an' he up 'n' says, says he, 'Jeff, w'at yer gwine name dem las' two 'flictions er yourn?' says he. Den Jeff he seed f'um de doctor's face dat he done 'skivered all 'bout his 'ceitfulness, an' so he kinder grinned, an' he says, says he, 'Ef I ain't done fergit part er it, doctor, it's 'bout like dis: Wuthin'ton Dusenberry Lincoln an' Grant Jeff Davis an' Bob Tooms Botts.' Den de doctor he laffed, he did, an' he says, 'Dem names is bin de life er you an' de ole woman, Jeff, but dey'll be de death er de twins, sho!'

"Well, honey, dem twins is right smart slips er boys now, an' dey ain't never been chris'n' yit. Jeff wuz feared ter ax anybody ter stan' 'sponserbility fer'm, fer fear folks mought fin' out 'bout his lies.

"I dis'member w'at dem twins wuz name' las' time I hyeered tell er'm," concluded the old man, scratching his head reflectively, "but 'pears ter me dat one on 'um wuz call' Jim Blaine an' de oder Grover Clevelan'."

P. R. Stansbury.

AS IT SEEMS.

THERE is a dictum of Hamlet that by itself goes far to prove his madness, real or assumed. That is, it is such an assertion as a highly intelligent man would be apt to make only when his mind had lost its balance, or when he wished to appear *non compos:*

Seems, madam? Nay, it is: I know not *seems.*

For our purposes the maxim must read the other way. The modern thinker, to whom dogmatism is barbarism and to be cocksure the sign of crudity, if driven to the wall is forced to formulate his principle thus:

Is, madam? Nay, it seems: I know not *is.*

The initial virtue nowadays is to suspend one's opinion, or hold it subject to any amount of modification at a moment's notice. The topics on which one can afford to be positive are so few that practically they do not count. Our campaign editors, our theologians, and our reformers are loud for their several bodies of doctrine,—it is their business; but they feel in their hearts that while confident assurance may be the only way to *do* something, it is not the best way to *know* anything. Concrete and material ends are thus attained; but if one is after truth, he must keep saying to himself, "This will do for a working hypothesis: I think so now; but I may see reason to think differently next year or next week."

It was otherwise in the ages of faith, the good old times of Torquemada and Alva. But a change has come over the spirit of the world's dream, and we live in an age of reason (not necessarily Tom Paine's) and of tolerance. Its maxims are, live and let live; bear and forbear; hear the other side; prove all things, and hold fast what you can. The most ranting orator is expected to remember that he is not plenarily inspired, that his opponents are also vertebrate animals, who have the right of thought and speech no less than he. If he does not remember it, his audience usually will, and exercise their right divine to pick and choose according to their lights. But for this tacit understanding, debate would be impossible, and differences would be argued as of old with sword and fagot. However authoritative the consensus, however well established the convention, either rests on voluntary agreement, and that in turn on the opinion that thus to conform is well. To speak humanly, the decree of the most œcumenical of councils, like the utterance of the most eloquent of special pleaders, resolves itself on the last analysis into

Howe'er it be, it seems to me.

It is perhaps chiefly in the cheerful recognition of this principle that the civilized man of to-day differs from his savage ancestors. When he mounts his hobby, couches his quill, and perpetrates—with whatever vehemence and on whatever subject—his confession of faith, it is with this saving clause. Generally considered, these tenets are of course necessary to salvation,—but then there are the uncovenanted mercies. Full enlightenment, highly-esteemed

contemporaries and deeply-respected readers, would bring you to our position: still, we shall not attempt to ostracize you for dissenting. Even if you maintain the opposite, that is within your right. After all, it is your affair to decide, just as it is ours to discharge our conscience and ease our bosom of its perilous stuff. Mr. Howells has kindly admitted that one may be virtuous without good taste; and M. Renan, in the most personal and pathetic passage of his latest volume, launches this modest though pessimistic sentence:

"Amid so many contradictions, leaving only the choice between errors, who can pretend to be without offence? He who is afraid of being mistaken, and does not denounce any one as blind; he who does not quite know what may be the goal of humanity, but who loves it all the same, it and its work; he who seeks after the truth with hesitation, and who says to his adversary, 'Perhaps you see better than I do;' he, in short, who leaves to others the full liberty he assumes for himself: that man may sleep in peace, and await with assurance the judgment of the world, whatever it may be."

When Doctors Differ.—The well-regulated mind, anxious for guidance in its casual excursions, wishes to defer to expert opinion. Alas, how rarely are the experts of one mind on any topic! Take a single case, the latest, where a hundred examples of similar divergence might be presented in any given year. Of all our weekly papers there are two (and I need not name them) which carry the highest critical authority. These noticed, nearly at the same time, the Memoir of a late eminent professor. The first, which stands alone in its wide field, says that Dr. Phelps's letters "possess all that is of real value in the book:" the biographer's "filial devotion to her father's memory unfits her for the patient and impartial analysis which alone could give his very complex nature an appearance of real life, while her exuberantly rhetorical style blurs even the inadequate outline she attempts to draw." "Of the man himself we get no living and consistent image in the book."

The other, which is far and away the best of our few purely literary journals, says the Memoir shows to advantage "all the good and few of the objectionable traits in the literary character" of its famous author. "It is the fruit of conscientious industry and noble self-control. In its truthfulness, its sense of proportion, its finish and beauty, it reminds one of a masterpiece of Greek art. . . . It is this Greek spirit of restraint, while the soul is full, that we cannot but admire in the work." Daughters too generally overdo their filial laudations, it must be owned, but "it is the best praise of the piece of literary art before us to say, as we do, 'Within bounds.' . . . We have [here] what is so rare in the average biography—literature."

Comparing these accounts, which agree like oil and water, one is driven to exclaim, with the Teutonic brethren, "Well, well!" Here are two naturally-selected and highly-trained critics on whom the same work makes precisely opposite impressions. Can it be that these well-considered utterances are open to such mundane influences as those of the digestion and the weather? Under such a dispensation the afflicted reader has no resource but to examine this book (and possibly many other books too) for himself, and to form his own extremely fallible opinion. How can one escape the demoralizing conclusion that these able reviews, or at least one or the other of them, reflect less the fact about Mrs. Ward's book than the mind—not to say the mood—of the able reviewer? It is sad to think it, but it looks as if the critic must be understood as heading

his deliverances with the Tennysonian line cited above, or closing them with the possibly destructive admission, "Or so it seems to me."

An Irish Poe.—Few people have ever heard of James Clarence Mangan: even to such as profess literature he is seldom more than a name. A shy, elusive, mysterious personage, he took little pains to push himself into notice, being mainly occupied with the effort, pursued with no great steadiness or success, to keep the wolf from the door. Miss Guiney, who brings him to light in an *Atlantic* article of uncommon brilliancy, crammed with human as well as literary interest, says "his personal history is quite as vague as if he had lived in a hermit's cell eight hundred years ago;" yet she manages to reconstruct him in an outline so striking as to make one wish for more. Her samples of his verse give the distinct impression of genius, and what is revealed of his wretched life shows that he never had half a chance. He was no puling egotist,—it was his habit to hide, rather than parade, his woes; but here is his autobiography, condensed:

> With genius wasted,
> Betrayed in friendship, befooled in love,
> With spirit shipwrecked and young hopes blasted,
> He still, still strove.
>
> And he fell far through the pit abysmal,
> The gulf and grave of Maginn and Burns,
> And pawned his soul for the devil's dismal
> Stock of returns.

Like Poe, he was a liar, an intermittent sot, a self-tormentor, and in the main a self-destroyer; but it was not wholly his fault. As used to be supposed of Poe before Mr. Woodberry unearthed the facts, Mangan was more sinned against than sinning; the elements were his foes, and he never got enough sunshine for moral health. Chained to the laboring oar almost from infancy, hedged from starvation and liberty alike by vulgar and grimy kinds of work, preyed on by relatives, stabbed in the house of his friends, it is no wonder that he went to pieces; the wonder is that the pieces have so much flavor. His lying seems to have been professional and jocose: when nobody cared for the truth, he would pass off his own poems as translations from the Arabic and what not. He had far more manhood than Poe; more character, more moral feeling, more humanity. He would disappear for a month or two, probably sustaining life on herrings, whiskey, and opium, between his garret and the Dublin dives; and then he would come up serenely and go to work. Nobody knew him well or cared much about him. There seems no evidence that he ever broke a contract or harmed any one but himself.

That trick of the refrain which Poe worked so diligently, and which added so much to his fame as a poet, he is far more likely to have borrowed from Mangan than Mangan from him. The two died in the same year, and in much the same way. Poe has his full share of glory; the other is in almost total eclipse. There is no decent edition of poor Mangan's poems: why should not Miss Guiney make at least a selection from them, with this admirable sketch prefixed?

A Heedless Confession.—Mr. Howells has been barbarously assailed by an alleged English critic, who finds "astonishing frankness" in his admission that "for all æsthetic purposes the American people is not a nation, but a

condition." The remark was perhaps ill considered, but we think it unfair to denounce the author as deliberately unpatriotic. It is true that Shakespeare finished his course before the Pilgrims came to Plymouth, that "Paradise Lost" preceded the settlement of Philadelphia, and that Dryden and Pope got in their work ahead of the signers of the Declaration. But, however humiliating the reflection that we are so much younger than our British brethren, we have the consolation of reflecting that it is only our misfortune, not our fault. Yet we have done some few things in literature, and made some feeble beginnings in art. We might consent not to be a nation, but to be reduced to a mere condition is hard—especially as it is not clearly apparent, in this connection, what "a condition" is. When Mr. Cleveland opposed "a condition" to "a theory," he was intelligible, both being abstract terms; but "nation" and "condition" seem to make a poor antithesis. Perhaps Mr. Howells meant that we were *in* a condition. We might stand that.

From Amoy.—In a letter from Dr. Bedloe, U.S. consul at Amoy, China, and author of "A Tiffin with a Taotai," the tricks and manners of the natives are thus set forth:

"They do everything that we do, but in exactly the opposite way. A man wears his hair long, a woman short. A gentleman's robe comes down to his heels, a lady's to her hips. A bride is married in a single gown and goes to bed with six suits on, one over the other. The midnight burglar does his fine work at high noon. The noiseless detective pounds a drum from the moment he goes on duty till he is relieved. The priest brings church, altar, and idol into your house to save you the trouble of going to his."

Mr. James Whitcomb Riley is probably the most popular of living American poets. Among several recent publications of his is one specially adapted to the holiday season, a handsomely illustrated edition of "An Old Sweetheart of Mine." The colored lithographs present the beauties of childhood and of nature, and fitly set off the graceful and touching stanzas.

It has been the aim and practice of this magazine to introduce new writers to the public. Our novel this month is the first work in fiction of an experienced journalist, a former editor of the *Louisville Courier-Journal.* In connection with Colonel McClure's paper, it will give the present number a special interest for the profession. Other tales illustrative of the journalistic life, from various pens, will follow.

The art of the reciter, though too little appreciated and too nearly lost, is of the highest value, not merely as contributory to the labors of the stage, the forum, and the pulpit, but from its inherent dignity and importance. Oftener travestied than practised, it is sometimes really illustrated in our days; and Mr. Hawthorne, in this number, pays a cordial tribute to one of its most eminent living professors.

"With the Gloves" is the first of a series of articles on athletic subjects by non-professionals. Mr. Dawson is widely known as an amateur athlete and successful man of business, and familiarly to the readers of this magazine as a writer of forceful verse. A fragment from an unpublished poem of his also appears in this number.

A LITERARY CONVERSATION.

Dramatis Personæ	Mr. Julian Hawthorne, The Interlocutor.
Scene	The Interlocutor's Private Office.
Time	Last Week, 11.30 A.M.

[*The Interlocutor is discovered at his desk, rejecting MSS. Enter Mr. H.*]

Mr. H. Good-morning. What are you paying for epics nowadays? I have here——

The Int. Two cents a pound.

Mr. H. That is for the paper. But don't you make an allowance for pen and ink?

The Int. We have to secure our profit, you see.

Mr. H. Yes. But where does the author come in?

The Int. By that door. And he generally goes out the same way.

Mr. H. (*seating himself*). Well, I'm not in the market this morning.

The Int. (*brightly*). Is that so? Glad to see you! Have a cigar. Make yourself comfortable. What do you know?

Mr. H. A man fresh from six months on the eastern end of Long Island doesn't come in town to be asked the news.

The Int. The papers don't penetrate so far, eh?

Mr. H. Oh, yes; but not the necessity for reading them.

The Int. Then you have no use for printer's ink at all?

Mr. H. Well, I confess to a book or so, sporadically.

The Int. Such as what? The ash-receiver is on your right.

Mr. H. Why, I came across something of Tolstoï's the other day.

The Int. (*compassionately*). My dear friend, has the "Kreutzer Sonata" only just reached——

Mr. H. No, no! This is a new thing, brought out by Webster & Co. and illustrated by Gribayedoff, and translated by another gifted Russian, Count Norraikow.

The Int. Oh! you mean that collection of tales,—"The Old Devil, and The Three Little Devils." Well, what did you think of it?

Mr. H. (*elevating his feet to the table, and assuming a judicial air*). I don't know that I have seen anything of that wonderful old crank's that struck me more agreeably. The three stories make up a sort of tract of the times, promulgating Tolstoï's socialistic views. But they are treated lightly and pleasantly, especially the eponymous one, which is a bit of folk-lore adapted to carry a socialistic homily. There is nothing of the character-analysis and minute description that you see in "Anna Karénina," but, for all that, you perceive that the author thoroughly knows his own creations: he drops a telling hint now and then, and nothing is left vague in the end. There's plenty of humor, too; but it is in the substance of the web,—not fastened on in little sparkling bits, as some of our culture-humorists would have done it. The aim is to show the practical wisdom of applying the primitive Christian doctrines to our present civilization; and it is carried out so well that anybody who didn't know by experience how hard it is to write such a thing would never perceive the art of it. A fanciful yarn about hobgoblins and farmers' sons is made to serve as the type

and illustration of all the fundamental problems and evils of the time; and the "Fool,"—Ivan,—without once abrogating his proper characteristics, is shown to be the incarnation of Christian wisdom. The first part of the story—I don't call it an allegory, because it's too warm and human for that—discusses the means of overcoming the minor social troubles and dangers of social life; the second takes up questions of national policy, illustrates Saint Paul's remark as to the mischief of money, and points out how armies may be rendered innocuous by simply not fighting them. In the end, Ivan the Fool is left the peaceful and happy Czar of a peaceful and happy people, all of whom produce by the labor of their hands whatever is essential to their livelihood, and are practically rich by a friendly system of mutual exchange. Of course there's nothing essentially new in the idea, but its handling is masterly, and precisely adapted to the popular intelligence. Such a book can certainly do no harm; and though I am not regenerate enough to think, with Tolstoï, that head-work is all humbug and vanity, still I'm inclined to believe that much of his screed may do good. The other two tales, "A Lost Opportunity" and "Polikushka," are studies in the same direction, also from peasant life. The rise, progress, and issue of the family feud in the "Lost Opportunity" are given with tremendous truth and effect; and "Polikushka" is a pathetic little tragedy. If Tolstoï holds to this vein, he is likely to come into a new popularity. The translation is from the Russian direct, and is first-class.

The Int. As to that, speaking professionally, the censor may block its career in Russia, and over here we have so many social and political reformers that we don't need to import any. Did nothing American reach you in your solitude?

Mr. H. I'm rather in arrears with our contemporary literature. Most of it is either too conscientious or too startling: you are divided between a yawn and a blush. But there's a little novel by John Habberton, published by Taylor & Co., which I digested with much satisfaction.

The Int. Something in the style of "Helen's Babies"?

Mr. H. "Helen's Babies" has the misfortune to be unique. Even Habberton himself can never quite do it again. I recollect, a few months after it came out, overhearing a couple of elderly English tradesmen discussing it with admiration, at a railway-station near London. It went all over the world, and carried the same blessing along with it that a little child might. Habberton has profound human sympathies, and they came out, in that story, with a spontaneousness and simplicity that couldn't well be surpassed. But the book I'm speaking of now —"Out at Twinnett's"—is in another vein. It has a plot, with a good surprise in it; a good, warm love-story, a villain, and poetical justice. It is very cleverly contrived, and the background and treatment are fresh. The old sailor, with his house-of-call on the island off our coast here; the group of summer guests; the mystery, increasing and developing; the men, with their knowingness, and the women, with their intuitions,—altogether a capital piece of work, and not without a good wholesome moral, which you taste, but don't have rammed down your throat. I like it.

The Int. As to poetry, I suppose you have to be contented with the natural harmonies of your environment?

Mr. H. They are sufficient; and yet there was a thin white volume that came my way not long ago which gave out a minor note which chimed in very pleasantly with the inchoate poetry of the sea-shore summer. You've heard of the book,—Richard Watson Gilder's "Two Worlds." For a man who always

writes with such refinement and delicacy, he is surprisingly well known. There is none of our poets—not even Aldrich—who says things with more exquisite felicity and polish, though Gilder has nothing of Aldrich's wit, and (in his poetry, at least) no humor. But this book of his reminds me of one of those illuminated missals of the fourteenth century: every page, though to the eye it is but black and white, blooms to the mind with the loveliest, tenderest colors and the most graceful designs. He has something of the power of "saying things too simple and too sweet for words" that Coventry Patmore speaks of; only some of his sayings are not simple in idea, though the skill of the expression makes them seem so. Let me see if I can't recollect a couple of them. They stick in the memory.

The poet from his own sorrow
  Poured forth a love-sad song.
A stranger, on the morrow,
  Drew near, with a look of wrong,
And said, "Beneath its pall
  I have hidden my heart in vain—
To the world thou hast sung it all!
  Who told thee my secret pain?"

And here's another:

Not alone in pain and gloom
Does the abhorrèd tempter come;
Not in light alone and pleasure
Proffers he the poisoned measure.
  When the soul doth rise
Nearest to its native skies,
Then the exalted spirit finds,
Borne upon the heavenly winds,
Satan, in an angel's guise,
With voice divine and innocent eyes.

What do you think of that?

The Int. Good! And now come and lunch with me.

Mr. H. (*removing his feet from the table with alacrity*). Why this unwonted liberality?

The Int. The fact is, my stenographer, having nothing better to do, has been taking down your conversation; and I guess I'll have it put in the magazine. So—*quid pro quo*—come on. [*Exeunt.*

Curtain.

"A FRENCHMAN IN AMERICA."

Scene, the Editor's office. Enter Melville Philips, humming a tune.

Ed. When a man bursts into song his heart is light. What's your good news?

M. P. Max O'Rell has published a new book,——

Ed. But the glad tidings?

M. P. I've read the book,——

Ed. Oho! Blouët must know of that. How good of you, my boy! what pluck! It refers?——

M. P. To you, and some thousands of other eminent Americans. It's a thoroughly readable book, is "A Frenchman in America," jolly throughout after the author's inimitable manner.

Ed. What's the general plan of it?

M. P. Ah, there's half its charm. It utterly lacketh plan. To be sure, it purports to be a record or journal of the author's lecturing tour in this country during the winter of '89–'90; but no record could be more fragmentary, less continuous. Hence it is like the author's Gallic wit,—flashing, saltatory, irresistible. You go, in a word, from place to place in the United States and Canada, without method of progress; the remarkable itinerary being the result of the exigencies of the lecturing business. Thus, you go, let us say, from New York to Cleveland, then back to Philadelphia, and the next day set out for Wisconsin.

Ed. Does Max complain about it?

M. P. Well, no; he's mostly imperturbable. On several occasions, however, the railway travel is not to his liking, and once he is moved to pitch an insolent conductor out of the window. But even then he quickly recovers his temper, and one can fancy him muttering the words of Touchstone in Arden, —"When I was at home I was in a better place; but travellers must be content."

Ed. The general tone of his report and criticism, then, is kindly?

M. P. Decidedly so. He even apologizes for the American "interviewer," and frankly says that, "With the exception of a king, or the prime minister of one of the great powers, a man is only too glad to be interviewed." Candor like that from a foreigner and—a Frenchman is as fascinating as it is rare. But then we must take into account the dominating sense of humor in M. Blouët. While it is by no means always a serious thing, it admirably illustrates the Shaftesbury quotation, that "humor is the only test of gravity, and gravity of humor." We are quite left in the dark, for instance, as to his emotions when, as he was about to lecture to the students of a religious college, a professor stepped forward and offered a prayer in which he asked the Lord to allow the audience to see the lecturer's points! Max was doubtless amazed, but his face, we are sure, remained inscrutable.

Ed. I rather like what you tell me of the book. It will bear reading, eh?

M. P. Better than that. You can dip into it anywhere,—take a pinch of it, as of snuff. It will keep, and it will last.

Ed. I'll get it.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Chambers's Encyclopædia. New Edition. Vol. VIII. Peasant to Roumelia.

THIS is an age when society begins to subdivide itself anew into specialized departments, when the doctor, the surgeon, the engineer, the author, the man of business or of handicraft, take on more restricted functions among their fellows, thus rendering each individual of greater benefit to the body at large. Hence there is an unusual significance in the appearance of a work like Chambers's Encyclopædia. Its ten large octavo volumes of about eight hundred and thirty pages each hold within them the distilled essence of all the specialization which the passing decades have brought into being. The editors have reached out with the wide resources of the publishers at their command and have tapped every vein of learning,—science, art, industry; every varying line which radiates from the central veins,—and, going further still, have taken from the best authority on each infinitely divided branch the latest, truest, and wisest knowledge he has to give. Thus stocked with the wealth of contemporary invention and thought, the work becomes monumental, an index to the future, of this era's intellectual attainments, and an inexhaustible storehouse for present needs.

With the eighth volume before us we can illustrate this in no more convincing way than by giving even a very brief summary of its comprehensive contents. The titles run from Peasant to Roumelia, a space confined to only three letters of the alphabet, and yet within that limit there are articles contributed by the most eminent specialists in every walk of knowledge and upon topics as old as Phœnicia and as new as the Phonograph.

Religion has been treated, for instance, by Cardinal Manning, who has revised the exhaustive notes on Penance and the Roman Catholic Church; by Father Lockhart, who writes of Rosmini; and by James Oliphant and Frederic Harrison, who furnish the paper on Positivism. The province of literature includes articles on Poetry, by Edmund Gosse; on Prior, Praed, and Richardson, by that most thorough of eighteenth-century students, Austin Dobson; on Rabelais, by Walter Besant; and on Rossetti, by his talented brother, William Michael Rossetti; while Periodicals have been capably handled by Editor Stead. Science and engineering are intrusted respectively to Edison, who is responsible for Phonograph, and to E. McDermott, editor of the *Railway News*, who writes on Railways. Papers about places and historic sites come from Canon Rawlinson, who contributes Phœnicia; from Stanley Lane-Poole, on the Pyramids; from Andrew Carnegie, on Pittsburgh; and from E. B. Washburne, on Philadelphia. The art topics include notes on Pre-Raphaelitism by one of the few survivors of its original circle, the eminent English artist Holman Hunt; and on Rembrandt by the able art-critic Philip Gilbert Hamerton.

This is only a mere taste of the solid array of intellectual food contained in the last volume of Chambers's Encyclopædia, and yet it serves to indicate that the whole immense circle of modern learning has been laid under contribution to furnish forth its contents, and that the greatest authorities have expounded in its pages their chosen themes. Indeed, for completeness in brevity, for ample illustrations, for satisfactory maps, and for its wide range of subjects the work has had no competitor, be it in the form of dictionary or encyclopædia,

and in this, the American edition, published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, there has, moreover, been introduced a large number of local subjects by native scholars, a feature which lends the publication a peculiar value to buyers on our side of the Atlantic.

The Romance of a Châlet. A Story, by Mrs. Campbell Praed.

It is much to have written a story which introduces fresh, vivacious, and captivating people; but it is a finer achievement still to write with such cleverness, such breezy and enlivening vigor, that the reader lays down the book at each sitting with regret, looks through the day with pleasure toward the hour when it can be taken up again, and finally sinks into an attitude of delighted abandon when it is once more in his hands beneath the evening lamp.

Such a book is Mrs. Campbell Praed's last novel, The Romance of a Châlet. It is distinctly the work of a literary artist who is a mistress of her craft in all its difficult branches. But before all else it is a concrete and perfect story which unfolds itself to the reader, as a work of art always must, by successive but imperceptible movements, like the advancing developments of a flower.

The narrator of the events which compose the tale meets on a Geneva lake steamer, as she travels towards Champéry in Switzerland, Miss Constance Van Klaft, who happens to be voyaging to the same resort. An acquaintance springs up through common interest in travel and mutual liking, and they at last find each other domesticated near together and among mutual friends in the picturesque little town by the Dent du Midi. Miss Van Klaft is alone, save for her faithful dog, Cæsar; and this circumstance, added to a striking resemblance, discovered by a busybody of the town, between her and a woman with a sensational reputation, causes a storm of gossip among the summer populace. At last Sir Rupert Keningale appears, and, in the wavering manner of a calculating lover, falters but finally overcomes. Here the dramatic interest of the tale actually begins, and henceforth, through all the successive surprises to the end, there is a reserve such as only a consummate artist knows how to employ, a subdued intensity which differs essentially from melodrama, while possessing all of its better and most absorbing traits.

Another excellence possessed in a marked degree by Mrs. Praed is her unfaltering style, which, whether in descriptive passages, or in the sure touches that picture a climax, is always clear, felicitous, and musical. Her sense of selection, that little noticed but essential quality in the creation of character and scenery, is also of a rare order; and, finally, her gift of tale-telling pure and simple has seldom been surpassed by novelists who, like herself, are only a trifling degree below the very highest rank.

The Romance of a Châlet is the first novel by an English author to be copyrighted in this country by the Messrs. Lippincott, and as a sample of what may be expected from this new source of fiction it is vastly encouraging. It is, in brief, well bred, picturesque, shows a commanding knowledge of the world, and introduces characters who have the rare combination of social polish and deep dramatic interest.

The external style of the book is as novel and taking as its internal structure, and it is to be hoped that a long series of such stories may follow this very charming one, which, by the way, reaches the hands of English readers simultaneously with its issue in this country.

Ashes and Incense. Poems, by Waitman Barbe.

The poet who has given us the musical and thoughtful notes which harmonize into Ashes and Incense stands, as he himself well phrases it, at the morning gate of song. He holds in his hands a few flowers of melody as he looks across the gateway into the gardens where the master singers are, and he offers his cluster of buds as a gift of praise to them, as well as a fragrant token to his readers.

Mr. Waitman Barbe, who in reality brings us this little book of song and contemplative musing, has a true call to poetry, because he is possessed of the double faculty of making music and of expressing by its means the genuine thoughts that are in him. His rhythms are clear and pure and unpremeditated, even if they sometimes lack the strength which must always come later to one with so genuine a gift; and his reflective ideas, his happy conceits and playful caresses of Nature and her symbolisms, all mark him out for the office he has so modestly assumed.

Moreover, there is scarcely an echo, in all the sweet verse in Ashes and Incense, of any other singer. Perhaps now and then one hears an agreeable reminiscent vibration from the harp of Sidney Lanier; but that may be due rather to the fact that Mr. Barbe writes with nearly the same natural background as Lanier and speaks the same Southern language of tender and softened passion, than to any conscious imitation. The whole book, in truth, impresses one with the conviction that it is the work of an original man of talent who promises much for the future while giving generously in the present. In witness of all this may be cited the poems named At the Morning Gate; the long revery, A Watch in the Night; Thy Name; The Old Etcher; and After the Hunt.

The publishers, J. B. Lippincott Company, have given the book an attractive garb of paper, print, and cover which makes a strong appeal to the purchaser even before he becomes acquainted with the manly nature within.

The Tannins: a Monograph on Vegetable Astringents, by Henry Trimble, Ph.M.

It is the chief, but often disregarded or unrealized, office of the technician to render himself, in giving forth his research to others, as clear and uninvolved as his subject will permit. Whether the audience addressed is a professional or a lay one, the medium of communication should be free from obscurities of phrase as well as intricacies of argument. It should, in short, be direct, plain, and as simple as it can be made.

In Prof. Henry Trimble's new work entitled The Tannins: a Monograph on the History, Preparation, Properties, Methods of Estimation, and Uses of the Vegetable Astringents, he has adhered very strictly to this fundamental rule, and has produced a treatise of lasting value in an untilled field of economic botany.

Dr. Trimble, who holds the chair of analytical chemistry in the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, certainly possesses unusual advantages for the work he has accomplished. He began to prepare his book about twelve years ago, but it grew under his pen to far greater proportions than he at first intended, so that, as it stands before us now, it comprises a nearly complete history of the very important subject it treats of. The author has had access to all the numberless publications by others which touch upon vegetable astringents and their properties, and this fact is well attested by the exhaustive bibliography which accompanies his book. But he has tried to make his treatise more than a mere

compilation of the writings of accepted authorities, and he has ably and quite sufficiently fulfilled this purpose by the introduction of much original research, here published for the first time.

This very important addition to chemical literature comes from the press of the Lippincotts, which has long been a recognized source of medical works in Philadelphia, a city noted for its eminent scholars in medicine and surgery.

Won, and Not One, by Emily Lucas Blackall.

There is an earnest and well-expressed purpose to accomplish a worthy end in Won, and Not One, by Emily Lucas Blackall, who is the author, as well, of those widely-read books Superior to Circumstances and Melodies from Nature. In this attractive volume, published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Mrs. Blackall has set for herself the task of portraying those conflicting sentiments which often enter a family when it is divided in its religious allegiance, and she has made an effective little homily against opposing aims and imperfect sympathies. John Harding and Rachel Vail, members of different religious denominations, marry with the understanding that each is to attend the other's church in turn. As might have been foreseen, this compact was not long kept. Rachel fell slowly under the dominion of the stronger will. Children were born to them, and this was a determining influence toward a united faith in worship, which, notwithstanding the heart-break and tears it cost the wife, she yet looked upon as the happiest episode of her life.

The book is well illustrated with appropriate engravings, and will make an appeal to thoughtful readers, of even a stronger nature than that of Mrs. Blackall's other works.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Persecution of the Jews in Russia. Issued by the Russo-Jewish Committee of London. Philadelphia, Jewish Publication Society of America.——Homer in Chios. By Denton J. Snider. St. Louis, Sigma Publishing Company.——Mind is Matter; or, The Substance of the Soul. By William Hemstreet. New York, Fowler & Wells Company.——History of the Jews. By Prof. H. Graetz. Philadelphia, Jewish Publication Society of America.——I Swear. By Frank H. Powers, of California. New York, Vires Publishing Company.——The Dethroned Heiress; or, Stricken by the Unseen Hand. By Miss Eliza A. Depuy. Miss Crespigny. By Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. Philadelphia, T. B. Peterson & Bros.——The Story of Reine; or, My Uncle and my Curé. By Jean de la Brete. Translated from the French by Mrs. J. H. Davis. Boston, Roberts Bros.——Vacation Time: with Hints on Summer Living. (The Science of Health Library.) By H. S. Drayton, M.D. New York, Fowler & Wells Company.——Life of Jane Welsh Carlyle. By Mrs. Alexander Ireland. New York, Charles L. Webster & Co.——History of the Five O'Clock Club of Philadelphia. By J. Hampton Moore.——A Primary Word Book. By Sarah E. Buckbee. Boston, D. C. Heath & Co.——Contes et Nouvelles. By Guy de Maupassant. New York, W. R. Jenkins.——Deux Artistes en Voyage. Le Chant de Blondel. Les Deux Zéphyrs. By Le Comte Alfred de Vervins. New York, W. R. Jenkins.——Cosia et Le Royaume du Dahomey. By André Michel Durand. New York, W. R. Jenkins.——The Problem of Jesus. By George Dana Boardman. Philadelphia, John Y. Huber Company.——The Hidden Sin. By Miss Eliza A. Depuy. Philadelphia, T. B. Peterson & Bros.——John Auburntop, Novelist. By Anson Uriel Hancock. Chicago, Charles H. Kerr & Co.——That Uncomfortable Shoe. By Avard J. Moore. New York, M. T. Richardson.——The Haunted Homestead. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. Philadelphia, T. B. Peterson & Bros.——Liberty and Life. By E. P. Powell. Chicago, Charles H. Kerr & Co.——Burke's American Orations. By A. J. George, A.M. Boston, D. C. Heath & Co.——Justified. A Powerful Realistic Novel of the Day. By Ensign John M. Ellicott, U.S.N. New York, Minerva Publishing Company.——The Teaching of Humanity. By Charles W. Rosenfeld. Translated from the Hebrew by M. M. London, Charles W. Rosenfeld.——The Songs of Sappho. By James S. Easby-Smith. Washington, D.C., Stormont & Jackson.——Madame Bovary: a Story of Provincial Life. By Gustave Flaubert. Philadelphia, T. B. Peterson & Bros.——The Bachelor's Baby. By Coyne Fletcher. New York, Clark & Zugalla.——Beads of Tasmar. By Amelia E. Barr. New York, Robert Bonner's Sons.——General Andrew Jackson. By Oliver Dyer. New York, Robert Bonner's Sons.——Out at Twinnett's. By John Habberton. New York, John A. Taylor & Co.——Sweet is Revenge. By J. Fitzgerald Molloy. New York, John A. Taylor & Co.——The Origin of Will O' The Wisp. (Illustrated.) By Donizetti Muller. A Little Tour in Ireland. By an Oxonian. New York, W. S. Gottsberger & Co.——The Business of Travel. Fifty Years' Record of Progress. By W. Fraser Rae. London and New York, Thomas Cook & Son.——Points of View. By Agnes Repplier. Boston and New York, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.——Carmen. A Spanish Story. Translated from the French of Prosper Mérimée, of the French Academy. Philadelphia, T. B. Peterson & Bros.——Rabbi and Priest. By Milton Goldsmith. Philadelphia, Jewish

Publication Society of America.——Well Won. By Mrs. Alexander. New York, John A. Taylor & Co.——Wayside Voices. By William Stivers Bate.——Familiar Quotations: A Collection of Passages, Phrases, and Proverbs traced to their Sources in Ancient and Modern Literature. By John Bartlett. Boston, Little, Brown & Co.——Before He was Born; or The Scarlet Arm. By Dr. E. L. M. Bristol.——Ivan the Fool, also A Lost Opportunity, and Polikushka. By Count Leo Tolstoi. New York, Charles L. Webster & Co.——Two Worlds, and other Poems. By Richard Watson Gilder. New York, Century Company.——John Winthrop's Defeat. By Jean Kate Ludlum. New York, Robert Bonner's Sons.——A Dictionary of Thoughts. By Tryon Edwards, D.D. New York, Cassell Publishing Company.——Thérèse Raquin; or The Harvest of Love. By Emile Zola. Philadelphia, T. B. Peterson & Bros.——Little Heather-Blossom. By Frau von Ingersleben. New York, Robert Bonner's Sons.——Pretty Kitty Herrick. By Mrs. Edward Kennard. New York, John A. Taylor & Co.——The Shadow of Shame. By Austyn Granville. Chicago, Charles H. Sergel & Co.——Higher Education in Indiana. By James Albert Woodburn, Ph.D. Washington, Government Printing-Office.——American History. By Mary Sheldon Barnes, A.B., and Earl Barnes, M.S. Boston, D. C. Heath & Co.——Morphine. A Tale of the Present Day. By Dubut de Laforest. New York, The Waverly Company.——The Shoplifter. By Georges Ohnet. New York, The Waverly Company.——The Good Things of Life. New York, Fred. A. Stokes Company.——Phillips Brooks, Bishop of Massachusetts. By Newell Dunbar. Boston, J. G. Cupples.——Don Juan. A Play, in Four Acts. By Richard Mansfield. New York, J. W. Bouton.——A Frenchman in America. By Max O'Rell. New York, Cassell Publishing Company.——A Friend; or, Saved by Love. By Henry Gréville. Philadelphia, T. B. Peterson & Bros.——Beatrice and Benedick. By Hawley Smart. New York, John A. Taylor & Co.——Ben Beor. By H. M. Bien. Baltimore, Isaac Friedenwald Company.——An Old Sweetheart of Mine. By James Whitcomb Riley. Indianapolis, The Bowen-Merrill Company.——Studies Literary and Social. By Richard Malcolm Johnston. Indianapolis, The Bowen-Merrill Company.——Neighborly Poems on Friendship, Grief, and Farm-Life. Indianapolis, The Bowen-Merrill Company.——Land of the Lingering Snow. By Frank Bolles. Boston and New York, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.——Tom Tucker and Little Bo-Peep. By Thomas Hood. New York, Cassell Publishing Company.——The Abbess of Port Royal and other French Studies. By Maria Ellery Mackaye. Boston, Lee & Shepard.——Adventures of a Fair Rebel. By Matt Crim. New York, Charles L. Webster & Co.——What Woman Wouldn't? By Isabel Pallen Smith. Chicago, Donohue, Henneberry & Co.——Sybil Brotherton. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. Philadelphia, T. B. Peterson & Bros.——A Hard Lesson. By E. Lovett Cameron. New York, John A. Taylor & Co.——Africa and America. By Alex. Crumwell. Springfield, Mass., Willey & Co.——A Romance of the Willow. By Marie Woodruff Walker. For sale by American News Company.——A Treasury of Favorite Poems. Edited by Walter Learned. New York, Frederick A. Stokes Company.——Adrift from the Sea of Life. New York, Frederick A. Stokes Company.——Back to Life. By T. W. Speight. New York, John A. Taylor & Co.——David Lindsay. By Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. New York, Robert Bonner's Sons.——The Modern Cook-Book. Compiled by Mrs. T. J. Kirkpatrick. Springfield, O., Mast, Crowell & Kirkpatrick.——Mexican Painting and Painters. By Robert H. Lamborn, Ph.D.

CURRENT NOTES.

The envy shown by other baking powder manufacturers of the great prestige of the Royal Baking Powder is not at all surprising. For thirty years the Royal has been the standard for purity and strength in baking powders, and has been placed at the head by every board of official examiners,—whether State or National. The Royal Baking Powder Company controls its own cream of tartar factory and the processes for making the only absolutely pure cream of tartar; it sends its product to millions of homes all over the world, supplies the Army and Navy, the great transatlantic steamers, the finest hotels and restaurants, and is recommended by the best chefs and authorities on cuisine in every land. Its sale is larger than that of all other cream of tartar baking powders combined; it has more friends among housekeepers than any other similar article.

These facts are bitterness to the makers of the inferior baking powders; hence their advertisements, filled with malice, envy, and falsehood, against the Royal.

A REVELATION IN CAKES.—The buckwheat is the most cherished of all the griddle-cakes, and when properly made the most delicious. It has been against buckwheat cakes made in the old-fashioned way with yeast or risen overnight that they were frequently heavy or sour; that disagreeable effects followed their eating. It has been found that these objections are completely overcome by mixing them with the Royal Baking Powder instead of yeast. Quickly made; no setting overnight; no materials spoiled. Risen with Royal Baking Powder, they are most delicious,—light, sweet, tender, assuredly wholesome, and may be eaten by any one without the slightest inconvenience. Once tested from the following receipt, the buckwheat cake will be awarded a prominent place among our table delicacies:

RECEIPT.—Take two cups of buckwheat flour, one cup of wheat flour, two tablespoons of Royal Baking Powder, one-half teaspoon of salt, and sift, dry, well and thoroughly together. Then mix with sweet milk into a thin batter and bake at once on a hot griddle. Try them made this way. They will be a revelation.

Royal Baking Powder is specially made for use in the preparation of the finest, most wholesome and delicate cookery.

LACE.—In England lace has long been made in the counties of Bedford, Buckingham, and Northampton. In Bedfordshire there is a tradition that the manufacture of lace was introduced into the county by Catharine of Aragon, who brought the art from Spain. In the reign of Charles II. Flemish lace-makers came over and settled in England, but they could not obtain flax of the requisite quality from which to spin the exquisitely fine thread required, and the lace they produced was very much inferior to the Flanders lace. Devonshire also became famous as a lace-making county, and its Honiton lace is unquestionably the best that has ever been made in England, although it is only equal to a second- or third-rate Brussels lace. The old Honiton ground, which was made on the pillow, went out of fashion when bobbinet was invented, and is now superseded by modern guipure, on which the Honiton sprigs are sewed.

The Devonshire lace-workers were, unfortunately for themselves, old-fashioned and prejudiced. For a long time they clung obstinately to heavy, clumsy patterns which had been in date from the infancy of the art, but now a spirit of progress has taken possession of them, and they have obtained from the authorities of South Kensington a number of beautiful designs. The discovery of bobbinet, which annually consumes a large quantity of Scotch cotton thread, produced a great change in the history of lace; and shortly afterwards a still greater revolution was caused by the adaptation of the Jacquard loom to lace-making, a manufacture which was speedily introduced into Nottingham on a large scale. Some of these machine-made laces imitate most faithfully the costliest needle-point and pillow lace, and the better classes of them have portions of the work executed by the hand.

Lace head-dresses, or what were called heads of lace, were very fashionable in England in the reigns of Mary and Anne, and the ladies of the court sometimes paid very large sums for a fine head of French or Flemish lace; but the extravagance in this fragile article of luxury was never carried to the same ruinous extent as in France. It was, however, profusely worn during what may be called the lace epoch, and was even coveted as an article of adornment after death.—*Chambers's Journal.*

A MILD-MANNERED MAN OF WAR.—Mr. Archibald Forbes says of Count von Moltke, "I first saw him in the market-place of Saarbrücken on the 8th of August, 1870, the day on which, along with King Wilhelm, he arrived at the frontier town close to which, two days earlier, had been fought out the fierce battle of the Spicherenberg. He was sauntering up and down in the shade of the lime-trees, opposite to Guepratt's hotel, in the characteristic attitude of hands clasped behind his back and head bent forward on his chest. Spite of helmet and sword, he had far more the aspect of a professor than of a soldier; and, if he was pondering strategical problems, he apparently found no difficulty in breaking the chain of thought to pat the head of a child that stood staring up at him. He certainly was the mildest-mannered man of war of whom I have ever had cognizance. On their first day on French soil, as he stood by the king in the market-place of St.-Avold while regiment after regiment streamed by them, a German soldier carrying a great loaf in his hand bumped accidentally against him and floured his arm from shoulder to elbow. The poor fellow's face was a study as Moltke turned upon him; but all that the general said, as he beat the flour out of his tunic, was, 'You've a fair-sized ration there, my lad!"

COOL GENERALS.—Murat, Napoleon's dashing chief of cavalry, whose splendid enthusiasm won many desperate charges, could be as cool as his master upon occasion. At the taking of Moscow, while the troops sat in the saddle under a murderous fire, Murat received, writes a contemporary, a despatch to which an answer was required. Though his mettlesome horse was trembling, Murat laid the reins upon the horn of the saddle, took his note-book in one hand and a pencil in the other, and began to write a response. Suddenly a shell fell and exploded on the ground close by. The horse leaped into the air and swung wildly around. Murat simply transferred the pencil to the hand that held the note-book, calmed the horse with the other hand, and then went on writing his despatch as if nothing had happened. A shout of admiration went up along the line. Murat saw that the enthusiasm aroused by his trifling act had created a favorable moment for a charge. He gave the order, and his men swept clear through the enemy's line. It is said that General Reynier once saved the French army in Calabria, in 1806, from a complete rout simply by the manner in which he smoked a cigar. The English infantry fire had compelled the French to retreat. Reynier, fearing a panic, remained to the last and brought up the rear. Though the English fire was murderous, he had lighted a cigar, and his retreating men noticed that the puffs of smoke went up, as his horse moved slowly on, with absolute regularity. Puff! A wait. Puff! Another wait. Puff! The enemy were pouring on, firing vigorously as they advanced; but nothing could accelerate Reynier's smoking. His soldiers rallied under the inspiration of the queer spectacle, and got off in good order. Perhaps the most cold-blooded commander who ever lived was the French general Saint-Cyr. He was a great tactician, but totally neglected the *morale* of his men. He was never seen on horseback, and never showed himself before the lines. On one occasion, when he was simply a general of division, the impetuous Marshal Oudinot, puzzled to know what to do in an emergency, asked Saint-Cyr's advice, frankly telling him that he was "nonplussed." "You, monseigneur," said Saint-Cyr, "are a marshal of the empire, and I am a general of division. I shall faithfully carry out your orders, but it would not be becoming for me to advise you." Later on Saint-Cyr succeeded to the command of the army, and then adopted a peculiar method of generalship. He formed his plan of battle clearly, precisely, and with admirable foresight. Then he sent his orders to his subordinates and shut himself up in his quarters, absolutely forbidding entrance to a single soul. Then he took out his violin and went to studying a hard piece of music as tranquilly as if he had been in the midst of profound peace. The battle which won Saint-Cyr his bâton as a marshal of the empire was fought while he was fiddling in his tent. He had apparently foreseen everything, and the carrying out of his plans completely crushed the enemy.

ANCIENT TOYS.—The most ancient of all toys is the doll. It has been discovered in excavations in Persia, in Greece, in Rome, and in Cyprus. Mariette Bey found dolls lying side by side with Egyptian mummies, and they have also been obtained from tombs in ancient Gaul. After the doll came the wooden horse. There is at Cambrai a curious collection of these rudimentary quadrupeds, rudely-carved blocks with head and mane, but mostly without tails, which date from the time of Charles VI. Little Roman boys, however, during the reign of the Cæsars were in the habit of bestriding wooden rocking-horses.

THE AFRICAN BUFFALO.—There are several varieties of the buffalo proper, but all are remarkable for their formidable horns and almost invulnerable heads. When the sportsman has occasion to go forth to battle against a wild buffalo on foot, he will do well to study what Sir S. Baker has written on this subject.

"It must be understood that when a vicious animal is your *vis-à-vis*, the duel has commenced, and your shot must be delivered as 'a settler.' If you miss, or if the shot be uncertain in its effect, the buffalo will in most instances charge. The charge of a buffalo is a very serious matter. Many animals charge when infuriated, but they can generally be turned by a shot, though they may not be mortally wounded. But a buffalo is a devil incarnate when it has once decided upon the offensive. Nothing will then turn it; it must be actually stopped by death, sudden and instantaneous, as nothing else will stop it. If not killed it will assuredly destroy its adversary. There is no creature in existence that is so determined to stamp out the life of its opponent. Should it succeed in overthrowing its antagonist, it will not only gore the body with its horns, but it will try to tear it to pieces, and will kneel upon the lifeless form, and stamp on it with its hoofs until the mutilated remains are disfigured beyond recognition. I have killed some hundreds of these animals, and I never regret their destruction, as they are usually vicious and most dangerous brutes, whose ferocity is totally uncalled for."

Perhaps Sir S. Baker carries his enmity to the buffalo a little too far, for it must not be forgotten that the courage and strength of the buffalo make it a dangerous enemy to the prowling tiger, while one of his own pictures shows us a wounded bull buffalo fighting desperately against three lions that attacked it. It is curious that the American buffalo or bison, which is a much more terrific animal than the African buffalo in its appearance, should be of an entirely different character, so that Sir S. Baker describes it as "a perfectly harmless creature, which will never offend unless previously attacked."—*Longman's Magazine.*

FRAUD IN DIAMONDS.—Considerable attention has been directed to the tricks of the diamond trade in Paris by the investigation of the charge that a firm of diamond-dealers had "doctored" yellowish diamonds from the Cape so that they could be sold as gems of the first water. The illegitimate proceeds of the firm from this practice are estimated at a million pounds. The Paris professor of chemistry Berthelot has shed some light upon the matter. "The 'painting' of diamonds," he says, "is a trick known to all dealers in diamonds. I am surprised that these men allowed themselves to be caught so easily. To give yellowish Cape diamonds the appearance of white Brazilian or Indian diamonds, a man has only to dip them in aniline blue. The process resembles the blueing of clothes by the washerwoman, and was discovered about ten years ago. The operation is so simple that not a few Paris women practise it. They buy cheap diamonds and touch them up, just before wearing them out, in an aniline bath. The appearance of the doctored diamonds deceives even the experts at the first glance. The layer of color wears off quickly, however, and the fraud is then evident. The difference between Cape diamonds and the Brazilian or Indian diamonds, which is the basis of the fraud, consists in the greater beauty and clearness of the latter, as well as in their greater durability. Yellow diamonds break easily."

ARTISTS' ERRORS.—During and just after the Crimean war a popular account of that unfortunate struggle was published in monthly parts, illustrated with steel engravings. I happened to be in a printing-office where one of these serials was manufactured, and after I had been watching the working off of a steel plate the foreman gave me one of the impressions. Returning home by omnibus, I found myself seated opposite to a soldier, and put the engraving into his hands. He surveyed it with a critical eye, frowned, and exclaimed, "What in the world are the men in the trenches doing with their knapsacks on? I never heard of such a thing in all my life!" Now, here was a man speaking on a subject with full knowledge, and with crushing criticism. The only idea the artist had of a soldier was a man with a knapsack on his back and a musket in his hand. He had never seen soldiers in the trenches, and so he misleads every one who buys his blundering performance.—*Notes and Queries.*

POLO.—There is a popular idea that polo is a very ancient Indian game. Mr. Moray Brown tells us that, with regard to "the question of when or where polo was first introduced into British India," there can be "but little doubt that it was first played in British territory in Cachar in 1854–55." Indeed, according to Jonathan Scott, Oriental Professor to the East India and the Royal Military Colleges, it was played in our own familiar Pall Mall long before it was ever played in India. Pietro della Valle calls *chavgán*, or polo, "palla maglia," and this may have been the origin of Scott's assertion. A great deal has been written and said lately about Munnipore having been the birthplace of polo; but, although Mr. Moray Brown himself calls it "the cradle of Indian polo," he thinks that the game must have been introduced into Munnipore from Tartary, "for it is distinctly of Tartar origin."

The game was really introduced into England through the medium of a newspaper. In the year 1869 a subaltern in the Tenth Hussars was reading about its being played by the Munniporees in his newspaper at Aldershot, when he said, "By Jove! it must be a goodish game. I vote we try it." And try it they did, with a billiard-ball and crooked sticks, and mounted on their chargers. In most Eastern countries it is called *chavgán*. In Munnipore it is known as *kàn-jai-bazèè*, and the English word "polo" is derived from *pulu* (*i.e.*, a ball made from the knot of willow wood), which is the name given to the game in Thibet. A manuscript in the British Museum of a poem by a Persian poet of the tenth century not only mentions the game, but gives a very quaint illustration of it, which is copied in this book. Polo is said to have been played in Japan in the year 727 A.D., and a historian of the tenth century says that King Darius, "who lived 525 B.C.," sent a polo stick and ball to Alexander the Great "as instruments of sport better suited to his youth and inexperience than warlike occupations." Whereupon Alexander replied that the ball was the earth, and he (Alexander) was the stick. Alexander the Great is not generally supposed to have been born until 356 B.C., but never mind—there was more than one King Darius. Eastern magnates seem to have played polo occasionally with human heads, and the poet Hafiz writes, "May the heads of your enemies be your chavgán balls!"—*Saturday Review.*

THE CURDLING OF MILK IN THUNDER-STORMS.—The curdling of milk during thunder-storms has been the subject of an investigation by Prof. Tolomei, an Italian chemist (see Biedermann's *Centralblatt für Agriculturchemie*). He arrives at the conclusion that the ozone produced by the electric discharges coagulates the milk by oxidizing it, and generates lactic acid. On the other hand, dairy-keepers find that if the milk is kept cold there is no rapid souring in a thunder-storm. From this it would appear that heat has as much to do with the souring as electricity. Mr. A. L. Treadwell, of the Wesleyan University, Connecticut, has recently made further experiments on the subject, and arrives at the conclusion that, while milk under the influence of oxygen and ozone coagulates earlier than when left alone, it does not do so if it has been sterilized and kept from contact with unfiltered air. He therefore thinks that the action is not a mere oxidation, as Tolomei supposes, but is in part produced by the growth of bacteria, which is very rapid in hot sultry weather. The bacteria of milk are aerobic, and free oxygen or ozone would therefore, he thinks, foster their development.

ANDREW LANG.—"Andrew Lang is tall, thin, dark, and his hair is turning gray," says a London correspondent of the Kansas City *Star*. "You sometimes hear him spoken of as 'one of the younger writers.' He is forty-seven. When he talks he drawls in the Oxford fashion. When he laughs he sets your teeth on edge. He has not much reverence, but he is a firm believer in the trinity—Andrew Lang, Molière, and Shakespeare. All other persons and things are tolerated by him rather than endorsed. He believes that Shakespeare's plays are to be read and not to be acted, and his canon of criticism seems to be, 'Whenever you see an author, hit him.' Lang is one of the men with no sense of loyalty to the profession of authorship, and yet we know what a delightful author he can be without half trying. He enjoys running amuck at the whole 'profession,' unless exception be made, for some occult reason, in the person of Mr. Rider Haggard. Lang loves to jeer and flout at other authors, but no one suspects him of malice: it is only his way. He writes charming editorials, or 'leaders' as they call them here, on literary subjects in the *Daily News*, and in them he vents his serene displeasure at will. Lang is never terrible when he attacks. Those who know him do not take his assaults seriously, but find, instead, a peculiar diversion in them. Nothing brings out such a show of anger in Andrew Lang as a gathering of authors, whether for purposes festive or financial. He cannot agree that there should be any fraternity among authors. There is good reason that they should be kicked and beaten, he thinks, or, at the very least, satirized in the *Daily News*. Therefore he never loses an opportunity to amuse the public at the expense of the Authors' Society or the proposed Authors' Club. 'Why should there be an incorporated society of authors?' he asks, as if he would remind us of a fact (for which we may be thankful) that there is not an incorporated society of Andrew Langs. As for the club, he is sure that it will be used chiefly by novices who wish to look upon the persons of distinguished authors,—which, I take it, is another way of saying that Mr. Andrew Lang objects to being stared at. However, if authors must have an oracle, it is well that they should have such an accomplished one as Mr. Lang, who would not willingly do harm."

AN EXPENSIVE SONATA.—Wagner, when a young man, wrote a sonata which had a fair amount of success; but in after-life he made every effort to suppress it. Going to the publisher, he said, "Have you any copies of that miserable thing of mine still unsold?" "Yes," was the reply, "I have quite a number of them in stock." "Send them to me at once, with a bill," said the composer. A thousand copies were soon afterwards delivered at his door. The bill was a big one, but it was paid, somewhat grudgingly, and Wagner thought he had done with the matter. Great was his surprise therefore at receiving, two or three months later, another consignment, numbering five hundred copies. "I thought you had only a thousand of these things?" he protested. "That was all I had in stock," explained the dealer; "but these have been returned by my agents, to whom I wrote that you wished to have the sonata suppressed." Wagner winced; but there was nothing for it but to pay the bill. And thereafter, whenever business was dull with this crafty publisher, a few hundred copies of the sonata would be struck off on shop-worn paper and delivered at the composer's door, with a memorandum to the effect that they had just come back from remote places whither they had been sent for sale.

In Finland.—In no other European state, not even in Sweden and Norway, are life and property so secure as in Finland. The confident matter-of-fact way in which trunks, parcels, and portmanteaus are left for hours in the public streets of cities without any one to look after them could not fail to edify an Englishman or a Belgian, whose portable property often seems to disappear by magic. "On arriving at Helsingfors or Abo by sea," says an English writer, "I have myself occasionally left my trunk on the quay for a couple of hours, till the departure of the next train, meanwhile taking a drive in the country around; and, although on one occasion my portmanteau was not even locked, I never lost anything. In the country districts the houses are for the most part unbolted, unbarred, and unlocked. More than once in my excursions I have come up to a house the occupants of which were miles away at the time, and yet not a door of it was bolted or barred. Then, again, it is no uncommon thing for a blooming girl of seventeen or a young married woman to drive alone in her cart a distance of fifty or sixty miles, through dense forests and by the shores of gloomy lakes, conveying the family's butter, cheese, and eggs to market, in town, and then to return home alone with the proceeds. Finnish honesty is proverbial. In trade the Finns, as a rule, are not only scrupulously honest, they are heroically, quixotically so. A tradesman will tell you the whole truth about his wares, even when he knows perfectly well that by doing so he loses a customer whom the partial truth, a slight suppression, would have secured him. 'This seems exactly the kind of apparatus I am looking for,' I said to a merchant in Helsingfors some months ago, in reference to an article that cost about fifteen pounds, 'and I will buy it at once if, knowing what I want it for, you can honestly recommend me to take it.' 'No, sir, I do not recommend you to take it, nor have I anything in stock just now that would suit you.' And I left the shop and purchased what I wanted elsewhere. 'Here's your fare,' I said to a peasant in the interior, who had driven me for three hours through the woods on his drosky, handing him four shillings. 'No, sir, that's double my fare,' he replied, returning me half the money. And, when I told him he might keep it for his honesty, he nodded his thanks with the dignity of one of nature's gentlemen, from which defiant pride and cringing obsequiousness were equally absent.

Book Notices.—The novelists mainly regret that they are noticed in batches of six or eight, while essays and histories often get a separate review. But novelists, who, by the way, do not always grumble in grammar, should remember that they are very numerous. Each week does not produce eight histories, or even eight volumes of essays, but eight novels are a not unusual harvest: perhaps sixteen new novels to the week is the common average. Of the yearly eight hundred, perhaps ten are really excellent. Were I an editor (*unberufen*), methinks I would give the good novels a separate article, and even, perhaps, extend the privilege of an exclusive pillory to very bad novels by very well known hands. Whether this would make the well-known but erring hands happier is another question. But novelists must remember that if only one column apiece were given to each novel, the whole paper would not contain what must be written on a topic of the scantiest public interest.—*Andrew Lang, in Longman's Magazine.*

THE "SEVEN WONDERS" OF COREA.—Corea, like the world of the ancients, has its "seven wonders." Briefly stated in a China paper, they are as follows. First, a hot mineral spring near Kin-Shantao, the healing properties of which are believed by the people to be miraculous. No matter what disease may afflict the patient, a dip in the water proves efficacious. The second wonder is two springs situated at a considerable distance from each other,—in fact, they have the breadth of the entire peninsula between them. They have two peculiarities: when one is full the other is always empty, and, notwithstanding the obvious fact that they are connected by a subterranean passage, one is bitter and the other pure and sweet. The third wonder is a cold-wave cave,—a cavern from which a wintry wind perpetually blows. The force of the wind from the cave is such that a strong man cannot stand before it. A forest that cannot be eradicated is the fourth wonder. No matter what injury is done to the roots of the trees, which are large pines, they will sprout up again directly, like the phœnix from her ashes. The fifth is the most wonderful of all. It is the famous "floating stone." It stands, or seems to stand, in front of the palace erected in its honor. It is an irregular cube of great bulk. It appears to be resting on the ground free from supports on all sides; but, strange to say, two men at opposite ends of a rope may pass it under the stone without encountering any obstacle. The sixth wonder is the "hot stone," which from remote ages has lain glowing with heat on the top of a high hill. The seventh and last Corean wonder is a drop of the sweat of Buddha. For thirty paces around the large temple in which it is enshrined not a blade of grass will grow. There are no trees or flowers inside the sacred square. Even the animals decline to profane a spot so holy.

SOMETHING ABOUT TEA.—That its use was universal is borne out by one of the maxims of Confucius, the wisest man of China, when he said, "Be good and courteous to all, even to the stranger from other lands. If he say unto thee that he thirsteth, give unto him a cup of warm tea without money and without price."

At the time of Buddha, China was enjoying a large foreign commerce in tea. It was carried by her junks to Japan, Corea, Tonquin, Anam, Cochin, Burmah, Siam, India, Ceylon, Persia, and Arabia. According to one record, it was sent to a great flat river country west of Arabia, from which it was separated by a long and very torrid sea, which must have been Egypt. It was carried by caravans to Manchuria, Mongolia, Kuldja, Tartary, Thibet, Persia, and Northern India.

This commerce flourished during centuries, and culminated in the dynasties of Hung-Tung and Tung-Chi, about 1600 A.D.

From this time there was a slow but steady decline to the reign of the present sovereign, Kwang-Hsu. In the past twenty years the decline has been something terrible, the trade to-day being scarcely one-quarter of what it was in 1870. The outlook is not promising to the tea-planter and patriot in any respect. In every district the industry is on the verge of bankruptcy. The demand from abroad yearly diminishes, the people themselves are taking to other beverages, while the taxation necessary to government, which in the former years of prosperity was a mere trifle, now threatens utter extinction of the trade.—*Philadelphia Times.*

AT THE REHEARSAL.—They were going over the second act of a dramatic gem which revelled in the title of "A Bunch of Beets."

"Miss Shannon," said the stage manager, "you'll have to cut that speech."

"Not on your life. It's the only one I've got."

"Say, what do you think this is?—a play? You cut that speech and do a dance instead. Murphy and Doonan! Where's Murphy and Doonan?"

"Here."

"I've put your knock-about act at the end, to bring down the curtain. You can do it in black face or not, just as you please. And see here, I don't want any more of that baseball bat business! You whack each other with good old-fashioned flap-sticks. Now let's get back to the scene. What's the cue?"

"I'm a James dandy and a loo-loo from St. Louis," said the third assistant deputy soubrette.

"Ah, yes. Now, Mr. Henley, you enter through the practicable window R. C., see Mr. Drew in the act of concealing the axe, and remark, 'Pipe his jagsteps.'"

"But the book says, 'Get onto his nobs,'" protested Mr. Henley.

"Don't you bother about the book. The next thing'll be that you'll try to act, and just let me catch you at it! You do a specialty with Drew, three songs and a breakdown, and go off. Miss Monroe, you follow with ''Twas but a Little Faded Flower.'"

"I don't know it."

"That settles it. You're the seventh. Everybody to-morrow at eleven, and those who aren't letter perfect in their specialties will get two weeks' notice!"

Thus is the American stage enriched beyond the dreams of artistic avarice. —*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

SAGO.—The native name of sago-palm in Borneo is "rumbiah." These palms grow from twenty to fifty feet, generally along the banks of rivers and in swampy land. There are two kinds, *Metroxylon læve* and *Metroxylon Rumphii.* The latter is especially favored by nature by being naturally protected from its incessant enemy and devourer the wild pig. It is armed with strong long spikes; and in cultivating sago nothing but good strong fences will keep out these burglars of the forest, for where they are bent on sago it takes a good deal to stop them and keep them out. Sago is a leading feature in Borneo; seven-eighths of the supply to Europe come from that country. Three trees supply more nutritive matter than an acre of wheat, and six trees more than an acre of potatoes. The sago is obtained from the heart of the palm in the following manner. Just before the terminal spike of the inflorescence appears, which grows to four or five feet in length about six or eight years after planting, the palm is cut down at the root, divided into lengths to suit the manipulator, each length split in two, when the pith is scooped or dug out with bamboo hoes, a thin skin or rind only being left. The pith is placed in mats over a trough or canoe by the water-side, and, water being constantly poured over it and trodden out by the natives, a rough separation of the starchy matter from the pithy, woody matter is arrived at, and the former runs off into troughs below, while the latter remains on the mat for the pigs, etc. The raw sago is sold to the Chinese, who put it through many washings and send it to Singapore, and thence it finally reaches England.

THE TWO FOES OF THE TURK.—The Turkish government has no friends, and two irreconcilable foes, Russia and the Arab race. The hatred of Russia, which has lasted all through modern history, is well understood in England; but the hatred of the Arabs, owing to the seclusion of Arabia, and to the preconceived notion, which is absurdly false, that all Mussulmans pull together, escapes the general attention. The Ottomans, and especially their ruling house, consider it, however, the more dangerous hatred of the two. They could, in the last resort, accept the protectorate of Russia, which has been repeatedly offered them, and so continue for some years to rule a great though subordinate empire. They know, too, that they must quit Europe in the end, care only to plunder their remaining European provinces, and, but for their admiration for Constantinople and its historic charm as the centre of their old dominion, they would probably retire voluntarily to Broussa, where twice within the present half-century everything has been prepared for the Sultan.

The Arabs, however, if they revolted successfully, would deprive the Ottomans, not of Europe, but of Asia and Africa, and either destroy the Great Horde altogether, or drive them back into the desert or into Persia, where they might commence a new career. The Arabs have never forgotten that Islam was first revealed to them; that they were the first masters of the Mussulman world; and that their rule created glowing though temporary civilizations, and left its impress so deep upon all Mussulman history and legend that, with an exception or two, it is only their personages round whom myths have grown. The greatest of the Sultans is nothing in Mussulmans' memory compared with Haroun-al-Raschid.

The Arabs do not at heart acknowledge—indeed, some millions of them formally deny—that any "Toork" can be the legitimate Khalif; and they cherish a conviction that in God's good time the power of those whom they think barbarians will come to a visible end. Of late years, too, they have been ready to hasten that end, and had Arabi been let alone, or had the Mahdi been victorious, all Arabia would have risen, and the Ottoman power would probably have ended, as it began, in blood.—*Spectator.*

THE SUEZ CANAL.—A most ingenious system exists by which the director at Port Said can tell at a glance the exact position of all the vessels in the Suez Canal, and thus decide how their passages are to be arranged. The director has a model of the canal before him, the whole canal being worked from head-quarters by means of the telegraph. When a vessel enters the canal from either end, the intelligence is wired to the office, and a figure to represent it is placed on the model. Its movements are communicated from each station it reaches, and, whenever it is necessary for vessels to pass each other, notice is sent to the station, which signals to the particular one indicated to "tie up" for the purpose.

THE PRUSSIAN ARMY.—The Prussian army, properly so called, is officered by four field-marshals, three colonel-generals of cavalry and one of infantry, 61 full generals of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, 81 lieutenant-generals, and 147 major-generals, making a total of 297 general officers on active service. The number of field and subaltern officers on active service is 13,601, in addition to 407 in the gendarmerie and the military establishments, while there are 395 recruiting-officers, 7227 officers of reserve, and 8371 of Landwehr, making a grand total of over 30,000.

THE BRAGGART.—The boasting officer in Greek and Latin plays was copied from life. He was a well-known figure at Athens in the fourth and third centuries before Christ. In the wine-taverns and barbers' shops of the Piræus, mercenary captains, returned from service with Antigonus and Seleucus, told stories of their exploits which turned home-keeping Athenian liars pale with envy. The true method of ridiculing a lie is to tell a greater one; and as the falsehoods of these gentlemen were so very extravagant, the comedians who satirized them were obliged to invent stories which transcended all possibility. Hence Pyrgopolinices is described as being only prevented by the bluntness of his sword from killing five hundred Cappadocians at one blow. Hence Anthemonides in the "Pœnulus" describes how he annihilated a tribe of flying men.

These exaggerations are too crude to be amusing, and Terence prefers to make his boastful soldier brag of his wit rather than of his prowess in war. Bobadil, in Ben Jonson's "Every Man in his Humor," is, after Falstaff, the best known of the characters which our comedy owes to the ancient type. But he is derived from Thraso rather than from Pyrgopolinices. With Thraso discretion is the better part of valor. Bobadil is an arrant coward as well as a boaster. Thraso is vain of his wit. Bobadil admires poetry, and seems to have a taste for criticism. He possesses more individuality than the stock soldiers of the ancient comedy. He is frugal and sober. His lies all have an apparent show of reason. His plan of getting nineteen gentlemen, and teaching them fencing till they "would all play very near or altogether as well as himself," of challenging and killing twenty a day, until in two hundred days they had annihilated the whole enemy, forty thousand strong, is put forward with the utmost gravity and apparent seriousness. Two minutes afterwards he is challenged and beaten by Downright, being so paralyzed with fear that he is unable to draw his sword.

Besides Falstaff, Shakespeare may have been influenced to some extent by the ancient type in drawing Armado, Parolles, and Pistol. Other well-known characters in the English drama are Lilly's Sir Tophas in "Endymion;" that professional coward, Captain Bessus, in Beaumont and Fletcher's "A King and No King;" and Congreve's Captain Bluffe, in the "Old Bachelor," with his oath of mickle might, "By the immortal thunder of great guns."—*The Quarterly Review.*

SOME OLD-TIME NEWSPAPERS.—The oldest newspaper in the collection brought together in the exhibition at Cologne, of the early triumphs of the printing-press, dates from 1529. It describes the entrance of the Roman emperor into Bologna, and tells how his Papal Holiness met his Imperial Majesty on that august occasion. The next oldest gives an account of the overflow of the Tiber in 1530. Other newspapers, coming down to 1614, tell of wars with the Turks, the attacking of cities, and other remarkable events. There are fourteen of these sixteenth-century papers, and all except two consist of four small quarto leaves. The latest was evidently a campaign extra, got up to add glory to the King of Spain. It has a formidable title, which runs thus: "True Newspaper, describing how the Mighty King of Spain has late acquired, in the East Indies, an Incalculable Treasure worth many hundreds of millions, the like of which has never been heard of before." The precious boomerang was issued from the press of Peter von Brachel, in Cologne.—*St. Louis Stationer.*

THEOBROMA.—The ancients understood what a delicious article the product of the cocoa bean was, for when they came to name the tree on which it grew they called it Theo-Broma, or God's food. This is certainly a wonderful tribute to the early knowledge of this now so justly famous article of diet. The cocoa (or more properly cacao) tree is essentially an American product. A peculiar fact in reference to the growth of this article of commerce is, that upon the same tree all at once are found bud, blossom, and fruit, and this process continues all the year round. It is true, however, that there are two seasons when a specially large and choice crop is gathered,—in June and December. The fruit is allowed to sweat or ferment for a time, and is then dried and shipped to Holland, where the best beans are used by Van Houten & Zoon, of Weesp, to make the most delicious and healthful cocoa that is sold on the European and American markets. The problems of making this luxuriant, rich, and fatty bean a healthful article of diet were many and difficult, but they were most successfully solved by Mr. C. J. Van Houten, who is the *inventor* of soluble cocoa, and his process is still by far the best in producing a healthful cocoa, easily assimilated and at the same time most delicious in flavor and aroma. Van Houten's Cocoa, "best and goes farthest," has become a household word in America as well as all over Europe, and wherever it is once tried it is used always.

An Exciting Adventure.—A recent number of *The Englishman* (Calcutta) relates a most exciting adventure with a snake in a mess-room. Dinner was just finished, and several English officers were sitting around the table. The conversation had not been animated, and there came a lull, as the night was too hot for small-talk. The major of the regiment, a clean-cut man of fifty-five, turned towards his next neighbor at the table, a young subaltern, who was leaning back in his chair with his hands clasped behind his head, staring through the cigar-smoke at the ceiling. The major was slowly looking the man over, from his handsome face down, when, with sudden alertness and in a quiet steady voice, he said, "Don't move, please, Mr. Carruthers. I want to try an experiment with you. Don't move a muscle." "All right, major," replied the subaltern, without even turning his eyes; "hadn't the least idea of moving, assure you! What's the game?" By this time all the others were listening in a lazily expectant way. "Do you think," continued the major,—and his voice trembled just a little,—"that you can keep absolutely still, for, say, two minutes —to save your life?" "Are you joking?" "On the contrary, move a muscle and you are a dead man. Can you stand the strain?" The subaltern barely whispered "Yes," and his face paled slightly. "Burke," said the major, addressing an officer across the table, "pour some of that milk into a saucer, and set it on the floor here just at the back of me. Gently, man! Quiet!" Not a word was spoken as the officer quietly filled the saucer, walked with it carefully around the table, and set it down where the major had indicated on the floor. Like a marble statue sat the young subaltern in his white linen clothes, while a cobra di capello which had been crawling up the leg of his trousers slowly raised its head, then turned, descended to the floor, and glided towards the milk. Suddenly the silence was broken by the report of the major's revolver, and the snake lay dead on the floor. "Thank you, major," said the subaltern, as the two men shook hands warmly: "you have saved my life!" "You're welcome, my boy," replied the senior; "but you did your share."

Good Books or Penny Dreadfuls for Children.—"Good books for the young,"—that is a stock phrase. "The influence of vicious literature upon the masses,"—that is another. Then there is that black bogey, "the penny dreadful." When I was young—I am not ashamed to own it—I read everything. I read every "penny dreadful" I could lay my hands upon. I read "good books"—that is, "goody" books—and did not particularly like them. I never met a boy or a girl who did. One did not mind the story part, what story there was, but the "goody" part one skipped. What is more, even at that tender age, I was conscious that the "goody" book presented quite as "vicious" a picture of life as the "penny dreadful:" one couldn't believe those "goody" books were true.—*All the Year Round.*

Coffee.—The first European who mentions coffee is said to have been a physician named Prosper Alpinus, who went to Egypt in 1580 in the capacity of physician to a Venetian consul. This physician used his position to make himself acquainted with the botany of Egypt, and in 1592 he published in Venice his "History of the Plants of Egypt." In this history he gives an account of a tree the seeds of which were much used by the Arabs and Egyptians for making a drink. The seeds of the tree he called *bon*, or *ban*, and by decoction they were converted into a drink, to which he ascribes special qualities and virtues.

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He Knew His "Sort."—Mr. Beerbohm Tree, while playing Hartfeld in "Jim the Penman" at the Haymarket, was induced to go to Oxford one afternoon and play Iago. The only way of avoiding very awkward consequences was to dress in the train; and this Mr. Tree had prepared himself to do, if, as he feared, Othello at Oxford was late; and, as it was, he only just caught his train to London by throwing an ulster over his Iago dress and bolting for the station. Arrived there, he tipped the guard and got a compartment to himself. So far, good! By the first stoppage the Iago beard was off, and Mr. Tree bore the appearance of an ordinary English gentleman, to the obvious mystification of the guard, who looked in as he passed along the platform, stared, grunted, but ended at that. But, when the time came for taking tickets, another metamorphosis had taken place. The Hartfeld wig, whiskers, and, above all, the Hartfeld nose, had been assumed, and, when the hawk-like and forbidding face loomed out of the growing shadows in answer to the cry of "Tickets!" the suspicion of the guard was thoroughly roused. And now, to cap it all, Mr. Tree had lost his ticket! This was the last straw, and, with ominous severity, the guard said, sharply, "Lost it? I dessay! Come, take off that nose! We know your sort!"—and it was only by the application of liberal largess that the Haymarket audience was not kept waiting. Mr. Tree is convinced that in his secret conscience that guard fully believes to this day that he aided and abetted in the escape of some desperate criminal.

Buried Alive.—The powers of the fakirs, or faqueers, of India and Persia of simulating death are marvellous and almost incredible. Several sects in these countries regard the art of apparent death as a part of their religious ritual, and practise it assiduously. In their ancient books it is described as *puranayam*, or stopping the breath. Many cases in which these Indian fakirs have allowed themselves to be buried alive for long periods have been verified by British officials in India, and attested by evidence which dispels all doubt of their truth.

This impersonation of death continues for as long as six months, and even ten months. The way the fakirs go to work to produce this condition is to have the little ligature under the tongue cut, whereby they are enabled to stretch this organ out to a great length. Then they turn it back, inserting the end in the throat, and closing up at the same time the inner nasal apertures. The external apertures of the nose and ears are closed with wax and the eyes covered to exclude the light.

Long preliminary practice is, however, needed in holding the breath, and a long course of fasting before burial. The fakir then sinks into a condition resembling death, and the body is wrapped in linen, placed in a box, and buried. When the box is taken up, at the expiration of the long-continued, death-like sleep, and opened, the fakir is found cold and stiff; no pulsation can be felt; the heart, the wrist, the temples, are still; the body is not cold as a corpse would be, but is colder than that of other living men, except over the seat of the brain. All the secretions are fully stopped; the nails, hair, and beard have ceased growth. After being resuscitated the fakir feels great dizziness, and for a few hours cannot stand up without support, but gradually he recovers strength and enjoys amazingly the wonder he has excited.—*London Times.*

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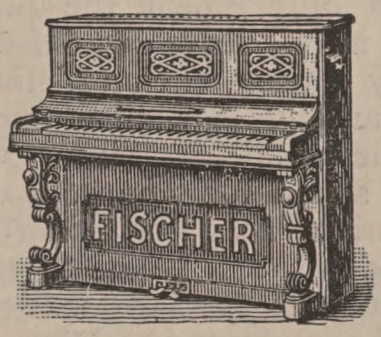

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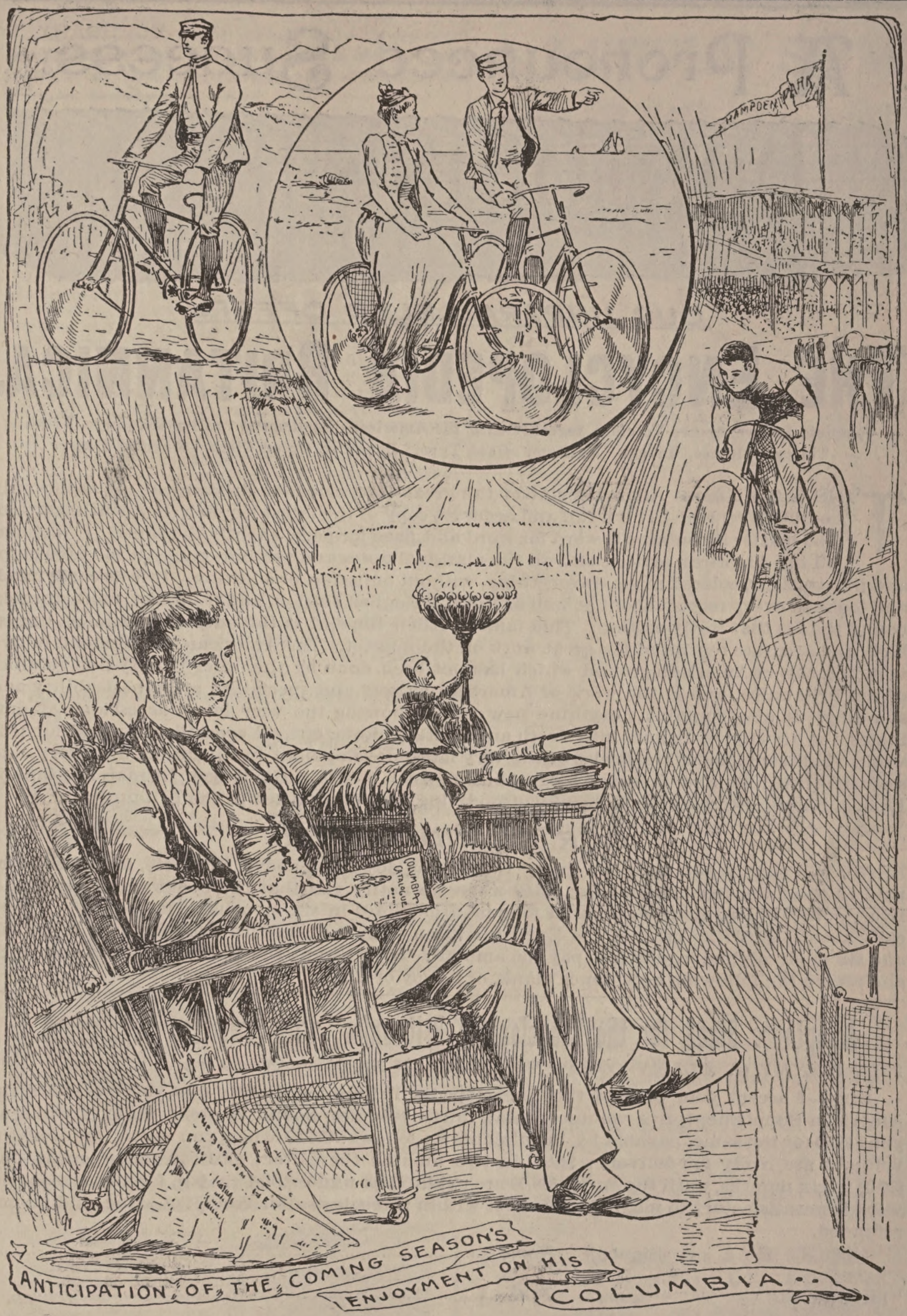

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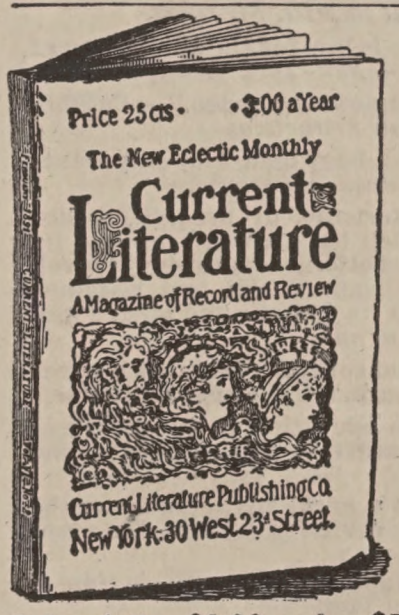

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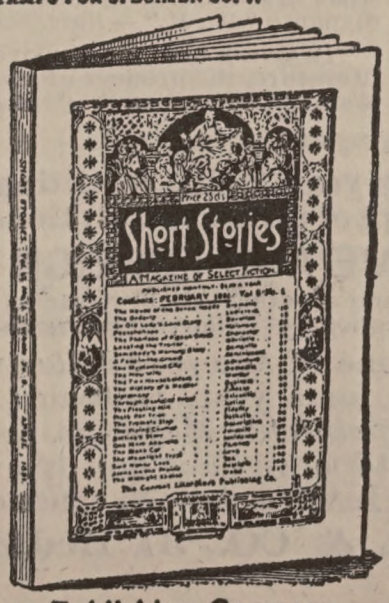

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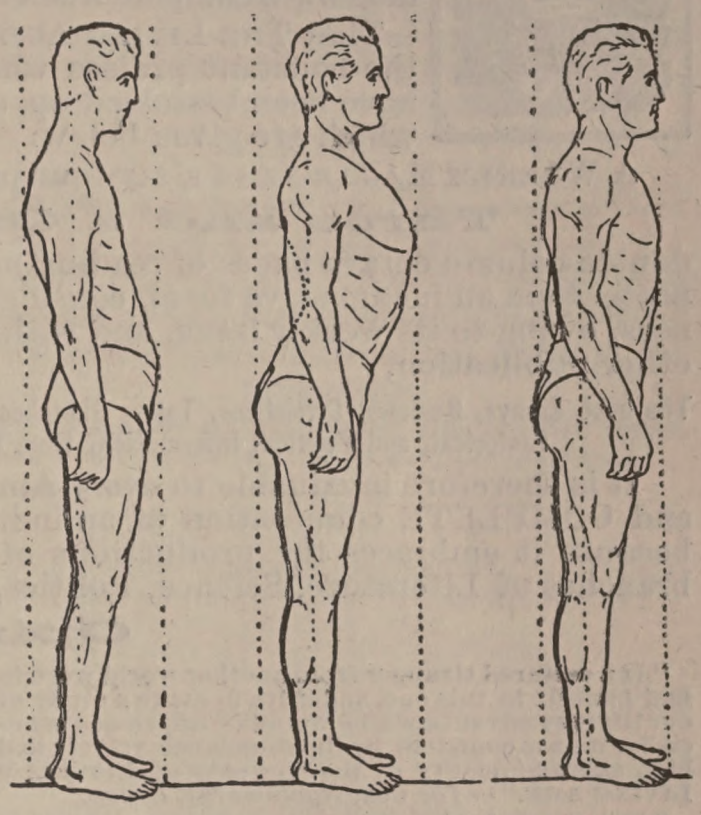

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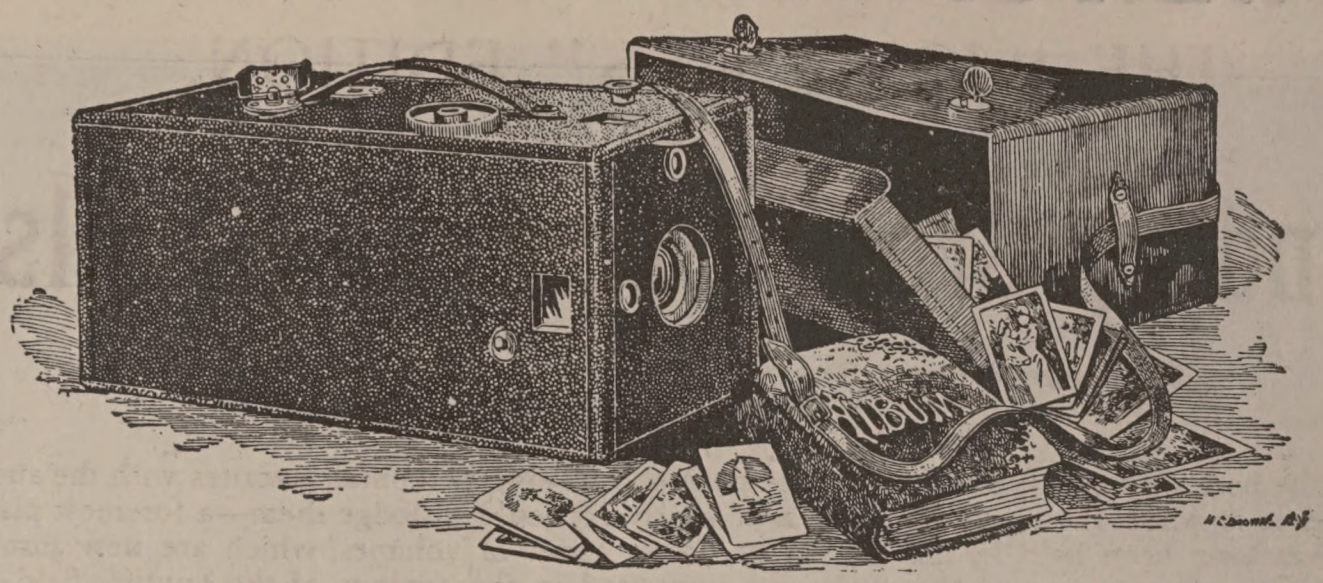

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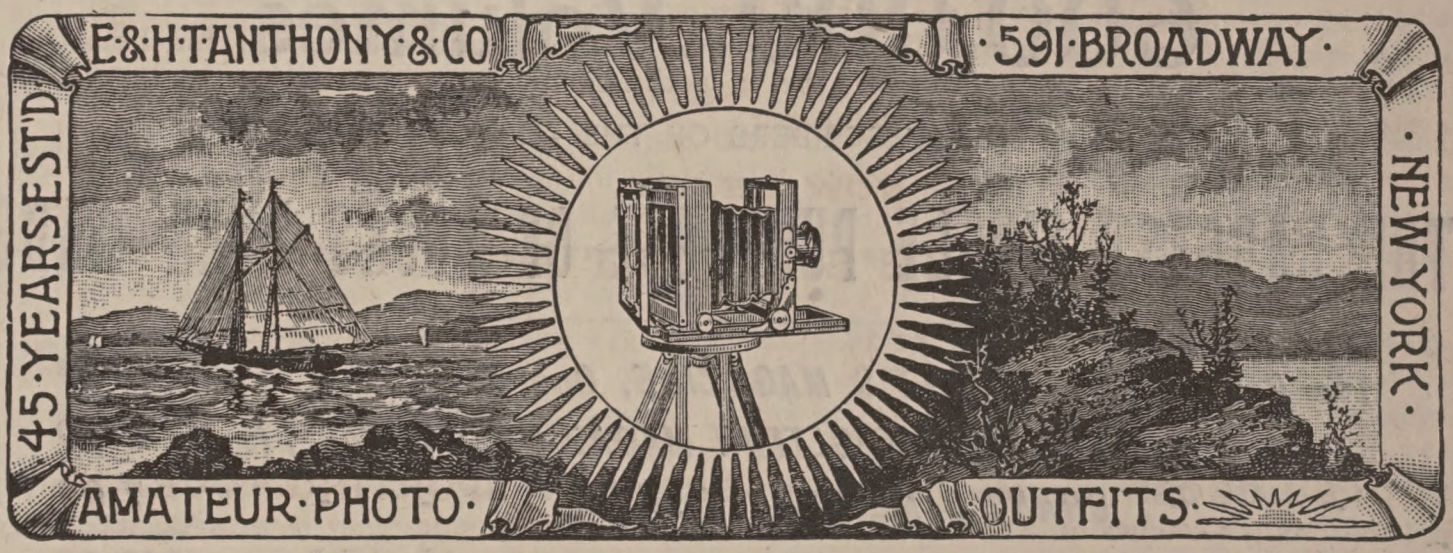

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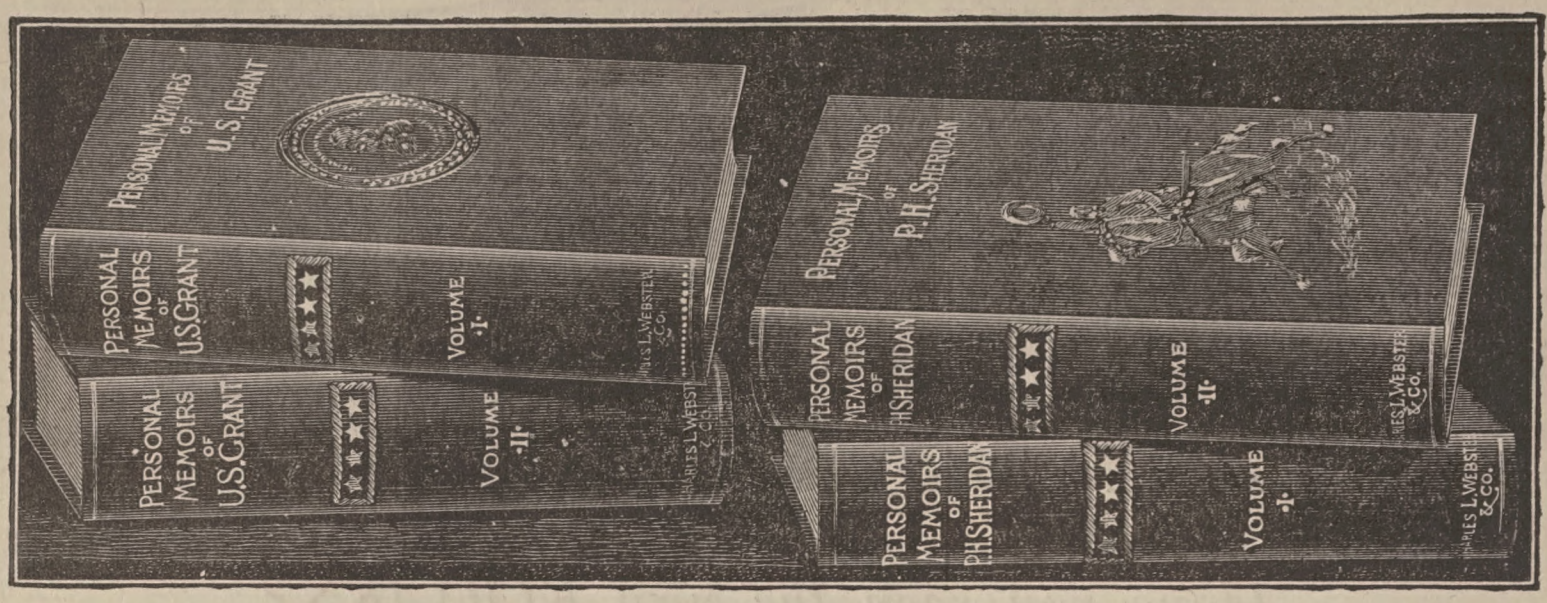

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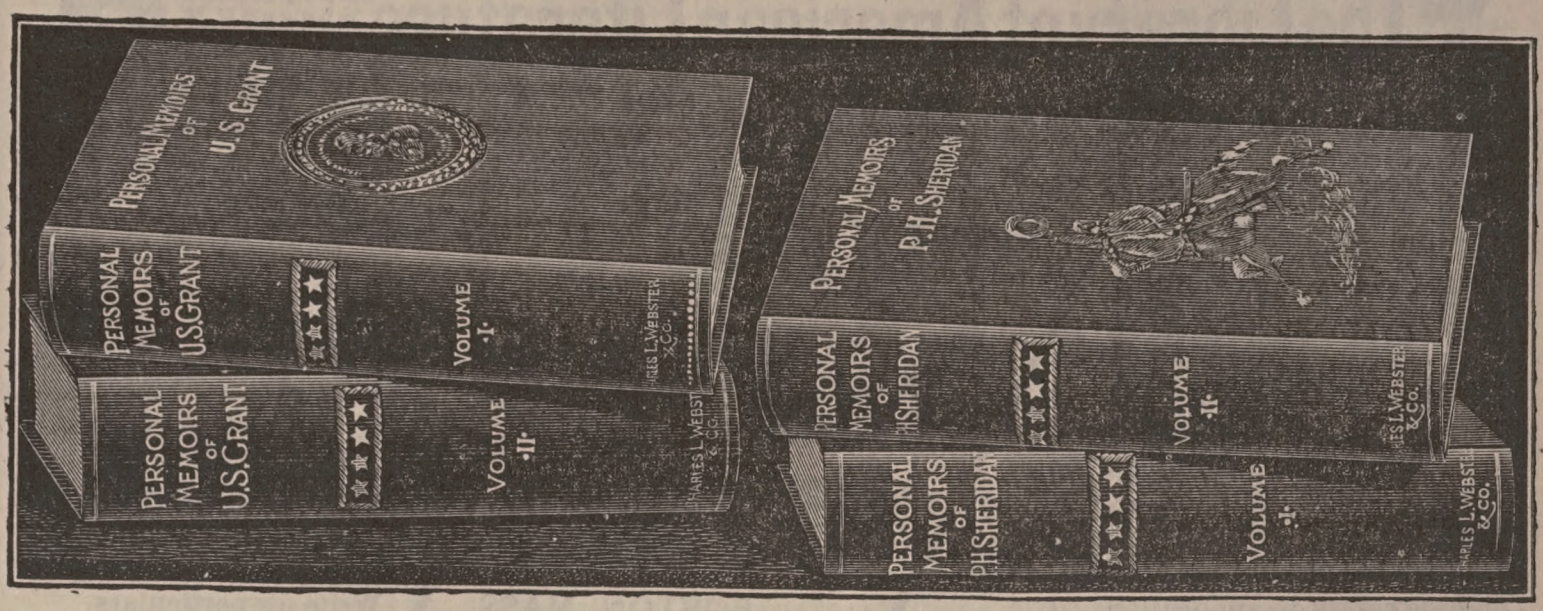

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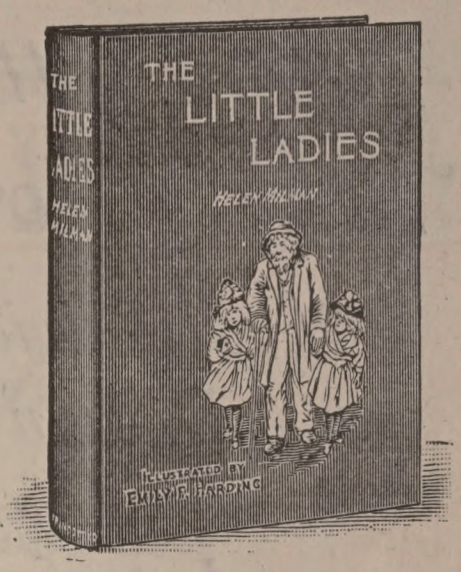

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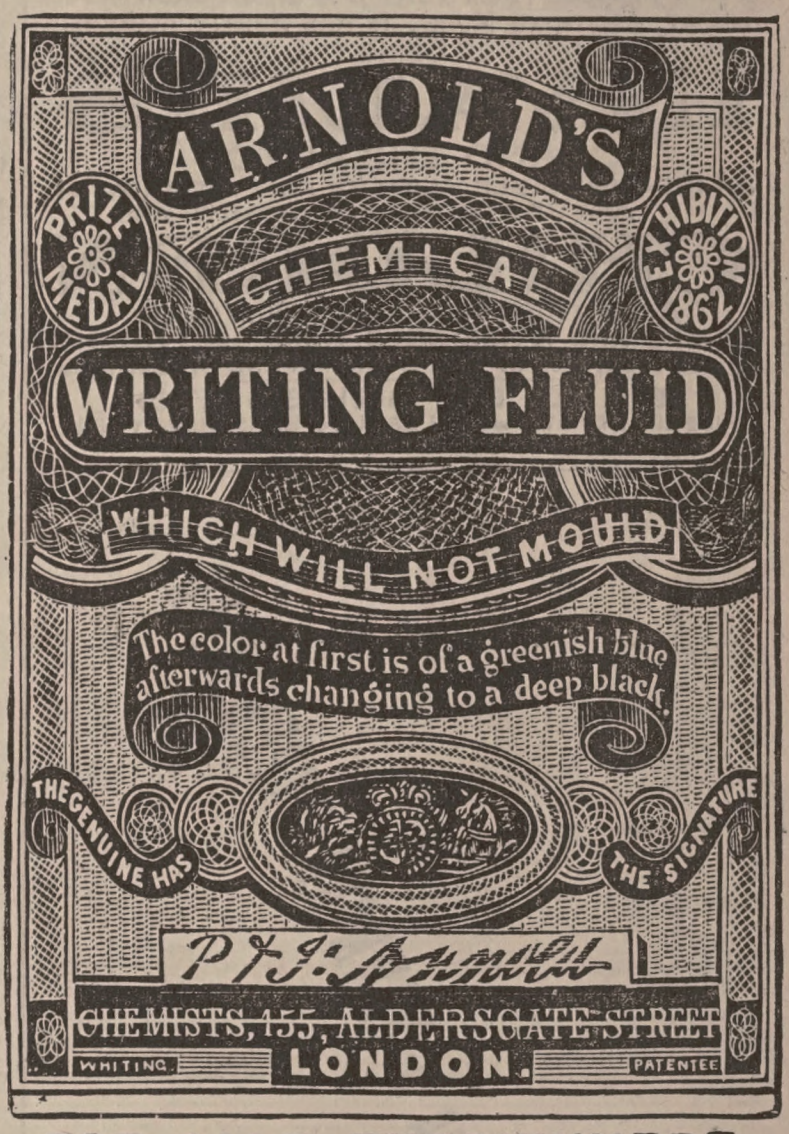

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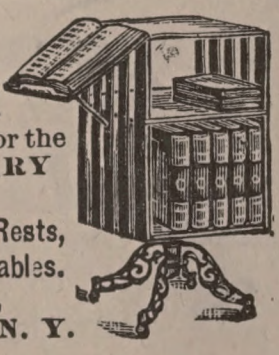

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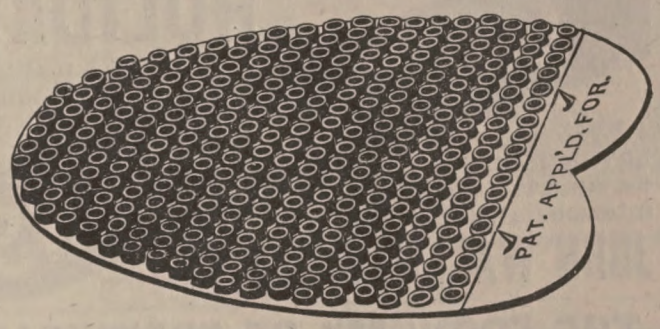

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gives elasticity and ease to every step taken by the wearer. It breaks the shock or jarring of the body when walking, and is particularly adapted to all who are obliged to be on their feet. To those suffering from **Spinal, Kidney, Rheumatic,** and **Nervous Affections,** it will be found a great relief. The rubber, with its annular projections, is as **soft** as **velvet,** thoroughly vulcanized, always elastic, leather covered next to the foot, and can be instantly adjusted inside of the boot, directly under the heel. All sizes, **25 cents per pair,** mailed upon receipt of price. At all dealers.

What People Say Who Wear Them:

"Send six pairs more; they are a grand success."
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Endorsed by physicians for nervous troubles.

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Everything in rubber goods. Catalogue mailed free.

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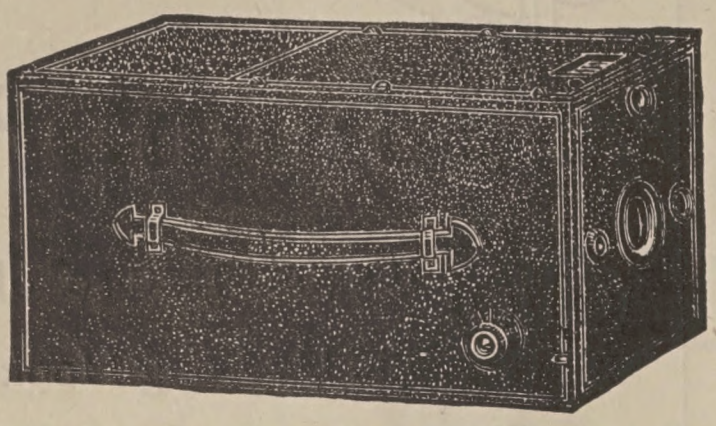

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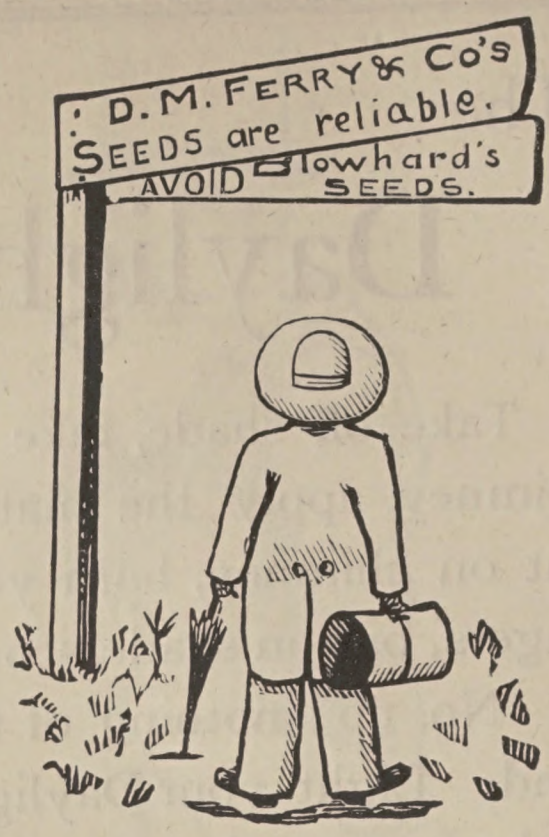

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Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

TRY THE CURE.

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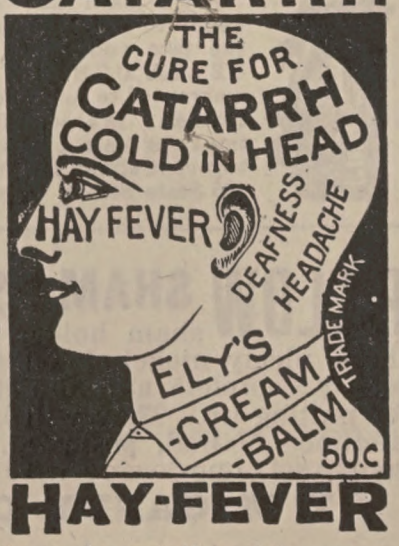

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We are at all times prepared to mail samples without charge, upon request, and by reason of our promptness and care in filling orders, together with the universal moderation of prices that is characteristic of our establishment,

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By giving us an opportunity of sending you samples, you will be enabled to inspect the very latest and most varied assortment of foreign and domestic goods at your own home, and no obligation to purchase is laid upon you should our samples fail to give satisfaction.

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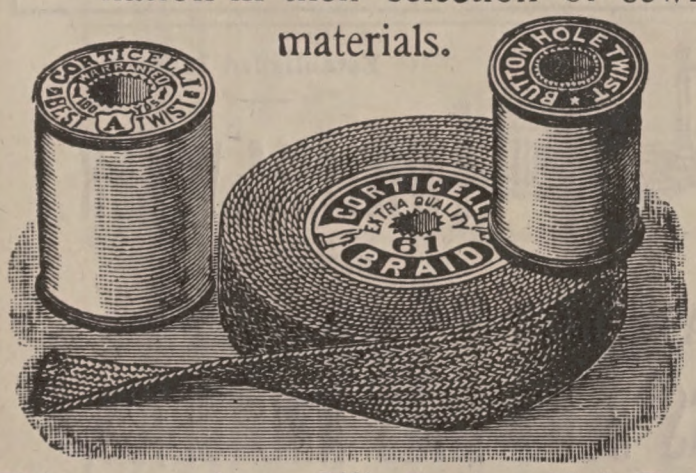
Strawbridge & Clothier, {Market Street / Eighth Street / Filbert Street} Philadelphia.

PRUDENT purchasers save time and mental friction by careful discrimination in their selection of sewing materials.



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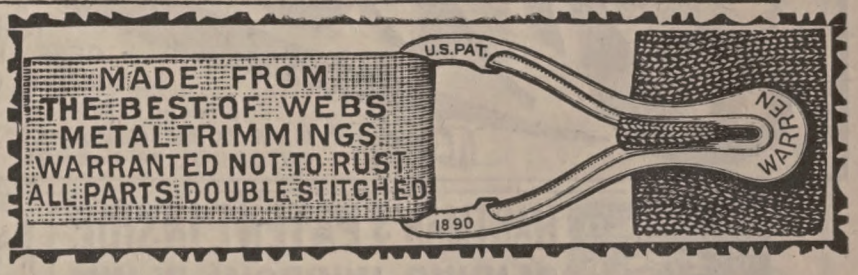

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Which Can't Cut the Stocking.

All Others are Dangerous Substitutes.

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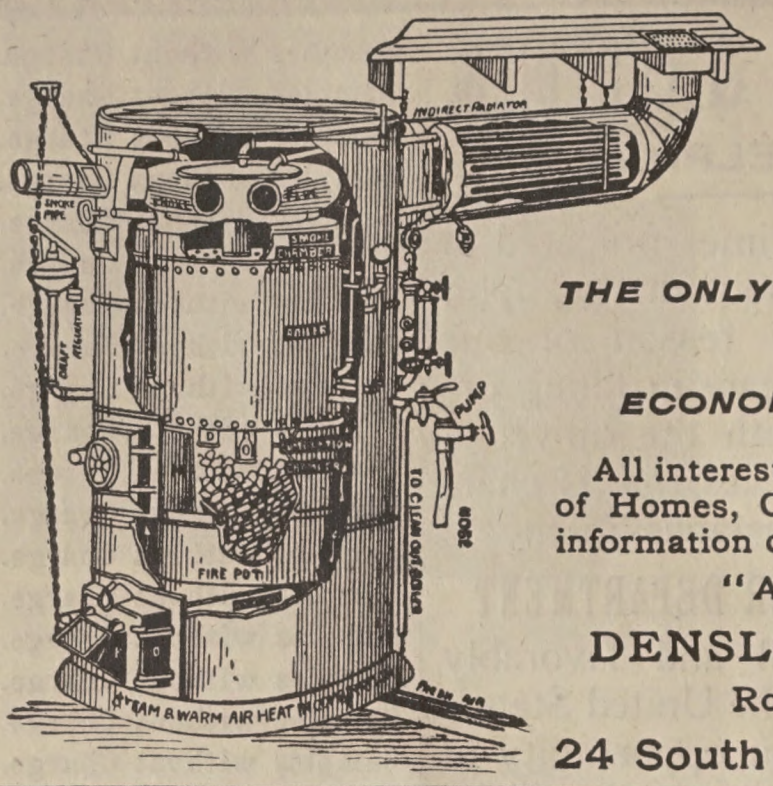

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THE ONLY SUCCESSFUL COMBINATION OF HOT AIR AND STEAM.

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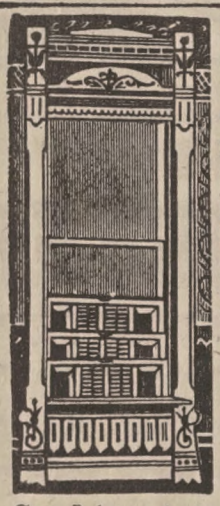

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Is the most popular Blind in America. Architects and builders prefer it to any other, for **merit, style, convenience** and **economy.** Not complicated. The **only** Blind that is furnished with an automatic **Burglar-Proof Lock,** free of charge. This is an item of **immense magnitude,** and may save you many times the cost of blinds and perhaps life also, and the **only** blind that **gives entire satisfaction.** **Thousands are in use.** Agents wanted everywhere. Send for illustrated catalogue and prices. Manufactured by

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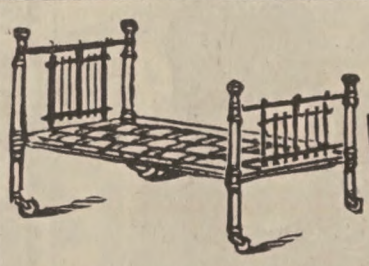

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Pen-holders, Rubber Bands, and Pencil Sharpeners.

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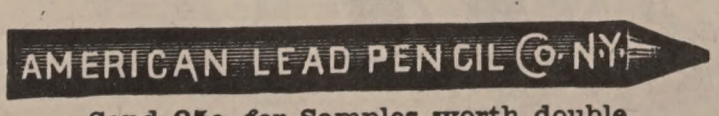

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ESTABLISHED 1846.

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This Magazine is printed with John Woodruff's Sons' Inks.

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For marking on Linen with a common pen. Established over 50 years. Sold by all Druggists and Stationers in the U. S. If your dealer does not keep it, send 25c. for a bottle, post-paid, to **A. L. Williston, Mfgr., Northampton, Mass.**

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When, after fruitless wastes of time,
A man attains unto his prime
Without advance in station,
He looks about this earthly stage
To see how many at his age
Began their reputation.

THE moralist says every man should have fixed principles to live by. He has; but he has fixed them to suit himself.

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The only really successful preventive and cure of pimples, blotches, blackheads, red, rough, and oily skin, and most complexional disfigurations, is that greatest of all Skin Purifiers and Beautifiers, the celebrated CUTICURA SOAP. For irritating and scaly humors of the scalp, with dry or falling hair, red, rough hands, chaps, painful finger ends with shapeless nails, and simple humors of the skin and scalp of infancy and childhood, it is simply infallible.

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A marvellous beautifier of world-wide celebrity, CUTICURA SOAP is simply incomparable as a Skin-Purifying Soap, unequalled for the Toilet, and without a rival for the Nursery. Absolutely pure, delicately medicated, exquisitely perfumed, it produces the whitest, clearest skin, and softest hands, and prevents inflammation and clogging of the pores, the cause of pimples, blotches, blackheads, red and oily skin, and most complexional disfigurations. It derives its remarkable medicinal properties from CUTICURA, the great skin cure, but so delicately are they blended with the purest of toilet and nursery soap stocks that the result is a *medicated toilet soap* incomparably superior to all other skin and complexion soaps, while rivalling in delicacy and surpassing in purity the most noted and expensive of toilet and nursery soaps. For the prevention of facial blemishes, for giving a brilliancy and freshness to the complexion, and for cleansing the scalp and invigorating the hair, it is without a peer. Sale greater than the combined sales of all other skin soaps. Sold everywhere. 25 cents.

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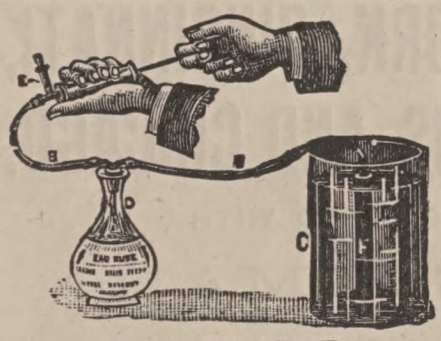
with Itching and Burning Eczemas, and other itching, scaly, and blotchy skin and scalp diseases, are relieved by a single application, and speedily, permanently, and economically cured by **Cuticura Remedies,** the greatest Skin Cures, Blood Purifiers, and Humor Remedies of modern times. Price: CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, 50 cents; CUTICURA SOAP, 25 cents; CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, $1.00. Prepared by POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston, U.S.A. ☞ "ALL ABOUT THE BLOOD, SKIN, SCALP, AND HAIR" will be mailed free. 64 Pages, 300 Diseases, 50 Illustrations, 100 Testimonials.



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Exclusive trade to dealers. No goods consigned.

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Engraving of "Pasteur in his Laboratory" sent free to any address. Mention this paper.

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Treatment, a specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain, resulting in insanity, misery, decay, and death. Premature Old Age, caused by over-exertion of the Brain. Each box contains 1 month's treatment. $1.00 a box, or 6 boxes for $5.00. by mail

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With each $5 order we will send a written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not cure. Guarantees issued only by FINNERTY, MCCLURE & Co., Sole Agts., 106 Market St., Philadelphia, Penna.

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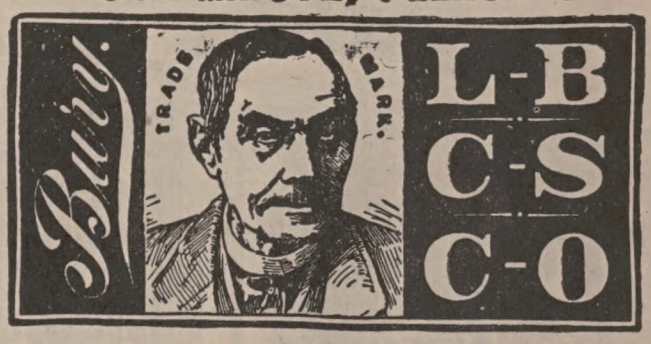

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For Catarrh, Cold in the Head, Headache, and Hay Fever.

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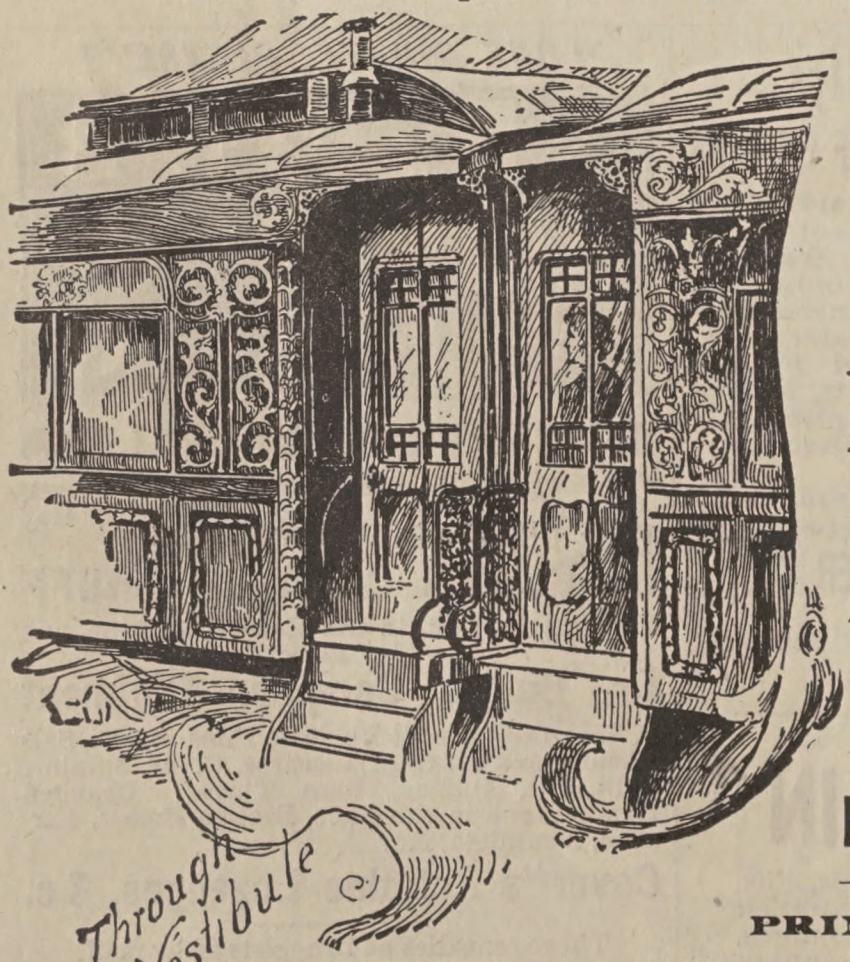

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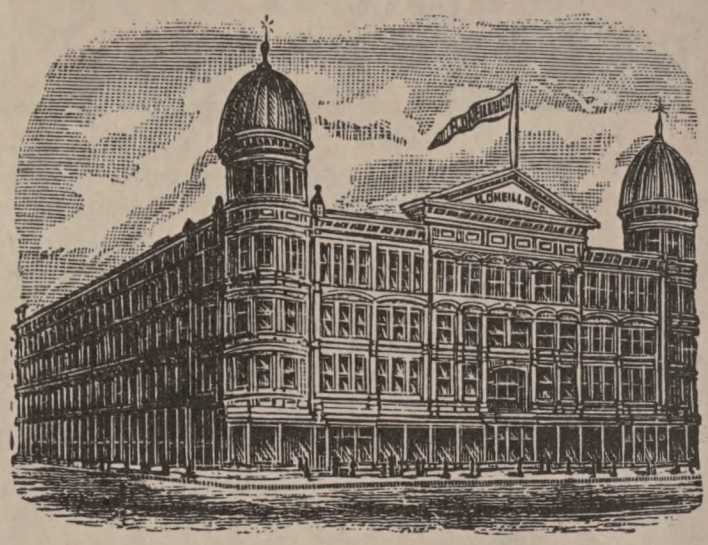

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In general use for Children's Wear, Dress and Hat Trimmings.

Special Merit

For **Painting** and **Embroidery, Draping** purposes, and the many kinds of **FANCY WORK** that make home pleasant and attractive.

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Pleasant and **profitable** work.
Write at once for particulars, and secure an Agency.

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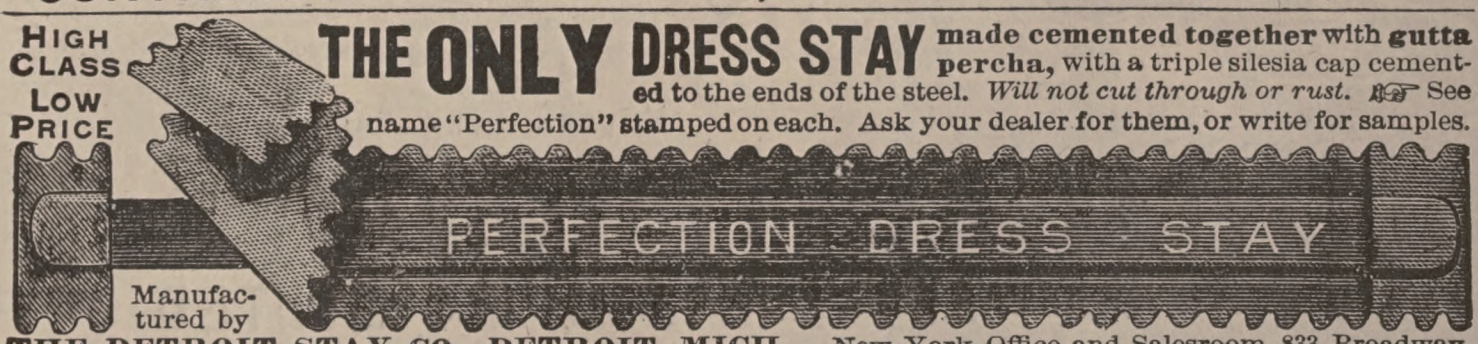

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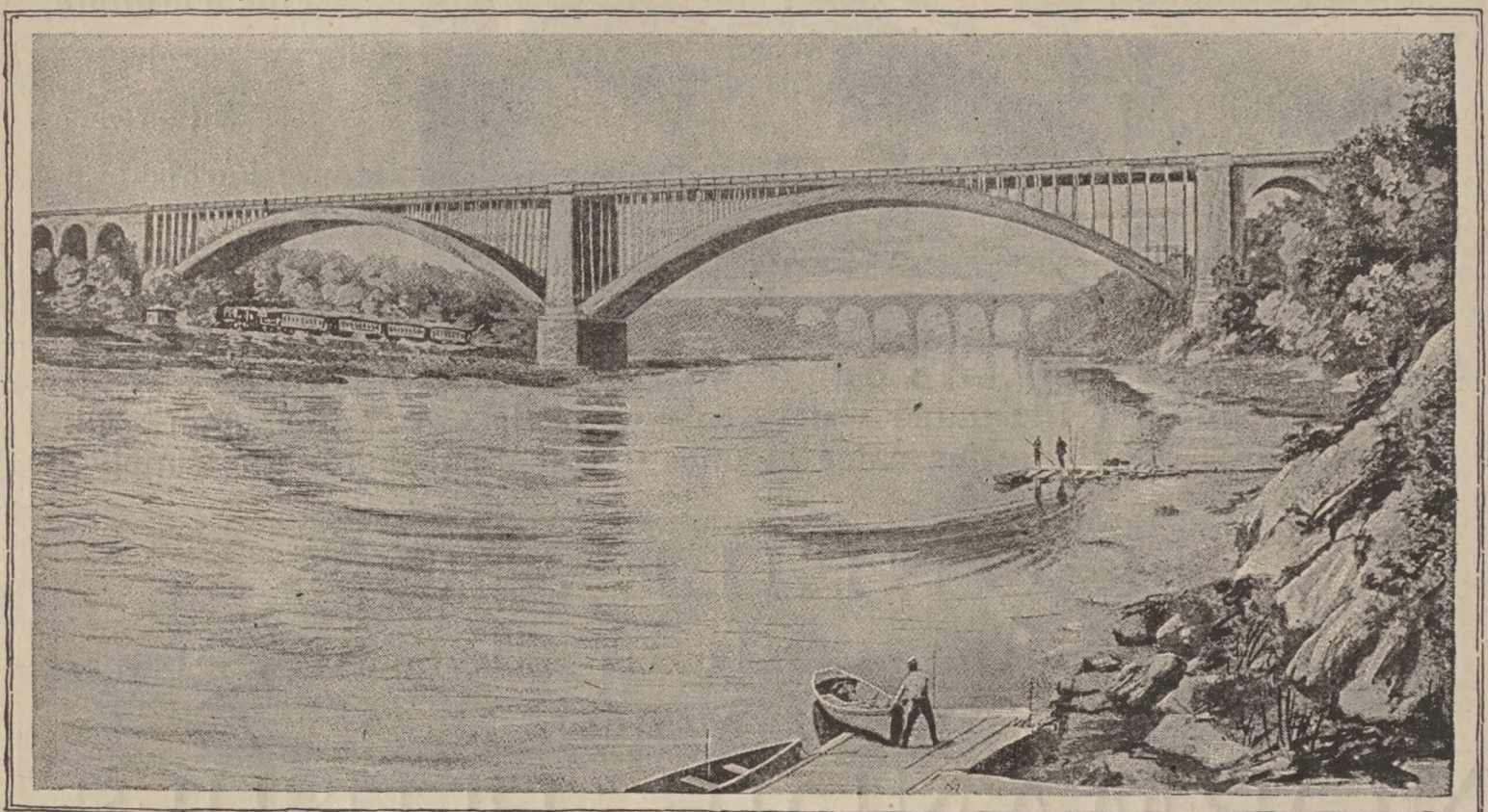

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Holds Brush, Dauber, Blacking, and Ladies' Dressing. A perfect rest for the foot while polishing the shoe. "Always ready and out of the way."

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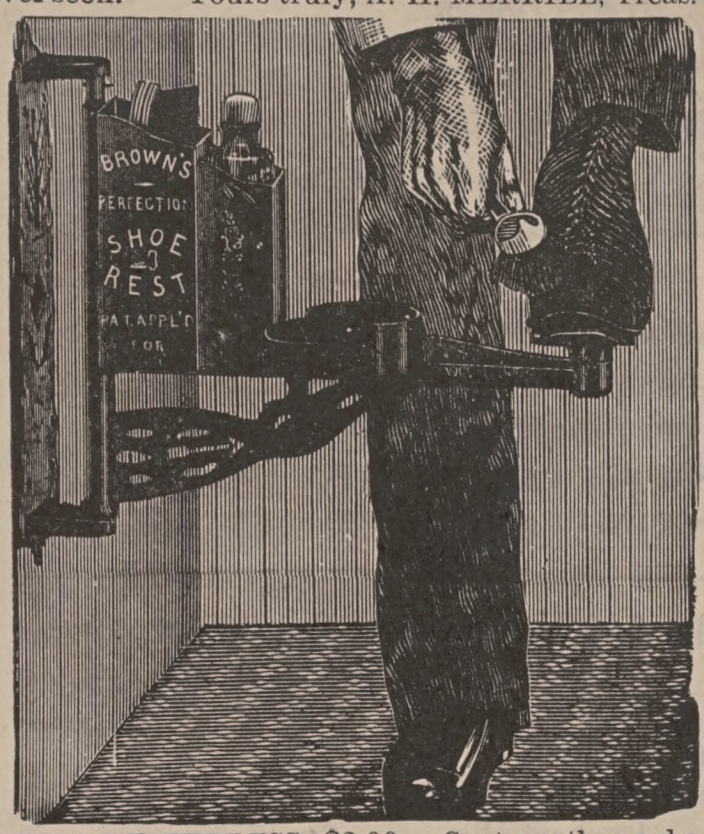

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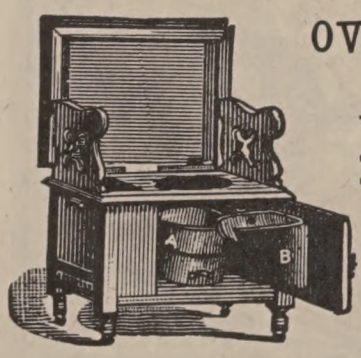

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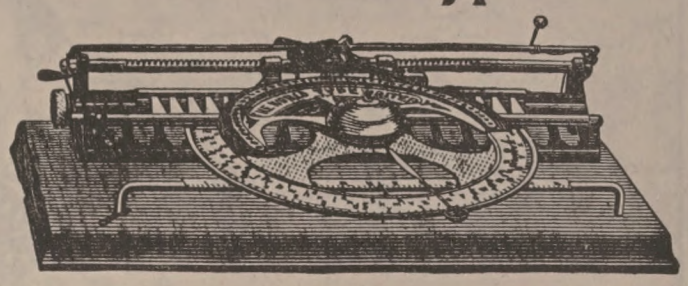

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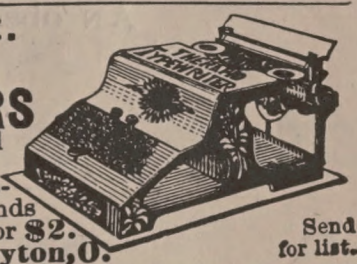

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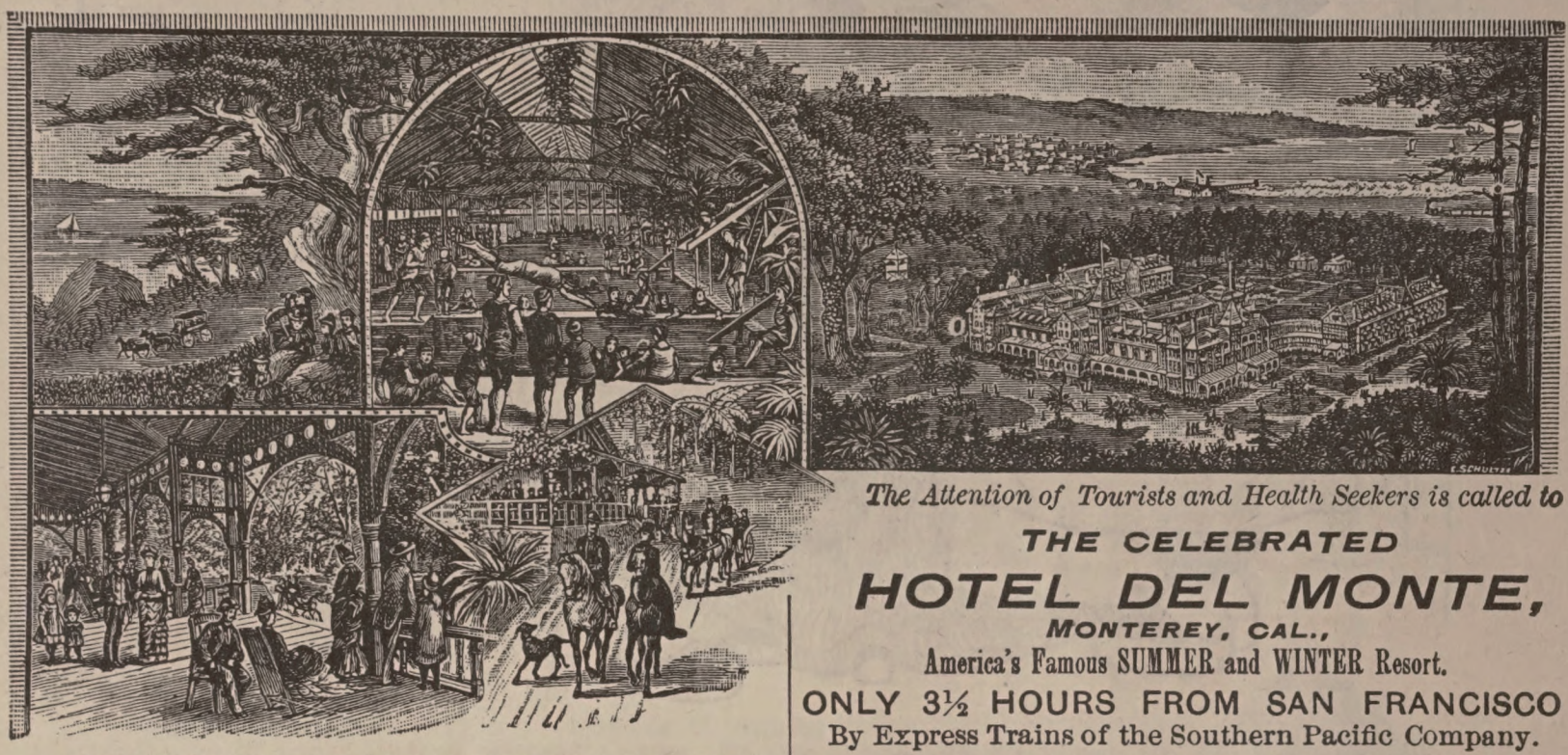

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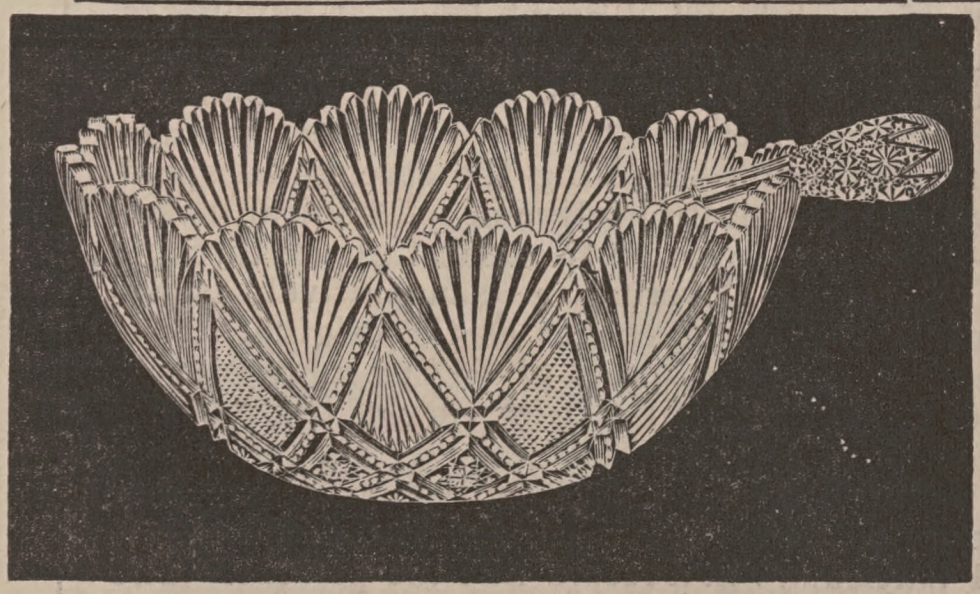

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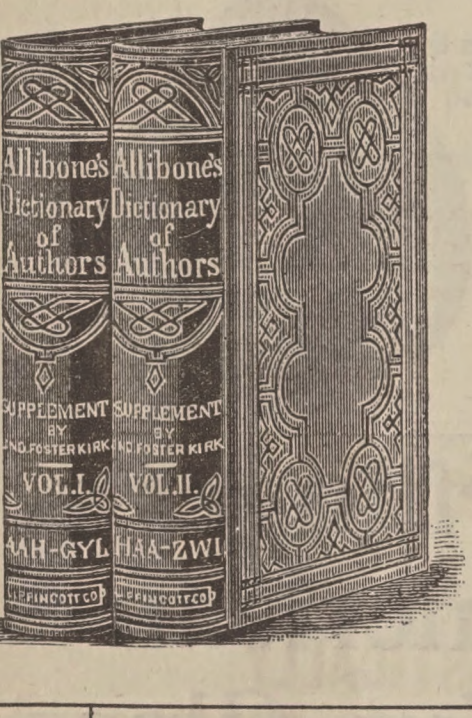

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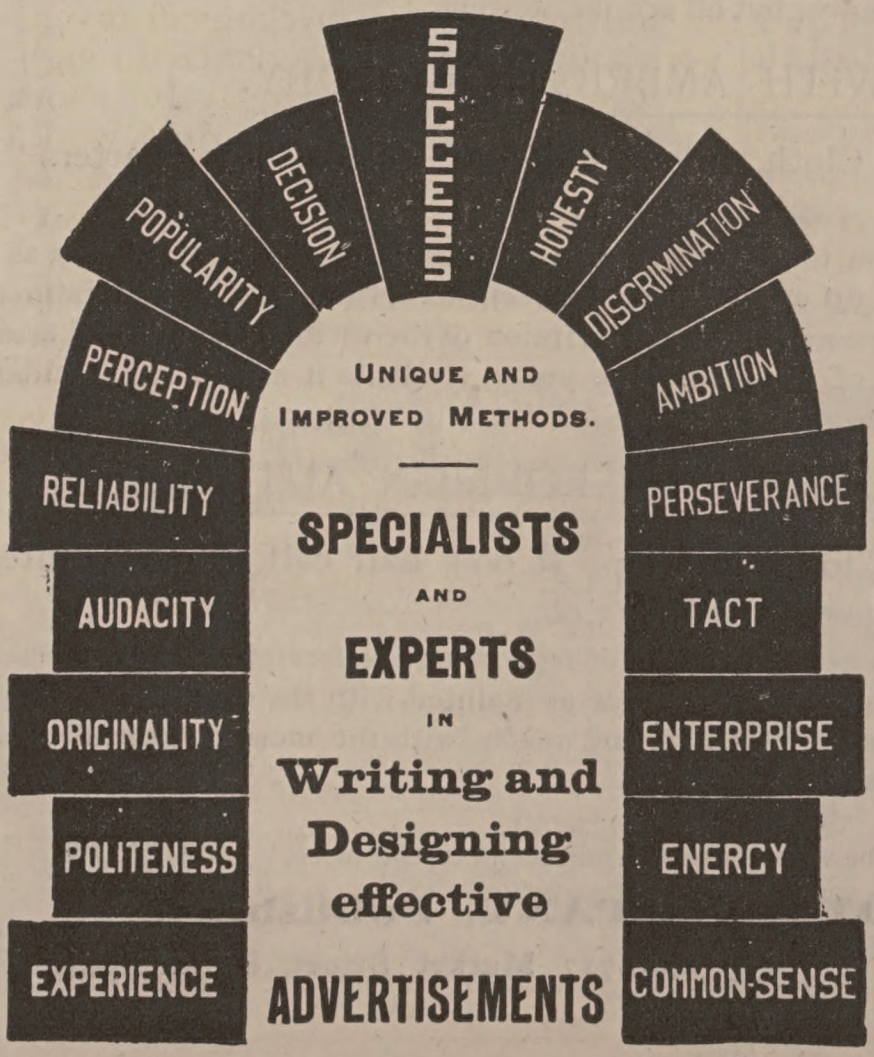

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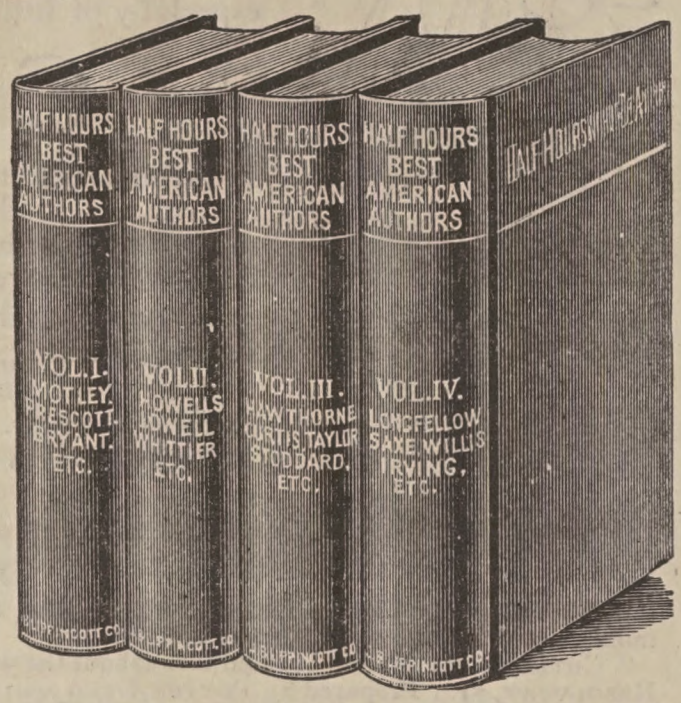

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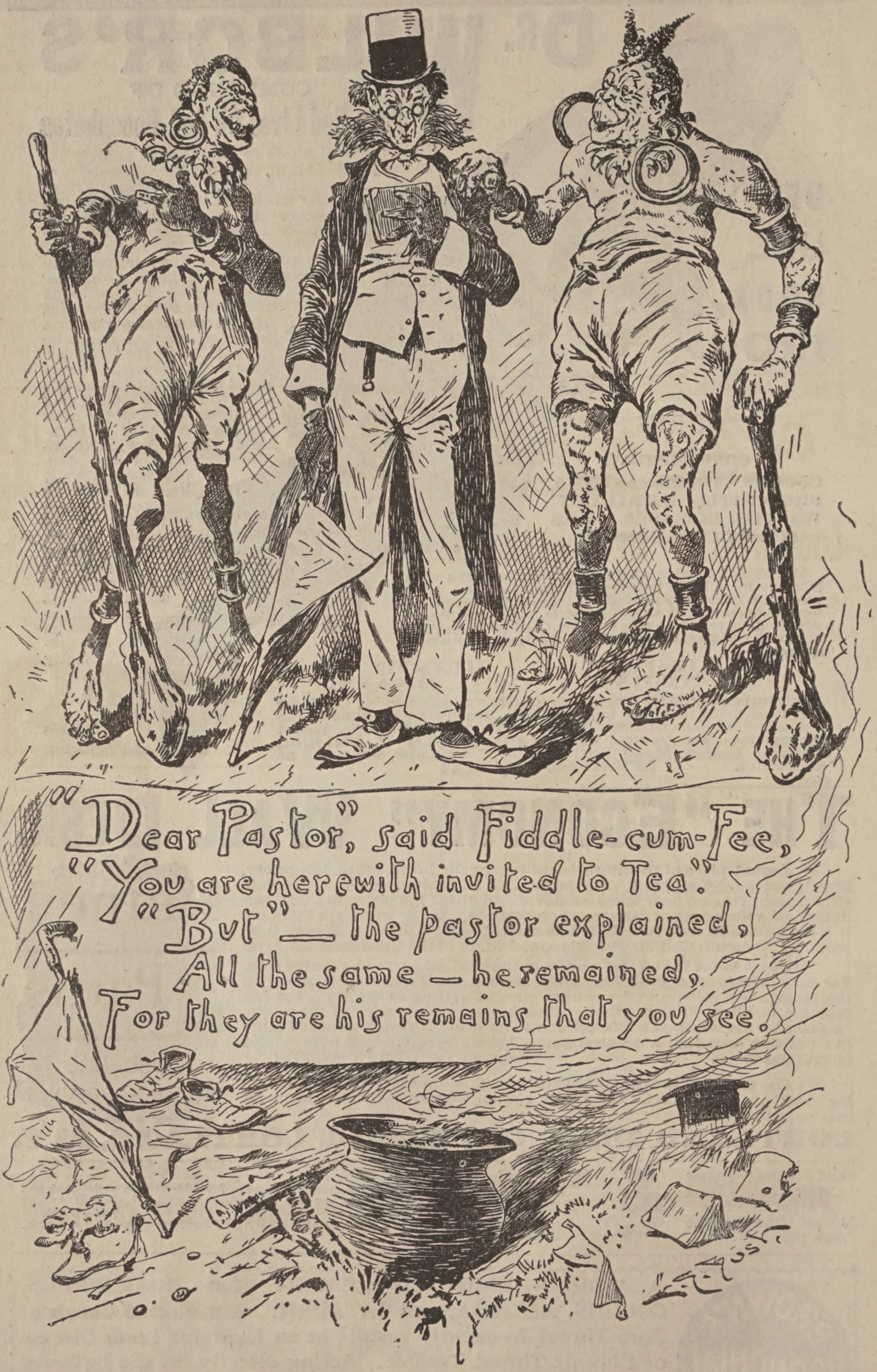
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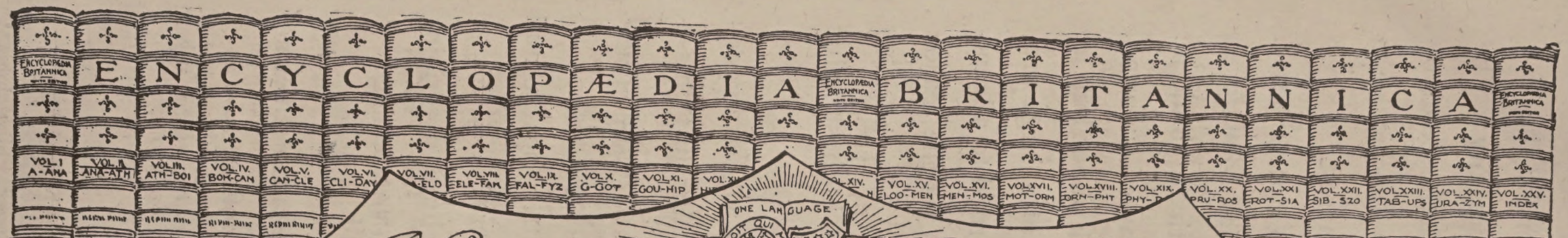

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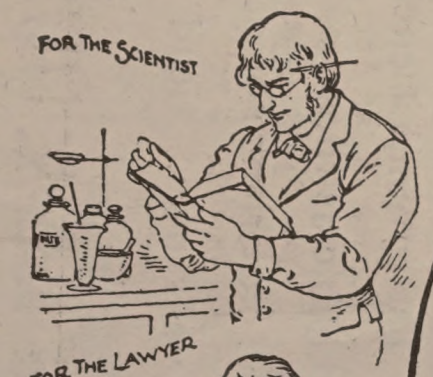

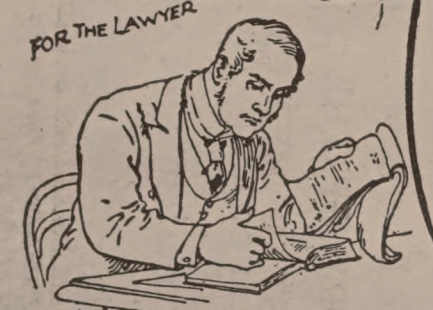

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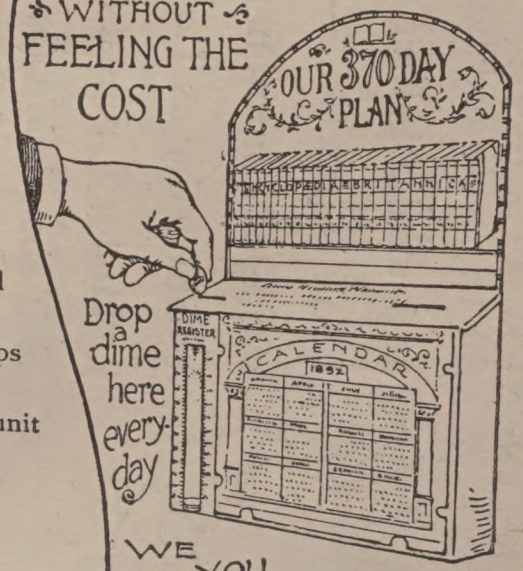

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