

SEED DISPERSAL

[Illustration: FIG. 40.--Ripe fruit of pin clover, or Alfilerilla, ready to twist into fleeces of sheep or into loose soil.]

He never was a Baptist preacher, though such vocation has often been attributed to him. The impression arose from his having immersed himself, during one of his periods of special enthusiasm, together with a poor white man named Brantley. "About this time", he says in his Confession, "I told these things to a white man, on whom it had a wonderful effect, and he ceased from his wickedness, and was attacked immediately with a cutaneous eruption, and the blood oozed from the pores of his skin, and after praying and fasting nine days he was healed. And the Spirit appeared to me again, and said, as the Saviour had been baptized, so should we be also; and when the white people would not let us be baptized by the Church, we went down into the water together, in the sight of many who reviled us, and were baptized by the Spirit. After this I rejoiced greatly and gave thanks to God."

"That man on the other side is watching this house, I'm sure, and if I go away I shall be followed."

Waiting for no word of hers, he took refuge in his room, and Edith Snowdon sank down upon the couch, struggling with contending emotions of love and jealousy, remorse and despair. How long she sat there she could not tell; an approaching step recalled her to herself, and looking up she saw Octavia. As the girl approached down the long vista of the drawing rooms, her youth and beauty, innocence and candor touched that fairer and more gifted woman with an envy she had never known before. Something in the girl's face struck her instantly: a look of peace and purity, a sweet serenity more winning than loveliness, more impressive than dignity or grace. With a smile on her lips, yet a half-sad, half-tender light in her eyes, and a cluster of pale winter roses in her hand, she came on till she stood before her rival and, offering the flowers, said, in words as simple as sincere, "Dear Mrs. Snowdon, I cannot let the last sun of the old year set on any misdeeds of mine for which I may atone. I have disliked, distrusted, and misjudged you, and now I come to you in all humility to say forgive me."

The following day's post brought a piece of news that changed the situation in a moment; there was a letter from Captain Falkenberg himself in the paper, saying it was due to a misunderstanding that the new timber saw had been stated as being of his invention. The apparatus had been designed by a man who had worked on his estate some time back. As to its value, he would not express any opinion.--Captain Falkenberg.

"For the very same reason! They're afraid of 'em, so they must keep 'em well fed."

"Dear, dear, very affecting, I'm sure," muttered the prosperous carriage-builder.

[Sidenote: Obser. At this time several upon the Bench urged hard upon the Prisoner to bear him down.]

We were traversing the "long level," a dead flat between Utica and Syracuse, where the canal has not rise or fall enough to require a lock for nearly seventy miles. There can hardly be a more dismal tract of country. The forest which covers it, consisting chiefly of white-cedar, black-ash, and other trees that live in excessive moisture, is now decayed and death-struck by the partial draining of the swamp into the great ditch of the canal. Sometimes, indeed, our lights were reflected from pools of stagnant water which stretched far in among the trunks of the trees, beneath dense masses of dark foliage. But generally the tall stems and intermingled branches were naked, and brought into strong relief amid the surrounding gloom by the whiteness of their decay. Often we beheld the prostrate form of some old sylvan giant which had fallen and crushed down smaller trees under its immense ruin. In spots where destruction had been riotous, the lanterns showed perhaps a hundred trunks, erect, half overthrown, extended along the ground, resting on their shattered limbs or tossing them desperately into the darkness, but all of one ashy white, all naked together, in desolate confusion. Thus growing out of the night as we drew nigh, and vanishing as we glided on, based on obscurity, and overhung and bounded by it, the scene was ghostlike,--the very land of unsubstantial things, whither dreams might betake themselves when they quit the slumberer's brain.

[Illustration: "YOUR FATHER'S REGULARLY RICH, AIN'T HE!" INQUIRED MR. TOOTS. "YES, SIR," SAID PAUL; "HE'S DOMBEY AND SON"--Chap. xii.]

Permit me yet to suggest one motive more. A connection like that you have proposed to yourself, might probably make you a father. Of all the charities incident to the human character, those of a parent are abundantly the most exquisite and venerable. And can a man of the smallest sensibility think with calmness, of bringing children into the world to be the heirs of shame? When he gives them life he entails upon them dishonour. The father that should look upon them with joy, as a benefit conferred upon society, and the support of his declining age, regards them with coldness and alienation. The mother who should consider them as her boast and her honour, cannot behold them without opening anew all the sluices of remorse, cannot own them without a blush.

'Tis this that chiefly, when I chant,
Fulfils my breast with sighs of ruth,
To think that engines can supplant
The Amazons I loved in youth.

"However they must be pitied because their artificial emotion often results in a sorrow which is not lessened by repetition, but whose manifestation is none the less prejudicial to the peace of their being.

I have dated this narrative in a peculiarly calamitous period, though well aware that virtue, like happiness, is supposed to flourish most in times of tranquility. Such times afford no subjects for the historian or the bard; and even the moralist is often led to revert rather to those stormy eras which roused the energies of the human soul, and compelled it to assert qualities of which they who have observed only the repose of domestic life can form no conception. Man, attempting with finite powers to compass the most stupendous designs in spite of physical or moral obstacles; submitting to every privation, braving danger and death, often even defying omnipotence, and all for the sake of some speculative tenet, some doubtful advantage, the post of honour burdened

by superlative responsibility, or the eminence of power attended with perpetual care, is an object no less interesting to the philosopher, than it is miraculous to the peasant, who places enjoyment in ease and animal indulgence. It is on the motives and actions which characterise this self-denial and enterprise, that the hero and the statesman fix their attention; forming their models, and drawing their conclusions, not from the passive inclinations, but from the capabilities of our species, not from what man would or ought to prefer, but from what he has achieved when stimulated by hope, goaded by ambition, or instigated by desperation.

New Life movement, 61

These lectures, dissertations, theses, sustained by the brightest geniuses of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, roused our forefathers to enthusiasm. They were to them their bull-fights, their Italian opera, their tragedy, their dancers; in short, all their drama. The performance of Mysteries was a later thing than these spiritual disputations, to which, perhaps, we owe the French stage. Inspired eloquence, combining the attractions of the human voice skilfully used, with daring inquisition into the secrets of God, sufficed to satisfy every form of curiosity, appealed to the soul, and constituted the fashionable entertainment of the time. Not only did Theology include the other sciences, it was science itself, as grammar was science to the Ancient Greeks; and those who distinguished themselves in these duels, in which the orators, like Jacob, wrestled with the Spirit of God, had a promising future before them. Embassies, arbitrations between sovereigns, chancellorships, and ecclesiastical dignities were the meed of men whose rhetoric had been schooled in theological controversy. The professor's chair was the tribune of the period.

Ham for boiling, roasting or pan broiling.

"I don't frighten you any longer?"

And they too that inhabited Bouprasion and goodly Elis, so much thereof as Hyrmine and Myrsinos upon the borders and the Olenian rock and Aleision bound between them, of these men there were four captains, and ten swift ships followed each one, and many Epeians embarked thereon. So some were led of Amphimachos and Thalpios, of the lineage of Aktor, sons one of Kteatos and one of Eurytos; and of some was stalwart Dioces captain, son of Amarynkes; and of the fourth company godlike Polyxeinos was captain, son of king Agasthenes Augeias' son.

SPRING IN THE SOUTH

At that moment the lookout who had maintained his position in the conning tower called for Tom on the telephone.

EXERCISES

[THE SONNET.

Gobseck, Jean-Esther Van
Gobseck
Father Goriot
Cesar Birotteau

The Unconscious Humorists

By Nathaniel Hawthorne

Once the first tasks of hewing and hauling and planting were done, the new settlers called for the organization of local governments. They were quite as determined as their late foes to have a voice in their own governing, even though they yielded ultimate obedience to rulers overseas.

The hitch-hiker took his time. He slid into the seat with casual deliberateness and slammed the car door shut. The rocket car got under way once more.

The plan that would have sustained us the seven weeks he was in Europe will sustain us seven years--and another seven years.

13. ACT. "Present, Loving, [;] Past, Loved, [;] Com. Past, Having loved." PAS. "Present, Being loved. [;] Past, Loved. [;] Com. Past. [,] Having been loved."--Felton's Analyt. and Pract. Gram., of 1843, pp. 37 and 50.

Yet, in this process of exaltation, the man himself, even when so very human and so very near our own time as Nelson is, suffers from an association which merges his individuality in the splendor of his surroundings; and it is perhaps pardonable to hope that the subject is not so far exhausted but that a new worker, gleaning after the reapers, may contribute something further towards disengaging the figure of the hero from the glory that cloaks it. The aim of the present writer, while not neglecting other sources of knowledge, has been to make Nelson describe himself, -- tell the story of his own inner life as well as of his external actions. To realize this object, it has not seemed the best way to insert numerous letters, because, in the career of a man of action, each one commonly deals with a variety of subjects, which bear to one another little relation, except that, at the moment of writing, they all formed part of the multifold life the writer was then leading. It is true, life in general is passed in that way; but it is not by such distraction of interest among minute details that a particular life is best understood. Few letters, therefore, have been inserted entire; and those which have, have been chosen because of their unity of subject, and of their value as characteristic.

FOUR EPIPHANIES

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"Then Twala, his twin brother, born of the same woman, and in the same hour, ran to him, and taking him by the hair, stabbed him through the heart with his knife. And the people being fickle, and ever ready to worship the rising sun, clapped their hands and cried, 'Twala is king! Now we know that Twala is king!'"

"Why, I whistled too, sir, lots o' times, and nigh went mad with thinking about you."

She was concealing her real feelings in order to keep him safe; he let her lead him on, while he tried to think of something else to do. He

would think of the men in Number Two; they were his best friends, Jack David, Tim Rafferty, Wresmak, Androkulos, Klowoski. He would think of them, in their remote dungeons--breathing bad air, becoming sick and faint--in order that mules might be saved! He would stop in his tracks, and Mary would drag him on, repeating over and over, "Ye can do nothin'! Nothin'!" And then he would think, What could he do? He had put up his best bluff to Jeff Cotton a few hours earlier, and the answer had been the muzzle of the marshal's revolver in his face. All he could accomplish now would be to bring himself to Cotton's attention, and be thrust out of camp forthwith.

LVI.

"Never mind now, Betty. Maybe I'll tell you some day. It's enough for you to know the Colonel don't like Miller and that I think he is a bad man. You don't care nothin' for Miller, do you Betty?"

[Sidenote: Martial passages from Koran recited on field of battle.]
The courage of the troops was stimulated by the divine promises of victory, which were read (and on like occasions still are read) at the head of each column drawn up for battle. Thus, on the field of Cadesiya[d], which decided the fate of Persia, the Sura Jihad, with the stirring tale of the thousand angels that fought on the Prophet's side at Bedr was recited, and such texts as these:

The initial letter on page 1 is a portrait of John Smert, Garter King of Arms, and is taken from the grant of arms to the Tallow Chandlers' Company, dated 24th September 1456. He is there represented as wearing beneath his tabard black breeches and coat, and a golden crown. But Fig. 15 is actually a representation of the first Garter King of Arms, William Bruges, appointed 5th January 1420. He is represented as carrying a white staff, a practice which has been recently revived, white wands being carried by all the heralds at the public funeral of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. In Germany the wands of the heralds were later painted with the colours of the escutcheons of the Sovereign to whom they were attached. There was until recently no official hat for an officer of arms in England, and confirmation of this is to be found in the fact that Dallaway mentions a special licence to Wriothesley Garter giving him permission to wear a cap on account of his great age. Obviously, however, a tabard requires other clothing to be worn with it. The heralds in Scotland, until quite recently, when making public proclamations were content to appear in the ordinary elastic-side boots and cloth trousers of everyday life. This gave way for a brief period, in which Court dress was worn below the tabard, but now, as in England, the recognised uniform of a member of the Royal Household is worn. In England, owing to the less frequent ceremonial appearances of the heralds, and the more scrupulous control {42} which has been exercised, no such anachronisms as were perpetuated in Scotland have been tolerated, and it has been customary for the officers of arms to wear their uniform as members of the Sovereign's Household (in which uniform they attend the levees) beneath the tabard when making proclamations at the opening of Parliament or on similar occasions. At a coronation and at some other full State ceremonies they wear knee-breeches. At the late ceremony of the coronation of King Edward VII., a head-dress was designed for the officers of arms. These caps are of black velvet embroidered at the {43} side with a rose, a thistle, or a harp, respectively for the English, Scottish, and Irish officers of arms.

Judge Advocate, nature of office, 1

The spectacle of this happy community ought to teach us humility and charity in judgment. Perhaps the philosophy of its attractiveness lies deeper than its 'dolce far niente' existence. We may never have considered the attraction for us of the disagreeable, the positive fascination of the uncommonly ugly. The repulsive fascination of the loathly serpent or dragon for women can hardly be explained on theological grounds. Some cranks have maintained that the theory of gravitation alone does not explain the universe, that repulsion is as necessary as attraction in our economy. This may apply to society. We are all charmed with the luxuriance of a semi-tropical landscape, so violently charmed that we become in time tired of its overpowering bloom and color. But what is the charm of the wide, treeless desert, the leagues of sand and burnt-up chaparral, the distant savage, fantastic mountains, the dry desolation as of a world burnt out? It is not contrast altogether. For this illimitable waste has its own charm; and again and again, when we come to a world of vegetation, where the vision is shut in by beauty, we shall have an irrepressible longing for these wind-swept plains as wide as the sea, with the ashy and pink horizons. We shall long to be weary of it all again--its vast nakedness, its shimmering heat, its cold, star-studded nights. It seems paradoxical, but it is probably true, that a society composed altogether of agreeable people would become a terrible bore. We are a "kittle" lot, and hard to please for long. We know how it is in the matter of climate. Why is it that the masses of the human race live in the most disagreeable climates to be found on the globe, subject to extremes of heat and cold, sudden and unprovoked changes, frosts, fogs, malarias? In such regions they congregate, and seem to like the vicissitudes, to like the excitement of the struggle with the weather and the patent medicines to keep alive. They hate the agreeable monotony of one genial day following another the year through. They praise this monotony, all literature is full of it; people always say they are in search of the equable climate; but they continue to live, nevertheless, or try to live, in the least equable; and if they can find one spot more disagreeable than another there they build a big city. If man could make his ideal climate he would probably be dissatisfied with it in a month. The effect of climate upon disposition and upon manners needs to be considered some day; but we are now only trying to understand the attractiveness of the disagreeable. There must be some reason for it; and that would explain a social phenomenon, why there are so many unattractive people, and why the attractive readers of these essays could not get on without them.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

"I now mounted the stage in Sicily, and became a knight-templar; but, as my adventures differ so little from those I have recounted you in the character of a common soldier, I shall not tire you with repetition. The soldier and the captain differ in reality so little from one another, that it requires an accurate judgment to distinguish them; the latter wears finer clothes, and in times of success lives somewhat more delicately; but as to everything else, they very nearly resemble one another.

Fire bell, 103.

112. UPON HER EYES

Perhaps you will retort: "Why should he trouble to go abroad to seek for such things? They are sure to come to him, although he stops at home." Yes, Simonides, that is so far true; a small percentage of them no doubt will, and this scant moiety will be sold at so high a price to the despotic monarch, that the exhibitor of the merest trifle looks to receive from the imperial pocket, within the briefest interval, ten times more than he can hope to win from all the rest of mankind in a lifetime; and then he will be off. (22)

The Suffet walked at first with rapid strides; he breathed noisily, he struck the ground with his heel, and drew his hand across his forehead like a man annoyed by flies. But he shook his head, and as he perceived the accumulation of his riches he became calm; his thoughts, which were attracted by the vistas in the passages, wandered to the other halls that were full of still rarer treasures. Bronze plates, silver ingots, and iron bars alternated with pigs of tin brought from the Cassiterides over the Dark Sea; gums from the country of the Blacks were running over their bags of palm bark; and gold dust heaped up in leathern bottles was insensibly creeping out through the worn-out seams. Delicate filaments drawn from marine plants hung amid flax from Egypt, Greece, Taprobane and Judaea; mandrepores bristled like large bushes at the foot of the walls; and an indefinable odour--the exhalation from perfumes, leather, spices, and ostrich feathers, the latter tied in great bunches at the very top of the vault--floated through the air. An arch was formed above the door before each passage with elephants' teeth placed upright and meeting together at the points.

Wives of Ecclesiastics (Vol. i., p. 149.)--In Archdeacon Hale's Curious Precedents in Criminal Causes, p. 23., under 1490, and in the parish of S. Nicholas, Coldharbour, London, we read:

"The play's the thing
Wherewith to touch the conscience of the king."

Yet, in spite of its political nullity, Italy was not in a state of decline. Its worst days had ended before the middle of the eighteenth century. The fifty years preceding the French Revolution, if they had brought nothing of the spirit of liberty, had in all other respects been years of progress and revival. In Lombardy the government of Maria Theresa and Joseph awoke life and motion after ages of Spanish torpor and misrule. Traditions of local activity revived; the communes were encouraged in their works of irrigation and rural improvement; a singular liberality towards public opinion and the press made the Austrian possessions the centre of the intellectual movement of Italy. In the south, progress began on the day when the last foreign Viceroy disappeared from Naples (1735), and King Charles III., though a member of the Spanish House, entered upon the government of the two Sicilies as an independent kingdom. Venice and the Papal States alone seemed to be untouched by the spirit of material and social improvement, so active in the rest of Italy before the interest in political life had come into being.

VOLUME I

"It's incredible!"

Behind the north stable, a great, long, rambling building, thick-walled,

and black with age, lay an older part of the castle than that peopled by the better class of life--a cluster of great thick walls, rudely but strongly built, now the dwelling-place of stable-lads and hinds, swine and poultry. From one part of these ancient walls, and fronting an inner court of the castle, arose a tall, circular, heavy-buttressed tower, considerably higher than the other buildings, and so mantled with a dense growth of aged ivy as to stand a shaft of solid green. Above its crumbling crown circled hundreds of pigeons, white and pied, clapping and clattering in noisy flight through the sunny air. Several windows, some closed with shutters, peeped here and there from out the leaves, and near the top of the pile was a row of arched openings, as though of a balcony or an airy gallery.

Among his "prophecies" one finds some things that would perforce offend the sensitive feelings of a religious Christian, e.g. Praying to the images of Saints, reads as follows:[71]

As to the situation of this town, it lieth just between the two worlds, and the first founder, and builder of it, so far as by the best, and most authentic records I can gather, was one Shaddai; and he built it for his own delight. He made it the mirror, and glory of all that he made, even the Top-piece beyond anything else that he did in that country: yea, so goodly a town was Mansoul, when first built, that it is said by some, the Gods at the setting up thereof, came down to see it, and sang for joy....

It was a cold, rainy, and impenetrably dark night on the tow-path. Here and there was a lantern, which, when passed, seemed only to deepen the darkness.

By His Excellency Calvin Coolidge, Governor

"General, you cannot refuse," Loyer said. "I have said you will accept. If you hesitate, it will be favoring the offensive return of Garain. He is a traitor."

"Why not the Lewis?" said Sheila, her heart turning to the North as naturally as the needle.

Thus, after a moment's pause, he went on:--

ASO. Yes, and I'll give out my acquaintance with all the best writers, to countenance me the more.

Upon several coins of Carinus (A.C. 282-284) we see the Sun-God holding a small round object.

"I'm not to blame," said the voice. "She snatched the paper out of my hand before I was aware of her."

SIL. Yes; your lovers have decided that you should be together, and we are acting according to their orders.

These things Andrew saw with the first flick of his eyes as he came through the door; as for people, there was a fat old man sitting behind the cash register in a dirty white apron and two men in greasy overalls and black shirts, perhaps from the railroad. There was one other thing which immediately blotted out all the rest; it was a big poster, about halfway down the wall, on which appeared in staring letters: "Ten thousand dollars reward for the apprehension, dead or alive, of Andrew Lanning." Above this caption was a picture of him, and below the big print appeared the body of smaller type which named his particular features. Straight to this sign Andrew walked and sat down at the table beneath it.

This obligation to work with the hands merits all the more to be brought into the light, because it was destined hardly to survive St. Francis, and because to it is due in part the original character of the first generation of the Order. Yet this was not the real reason for the being of the Brothers Minor. Their mission consisted above all in being the spouses of Poverty.

The scholars of Giotto have fallen into an error common to the followers of all illustrious men; in despairing to surpass, they have only aspired to imitate him with facility. On this account the art did not advance so quickly as it might otherwise have done, among the Florentine and other artists of the fourteenth century, who flourished after Giotto. In the several cities above mentioned, Giotto invariably appears superior when seen in the vicinity of such painters as Cavallini, or Gaddi; and whoever is acquainted with his style, stands in no need of a prolix account of that of his followers, which, with a general resemblance to him, is less grand and less agreeable. Stefano Fiorentino alone is a superior genius in the opinion of Vasari, according to whose account he greatly excelled Giotto in every department of painting. He was the son of Catherine, a daughter of Giotto, and possessed a genius for penetrating into the difficulties of the art, and an insuperable desire of conquering them. He first introduced foreshortenings into painting, and if in this he did not attain his object, he greatly improved the perspective of buildings, the attitudes, and the variety and expression of the heads. According to Landino he was called the Ape of Nature, an eulogy of a rude age; since such animals, in imitating the works of man, always debase them: but Stefano endeavoured to equal and to embellish those of nature. The most celebrated of his pictures which were in the Ara Coeli at Rome, in the church of S. Spirito at Florence, and in other places, have all perished. As far as I know, his country does not

possess one of his undoubted pictures; unless we mention as such, that of the Saviour in the Campo Santo of Pisa, which, indeed, is in a greater manner than the works of this master, but it has been retouched. A Pieta, by his son and disciple Tommaso, as is believed by some, exists in S. Remigi at Florence, which strongly partakes of the manner of Giotto; like his frescos at Assisi. He deserved the name of Giottino, given him by his fellow citizens, who used to say that the soul of Giotto had transmigrated, and animated him. Baldinucci alleges that there was another of the same name, who should not be confounded with him, and quotes the following inscription from a picture in the Villa Tolomei, "Dipinse Tommaso di Stefano Fortunatino de' Gucci Tolomei." But Cinelli, the strenuous opponent of Baldinucci, attributes it, perhaps justly, to Giottino. This artist left behind him one Lippo, sufficiently commended by Vasari, but who rather seems to have been an imitator than a scholar. Giovanni Tossicani of Arezzo, was a disciple of Giottino, employed in Pisa and over all Tuscany. He painted the St. Philip and St. James, which still remain on the baptismal font in Arezzo, and were repaired by Vasari while a young man, who acknowledges that he learned much from this work, injured as it was. With him perished the best branch of the stock of Giotto.

"The house outside was painted white, with green blinds, though every room was furnished with shutters inside. A little in the rear of the mansion extended a number of out-buildings, in the form of a crescent, beginning with the stable on one side, and ending with the cook house on the other. General Knox kept twenty saddle horses and a number of pairs of carriage horses. Once there was a gateway, surmounted by the American Eagle, leading into what is now Knox Street. 'Montpelier,' as it was called, had many distinguished visitors every summer."

"I should think so," Andrew answered. "I've been out with the men from our part of the world since I was a child, and I know pretty well all that there is to be known on our side about it. What is the convention about?"

When Love's flame's been lit, an burst into a glow,
Th' best thing yo can do,--(that's as far as aw know;)
Is to goa to a parson an pay him his price,
An to join yo together he'll put in a splice,
 Then together yo'll face
 This world's battle an bother,
 An if that isn't th' case,
 Yo can feight for each other.

* * * * *

"Willingly," answered the commandant.

She had it in her, could she have had the power, to mercilessly and brutally destroy this woman's beauty, which was so far above her reach, as she had once destroyed the ivory wreath; yet, as that of the snow-white carving had done, so did this fair and regal beauty touch her, even in the midst of her fury, with a certain reverent awe, with a certain dim sense of something her own life had missed. She had trodden the ivory in pieces with all the violence of childish, savage, uncalculating hate, and she had been chidden, as by a rebuking voice, by the wreck which her action had made at her feet; so could she now, had it been possible, have ruined and annihilated the loveliness that filled his heart and his soul; but so would she also, the moment her instinct to avenge herself had been sated, have felt the remorse and the shame

of having struck down a delicate and gracious thing that even in its destruction had a glory that was above her.

S. (T. G.) on Domesday book of Scotland, 213.
---- on History of Hawick, 329.
---- on Macfarlane manuscripts, 509.
---- on the Sempills of Beltrus, 343.

"Fear not that, mother," answered Scribbo. "Shagoth and myself will so arrange matters as to be near them; and if they bow not with us we will on the spot report them to the king."

The accounts we read of battles tell us how these reserve troops fret, and fume, and worry, as they are kept resting idly while the roar of battle rages around them. It would seem as if the men became so eager and impatient that when at last the order to advance is given, they dash into the fray with a zest and fury which carries everything before it.

Glory unto god, lovyng and benyson
To Peter and Johan and also to Laurence,
Whiche have me take under proteccyon
From the deluge of mortall pestylence,
And from the tempest of deedly vyolence,
And me preserve that I fall not in the rage
Under the bonde and yocke of maryage.

THE EDITOR.

CHORUS. The Prince of Monte Carlo, etc.

Las Vegas quivered all over as if stung. A flame that seemed white and red gave his face a singular hue.

"What have you done?" she asked quickly. "You haven't told anyone that I was here that night?"

Steps were approaching through the yard. The peasant straightened himself. Could it be Jendrek? The door creaked. No, it was a strange hand that groped along the wall in the darkness. He drew back, and his head swam when the door opened and Zoska stood on the threshold.

"Is it certain that the thieves came from there?"

'Because it is not English?'

I KNOW HOW MARY FELT, THERE IN THE HAY,
MY LITTLE SON WAS BORN ON CHRISTMAS DAY!

Shivering with the chill of the night and the deeper chill at heart, he retired to troubled sleep.

The trembling steeds soon ferry'd o'er,
Neigh'd loud upon the forest shore;
Domains that once, at early morn,
Rang to the hunter's bugle horn,
When barons proud would bound away;
When even kings would hail the day,
And swell with pomp more glorious shows,
Than ant-hill population knows.
Here crested chiefs their bright-arm'd train
Of javelin'd horsemen rous'd amain,
And chasing wide the wolf or boar,
Bade the deep woodland vallies roar.

From *Zapus hudsonius intermedius*, *Z. h. hudsonius* differs in: color darker, more tawny dorsally; sides averaging darker, more black-tipped hairs; size averaging larger; braincase averaging broader; distance from incisors to postpalatal notch averaging slightly shorter; zygomata averaging longer; mastoid region averaging broader; incisive foramina averaging shorter.

REFERENCES.

And now the welcome music is heard, and a fox has been found. Mr. Jorrocks, galloping along the ride with many oaths, implores those around him to hold their tongues and remain quiet. Why he should trouble himself to do this, as he knows that no one will obey his orders, it is difficult to surmise. Or why men should stand still in the middle of a large wood when they expect a fox to break, because Mr. Jorrocks swears at them, is also not to be understood. Our friend pays no attention to Mr. Jorrocks, but makes for the end of the ride, going with ears erect, and listening to the distant hounds as they turn upon the turning fox. As they turn, he returns; and, splashing through the mud of the now softened ground, through narrow tracks, with the boughs in his face, listening always, now hoping, now despairing, speaking to no one, but following and followed, he makes his way backwards and forwards through the wood, till at last, weary with wishing and working, he rests himself in some open spot, and begins to eat his luncheon. It is now past two, and it would puzzle him to say what pleasure he has as yet had out of his day's amusement.

"I think he is, sir."

Then, with all the strength of will, all the energy which every woman can display when she loves, Madame de Sommervieux tried to alter her character, her manners, and her habits; but by dint of devouring books and learning undauntedly, she only succeeded in becoming less ignorant. Lightness of wit and the graces of conversation are a gift of nature, or the fruit of education begun in the cradle. She could appreciate music and enjoy it, but she could not sing with taste. She understood literature and the beauties of poetry, but it was too late to cultivate her refractory memory. She listened with pleasure to social conversation, but she could contribute nothing brilliant. Her religious notions and home-grown prejudices were antagonistic to the complete emancipation of her intelligence. Finally, a foregone conclusion against her had stolen into Theodore's mind, and this she could not conquer. The artist would laugh, at those who flattered him about his wife, and his irony had some foundation; he so overawed the pathetic young creature

that, in his presence, or alone with him, she trembled. Hampered by her too eager desire to please, her wits and her knowledge vanished in one absorbing feeling. Even her fidelity vexed the unfaithful husband, who seemed to bid her do wrong by stigmatizing her virtue as insensibility. Augustine tried in vain to abdicate her reason, to yield to her husband's caprices and whims, to devote herself to the selfishness of his vanity. Her sacrifices bore no fruit. Perhaps they had both let the moment slip when souls may meet in comprehension. One day the young wife's too sensitive heart received one of those blows which so strain the bonds of feeling that they seem to be broken. She withdrew into solitude. But before long a fatal idea suggested to her to seek counsel and comfort in the bosom of her family.

FIGURE of CUCHULAIN

"You!" said the general, in a tone of bitter irony.

"Grandson."

And I'm certain the critic will pause,
And excuse, for the sake of my bird,
My sins against critical laws--
The slips in the thought and the word.
And haply some dear little face
Of his own to his mind will occur--
Some Persia who brightens his place--
And I'll be forgiven for her.

"That's all right, if you can get away with it. If I could keep you up here awhile maybe you could knock off a little more."

The latter had, apparently, considerably upset my host, who, throughout the meal, kept continually rising and walking to the open window and back again, in an evidently uneasy state of mind; so much so that I was about to propose an adjournment to the garden, when a diversion was created by the entrance of a servant with a dish of "Sklitch," which he had no sooner placed on the table, than he rapidly withdrew. Sklitch is peculiar to this part of Persia. It is made of a kind of moss gathered on the mountains, mixed with cream and dates, and, iced, is delicious. But scarcely had I raised the first mouthful to my lips when my host leapt out of his seat. "There it is again," he cried. "Run!" and with a bound disappeared through the window. Before I could reach it the floor was rocking so that I could scarcely keep my feet, and I was scarcely prepared for the drop of nine feet that landed me on to the flower-beds. The shock lasted quite ten seconds. Every moment I expected to see the house fall bodily over. I left poor E---- busily engaged in removing his instruments into the garden. "Another night like the last would turn my hair grey," he said, as we bade him good-bye. Truly the lot of a Persian telegraph official is not always a bed of roses.

Patty beamed.

DE GUICHE (coming close to her):

Oh! how I love you!--to distraction! Listen! To-night--true, I ought to

start--but--how leave you now that I feel your heart is touched! Hard by, in the Rue d'Orleans, is a convent founded by Father Athanasius, the syndic of the Capuchins. True that no layman may enter--but--I can settle that with the good Fathers! Their habit sleeves are wide enough to hide me in. 'Tis they who serve Richelieu's private chapel: and from respect to the uncle, fear the nephew. All will deem me gone. I will come to you, masked. Give me leave to wait till tomorrow, sweet Lady Fanciful!

But what does the sub-treasury propose? [6] Its basis is a separation of the concerns of the treasury from those of the people. It directs that there shall be certain vaults, and safes, and rooms for deposit of the money of the government. But it has not been for want of adequate vaults and rooms that we have lost our money, but owing to the hands to which we have intrusted the keys. It is in the character of the officers, and not in the strength of bars and vaults, that we must look for the security of the public treasure. There are no securities under this new system of keeping the public moneys that we had not before; while many that did exist, in the personal character, high trusts, and diversified duties of the officers and directors of banks are removed. Moreover, the number of receiving and disbursing officers is increased, and the danger to the public treasure is increased in proportion. The next provision is, that money once received into the treasury is not to be lent out. Yet the practice of this government hitherto has always been opposed to this policy of locking up the money of the people, when and while it is not required for the public service. Until this time the public deposits, like private deposits, were used by the banks in which they were placed, as some compensation for the trouble of safe-keeping, and in furtherance of the general convenience. The next provision is that requiring, after 1843, all dues to the government to be paid in gold and silver. But what are we promised as the equivalent for all this inconvenience and oppression? Why, that the government in its turn will pay its debts in specie, and that thus what it receives with one hand it will pay out with the other, and a metallic circulation will be established. I undertake to say, that no greater fallacy than this was ever uttered; the thing is impossible, and for this plain reason. The dues which the government collects come from individuals; each pays for himself. But it is far otherwise with the disbursements of government. They do not go down to individuals, and, seeking out the workmen and the laborers, pay to each his dues. Government pays in large sums, to large contractors, and to these it may pay gold and silver. But do the gold and silver reach those whom the contractor employs? On the contrary, the contractors deal as they see fit, with those whom they employ, or of whom they purchase. I speak of what is in proof. A contractor came to Washington last winter, and received a draft of \$180,000 on a specie-paying bank in New York. This he sold at ten per cent premium, and with the avails purchased funds in the West, with which he paid the producer, the farmer, the laborer. This is the operation of specie payments. It gives to the government hard money, to the rich contractor hard money; but to the producer and the laborer it gives paper, and bad paper only. And yet this system is recommended as specially favoring the poor man, rather than the rich, and credit is claimed for this administration as the poor man's friend.

81. "The variations will prove a little difficult to play, particularly the trills in the coda; but let that not frighten you. It is so disposed that you need play only the trills, omitting the other notes because

they are also in the violin part. I would never have written a thing of this kind had I not often noticed here and there in Vienna a man who after I had improvised of an evening would write down some of my peculiarities and make boast of them next day. Foreseeing that these things would soon appear in print I made up my mind to anticipate them. Another purpose which I had was to embarrass the local pianoforte masters. Many of them are my mortal enemies, and I wanted to have my revenge in this way, for I knew in advance that the variations would be put before them, and that they would make exhibitions of themselves."

"I must be off to Liverpool--the boat goes at twelve o'clock to-morrow."

Here our conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a policeman.

Half in earnest, half in humor, the chief answered, "Suppose we were to set him on the farther shore of the Potomac, do you love him well enough to swim to him?"

[Footnote 1: I.,ch. xxxi.]

There was quite a little bubble at the bows, where some irresponsible Bank current held the dory full stretch on her rope; but they could not see a boat's length in any direction. Harvey turned up his collar and bunched himself over his reel with the air of a wearied navigator. Fog had no special terrors for him now. They fished a while in silence, and found the cod struck on well. Then Dan drew the sheath-knife and tested the edge of it on the gunwale.

For this text version, text in superscript is placed within curly brackets preceded by a carat character like ^{this}. Diacritical marks that cannot be represented in plain text are shown in the following manner:

"Then be thankful I'm still fit for work--one must take the bad with the good. It is the fortune of war, Maria," said the gallant old doctor as he departed.

In very inadequate French I tried to comfort him. I told him that surely France would build his house again. Perhaps even the allies; for I could not believe that we shall have done enough if we merely drive the Germans out of France and leave this poor old man still wandering homeless. I told him that surely in the future Croisilles would stand again.

"No, I'm shot if I do!" I answered. "I can't see the connection between----"

MRS. G. That last terrible night.

As to the government and religion of the Mound Builders, all is conjecture. On both of these points a great deal has been assumed, but when we try to find out the grounds on which these theories rest we quickly see how little real foundation there is for any knowledge on this subject. If we are right in our views as to the effigy mounds of Wisconsin, then a sort of animal worship prevailed. Whether the great inclosures in the Scioto Valley were of a religious nature or not is very doubtful. The great serpent mound was probably an object of worship. The assertion is quite frequently made that the Mound Builders were sun worshipers, which may be correct, but we must observe that we have no proofs of it in the works they have left. We judge it to be true only because sun-worship was probably a part of the religion of a large proportion of the Indian race, and because we find special proofs of its existence among some of the Southern Indians who are supposed to be closely related to the Mound Builders.

'You are jealous of him, and still love poor Angelica,' cries Gruffanuff, putting her handkerchief to her eyes.

Introductory

Rise O Days from Your Fathomless Deeps

While the tremulous leafy haze on the woodland is spreading,
And the bloom on the meadow betrays where May has been treading;
While the birds on the branches above, and the brooks flowing under,
Are singing together of love in a world full of wonder,
(Lo, in the marvel of Springtime, dreams are changed into truth!)
Quicken my heart, and restore the beautiful hopes of youth.

"Don't be absurd," she admonished. "Come, let us think. There must be a way."

He reached the mill, and, hastening to the cellar, began to probe in the soft, unfrozen earth. Presently his spade struck something, and he dug and dug until he had uncovered the top of a canvas bag,--the sort that sailors call a "round stern-chest." It took all his strength to lug it out, and as he did so a seam burst, letting a shower of gold pieces over the ground. He loosed the band of his breeches, and was filling the legs thereof with coin, when a tread of feet sounded overhead and four men came down the stair. Two of them he recognized as the fellows of the tavern. They saw the bag, the lantern, then Nicholas. Laden though he was with gold until he could hardly budge, these pirates, for such they were, got him up-stairs, forced him to drink hot Hollands to the success of their flag, then shot him through the window into the creek. As he was about to make this unceremonious exit he clutched something to save himself, and it proved to be a plucked goose that the pirates had stolen from a neighboring farm and were going to sup on when they had scraped their gold together. He felt the water and mud close over him; he struggled desperately; he was conscious of breathing more freely and of staggering off at a vigorous gait; then the power of all the schnapps seemed to get into his head, and he remembered no more until he heard his wife shrilling in his ears, when he sat up and found himself in a

snow-bank close to his house, with a featherless goose tight in his grasp.

Rigby, Dr., 253, 254.

"He is a very honorable man," said Goddet the surgeon, to Max.

From the happy expression of these dear children we see that this conversation has taken a load off their hearts. They are no less reticent in their intercourse, but their reticence is less embarrassing, it is only due to Emile's reverence and Sophy's modesty, to the goodness of both. Emile ventures to say a few words to her, she ventures to reply, but she always looks at her mother before she dares to answer. The most remarkable change is in her attitude towards me. She shows me the greatest respect, she watches me with interest, she takes pains to please me; I see that I am honoured with her esteem, and that she is not indifferent to mine. I understand that Emile has been talking to her about me; you might say they have been scheming to win me over to their side; yet it is not so, and Sophy herself is not so easily won. Perhaps Emile will have more need of my influence with her than of hers with me. What a charming pair! When I consider that the tender love of my young friend has brought my name so prominently into his first conversation with his lady-love, I enjoy the reward of all my trouble; his affection is a sufficient recompense.

Ver. 89 90 91.

6 [The starry heavens thy rule obey,
The earth maintains her place;
And these thy servants night and day
Thy skill and power express!

How thoughtless was
 Roberto Lees!
(For only thoughtless
 children tease).
He teased the little
 pussy cat,
He teased the puppy!
 Think of that!
He even teased
 his sister, too!
I think he was
 a Goop--don't you?

Mostyn House School still stands, enlarged and modernized, in the charge of Dr. Grenfell's elder brother, and in it his mother is still the real head and controlling genius.

Machias. Box C., for Marion, Ala.

In the matter for which he suffered, George could never be brought to acknowledge that he was at all in the wrong. "It may be an error of

judgment," he said to the Venerable Chaplain of the gaol, "but it is no crime. Were it Crime, I should feel Remorse. Where there is no remorse, Crime cannot exist. I am not sorry: therefore, I am innocent. Is the proposition a fair one?"

=13. History of the Commercial and Financial Relations Between England and Ireland from the Period of the Restoration.= By ALICE EFFIE MURRAY (Mrs. Radice), D.Sc. (Econ.), former Student at Girton College, Cambridge; Research Student of the London School of Economics and Political Science. 1903; 486 pp., Demy 8vo, cloth. 3s. 6d. net. P. S. King & Son.

"For whom He foreknew, He also did predestinate, to be conformed to the image of His Son, that He might be the Firstborn among many brethren" (Romans viii:29). Conformed to the glorious image of God's ever blessed Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, is the destiny of all, who have cast themselves as lost sinners upon Christ and have been saved by Grace through faith. It is true even now by beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord we are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord (2 Cor. iii:18). It is true if we abide in Him, we shall walk even as He walked (1 John ii:6). The exhortation in our great salvation Epistle is, not to be conformed to this age, but to be transformed, or as it might be translated, transfigured (Rom. xii:2). But to be fully conformed to the image of His Son is never to be expected in this world, where sin is ever present; When the Firstbegotten calls us into His own presence, when the Heir of God summons His beloved co-heirs to meet Him and to enter with Him into the blood-bought inheritance, then each saved sinner will be conformed to the image of Himself. Each will shine forth the excellencies of the Firstbegotten. We shall be like Him for we shall see Him as He is. Hallelujah! This is why God gave up His Son, that He might be able to lift those who are His enemies by wicked works into the Sonplace and make them like His Son in Glory.

"Step aboard, Lady Jess. Homeward bound!"

My chiefest care in choosing my lodgings is always to avoid a thick and stinking air; and those beautiful cities, Venice and Paris, very much lessen the kindness I have for them, the one by the offensive smell of her marshes, and the other of her dirt.

The day was cloudy, but our trotting caravan did not exceed twenty miles in travel. In Africa things are done leisurely, for neither life, speculation, nor ambition is so exciting or exacting as to make any one in a hurry. I do not recollect to have ever seen an individual in haste while I dwelt in the torrid clime. The shortest existence is long enough, when it is made up of sleep, slave-trade, and mastication.

HOW THE LICHENS AND THE VOLCANOES WORK TOGETHER

The Chancellor of France, at the opening of the states, said, in a tone of oratorical flourish, that all occupations were honourable. If he meant only, that no honest employment was disgraceful, he would not have gone beyond the truth. But in asserting that anything is honourable, we

imply some distinction in its favour. The occupation of a hair-dresser, or of a working tallow-chandler, cannot be a matter of honour to any person--to say nothing of a number of other more servile employments. Such descriptions of men ought not to suffer oppression from the state; but the state suffers oppression, if such as they, either individually or collectively, are permitted to rule. In this you think you are combating prejudice, but you are at war with nature.

[150] "L'Egypte et les Debuts du Protectorat," Revue des Sciences Politiques, 15 June, 1915.

"Isabel!" he whispered, "the child looks like you. What can this mean?"

A sudden emotion seized him, and his voice shook. "Not right! You should know that I'd never say one word to hurt you, or do one thing to wrong you. But I must speak to-day-I must tell you everything. I've thought of it for four long years, and I know now that what I mean to do is right."

WE ARRIVE AT THE TREASURE ISLAND.

The eyes of Natty followed the direction of Edwards' finger, where he beheld the Indian still seated as before, with the very earth under his feet consuming with fire. Without delay the hunter approached the spot, and spoke in Delaware:

When evenen's risen moon did peep
Down drough the hollow dark an' deep,
Where gigglen sweethearts meae their vows

In whispers under waggen boughs;
When whisslen bwoys, an' rott'len ploughs
Wer still, an' mothers, wi' their thin
Shrill vaices, call'd their daughters in,
From walken in the hollow;

"I think the natives eat the lichen," he said.

MARTHA--For over two months. [There is a ring from the front door bell in the hall.]

THE THIRTEEN

The dogmatic objection, the sheer instinctive taboo which rules the subject out altogether as indecent, has no age limit. It means that at no matter what age a woman consents to a proposal of marriage, she should do so in ignorance of the relation she is undertaking. When this actually happens (and apparently it does happen oftener than would seem possible) a horrible fraud is being practiced on both the man and the woman. He is led to believe that she knows what she is promising, and that he is in no danger of finding himself bound to a woman to whom he is eugenically antipathetic. She contemplates nothing but such affectionate relations as may exist between her and her nearest kinsmen, and has no knowledge of the condition which, if not foreseen, must come as an amazing revelation and a dangerous shock, ending possibly in the discovery that the marriage has been an irreparable mistake. Nothing can justify such a risk. There may be people incapable of understanding that the right to know all there is to know about oneself is a natural human right that sweeps away all the pretences of others to tamper with one's consciousness in order to produce what they choose to consider a good character. But they must here bow to the plain mischievousness of entrapping people into contracts on which the happiness of their whole lives depends without letting them know what they are undertaking.

"Do you know what it means?" he asked at last, in a hoarse whisper.

OF THE SHREWD CONTROVERSY WHICH DON QUIXOTE AND THE CANON HELD, TOGETHER WITH OTHER INCIDENTS

At first they could find no further opening, but then Dick saw a thin shaft of light coming from a corner. Here there was a flat rock which was easily pulled aside. A broad opening led upward to the outer world.

In the morning the wind blew fair for the channel. Nelson's plans had been elaborated to their minutest details, and the pilots of the fleet were summoned at nine o'clock to the flagship to receive their last instructions. But their nerve failed them. They were simply the mates or masters of Baltic traders turned for the moment into naval pilots. They had no charts. They were accustomed to handle ships of 200 or 300 tons burden, and the task of steering the great British seventy-fours through the labyrinths of shallows, with the tide running like a mill-race, appalled them. At last Murray, in the Edgar, undertook to lead. The signal was made to weigh in succession, and one great ship after another, with its topsails on the caps, rounded the shoulder of the Middle Ground, and in stately procession, the Edgar leading, came

up the channel. Campbell in his fine ballad has pictured the scene:--

"Here lieth the Bodie of a friende the King did call Dame
Joane--but now she is deceast & gone. Interred anno Do.
1669."

'Boy! a new pipe and some ale!' exclaimed Stradling, addressing a waiter.

MADHAV. What's all this rigmarole?

Hitherto, I have been describing Germany towards the west. To the northward, it winds away with an immense compass. And first of all occurs the nation of the Chaucians; who though they begin immediately at the confines of the Frisians, and occupy part of the shore, extend so far as to border upon all the several people whom I have already recounted; till at last, by a Circuit, they reach quite to the boundaries of the Cattans. A region so vast, the Chaucians do not only possess but fill; a people of all the Germans the most noble, such as would rather maintain their grandeur by justice than violence. They live in repose, retired from broils abroad, void of avidity to possess more, free from a spirit of domineering over others. They provoke no wars, they ravage no countries, they pursue no plunder. Of their bravery and power, the chief evidence arises from hence, that, without wronging or oppressing others, they are come to be superior to all. Yet they are all ready to arm, and if an exigency require, armies are presently raised, powerful and abounding as they are in men and horses; and even when they are quiet and their weapons laid aside, their credit and name continue equally high.

This queer little Mole has a star for a nose
Just the shade of the pink in a dew-wet rose.
He lives down in the ground where 'tis always like night,
So perhaps his star nose is to twinkle for light.

"Well, for goodness' sake!" cried Bob Parkney. "Where did you come from?"

"Why shouldn't I object? I never had such as you here before. All my boarders"--she added in a louder tone, for the benefit of those who were listening at the foot of the stairs--"all my boarders are peculiarly respectable people, and I would not have them scandalized by your presence here another minute if I could help it."

"Aye--aye--" The rough northern voices held adoration as the warriors crowded around the slim red-haired figure.

"In wisdom ripe, and with a form
Of brass to meet the battle-storm,
Thou wouldst confess his every boon,
Had been derived from Feridun."

"I guess your dome needs repacking all right!" laughed Tommy.

"Good tidings, good reward!" laughed Moor. "Have you had board and lodging too?"

I returned home by way of Berlin, where I had not been for several years; but the dearest of my friends there--Chamisso, was dead.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the condensed water trickles down on the inside of the cone, and flows out at the spout.

(The knight sleeps.)

"You're a strange child, indeed," replied Eric, the puzzled. "Your words are like lightning. I had just got melted down and ready to reply to your reminiscences by lots of others, and here you are all jolly and matter-of-fact again. I was growing so dreadfully unselfish that I should have insisted on staying home with you this evening to cheer you up a bit."

Var passed a hand across bewildered eyes. Neena said softly, "Thank you, Watcher."

"That may be," said my sister, "but I have kept on hearing queer noises at the back of the house; they seemed in Joe's room at first. Come and listen yourself on the stairs."

ST. VINCENT.

*****Note--Everyone must surely admit, that nothing can be or be conceived without God. All men agree that God is the one and only cause of all things, both of their essence and of their existence; that is, God is not only the cause of things in respect to their being made (*secundum fieri*), but also in respect to their being (*secundum esse*).

So, when he had been some time at the palace, it happened one morning, just as the sun rose, that the lad had taken off his wig, and stood and washed himself, and then he was so handsome, it was a joy to look at him.

They halted at sunset in the shadow of a clump of red gums and made the first meal since morning. As a result of a hurried consultation they decided to press on until midnight. But the horses were wearied with the rough and constant travelling, and it took the better part of two hours for them to cover a little under three miles.

AUSTIN. Poorly?

"If you can without my pulling up. Don't speak. But lay your head on the

road. You'll hear the horse, then, if I'm right."

The great craft turned slowly on her wheels. Now the plane was clearing the ice. Now--now in just a second--she would be safe.

All being thus arranged, the Newfoundland dog already mentioned, and who was with us, dashed at a word into the midst of the waves, and swam powerfully in the direction of the Squirrel, and in an instant afterwards returned with the end of a rope in his mouth. Peters instantly seized it, and began to draw it towards him, making us signs to assist him, which I obeyed mechanically. After a few tugs, I saw that at the end of the cable were a dozen small casks, which floated towards us. I then perceived that the vessel thus contrived to keep sufficiently far from the shore, not to run a risk of being stranded. In an instant the casks, smeared over with something that made them waterproof, were unfastened and placed on horses, which immediately dashed off for the interior of the country. A second cargo arrived with the same success; but as we were landing the third, some reports of fire-arms announced that our outposts were attacked. "There is the beginning of the ball," said Peters, calmly; "I must go and see who will dance;" and taking up his carbine, he joined the outposts, which had by this time joined each other. The firing became rapid, and we had two men killed, and others slightly wounded. At the fire of the revenue officers, we soon found that they exceeded us in number; but alarmed, and fearing an ambuscade, they dared not to approach, and we effected our retreat without any attempt on their part to prevent it. From the beginning of the fight the Squirrel had weighed anchor and stood out to sea, for fear that the noise of the firing should bring down on her the government cruiser. I was told that most probably she would unload her cargo in some other part of the coast, where the owners had numerous agents.

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There was once a man who lived with his family on a large farm in a fine valley sheltered by high mountains. The farm had need to be large, for the family was numerous. There were the old man's children and grandchildren, and these again had sons and daughters, and they all lived together, in many huts, which made a village or town. Of course they all were more or less nearly related to one another, and all called the old man father. He was their head and chief--their king, and his word, his commands, were their only laws. He was assisted and advised by the oldest and wisest among the men, who met regularly to discuss the family's affairs, and formed a sort of senate or council of elders. When great things had to be talked over and settled, things which interested everybody alike, the whole family was called together, and had a

mass-meeting after working hours.

Long corridors of pleasant dusk
Within the house of leaves
It reaches; where, on looms of musk,
The ceaseless locust weaves
A web of summer; and perfume
Trails a sweet gown from room to room.

Now this whispered conference was but little to the liking of the two plotters, and Garrofat demanded that the selection be made at once.

MR. PROHACK

Thus, step by step, progress was made; but notwithstanding the promising results it was quite evident that the engines were far too heavy in proportion to the power they supplied. At length, however, the internal-combustion engine, such as is used in motor-cars, arrived, and it became at last possible to solve the great problem of constructing a really-serviceable, steerable balloon.

Both species have specialized flight songs, but in the birds that I studied these songs were infrequent and seemingly unimportant. The flight song of the Seaside Sparrows consisted of a double version of the normal song. Although I heard it only a few times, the flight song of the Sharp-tailed Sparrow seemed slightly louder than the normal song. This song is given by both species as the bird flutters upward ten or 20 feet and glides back down.

"I could drive the ponies, Jane could sit in the rumble and Letty could squeeze in between Josh and Mr. Drake in the phaeton," he exclaimed, in a positive tone, as if no possible fault or objection could be found to so excellent an arrangement.

JOHNSON'S PATENT UNIVERSAL LATHE CHUCK.
[Illustration]
Lambertville Iron Works, Lambertville, N. J.

"Little idiot."

"Yes, it will be a fine day," replied the canon, after a pause, apparently issuing from a reverie and wishing to conform to the rules of politeness.

"I have heard that in foreign countries the woods are so dry in summer that they burn easily, and that people caught in the forests have great difficulty in saving their lives; but it is not so here, the reeds and flags of the marshes alone are on fire."

THE SKELETON ON ROUND ISLAND

"Why, where is the little New Year?" said Maurice; "he was just here with me."

GARC. Tell her that I instantly dismissed the person whose information

was the cause of my offence, that Don Lopez shall never...

LOWE, LAWRENCE F. H., joint author

But happily for England there were among her rulers some who clearly perceived that it was not by halters and branding irons that her decaying industry and commerce could be restored to health. The state of the currency had during some time occupied the serious attention of four eminent men closely connected by public and private ties. Two of them were politicians who had never, in the midst of official and parliamentary business, ceased to love and honour philosophy; and two were philosophers, in whom habits of abstruse meditation had not impaired the homely good sense without which even genius is mischievous in politics. Never had there been an occasion which more urgently required both practical and speculative abilities; and never had the world seen the highest practical and the highest speculative abilities united in an alliance so close, so harmonious, and so honourable as that which bound Somers and Montague to Locke and Newton.

[39] I have added the second "go" for the sake of the metre.

She was already growing to womanhood at this period. Of precocious nature, she endured her martyrdom with extraordinary fortitude. She rarely gave way, excepting when her natural pride succumbed to her cousin's outrages. Soon even, she was able to bear, without a tear, the incessant insults of this cowardly fellow, who ever watched her while he spoke, for fear lest she should fly at his face. Then, too, she learnt to silence him by staring at him fixedly. She had several times felt inclined to run away from the Jas-Meiffren; but she did not do so, as her courage could not brook the idea of confessing that she was vanquished by the persecution she endured. She certainly earned her bread, she did not steal the Rebufats' hospitality; and this conviction satisfied her pride. So she remained there to continue the struggle, stiffening herself and living on with the one thought of resistance. Her plan was to do her work in silence, and revenge herself for all harsh treatment by mute contempt. She knew that her uncle derived too much advantage from her to listen readily to the insinuations of Justin, who longed to get her turned out of doors. And in a defiant spirit she resolved that she would not go away of her own accord.

The two other living figures in the boat are those of a boy and girl. They are white. They differ but little in size, and but a year or two in age, the girl being fourteen and the boy about sixteen. There is also a resemblance in their features. They are brother and sister.

Marla went with me to hospital. She realized the danger I was in but put the best possible face on it. Her courage and support made all the difference and I went into the second matter chamber, ready for whatever fate awaited me.

"Boys! Boys! Are you all right?" he asked anxiously.

Those readers who have the sentiment of filial duty strong in their mind, will wonder that I have not yet described my interview with that kind mother whose sacrifices for me in youth had been so considerable, and for whom a man of my warm and affectionate nature could not but feel the most enduring and sincere regard.

II.

"Have I beat them?" she cried.

"But you don't have Lani," she said patiently. "So you must be primitive."

MASC. The last scene of a true and genuine comedy. The old gipsy-woman was, but this very moment...

CANTO I

"Don't let it take your appetite away," crooned Mrs. Cobb. "I've got cream biscuit and honey for you. If the turpentine don't work, I'll try French chalk, magneshy, and warm suds. If they fail, father shall run over to Strout's and borry some of the stuff Marthy got in Milltown to take the currant pie out of her weddin' dress."

Joe was scared, she knew. But he didn't want her to know. His hands were like ice and his fear blended with her own fear as their hands met.

Close by a lake, begirt with forest,
To save his soul, a Monk intent,
In fasting, prayer and labours sorest
His days and nights, secluded, spent;
A grave already to receive him
He fashion'd, stooping, with his spade,
And speedy, speedy death to give him,
Was all that of the Saints he pray'd.

* If you happen to use hypochlorite or any other compound that releases chlorine, and you then wish to remove the residues, first rinse your specimens clean as well as is convenient, then soak them in very weak peroxide for a while. Hypochlorite and peroxide react with each other to produce free oxygen (harmless) and chloride (also harmless in any plausible concentrations). The effect is to neutralise any harmful or irritating residues or smell of chlorine.

It is a fact that the seventeenth-century poisoners sought to prepare goblets and silver cups in such a way as to poison the persons who were

afterwards to use them. Among the constant friends of La Voisin, La Bosse, La Cheron, and La Vigoureux, the most renowned sorceresses of the period, we find a certain Francois Belot, one of the king's bodyguard, making a specialty of this, and deriving a comfortable income from it, until the day when this trade led him to the Place de Greve, where he was broken on the wheel on June 10, 1679. His method of procedure was as follows: 'He crammed a toad with arsenic, placed it in a silver goblet, and then, pricking its head, made it urinate, and finally crushed it in the goblet.' During this pleasant operation he mumbled his wicked charms. 'I know a secret,' said Belot, 'such that in doctoring a cup with a toad and what I put into it, if fifty persons chanced to drink from it afterwards, even if it were washed and rinsed, they would all be done for, and the cup could only be disinfected by throwing it into a hot fire. After having thus poisoned the cup, I should not try it upon a human being, but upon a dog, and I should intrust the cup to nobody.' But it happened that a client of Belot's, being somewhat sceptical, got a dog to drink out of the doctored cup, and found that the animal was not harmed in the least; he even picked a violent quarrel with the magician about the matter, taunting him with the worthlessness of his wares. Belot spoke frankly to the commissioners of the Chambre Ardente: 'I know that the toad cannot do anybody any harm; what I did with the silver cups and trenchers was done solely to get hold of such cups and trenchers.' His skill, nevertheless, enjoyed a very substantial reputation. At the same date the magician Blessis was believed to know how to manipulate mirrors in such a way that any one who looked in them received his deathblow.

As the manuscript copy is presumably a literal transcript of the original publication, with possibly the exception that the title may have been added at a later date, I reproduce it here in full:

Doubt is faith in the main: but faith, on the whole, is doubt:
We cannot believe by proof: but could we believe without?

I have witnessed some curious results in mule breeding, and which it may be well enough to mention here. I have seen frequent instances where one of the very best jacks in the country had been put to mares of good quality and spirit. Putting them to such contemptible animals seemed to degrade them, to destroy their natural will and temper. The result was a sort of bastard mule, a small-legged, small-footed, cowardly animal, inheriting all the vices of the mule and none of the horse's virtues-- the very meanest of his kind.

FALSE DAWN.

"No; as a matter of fact, I made rather a good thing out of it. I did rather well last February, too. But there's no knowing the future. A few errors of judgment, a war here, a revolution there, a big strike somewhere else, and--" He blew a jet of smoke from his lips, and then looked at me as at one whom he could trust to feel for him in a crash already come.

Jane knew they had an uncle in a town in Ohio, and they had no other way but to beg their way to him. They traveled several hundred miles on foot to Ohio, begging their way; at first, in the city and until they had traveled to a distance from it, people were often unkind to them; they went ragged, frequently hungry, and sometimes found it very difficult to learn their way; but after they got into the country towns many pitied

them, and not only gave them food, but supplied them with clothes, and took pains to direct them on their way to the place where their uncle lived.

Now know ye that We by these presents do will and ordain that the several provisions contained in the said original charter relating to the election to the office of Governor, Deputy-Governor, or Committee, and to the filling up of any vacancy in any such office, and requiring corporal oaths to be taken, and the other provisions contained in the said original charter, shall, so far as they are inconsistent with the provisions contained in this our charter, on and after the day of the date of this our charter, cease to be in force and be annulled.

"I am Susi, the servant of Dr. Livingstone," said he, smiling, and showing a gleaming row of teeth.

"O thou, who in the fortunate vale, that made
Great Scipio heir of glory, when his sword
Drove back the troop of Hannibal in flight,
Who thence of old didst carry for thy spoil
An hundred lions; and if thou hadst fought
In the high conflict on thy brethren's side,
Seems as men yet believ'd, that through thine arm
The sons of earth had conquer'd, now vouchsafe
To place us down beneath, where numbing cold
Locks up Cocytus. Force not that we crave
Or Tityus' help or Typhon's. Here is one
Can give what in this realm ye covet. Stoop
Therefore, nor scornfully distort thy lip.
He in the upper world can yet bestow
Renown on thee, for he doth live, and looks
For life yet longer, if before the time
Grace call him not unto herself." Thus spake
The teacher. He in haste forth stretch'd his hands,
And caught my guide. Alcides whilom felt
That grapple straighten'd score. Soon as my guide
Had felt it, he bespake me thus: "This way
That I may clasp thee;" then so caught me up,
That we were both one burden. As appears
The tower of Carisenda, from beneath
Where it doth lean, if chance a passing cloud
So sail across, that opposite it hangs,
Such then Antaeus seem'd, as at mine ease
I mark'd him stooping. I were fain at times
T' have pass'd another way. Yet in th' abyss,
That Lucifer with Judas low ingulfs,
Lightly he plac'd us; nor there leaning stay'd,
But rose as in a bark the stately mast.

On the eighth run, Hellman caught sight of a solitary building on a mountain top. Casker braked recklessly, and the hull glowed red hot. On the eleventh run, they made a landing approach.

It seemed incredible that keen intelligence and silly superstition could

be such close neighbors in the same brain, for I knew Kishimoto San to be an honest man. He not only lived what he believed, he insisted on others believing all that he lived.

"All right," I said. "Go ahead."

Dr. Stockmann. A false light! Leave that part of it to me. Only print my article; I am quite capable of defending it.

"I don't know whether you could exactly say he earned it," he said; "because he was crazy and didn't know what he was doing."

* * * * *

"Oh no. Put such an idea out of your head, my son. You may remember that I was going to make you a confession about my operas. Let us sit down in this shade."

5. Whatever he looks upon discloses a second sense.

"I do swear it!" fervently repeated the aubergiste, kneeling and imprinting his lips with becoming reverence on the symbol of martyrdom. "I swear to do dat I shall engage, and may de bon Dieu have mercy to my soul as I shall fulfil my oat."

But from whom could he ask this terrible service? From whom? He cast about in his thoughts among his friends whom he knew intimately. The doctor? No, he would talk about it afterwards, most certainly. And suddenly a fantastic idea entered his mind. He would write to the examining magistrate, who was on terms of close friendship with him and would denounce himself as the perpetrator of the crime. He would in this letter confess everything, revealing how his soul had been tortured, how he had resolved to die, how he had hesitated about carrying out his resolution, and what means he had employed to strengthen his failing courage. And in the name of their old friendship he would implore of the other to destroy the letter as soon as he had ascertained that the culprit had inflicted justice on himself. Renardet might rely on this magistrate, he knew him to be sure, discreet, incapable of even an idle word. He was one of those men who have an inflexible conscience governed, directed, regulated by their reason alone.

Fire and destruction attended the flight of the Confederates from Richmond. Jefferson Davis and his cabinet, carrying with them their more important state papers, left the doomed city on one of the crowded and overloaded railroad trains on the night of April 2, beginning a southward flight that ended only with Mr. Davis's capture about a month later. The legislature of Virginia and the governor of the State departed hurriedly on a canal-boat in the direction of Lynchburg, while every possible carriage or vehicle was pressed into service by the inhabitants, all frantic to get away before their city was "desecrated" by the presence of the Yankees. By the time the military left, early on the morning of April 3, the town was on fire. The Confederate Congress had ordered all government tobacco and other public property to be burned. The rebel General Ewell, who was in charge of the city, asserts that he took the responsibility of disobeying, and that the fires were not started by his orders. Be that as it may, they broke out in various places, while a mob, crazed with excitement, and wild with the alcohol that had run freely in the gutters the night before, rushed from store to store, breaking in the doors, and indulging in all the wantonness of pillage and greed. Public spirit seemed paralyzed; no real effort was made to put out the flames, and as a final horror, the convicts from the penitentiary, overpowering their guards, appeared upon the streets, a maddened, shouting, leaping crowd, drunk with liberty.

Another, amongst other things, tells the secret story of the causes of the defeat of Cetewayo and his armies by the English in 1879, which happened not long before Quatermain met Sir Henry Curtis and Captain Good.

CORMAC'S CURE.

"If you can stretch your neck across the ditch, why not help us over? We can sit on your big head, one at a time, and then you can lift us across."

One night some thieves broke into the house of a rich man, and carried away all his valuables. The man complained to the justice of the peace, who had the robbers captured, and when brought before him, inquired of them whether they had anything to say in their defence. "Sir," said they, "we are not to blame in this matter; the robbery was entirely due to the mason who built the house; for the walls were so badly made, and gave way so easily, that we were quite unable to resist the temptation of breaking in." Orders were then given to bring the mason to the court-house. On his arrival he was informed of the charge brought against him. "Ah," said he, "the fault is not mine, but that of the coolie, who made mortar badly." When the coolie was brought, he laid the blame on the potter, who, he said, had sold him a cracked chattie, in which he could not carry sufficient water to mix the mortar properly. Then the potter was brought before the judge, and he explained that the blame should not be laid upon him, but upon a very pretty woman, who, in a beautiful dress, was passing at the time he was making the chattie, and had so riveted his attention, that he forgot all about the work. When the woman appeared, she protested that the fault was not hers, for she would not have been in that neighbourhood at all had the goldsmith sent home her earrings at the proper time; the charge, she argued, should properly be brought against him. The goldsmith was brought, and as he was unable to offer any reasonable excuse, he was condemned to be hanged. Those in the court, however, begged the judge to spare the goldsmith's life; "for," said they, "he is very sick and ill-favoured, and would not make at all a pretty spectacle." "But," said the judge, "somebody must be hanged." Then they drew the attention of the court to

the fact that there was a fat Moorman in a shop opposite, who was a much fitter subject for an execution, and asked that he might be hanged in the goldsmith's stead. The learned judge, considering that this arrangement would be very satisfactory, gave judgment accordingly.

"But the work itself must be read to appreciate the vast and conscientious industry bestowed upon it. His delineations are true and life-like, because they are not mere compositions written to please the ear, but are really taken from the facts and traits preserved in those authentic records to which he has devoted the labor of many years. Diligent and painstaking as the humblest chronicler, he has availed himself of many sources of information which have not been made use of by any previous historical writer. At the same time he is not oppressed by his materials, but has sagacity to estimate their real value, and he has combined with scholarly power the facts which they contain. He has rescued the story of the Netherlands from the domain of vague and general narrative, and has labored, with much judgment and ability, to unfold the 'Belli causas, et vitia, et modos,' and to assign to every man and every event their own share in the contest, and their own influence upon its fortunes. We do not wonder that his earlier publication has been received as a valuable addition, not only to English, but to European literature."

The NAMES and VIRTUES.

I took the leading. With the inner eye I have seen lines of light like subtle shining cords running between persons. Such a thread stretched now between me and Enrique de Cerda. I determined to make my way, as Juan Lepe, through the mountains and over the plain of Granada to Santa Fe.

"Just you leave him alone, young sir," said the man, "I have nothing to say to you, but to this young dog I have."

FRUIT ICE
(Sufficient to Serve Six)

The newly kindled hope was deceitful. The great plague, indeed, returned no more; but what it had done for the Londoners, the great fire, which broke out in the autumn of 1666, did for London; and, in September of that year, a heap of ashes and the indestructible energy of the people were all that remained of the glory of five-sixths of the city within the walls.

Samuel Kercheval, who so frequently is quoted by us and of whom we have written elsewhere is buried near Strasburg at "Harmony Hall."

Half a dozen or more showers may oftentimes be seen falling at once, while far the greater part of the sky is in sunshine, and not a raindrop comes nigh one. These thunder-showers from as many separate clouds, looking like wisps of long hair, may vary greatly in effects. The pale, faint streaks are showers that fail to reach the ground, being evaporated on the way down through the dry, thirsty air, like streams in deserts. Many, on the other hand, which in the distance seem insignificant, are really heavy rain, however local; these are the gray wisps well zigzagged with lightning. The darker ones are torrent rain, which on broad, steep slopes of favorable conformation give rise to so-called "cloudbursts"; and wonderful is the

commotion they cause. The gorges and gulches below them, usually dry, break out in loud uproar, with a sudden downrush of muddy, boulder-laden floods. Down they all go in one simultaneous gush, roaring like lions rudely awakened, each of the tawny brood actually kicking up a dust at the first onset.

[The BLACKSMITH, BROWN, LEWIS, and the RED-HAIRED YOUTH pull EVANS and BULGIN apart. The stage is almost dark.]

Who could resist the call?--that, Giles had done,
Nor heard the Birds, nor seen the rising Sun;
Had not Benevolence, with cheering ray,
And Greatness stoop'd, indulgent to display
Praise which does surely not to Giles belong,
But to the objects that inspir'd his song.
Immediate pleasure from those praises flow'd:
Remoter bliss within his bosom glow'd!
Now tasted all:--for I have heard and seen
The long-remember'd voice, the church, the green;--
And oft by Friendship's gentle hand been led
Where many an hospitable board was spread.
These would I name, . . . but each, and all can feel
What the full heart would willingly reveal:
Nor needs be told; that at each season's birth,
Still the enamell'd, or the scorching Earth
Gave, as each morn or weary night would come,
Ideal sweetness to my distant home:--
Ideal now no more;--for, to my view
Spring's promise rose, how admirably true!!
The early chorus of the cheerful Grove,
Gave point to Gratitude; and fire to Love.
O Memory! shield me from the World's poor strife;
And give those scenes thine everlasting life!

"Terence, like everybody else, will suffer anything that Una wishes."

XVI. By this conduct, he incurred the hatred of all orders of the people, but especially of the soldiery. For their commanders having promised them in his name a donative larger than usual, upon their taking the oath to him before his arrival at Rome; he refused to make it good, frequently bragging, "that it was his custom to choose his soldiers, not buy them." Thus the troops became exasperated against him in all quarters. The pretorian guards he alarmed with apprehensions of danger and unworthy treatment; disbanding many of them occasionally as disaffected to his government, and favourers of Nymphidius. But most of all, the army in Upper Germany was incensed against him, as being defrauded of the rewards due to them for the service they had rendered in the insurrection of the Gauls under Vindex. They were, therefore, the first who ventured to break into open mutiny, refusing upon the calends [the 1st] of January, to take any oath of allegiance, except to the senate; and they immediately dispatched deputies to the pretorian troops, to let them know, "they did not like the emperor who had been set up in Spain," and to desire that "they would make choice of another, who might meet with the approbation of all the armies."

"Thank you," replied the midshipmen.

"Then it comes to this," said the sergeant: "If anyone came from outside--IF they did--they must have got in across the bridge before

six and been in hiding ever since, until Mr. Douglas came into the room after eleven."

Point-blank, I asked, "Is travelling in Serbia so very dangerous then?"

LXV. But in the midst of all his joy and hopes in his numerous and well-regulated family, his fortune failed him. The two Julias, his daughter and grand-daughter, abandoned themselves to such courses of lewdness and debauchery, that he banished them both. Caius and Lucius he lost within the space of eighteen months; the former dying in Lycia, and the latter at Marseilles. His third grandson Agrippa, with his step-son Tiberius, he adopted in the forum, by a law passed for the purpose by the Sections [203]; but he soon afterwards discarded Agrippa for his coarse and unruly temper, and confined him at Surrentum. He bore the death of his relations with more patience than he did their disgrace; for he was not overwhelmed by the loss of Caius and Lucius; but in the case of his daughter, he stated the facts to the senate in a message read to them by (119) the quaestor, not having the heart to be present himself; indeed, he was so much ashamed of her infamous conduct, that for some time he avoided all company, and had thoughts of putting her to death. It is certain that when one Phoebe, a freed-woman and confidant of hers, hanged herself about the same time, he said, "I had rather be the father of Phoebe than of Julia." In her banishment he would not allow her the use of wine, nor any luxury in dress; nor would he suffer her to be waited upon by any male servant, either freeman or slave, without his permission, and having received an exact account of his age, stature, complexion, and what marks or scars he had about him. At the end of five years he removed her from the island [where she was confined] to the continent [204], and treated her with less severity, but could never be prevailed upon to recall her. When the Roman people interposed on her behalf several times with much importunity, all the reply he gave was: "I wish you had all such daughters and wives as she is." He likewise forbid a child, of which his grand-daughter Julia was delivered after sentence had passed against her, to be either owned as a relation, or brought up. Agrippa, who was equally intractable, and whose folly increased every day, he transported to an island [205], and placed a guard of soldiers about him; procuring at the same time an act of the senate for his confinement there during life. Upon any mention of him and the two Julias, he would say, with a heavy sigh,

When he went downstairs and switched on the phone, George Harding's round face splashed on the wall.

MOSSES FROM AN OLD MANSE

INTRODUCTION.

"A correspondence letter, senor?"

But a black shadow yet remained which she must cross before reaching the sunshine!

Harrington laughed coldly. "I'm sorry not to oblige you, Mr. Dryden. If you understood my point of view you would see that what you propose is out of the question. I was commissioned to write up the Ward-Upton obsequies, and I alone must do so."

Then in a little louder tone, but without turning round,--

After Farrar and the Four got aboard it fell to my lot to row the rest of the party to the yacht. And this was no slight task that morning. The tender was small, holding but two beside the man at the oars, and owing to the rocks and shallow water of which I have spoken, the Maria lay considerably over a quarter of a mile out. Hence each trip occupied some time. Mr. Cooke I had transferred with a load of canvas and the tent poles, and next I returned for Mrs. Cooke and Mr. Trevor, whom I deposited safely. Then I landed again, helped in Miss Trevor and Miss Thorn, leaving the Celebrity for the last, and was pulling for the yacht when a cry from the tender's stern arrested me.

LORD MELBOURNE'S LETTER-BAG.

4. This island, stiff-necked and stubborn-minded, from the time of its being first inhabited, ungratefully rebels, sometimes against God, sometimes against her own citizens, and frequently also, against foreign kings and their subjects. For what can there either be, or be committed, more disgraceful or more unrighteous in human affairs, than to refuse to show fear to God or affection to one's own countrymen, and (without detriment to one's faith) to refuse due honour to those of higher dignity, to cast off all regard to reason, human and divine, and, in contempt of heaven and earth, to be guided by one's own sensual inventions? I shall, therefore, omit those ancient errors common to all the nations of the earth, in which, before Christ came in the flesh, all mankind were bound; nor shall I enumerate those diabolical idols of my country, which almost surpassed in number those of Egypt, and of which we still see some mouldering away within or without the deserted temples, with stiff and deformed features as was customary. Nor will I call out upon the mountains, fountains, or hills, or upon the rivers, which now are subservient to the use of men, but once were an abomination and destruction to them, and to which the blind people paid divine honour. I shall also pass over the bygone times of our cruel tyrants, whose notoriety was spread over to far distant countries; so that Porphyry, that dog who in the east was always so fierce against the church, in his mad and vain style added this also, that "Britain is a land fertile in tyrants."* I will only endeavour to relate the evils which Britain suffered in the times of the Roman emperors, and also those which she caused to distant states; but so far as lies in my power, I shall not follow the writings and records of my own country, which (if there ever were any of them) have been consumed in the fires of the enemy, or have accompanied my exiled countrymen into distant lands, but be guided by the relations of foreign writers, which, being broken and interrupted in many places are therefore by no means clear.

The colonel pushed back his chair, and opened a drawer in a table on his right, producing three small clay pipes with reed stems and a buckskin bag of tobacco. This he poured out on a plate, breaking the coarser grains with the palms of his hands, and filling the pipes with the greatest care.

"No. Got ripping plan. Stay right where you are. Got a fast car waiting. Be right down. We'll have dinner. By!"

"But remember that if she were here to say all this to you, your pulses would be pounding like the pistons of an excited locomotive! Nature, you are a jade! I console myself with the reflection that it is frequently the gift of facile writing which makes the co-respondent, --but I do wish you were not such a hazardous matchmaker. Oh, well! there was no pleasant way of getting out of it, and that particular Rubicon is miles behind."

[Illustration]

"Let us make a raft!" he cried.

'There was no reason for hiding it,' said Marlowe. 'But to get back to my story. I burst the lock of the strap. I opened the case before one of the lamps of the car. The first thing I found in it I ought to have expected, of course, but I hadn't.' He paused and glanced at Trent.

THE END

Four groups, each practically uttered as one word: the first, in this case, an iamb; the second, an amphibrachys; the third, a trochee; and the fourth, an amphoter; and yet our schoolboy, with no other liberty but that of inflicting pain, had triumphantly scanned it as five iambs. Perceive, now, this fresh richness of intricacy in the web; this fourth orange, hitherto unremarked, but still kept flying with the others. What had seemed to be one thing it now appears is two; and, like some puzzle in arithmetic, the verse is made at the same time to read in fives and to read in fours.

Decaen was pondering over Peron's inflammatory memorandum when the lame little Cumberland staggered into Port Louis. Here, a victim ready to hand, was one of the instruments of the extension of British dominion, the foremost explorer in the service of the British Crown. True, Flinders had a passport from the French Government, but it was made out, not for the Cumberland but for the Investigator. To take advantage of such a point, when the Investigator had had to be abandoned as unseaworthy, was manifestly to seize the flimsiest pretext for imprisoning the man whom

the winds and waves had brought within his power.* (* "C'etait une chicane," says M. Henri Prentout, page 382.) But Decaen was in the temper for regarding the English navigator as a spy, and he imprisoned him first and looked for evidence to justify himself afterwards. He had just read Peron's report; and "it was not unnatural," says a learned French historian somewhat naively, "that the Captain-General should attribute to the English savant the intention of playing at Port Louis the role that our naturalist had played at Port Jackson."* (* Ibid.) The imputation is unjust to Peron, who had not "spied" in Port Jackson, because the English there had manifested no disposition to conceal. Nothing that he reported was what the Government had wished him not to see; they had helped him to see all that he desired; and his preposterous political inferences, though devoid of foundation, hardly amounted to a positive breach of hospitality. Besides, had Decaen feared that the release of Flinders would be dangerous because he might report the weak state of the defences of the island, the same would have applied to the liberation of the junior officers and men of the Cumberland. They, however, were permitted to return to England after a brief period of detention.

Then Boswell had said, "Rule Two: You don't have to know the how of anything. All you have to know is the man who does. He always has a price. The currency is usually odd, but find it, pay it, then proceed per Rule One."

11. How is it applied in music?

DEAR SIR:--Yours of the 3d is just received. There is some mistake about my expected attendance of the U.S. Court in your city on the 3d Tuesday of this month. I have had no thought of being there.

"Miss Ki Hi was short and squat,
She had money and he had not;
So off to her he resolved to go,
And play her a tune on his little banjo."

XV. MISS WILLOUGHBY

There are submarine mud volcanoes as well as those of igneous kind. In 1814 one of this character broke out in the Sea of Azof, beginning with flame and black smoke, accompanied by earth and stones, which were flung to a great height. Ten of these explosions occurred, and, after a period of rest, others were heard during the night. The next morning there was visible above the water an island of mud some ten feet high. A very similar occurrence took place in 1827, near Baku, in the Caspian sea. This began with a flaming display and the ejection of great fragments of rock. An eruption of mud succeeded. A set of small volcanoes discovered by Humboldt in Turbaco, in South America, confined their emissions almost wholly to gases, chiefly nitrogen.

The difficulty now arose under which name was Philippa to be married?

In palace gardens, lonely,
A little child will roam
And weep for pleasures only
Found in its humble home.
It is not won by splendour,
Nor bought by costly toys;
To hide from harm on mother's arm
Makes all its sum of joys.

Now, I think that I have said enough to justify my belief that these great problems of our social life are not of a kind to be settled off-hand by violent or radical legislation. They are not to be settled by any one scheme or by any one plan. The only way to approach them is by careful and conscientious thought, a minute examination of the facts at first hand and a rigid determination to act toward corporations and business interests in general in the same spirit of unswerving honesty that you would wish to display to a comrade or to a friend and that you would wish to be displayed toward yourselves. You will find that honesty is the royal road to success in commercial life, and it is also the royal road to all reform in our communal life. Do not go out into the world with any expectation that you will be required to surrender the ideals that you have formed in your youth, or that you will be asked to choose between honor and success. Those ideals will be the greatest capital with which you can be endowed. They will attract to you everything that makes life desirable and without them you can have neither self-respect nor the respect of others.

Poppy water.

Truly it is not a ruinous service, Socrates (he answered)--far from it. I give them thanks, which is not costly. I make return to them of all they give to me from time to time. I speak well of them, with all the strength I have. And whenever I take their sacred names to witness, I do not wittingly falsify my word.

"Oh me, forget him, dear--forget him! Leave him to God!" Rosalind repeated a phrase used twenty years ago by herself in answer to the old soldier's first uncontrollable outburst of anger against the man who had made her his victim. His voice rose again above a whisper as he answered:

I never did much esteem those things which proceeded from mine own brain; and so long as I have gathered no other fruits from the Method I use, but onely that I have satisfied my self in some difficulties which belong to speculative Sciences, or at least endeavoured to regulate my Manners by the reasons it taught me, I thought my self not obliged to write any thing of them. For, as for what concerns Manners, every one abounds so much in his own sense, That we may finde as many Reformers as

heads, were it permitted to others, besides those whom God hath established as Sovereigns over his people, or at least, to whom he hath dispensed grace and zeal enough to be Prophets, to undertake the change of any thing therein. And although my Speculations did very much please me, I did beleave that other men also had some, which perhaps pleas'd them more. But as soon as I had acquired some generall notions touching naturall Philosophy, and beginning to prove them in divers particular difficulties, I observed how far they might lead a man, and how far different they were from the principles which to this day are in use; I judg'd, that I could not keep them hid without highly sinning against the Law, which obligeth us to procure, as much as in us lies, the general good of all men. For they made it appear to me, that it was possible to attain to points of knowledge, which may be very profitable for this life: and that in stead of this speculative Philosophy which is taught in the Schools, we might finde out a practicall one, by which knowing the force and workings of Fire, Water, Air, of the Starrs, of the Heavens, and of all other Bodies which environ us, distinctly, as we know the severall trades of our Handicrafts, we might in the same manner employ them to all uses to which they are fit, and so become masters and possessours of Nature. Which is not onely to be desired for the invention of very many expedients of Arts, which without trouble might make us enjoy the fruits of the earth, and all the conveniences which are to be found therein: But chiefly also for the preservation of health, which (without doubt) is the first good, and the foundation of all other good things in this life. For even the minde depends so much on the temper and disposition of the organs of the body, that if it be possible to finde any way of making men in the generall wiser, and more able then formerly they were, I beleave it ought to be sought in Physick. True it is, that which is now in use contains but few things, whose benefit is very remarkable: But (without any designe of slighting of it) I assure my self, there is none, even of their own profession, but will consent, that whatsoever is known therein, is almost nothing in companion of what remains to be known. And that we might be freed from very many diseases, aswell of the body as of the mind, and even also perhaps from the weaknesses of old age, had we but knowledge enough of their Causes, and of all the Remedies wherewith Nature hath furnished us. Now having a designe to employ all my life in the enquiry of so necessary a Science; and having found a way, the following of which me thinks might infallibly lead us to it, unless we be hindred by the shortness of life, or by defect of experiments. I judg'd that there was no better Remedie against those two impediments, but faithfully to communicate to the publique, all that little I should discover, and to invite all good Wits to endeavour to advance farther in contributing every one, according to his inclination and power, to those Experiments which are to be made, and communicating also to the publique all the things they should learn; so that the last, beginning where the precedent ended, and so joyning the lives and labors of many in one, we might all together advance further then any particular Man could do.

"Do you know what Livingstone and Bradford and the people whom they represent think of that temple?" said Monsignor impressively.

Peter 'ad another turn then, and him and Ginger kept on talking about gals whose 'arts they 'ad broke till Sam didn't know what to do with 'imself.

They likewise further acknowledge, assert, and declare, that the Lord Jesus Christ, the eternal Son of God, and only Mediator between God and

man, being designed from everlasting the REDEEMER of his people, and having all fullness, power, and authority lodged in him for the execution of his mediatory trust, has, ever since the fall of mankind, as the great and good shepherd of Israel, undertaken the care, government, protection, and instruction of the Church of God, in agreeableness to the above said trust: which he did all along under the Old Testament, and still continues faithfully to discharge in all the parts thereof; so that whatever revelation God made unto his church since the fall, was by Jesus Christ as the great prophet and preacher of righteousness. Particularly, it was he that first appeared unto lapsed man, and as the great revealer of the council of peace, called upon him in the voice of mercy, saying, "Adam, where art thou?" It was he that, pleasing himself in the forethoughts of his future incarnation, and as a prelude thereto, condescended at different times to appear in a human form, and speak unto the fathers. By him, as the messenger of the covenant, were the lively oracles delivered to the Israelitish church; and by his Spirit in the prophets, successively raised up to instruct his church in the knowledge of the divine will, was signified and foretold the grace that should come, until the fullness of the time appointed in the council of Heaven, when it was promised he should come, and by his personal presence fill his house with glory. Then did God in these last days speak unto men by his Son, whom he has appointed heir of all things; who, not only by himself, but also, after his ascension, by his evangelists and apostles filled with the Spirit, has made known all things that he heard of his Father. And now, after the canon of scripture is completed, and no new revelation to be expected to the end of time, continues by his word and spirit to instruct sinners in the knowledge of all things necessary for their sanctification and salvation; according to Acts x, 38, and iii, 22; Luke iv, 18, 21; John i, 18; 1 Pet. i, 10-12; Heb. i, 1, 2; Eph. iv, 11-13; Confess. chap. 8, Sec. 1; Larg. Cat. quest. 43; Short. Cat. quest. 24.

Hercules and The Waggoner - 00:01:41
Read by: Lee Dunkelberg

BUILDER. I wouldn't trust you a yard.

Fundbüro

lost property office

"I really don't care to listen to any further theories from that extraordinary school," said Mrs. Salisbury decidedly. "I have told you what I expect you to do, and I know you are too sensible a girl to throw away a good position--"

"Isn't there any danger with other whales?"

In fact, this book, the subject of which had at first interested me, had

become painful to me. I had come to the conclusion that the pictures of the writer were too sombre. His description of the miseries of the world appeared exaggerated to me; I could not believe in such excess of poverty and of suffering; neither God nor man could show themselves so harsh toward the sons of Adam. The author had yielded to an artistic temptation: he was making a show of the sufferings of humanity, as Nero burned Rome for the sake of the picturesque.

In compliance with the request of a friend of mine, who wrote me from the East, I called on good-natured, garrulous old Simon Wheeler, and inquired after my friend's friend, Leonidas W. Smiley, as requested to do, and I hereunto append the result. I have a lurking suspicion that Leonidas W. Smiley is a myth that my friend never knew such a personage; and that he only conjectured that if I asked old Wheeler about him, it would remind him of his infamous Jim Smiley, and he would go to work and bore me to death with some exasperating reminiscence of him as long and as tedious as it should be useless to me. If that was the design, it succeeded.

[Exeunt hurriedly.]

"This is for your children," said Elena Ivanovna, and she gave her three roubles.

Riders to the Sea. Written 1902.3. Performed 25th. February 1904.

Then remained the retail trades, the professions, and the farmers. Both sides could leave out of their counsels the interests of the leisured class, since the leisured class in Elgin consisted almost entirely of persons who were too old to work, and therefore not influential. The landed proprietors were the farmers, when they weren't, alas! the banks. As to the retail men, the prosperity of the stores of Main Street and Market Street was bound up about equally with that of Fox County and the Elgin factories. The lawyers and doctors, the odd surveyors and engineers, were inclined, by their greater detachment, to theories and prejudices, delightful luxuries where a certain rigidity of opinion is dictated by considerations of bread and butter. They made a factor debatable, but small. The farmers had everything to win, nothing to lose. The prospect offered them more for what they had to sell, and less for what they had to buy, and most of them were Liberals already; but the rest had to be convinced, and a political change of heart in a bosom of South Fox was as difficult as any other. Industrial, commercial, professional, agricultural, Lorne Murchison scanned them all hopefully, but Walter Winter felt them his garnered sheaves.

"Ah, Doctor!" he exclaimed, "back again. Glad to see you. How are the boys on the 'Rhine?' Who's your friend?"

The scene now represents a room of ten feet square, the floor of which is sunk a yard or two below the level of the ground; the walls are covered with a dirty and crumbling plaster, on which appear a crowd of ill-favored and lugubrious faces done in charcoal, and the autographs and poetical attempts of a long succession of debtors and petty criminals. Other features of the apartment are a deep fireplace (superfluous in the sultriness of the summer's day), a door of hard-hearted oak, and a narrow window high in the wall,--where the glass has long been broken, while the iron bars retain all their original

strength. Through this opening come the sound of passing footsteps in the public street, and the voices of children at play. The furniture consists of a bed, or rather an old sack of barley straw, thrown down in the corner farthest from the door, and a chair and table, both aged and infirm, and leaning against the side of the room, besides lending a friendly support to each other. The atmosphere is stifled and of an ill smell, as if it had been kept close prisoner for half a century, and had lost all its pure and elastic nature by feeding the tainted breath of the vicious and the sighs of the unfortunate. Such is the present abode of the man of medicine and politics, and his own appearance forms no contrast to the accompaniments. His wig is unpowdered, out of curl, and put on awry; the dust of many weeks has worked its way into the web of his coat and small-clothes, and his knees and elbows peep forth to ask why they are so ill clad; his stockings are ungartered, his shoes down at the heel, his waistcoat is without a button, and discloses a shirt as dingy as the remnant of snow in a showery April day. His shoulders have become rounder, and his whole person is more bent and drawn together, since we last saw him, and his face has exchanged the glory of wit and humor for a sheepish dulness. At intervals, the Doctor walks the room, with an irregular and shuffling pace; anon, he throws himself flat on the sack of barley straw, muttering very reprehensible expressions between his teeth; then again he starts to his feet, and journeying from corner to corner, finally sinks into the chair, forgetful of its three-legged infirmity till it lets him down upon the floor. The grated window, his only medium of intercourse with the world, serves but to admit additional vexations. Every few moments the steps of the passengers are heard to pause, and some well-known face appears in the free sunshine behind the iron bars, brimful of mirth and drollery, the owner whereof stands on tiptoe to tickle poor Dr. Bullivant with a stinging sarcasm. Then laugh the little boys around the prison door, and the wag goes chuckling away. The apothecary would fain retaliate, but all his quips and repartees, and sharp and facetious fancies, once so abundant, seem to have been transferred from himself to the sluggish brains of his enemies. While endeavoring to condense his whole intellect into one venomous point, in readiness for the next assailant, he is interrupted by the entrance of the turnkey with the prison fare of Indian bread and water. With these dainties we leave him.

By Agnes Repplier

He must, replied Agathon.

Three hours later, at ten o' clock of the same evening, the detective and Hemingway leaned together on the rail of the Crown Prince Eitel. Forward, in the glare of her cargo lights, to the puffing and creaking of derricks and donkey engines, bundles of beeswax, of rawhides, and precious tusks of ivory were being hurled into the hold; from the shore-boats clinging to the ship's sides came the shrieks of the Zanzibar boys, from the smoking-room the blare of the steward's band and the clink of glasses. Those of the youth of Zanzibar who were on board, the German and English clerks and agents, saw in the presence of Hemingway only a purpose similar to their own; the desire of a homesick exile to gaze upon the mirrored glories of the Eitel's saloon, at the faces of white men and women, to listen to home-made music, to drink home-brewed beer. As he passed the smoking-room they called to him, and to the stranger at his elbow, but he only nodded smiling and, avoiding them, ascended to the shadow of the deserted boat-deck.

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking

Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore--
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

"A divorce?" Munching the syllables of the word, Annandale put a hand to his shirt front. "From me?" Had Fanny asked him to make good the fifty million loss to the country which Orr had mentioned his bewilderment could not have been more sheer.

"If some one don't look arter 'im," she said to herself, "'ee'll go as his father and his brothers went afore him. 'Ee's got the look on it aready. Whenever it's light I'll go fetch Muster Drew."

"Oh, Jack! But you are taller than I am now," said she, arresting his rough embrace and giving her hand to her mother. They kissed each other, and, deferring all explanations, Bessie whispered, "May I come home with you after service and spend the day?"

"We have here, ladies and gentlemen, what I have no hesitation in regarding as the gem of the sale. It has by a highly unfortunate mischance lain hidden up to five minutes ago. It is nothing less, in fact, than an indisputably genuine Van Ruiten--(sensation)--which Colonel Allen has very nobly consented to sacrifice for--for the splendid cause which has assembled us here to-day. (Applause.) This little canvas, ladies and gentlemen, apart from being an authenticated example of such an artist as Van Ruiten, is a possession which any man might be proud of. It is called 'The Two Windmills' and is, I hope, known to most of you by reputation. What shall we say for this, ladies and gentlemen?"

THE GREAT FRANCHISE DEBATE.

From Tuesday the 29th of September, to Friday the 2d of October, we rang'd along the Shoar from Lat. 32 deg. 20 min. to Lat. 33 deg. 11 min. but could discern no Entrance for our Ship, after we had pass'd to the Northward of 32 deg. 40 min. On Saturday, Octob. 3. a violent Storm overtook us, the Wind between North and East; which Easterly Winds and Foul Weather continu'd till Monday the 12th; by reason of which Storms and Foul Weather, we were forced to get off to Sea, to secure Ourselves and Ship, and were driven by the Rapidity of a strong Current to Cape Hatteras in Lat. 35 deg. 30 min. On Monday the 12th aforesaid, we came to an Anchor in seven Fathom at Cape-Fair Road, and took the Meridian Altitude of the Sun, and were in Latitude 33 deg. 43 min. the Wind continuing still easterly, and foul Weather, till Thursday the 15th; and on Friday the 16th, the Wind being at N.W. we weigh'd and sail'd up Cape-Fair-River, some 4 or 5 Leagues, and came to an Anchor in 6 or 7 Fathom, at which time several Indians came on board, and brought us great Store of fresh Fish, large Mulletts, young Bass, Shads, and several other Sorts of very good well-tasted Fish. On Saturday the 17th, we went down to the Cape, to see the English Cattle, but could not find 'em, tho' we rounded the Cape: And having an Indian Guide with us, here we rode till Oct. 24. The Wind being against us, we could not go up the River with our Ship; but went on shoar, and view'd the Land of those Quarters. On Saturday, we weigh'd, and sail'd up the River some 4 Leagues, or thereabouts. Sunday the 25th, we weigh'd again, and row'd up the River, it being calm, and got up some 14 Leagues from the Harbour's Mouth, where we mor'd our Ship. On Monday Oct. the 26th, we went down with the Yawl, to Necoos, an Indian Plantation, and view'd the Land there. On Tuesday the 27th,

we row'd up the main River, with our Long-Boat, and 12 Men, some 10 Leagues, or thereabouts. On Wednesday the 28th, we row'd up about 8 or 10 Leagues more. Thursday the 29th, was foul Weather, with much Rain and Wind, which forc'd us to make Huts, and lie still. Friday the 30th, we proceeded up the main River, 7 or 8 Leagues. Saturday the 31st, we got up 3 or 4 Leagues more, and came to a Tree that lay cross the River; but because our Provisions were almost spent, we proceeded no farther, but return'd downward before Night, and on Monday the 2d of November, we came aboard our Ship. Tuesday the 3d, we lay still, to refresh ourselves. On Wednesday the 4th, we went 5 or 6 Leagues up the River, to search a Branch that run out of the main River towards the N.W. In which Branch we went up 5 or 6 Leagues; but not liking the Land, return'd on board that Night about Midnight, and call'd that Place Swampy-Branch. Thursday, November the 5th, we stay'd aboard. On Friday the 6th, we went up Greens-River, the Mouth of it being against the Place at which rode our Ship. On Saturday the 7th, we proceeded up the said River, some 14 or 15 Leagues in all, and found it ended in several small Branches; The Land, for the most part, being marshy and Swamps, we return'd towards our Ship, and got aboard it in the Night. Sunday November the 8th, we lay still, and on Monday the 9th, went again up the main River, being well stock'd with Provisions, and all things necessary, and proceeded upwards till Thursday noon, the 12th, at which time we came to a Place, where were two Islands in the Middle of the River; and by reason of the Crookedness of the River at that Place, several Trees lay cross both Branches, which stop'd the Passage of each Branch, so that we could proceed no farther with our Boat; but went up the River side by Land, some 3 or 4 Miles, and found the River wider and wider. So we return'd, leaving it, as far as we could see up a long Reach, running N.E. we judging ourselves near fifty Leagues North from the River's Mouth. In our Return, we view'd the Land on both Sides the River, and found as good Tracts of dry, well-wooded, pleasant, and delightful Ground, as we have seen any where in the World, with abundance of long thick Grass on it, the Land being very level, with steep Banks on both Sides the River, and in some Places very high, the Woods stor'd every where, with great Numbers of Deer and Turkies, we never going on Shoar, but we saw of each Sort; as also great Store of Partridges, Cranes, and Conies, in several Places; we likewise heard several Wolves howling in the Woods, and saw where they had torn a Deer in Pieces. Also in the River we saw great Store of Ducks, Teal, Widgeon; and in the Woods, great Flocks of Parrakeeto's. The Timber that the Woods afford, for the most part, consists of Oaks of four or five Sorts, all differing in Leaves, but each bearing very good Acorns. We measur'd many of the Oaks in several Places, which we found to be, in Bigness, some Two, some Three, and others almost Four Fathom in Height, before you come to Boughs or Limbs; forty, fifty, sixty Foot, and some more; and those Oaks very common in the upper Parts of both Rivers; also a very tall large Tree of great Bigness, which some call Cyprus, the right Name we know not, growing in Swamps. Likewise Walnut, Birch, Beech, Maple, Ash, Bay, Willow, Alder, and Holly; and in the lowermost Parts innumerable Pines, tall and good for Boards or Masts, growing, for the most part, in barren and sandy, but in some Places up the River, in good Ground, being mixt amongst Oaks and other Timbers. We saw Mulberry-Trees, Multitudes of Grape-Vines, and some Grapes which we eat of. We found a very large and good Tract of Land, on the N.W. Side of the River, thin of Timber, except here and there a very great Oak, and full of Grass, commonly as high as a Man's Middle, and in many Places to his Shoulders, where we saw many Deer, and Turkies; one Deer having very large Horns, and great Body, therefore call'd it Stag-Park. It being

a very pleasant and delightful Place, we travell'd in it several Miles, but saw no End thereof. So we return'd to our Boat, and proceeded down the River, and came to another Place, some twenty five Leagues from the River's Mouth on the same Side, where we found a Place, no less delightful than the former; and as far as we could judge, both Tracts came into one. This lower Place we call'd Rocky Point, because we found many Rocks and Stones, of several Sizes, upon the Land, which is not common. We sent our Boat down the River before us; ourselves travelling by Land, many Miles. Indeed we were so much taken with the Pleasantness of the Country, that we travell'd into the Woods too far to recover our Boat and Company that Night. The next day being Sunday, we got to our Boat; and on Monday the 16th of November, proceeded down to a Place on the East-Side of the River, some 23 Leagues from the Harbour's Mouth, which we call'd Turkey-Quarters, because we kill'd several Turkeys thereabouts; we view'd the Land there, and found some Tracts of good Ground, and high, facing upon the River about one Mile inward, but backwards some two Miles, all Pine Land, but good Pasture Ground: We return'd to our Boat, and proceeded down some 2 or 3 Leagues, where we had formerly view'd, and found it a Tract of as good Land, as any we have seen, and had as good Timber on it. The Banks on the River being high, therefore we call'd it High-Land-Point. Having view'd that, we proceeded down the River, going on Shoar in several Places on both Sides, it being generally large Marshes, and many of them dry, that they may more fitly be call'd Meadows. The Wood-Land against them is, for the most part, Pine, and in some Places as barren, as ever we saw Land, but in other Places good Pasture-Ground. On Tuesday, November the 17th, we got aboard our Ship, riding against the Mouth of Green's River, where our Men were providing Wood, and fitting the Ship for the Sea: In the interim, we took a View of the Country on both sides of the River there, finding some good Land, but more bad, and the best not comparable to that above. Friday the 20th was foul Weather; yet in the Afternoon we weigh'd, went down the River about two Leagues, and came to an Anchor against the Mouth of Hilton's River, and took a View of the Land there on both sides, which appear'd to us much like that at Green's River. Monday the 23d, we went, with our Long-Boat well victuall'd and mann'd, up Hilton's River; and when we came three Leagues, or thereabouts, up the same, we found this and Green's River to come into one, and so continu'd for four or five Leagues, which makes a great Island betwixt them. We proceeded still up the River, till they parted again, keeping up Hilton's River on the Larboard side, and follow'd the said River five or six Leagues farther, where we found another large Branch of Green's River to come into Hilton's, which makes another great Island. On the Starboard side going up, we proceeded still up the River some four Leagues, and return'd, taking a View of the Land on both sides, and then judg'd ourselves to be from our Ship some 18 Leagues W. and by N. One League below this Place, came four Indians in a Canoe to us, and sold us several Baskets of Acorns, which we satisfy'd them for, and so left them; but one of them follow'd us on the Shoar some two or three Miles, till he came on the Top of a high Bank, facing on the River; and as we row'd underneath it, the Fellow shot an Arrow at us, which very narrowly miss'd one of our Men, and stuck in the upper edge of the Boat; but broke in pieces, leaving the Head behind. Hereupon, we presently made to the Shoar, and went all up the Bank (except Four to guide the Boat) to look for the Indian, but could not find him: At last, we heard some sing, farther in the Woods, which we look'd upon as a Challenge to us, to come and fight them. We went towards them with all Speed; but before we came in Sight of them, heard two Guns go off from our Boat; whereupon we retreated, as fast as we could, to secure our Boat and Men. When we came to them, we found all well,

and demanded the Reason of their firing the Guns: They told us, that an Indian came creeping along the Bank, as they suppos'd, to shoot at them; and therefore they shot at him at a great distance, with small Shot, but thought they did him no Hurt; for they saw him run away. Presently after our Return to the Boat, and while we were thus talking, came two Indians to us, with their Bows and Arrows, crying `Bonny, Bonny'. We took their Bows and Arrows from them, and gave them Beads, to their Content; then we led them, by the Hand, to the Boat, and shew'd them the Arrow-head sticking in her Side, and related to them the whole Passage; which when they understood, both of them shew'd a great Concern, and signify'd to us, by Signs, that they knew nothing of it; so we let them go, and mark'd a Tree on the Top of the Bank, calling the Place Mount-Skerry. We look'd up the River, as far as we could discern, and saw that it widen'd, and came running directly down the Country: So we return'd, viewing the Land on both sides the River, and finding the Banks steep in some places, but very high in others. The Bank-sides are generally Clay, and as some of our Company did affirm, some Marl. The Land and Timber up this River is no way inferiour to the best in the other, which we call the main River. So far as we could discern, this seem'd as fair, if not fairer, than the former, and we think runs farther into the Country, because a strong Current comes down, and a great deal more Drift-Wood. But, to return to the Business of the Land and Timber: We saw several Plots of Ground clear'd by the Indians, after their weak manner, compass'd round with great Timber Trees, which they are no-wise able to fell, and so keep the Sun from Corn-Fields very much; yet nevertheless, we saw as large Corn-stalks, or larger, than we have seen any where else: So we proceeded down the River, till we found the Canoe the Indian was in, who shot at us. In the Morning, we went on Shoar, and cut the same in pieces. The Indians perceiving us coming towards them, ran away.

Going

to his Hutt, we pull'd it down, broke his Pots, Platters, and Spoons, tore the Deer-Skins and Matts in pieces, and took away a Basket of Acorns; and afterwards proceeded down the River 2 Leagues, or thereabouts, and came to another Place of Indians, bought Acorns and some Corn of them, and went downwards 2 Leagues more. At last, espying an Indian peeping over a high Bank, we held up a Gun at him; and calling to him, `Skerry', presently several Indians came in Sight of us, and made great Signs of Friendship, saying `Bonny, Bonny'. Then running before us, they endeavour'd to persuade us to come on shoar; but we answer'd them with stern Countenances, and call'd out, `Skerry', taking up our Guns, and threatning to shoot at them, but they still cry'd `Bonny, Bonny': And when they saw they could not prevail, nor persuade us to come on shoar, two of them came off to us in a Canoe, one paddling with a great Cane, the other with his Hand. As soon as they overtook us, they laid hold of our Boat, sweating and blowing, and told us, it was `Bonny' on shoar, and at last persuaded us to go on shoar with them. As soon as we landed, several Indians, to the Number of near 40 lusty Men, came to us, all in a great Sweat, and told us `Bonny': We shew'd 'em the Arrow-Head in the Boat-Side, and a Piece of the Canoe we had cut in Pieces: Whereupon, the chief Man amongst them made a long Speech, threw Beads into our Boat, which is a Sign of great Love and Friendship, and gave us to understand, that when he heard of the Affront which we had receiv'd, it caus'd him to cry; and that he and his Men were come to make Peace with us, assuring us, by Signs, that they would tye the Arms, and cut off the Head, of the Fellow who had done us that Wrong; And for a farther Testimony of their Love and Good-Will towards us, they presented us with two very handsome, proper, young Indian Women, the tallest that ever we saw in this Country; which we suppos'd to be

the King's Daughters, or Persons of Distinction amongst them. Those young Women were so ready to come into our Boat; that one of them crowded in, and would hardly be persuaded to go out again. We presented the King with a Hatchet and several Beads, and made Presents of Beads also to the young Women, the chief Men, and the rest of the Indians, as far as our Beads would go. They promis'd us, in four Days, to come on board our Ship, and so departed from us. When we left the Place, which was soon after, we call'd it Mount-Bonny, because we had there concluded a firm Peace. Proceeding down the River 2 or 3 Leagues farther, we came to a Place where were 9 or 10 Canoes all together. We went ashoar there, and found several Indians; but most of them were the same which had made Peace with us before. We staid very little at that Place, but went directly down the River, and came to our Ship, before day. Thursday the 26th of November, the Wind being at South, we could not go down to the River's Mouth; but on Friday the 27th, we weigh'd at the Mouth of Hilton's River, and got down a League towards the Harbour's Mouth. On Sunday the 29th, we got down to Crane-Island, which is 4 Leagues or thereabouts, above the Entrance of the Harbour's Mouth. On Tuesday the 1st of December, we made a Purchase of the River and Land of Cape-Fair, of Wat-Coosa, and such other Indians, as appear'd to us to be the chief of those Parts. They brought us Store of fresh Fish aboard, as Mulletts, Shads, and other sorts very good. This River is all fresh Water, fit to drink. Some 8 Leagues within the Mouth, the Tide runs up about 35 Leagues, but stops and rises a great deal farther up. It flows at the Harbour's Mouth, S.E. and N.W. 6 Foot at Neap-Tides, and 8 Foot at Spring-Tides. The Channel on the East side, by the Cape-Shoar, is the best, and lies close aboard the Cape-Land, being 3 Fathoms at high Water, in the shallowest Place in the Channel, just at the Entrance; But as soon as you are past that Place, half a Cables Length inward, you have 6 or 7 Fathoms, a fair turning Channel into the River, and so continuing 5 or 6 Leagues upwards. Afterwards the Channel is more difficult, in some Places 6 or 7 Fathoms, in others 4 or 5, and in others but 9 or 10 Foot, especially where the River is broad. When the River comes to part, and grows narrow, there it is all Channel from side to side, in most Places; tho' in some you shall have 5, 6, or 7 Fathoms, but generally 2 or 3, Sand and Oaze. We view'd the Cape-Land, and judg'd it to be little worth, the Woods of it being shrubby and low, and the Land sandy and barren; in some Places Grass and Rushes, in others nothing but clear Sand: A Place fitter to starve Cattle, in our Judgment, than to keep 'em alive; yet the Indians, as we understand, keep the English Cattle down there, and suffer them not to go off of the said Cape, (as we suppose) because the Country Indians shall have no Part with them; and therefore 'tis likely, they have fallen out about them, which shall have the greatest Share. They brought on board our Ship very good and fat Beef several times, which they sold us at a very reasonable Price; also fat and very large Swine, good and cheap; but they may thank their Friends of New-England, who brought their Hogs to so fair a Market. Some of the Indians brought very good Salt aboard us, and made Signs, pointing to both sides of the River's Mouth, that there was great Store thereabouts. We saw up the River, several good Places for the setting up of Corn or Saw-Mills. In that time, as our Business call'd us up and down the River and Branches, we kill'd of wild Fowl, 4 Swans, 10 Geese, 29 Cranes, 10 Turkies, 40 Ducks and Mallards, 3 dozen of Parrakeeto's, and 6 dozen of other small Fowls, as Curlues and Plover, &c.

But if, as Paul says, the Priesthood being changed, then is made of necessity a change also of the law; or in other words, a change from the law of carnal commandments and ordinances to the law of the Gospel. Yet the Aaronic Priesthood, as the Melchizedek, is an everlasting Priesthood, as before exhibited, and continueth forever as an appendage to the Melchizedek Priesthood; and hence in the old apostolic days, when under an organization of the Melchizedek, the latter is the most prominent, and very little is said about the Levitical or Aaronic: probably on account of the peculiar traditions and superstitions of the Jews, which made it almost impossible for them to comprehend the greater or Melchizedek. Yet the Aaronic cannot be ignored, and in the dispensation of the fullness of times it again comes forth, as one of the grand aids or appendages to the Melchizedek Priesthood; and hence in the ushering in of this dispensation, John the Baptist appears on the stage and confers the Aaronic Priesthood upon Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery.

The progress was slow, almost imperceptible, and attended by few memorable circumstances; yet it deserves to be followed and investigated.

Here, then, we have the secret of vice becoming laughable; and of things which are really wicked, disgusting, hateful, being expressed by names purely ludicrous. Where no great physical pain or distress is occasioned by what is evil, our sense of its ludicrousness will be exactly in proportion to the faintness of our sense of moral evil; or, in other words, to our want of being in earnest. The evil that does not seriously pain or inconvenience man, is very apt to be regarded with feelings approaching to laughter, if we have no sense of pain at the notion of its being an offence against God.

One hundred years ago today the representatives of the Church in the different States met to adopt a constitution. There had been tentative efforts to effect an organization and adopt a Book of Common Prayer, all of which were overruled by the good providence of God. Many not of our fold desired a liturgy. Benjamin Franklin published at his own expense a revised copy of the English liturgy. The House of Bishops was composed of Bishop Seabury and Bishop White. Bishop Provost was absent. In the House of Clerical and Lay Deputies were the Rev. Abraham Jarvis, the Rev. Robert Smith, and the Rev. Samuel Parker, who became bishops. They met to show the world that the charter of the Church is perpetual, and that the Church has the power to adapt herself to all the conditions of human society. They met to consolidate the scattered fragments of the Church in the thirteen colonies into a national Church, and secure for themselves and children Catholic faith and worship in the Book of Common Prayer. They builded wiser than they knew. They secured for the Church self-government, free from all secular control. They preserved the traditions of the past, and yet every feature of executive, legislative, and judicial administration was in harmony with the Constitution of the Republic. They gave the laity a voice in the council of the Church; they provided that bishops and clergy should be tried by their peers, and that the clergy and laity of each diocese should elect their own bishop subject to the approval of the whole Church. There was the most delightful fraternal intercourse between the two bishops. In the words of our Presiding Bishop, "The blessed results of that convention were due, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, to the steadfast gentleness of Bishop White and the gentle steadfast--of Bishop Seabury." A century has passed. The Church which was then everywhere spoken against is everywhere known and respected; the mantle of Seabury, White, Hobart, Ravenscroft, Eliot, De Lancey, and Kemper has

fallen on others, and her sons are in the forefront of that mighty movement which will people this land with millions of souls. While we say with grateful hearts, "What hath God wrought!" we also say, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy Nave give the praise." Surely, an awful responsibility rests upon a Church whose history is so full of the mercy of God. We are living in the great missionary age of the Church. There is no nation on the earth to whom we may not carry the Gospel. More than eight hundred millions of souls for whom Christ died have not heard that there is a Saviour. One of the hinderances to the speedy evangelization of the world is the division among Christians,--alas! both within and without the Church. Our Saviour said: "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." Christians have been separated in hostile camps, and often divisions have ripened into hatred. The saddest of all is that the things which separate us are not necessary for salvation. The truths in which we agree are part of the Catholic faith. In the words of Dr. Dollinger, "we can say each to the other as baptized, we are on either side, brothers and sisters in Christ. In the great garden of the Lord, let us shake hands over these confessional hedges, and let us break them down, so as to be able to embrace one another altogether. These hedges are doctrinal divisions about which either we or you are in error. If you are in the wrong, we do not hold you morally culpable; for your education, surroundings, knowledge, and training made the adherence to these doctrines excusable and even right. Let us examine, compare, and investigate the matter together, and we shall discover the precious pearl of peace and unity; and then let us join hands together in cultivating and cleansing the garden of the Lord, which is overgrown with weeds." There are blessed signs that the Holy Spirit is deepening the spiritual life of widely separated brothers. Historical Churches are feeling the pulsation of a new life from the Incarnate God. All Christian folk see that the Holy Spirit has passed over these human barriers and set His seal to the labors of separated brethren in Christ. The ever-blessed Comforter is quickening in Christian hearts the divine spirit of charity. Christians are learning more and more the theology which centres in the person of Jesus Christ. It is this which worldwide is creating a holy enthusiasm to stay the flood of intemperance, impurity, and sin at home, and gather lost heathen folk into the fold of Christ. In our age every branch of the Church can call over the roll of its confessors and martyr, and so link its history to the purest ages of the Church. We would not rob them of one sheaf they have gathered into the garner of the Lord. We share in every victory and we rejoice in every triumph. There is not one of that great company who have washed their robes white in the blood of the Lamb, who is not our kinsman in Christ. Brothers in Christ of every name, shall we not pray for the healing of the wounds of the body of Christ, that the world may believe in him?

"I am very happy," said the lady, with that sweet, lisping accentuation of English which well became her lovely mouth. "Miss Scudder, I hope, is very well."

His proposals conclude with perfect high-treason. He promises, that no person shall be obliged to receive more than five-pence half-penny of his coin in one payment: by which it is plain that he pretends to oblige every subject in this kingdom to take so much in every payment, if it be offered; whereas his patent obliges no man, nor can the prerogative by law claim such a power, as I have often observed; so that here Mr. Wood takes upon him the entire legislature, and an absolute dominion over the properties of the whole nation.

As the warm weather came on, Rose announced that Dulce needed mountain

air, for she dutifully repeated as many of Dr. Alec's prescriptions as possible and, remembering how much good Cozy Corner did her long ago, resolved to try it on her baby. Aunt Jessie and Jamie went with her, and Mother Atkinson received them as cordially as ever. The pretty daughters were all married and gone, but a stout damsel took their place, and nothing seemed changed except that the old heads were grayer and the young ones a good deal taller than six years ago.

"Yes--now. What good will it do to put it off? You're not afraid to tell her!"

"Oh, so do most of our relations who'd rather pay our way in a home than be bothered with us around."

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

We will take another typical and simple erection, a stone pillar to support the ends of two lintels or beams. This may be simply a long squared piece set on end (Fig. 4), and will perform its constructive functions perfectly well in that form; but it is not only absolutely expressionless, but is in one sense clumsy and inconvenient, as taking up more space than need be, presenting an unwieldy-looking mass when viewed at an angle, and shutting out a good deal of light (if that happen to be a matter of practical consequence in the case). Cutting off the angles (Fig. 5) does not weaken it much, and renders it much less unwieldy-looking, besides giving it a certain degree of verticality of expression, and rendering it more convenient as taking up less room and obstructing less light. But though the column is quite strong enough, the octagonal top does not make so good a seat or bearing for the ends of the lintels. We will therefore put a flat square stone on the top of it (Fig. 6), which will serve as a bed for the lintels to rest on securely. But the angles of this bed plate, where they project beyond the face of the column, appear rather weak, and are so actually to some extent--a double defect, for it is not enough in architecture that a thing should be strong enough, it is necessary that it should appear so, architecture having to do with expression as well as with fact. We will, therefore, strengthen this projecting angle, and correct the abruptness of transition between the column and the bed plate, by brackets (Fig. 7) projecting from the alternate faces of the column to the angles of the bed plates. As this rather emphasizes four planes of the octagon column at the expense of the other four, we will bind the whole together just under the brackets by a thin band of ornament constituting a necking, and thus we have something like a capital developed, a definitely designed finish to our column, expressive of its purpose. This treatment of the upper end, however, would make the lower end rising abruptly from the ground seem very bare. We will accordingly emphasize the base of the column, just as we emphasized the base of the wall, by a projecting moulding, not only giving expression to this connection of the column with the ground, but also giving it the appearance, and to some extent the reality, of greater stability, by giving it a wider and more spreading base to rest on. We have here still left the lines of one column vertically parallel, and there is no constructive reason why they should not remain so. There is, however, a general impression to the eye both of greater stability and more grace arising from a slight

diminution upward. It is difficult to account for this on any metaphysical principle, but the fact has been felt by most nations which have used a columnar architecture, and we will accept it and diminish (so to speak) our column (Fig. 8). We have here taken a further step by treating the shaft of the column in two heights, keeping the lower portion octagonal and reducing the upper portion to a circle, and we now find it easier to treat the capital so as to have a direct and complete connection with the column, the capital being here merely a spreading out of the column into a bracket form all round, running it into the square of the bed plate.[3] The spreading portion is emphasized by surface ornament, and the necking is again emphasized, this time more decisively, by a moulding, forming a series of parallel rings round the column. If we wish to give our column an expression of more grace and elegance, we can further reduce the thickness of it (Fig. 9), and give more spread to the capital, always taking care to be sure that the strength of the column is not reduced below what the weight which it has to carry requires. In this case a bracket is shown above the capital, projecting longitudinally only (in the direction of the lintel bearing), a method of giving a larger bearing surface for the ends of the lintels, shortening their actual bearing[4] (in other words, widening the space which can be bridged between column and column) and giving a workmanlike appearance of stability to the construction at this point. The idea of the division of the column into two sections, suggested in Fig. 8, is kept up in Fig. 9 by treating the lower portion up to the same height with incised decorative carving. The dotted lines on each side in Fig. 9 give the outline of the original square column as shown in Fig. 4. The finished column was within that block; it is the business of the architectural designer to get it out.[5]

I have seen a face with a thousand countenances, and a face that was but a single countenance as if held in a mould.

Maud needed no more. To save the life of Bob, her well-beloved, he who had so long been beloved in secret, she would have gone with one far less known and trusted than the Tuscarora. She made an eager gesture for him to proceed, and they were soon on their way to the mill, threading the mazes of the forest.

774. His name, however, taken to mean 'all,' gave occasion to fanciful interpretations. He was so called, it was said, because he gave delight to all the Immortals;[1331] or his person and his musical and other instruments were supposed to represent universal nature--his horns the rays of the sun and the horns of the moon, his spotted fawnskin the stars, his pipe of seven reeds the harmony of the heavens, his crook the year, which returns on itself, and so on.[1332] The Stoics and the Orphic writers made him Universal God, the creator of the world.[1333] In the popular cult, however, he remained the merry patron of herds. The most satisfactory explanation of his name is that which derives it from the stem pa, 'feed'--he is then "the goatherd." [1334] The story told by Plutarch, of a voice heard crying on the coast of Epirus, "Great Pan is dead," arose from some misapprehension, but no precise explanation of its origin has been given.[1335] Poets like Pindar and Vergil, disposed to preserve and dignify the old traditions, treat Pan respectfully and sympathetically, but such constructions are nonpopular.[1336]

"Yes, they will, mine's a special thread," urged Keith, who had remembered Bert Taylor's reversed nozzle.

"Marriage is a first-rate state, and agreeable a good deal of the time; but it haint a state of perfect peace and rest, and you'll find out it haint if you are ever married."

When Sir William reached Detroit on September 3 he was welcomed by musketry volleys from the Indians and by cannon from the fort. His reputation as the great superintendent of Indian Affairs, the friend of the red man, had gone before him, and he was joyously received, and at once given quarters in the house of the former commandant of Detroit, Beletre. On the day following his arrival the Wyandots and other Indians, with their priest, Father Pierre Potier (called Pottie by Johnson), waited on him. He treated them royally, and gave them pipes and tobacco and a barbecue of a large ox roasted whole. He found the French inhabitants most friendly, especially Pierre Chesne, better known as La Butte, the interpreter of the Wyandots, and St Martin, the interpreter of the Ottawas. The ladies of the settlement called on him, and were regaled 'with cakes, wine and cordial. He was hospitably entertained by the officers and settlers, and in return gave several balls, at which, it appears, he danced with 'Mademoiselle Curie--a fine girl.' This vivacious lady evidently made an impression on the susceptible Irishman; for after the second ball--'there never was so brilliant an affair' at Detroit before--he records in his private diary: 'Promised to write Mademoiselle Curie my sentiments.'

The success of the Portuguese gave a new impulse to the spirit of enterprise which had already been excited among the maritime nations of Europe by the discoveries of Columbus, and efforts to divert a portion of the golden current soon began to be made. The Spaniards, debarred from following the direct route of the Portuguese, by their own exclusive pretensions in the west, and the consequent decision of the Pope, granting to them the sole right of exploration beyond a certain line of longitude to the west, and confining the Portuguese to the east, had, under the guidance of the adventurous Magellan, found a westerly route to the Indies. The English were busy with several schemes for a short cut to the north-west. The Dutch were beginning to give signs of a determination, despite the Pope's decision, to follow the route by the Cape of Good Hope. As may be imagined, these movements aroused the jealousy of the court and merchants of Lisbon. They trembled lest their commercial monopoly should be encroached upon, and every care was taken to keep the rest of Europe in ignorance of the details of the trade, and of the discoveries and conquests of their agents in the East.

Some think the time may come when two of these three things will also pass away--faith into sight, hope into fruition. Paul does not say so. We know but little now about the conditions of the life that is to come. But what is certain is that Love must last. God, the Eternal God, is Love. Covet, therefore, that everlasting gift, that one thing which it is certain is going to stand, that one coinage which will be current in the Universe when all the other coinages of all the nations of the world shall be useless and unhonored. You will give

yourselves to many things, give yourself first to Love. Hold things in their proportion. Hold things in their proportion. Let at least the first great object of our lives be to achieve the character defended in these words, the character--and it is the character of Christ--which is built round Love.

John gulped again.

Thus born into the world and thus educated, the ancestors of the departed lived and made themselves a government, which I ought briefly to commemorate. For government is the nurture of man, and the government of good men is good, and of bad men bad. And I must show that our ancestors were trained under a good government, and for this reason they were good, and our contemporaries are also good, among whom our departed friends are to be reckoned. Then as now, and indeed always, from that time to this, speaking generally, our government was an aristocracy--a form of government which receives various names, according to the fancies of men, and is sometimes called democracy, but is really an aristocracy or government of the best which has the approval of the many. For kings we have always had, first hereditary and then elected, and authority is mostly in the hands of the people, who dispense offices and power to those who appear to be most deserving of them. Neither is a man rejected from weakness or poverty or obscurity of origin, nor honoured by reason of the opposite, as in other states, but there is one principle--he who appears to be wise and good is a governor and ruler. The basis of this our government is equality of birth; for other states are made up of all sorts and unequal conditions of men, and therefore their governments are unequal; there are tyrannies and there are oligarchies, in which the one party are slaves and the others masters. But we and our citizens are brethren, the children all of one mother, and we do not think it right to be one another's masters or servants; but the natural equality of birth compels us to seek for legal equality, and to recognize no superiority except in the reputation of virtue and wisdom.

'Their ways were too different,' said Mrs. Coles.

About this time Beauregard arrived upon the field, not to supersede Hood in command, but to take general charge over the entire district in which Hood and Sherman were, or might be, operating. He made the most frantic appeals to the citizens for assistance to be rendered in every way: by sending reinforcements, by destroying supplies on the line of march of the invaders, by destroying the bridges over which they would have to cross, and by, in every way, obstructing the roads to their front. But it was hard to convince the people of the propriety of destroying supplies which were so much needed by themselves, and each one hoped that his own possessions might escape.

AMERICA

After bathing and dusting their clothing they descended to the banquet hall, where King Terribus sat upon his gray stone throne and welcomed them with quiet courtesy.

MAPS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

AUNT MARGARET'S MIRROR.

Jim suddenly remembered his goggles and coat, and broke into a laugh.

"I tell you she's gone," said the other furiously. "She left a letter. You are to blame for this. You I say; and you shall suffer for it." He shook his clenched fist at the young man. "If you have hidden her anywhere I'll have your life; you miserable, low-down vagabond. You have schemed and schemed until you have succeeded in stealing her heart from her home, and disgracing me."

His orders were obeyed, the bystanders watching eagerly the progress of events, till the man who had somewhat nervously forced his way through the trap came back covered with whitewash and cobwebs, which he brushed impatiently from his uniform.

"I knew him intimately in Springfield; I heard him utter his simple farewell to his friends and neighbors when he departed to assume a task greater than any President had been called upon to assume in our history; it was my sad duty to accompany his mortal remains from the capital of the Nation to the capital of Illinois; and as I gazed upon his face the last time, I thanked God it had been my privilege to know him as a friend; and I felt then, as I more fully realize now, that the good he had done would live through all the ages to bless the world.

"Although you have always seemed to me to be a heavenly being, yet I have had the trouble of bringing you up as my own child and you have been glad of the protection of my roof. Will you refuse to do as I wish?"

"Ah, m'lord, not so!" protested Guy Little, a gleam in his eye like a faint flicker from a dead fire. "There was a time--before I set these hoofs of mine into the wanderin' trail--when----"

1. What is civil engineering?

That which I just now called the fundamental problem of palaeontology, the question which has to be settled before any other can be profitably discussed, is this, What is the nature of fossils? Are they, as the healthy common sense of the ancient Greeks appears to have led them to assume without hesitation, the remains of animals and plants? Or are they, as was so generally maintained in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, mere figured stones, portions of mineral matter which have assumed the forms of leaves and shells and bones, just as those portions of mineral matter which we call crystals take on the form of regular geometrical solids? Or, again, are they, as others thought, the products of the germs of animals and of the seeds of plants which have lost their way, as it were, in the bowels of the earth, and have achieved only an imperfect and abortive development? It is easy to sneer at our ancestors for being disposed to reject the first in favour of one or other of the last two hypotheses; but it is much more profitable to try to discover why they, who were really not one whit less sensible persons than our excellent selves, should have been led to entertain views which strike us as absurd, The belief in what is erroneously called spontaneous generation, that is to say, in the development of living matter out of mineral matter, apart from the agency of pre-existing living matter, as an ordinary occurrence at the present day--which is still held by some of us, was universally accepted as an obvious truth by them. They could point to the arborescent forms

assumed by hoar-frost and by sundry metallic minerals as evidence of the existence in nature of a "plastic force" competent to enable inorganic matter to assume the form of organised bodies. Then, as every one who is familiar with fossils knows, they present innumerable gradations, from shells and bones which exactly resemble the recent objects, to masses of mere stone which, however accurately they repeat the outward form of the organic body, have nothing else in common with it; and, thence, to mere traces and faint impressions in the continuous substance of the rock. What we now know to be the results of the chemical changes which take place in the course of fossilisation, by which mineral is substituted for organic substance, might, in the absence of such knowledge, be fairly interpreted as the expression of a process of development in the opposite direction--from the mineral to the organic. Moreover, in an age when it would have seemed the most absurd of paradoxes to suggest that the general level of the sea is constant, while that of the solid land fluctuates up and down through thousands of feet in a secular ground swell, it may well have appeared far less hazardous to conceive that fossils are sports of nature than to accept the necessary alternative, that all the inland regions and highlands, in the rocks of which marine shells had been found, had once been covered by the ocean. It is not so surprising, therefore, as it may at first seem, that although such men as Leonardo da Vinci and Bernard Palissy took just views of the nature of fossils, the opinion of the majority of their contemporaries set strongly the other way; nor even that error maintained itself long after the scientific grounds of the true interpretation of fossils had been stated, in a manner that left nothing to be desired, in the latter half of the seventeenth century. The person who rendered this good service to palaeontology was Nicolas Steno, professor of anatomy in Florence, though a Dane by birth. Collectors of fossils at that day were familiar with certain bodies termed "glossopetrae," and speculation was rife as to their nature. In the first half of the seventeenth century, Fabio Colonna had tried to convince his colleagues of the famous Accademia dei Lincei that the glossopetrae were merely fossil sharks' teeth, but his arguments made no impression. Fifty years later, Steno re-opened the question, and, by dissecting the head of a shark and pointing out the very exact correspondence of its teeth with the glossopetrae, left no rational doubt as to the origin of the latter. Thus far, the work of Steno went little further than that of Colonna, but it fortunately occurred to him to think out the whole subject of the interpretation of fossils, and the result of his meditations was the publication, in 1669, of a little treatise with the very quaint title of "De Solido intra Solidum naturaliter contento." The general course of Steno's argument may be stated in a few words. Fossils are solid bodies which, by some natural process, have come to be contained within other solid bodies, namely, the rocks in which they are embedded; and the fundamental problem of palaeontology, stated generally, is this: "Given a body endowed with a certain shape and produced in accordance with natural laws, to find in that body itself the evidence of the place and manner of its production." [1] The only way of solving this problem is by the application of the axiom that "like effects imply like causes," or as Steno puts it, in reference to this particular case, that "bodies which are altogether similar have been produced in the same way." [2] Hence, since the glossopetrae are altogether similar to sharks' teeth, they must have been produced by sharklike fishes; and since many fossil shells correspond, down to the minutest details of structure, with the shells of existing marine or freshwater animals, they must have been produced by similar animals; and the like reasoning is applied by Steno to the fossil bones of vertebrated animals, whether aquatic or terrestrial. To the obvious objection that many fossils are not altogether similar to their living analogues, differing in substance while agreeing in form, or being mere hollows or impressions, the

surfaces of which are figured in the same way as those of animal or vegetable organisms, Steno replies by pointing out the changes which take place in organic remains embedded in the earth, and how their solid substance may be dissolved away entirely, or replaced by mineral matter, until nothing is left of the original but a cast, an impression, or a mere trace of its contours. The principles of investigation thus excellently stated and illustrated by Steno in 1669, are those which have, consciously or unconsciously, guided the researches of palaeontologists ever since. Even that feat of palaeontology which has so powerfully impressed the popular imagination, the reconstruction of an extinct animal from a tooth or a bone, is based upon the simplest imaginable application of the logic of Steno. A moment's consideration will show, in fact, that Steno's conclusion that the glossopetrae are sharks' teeth implies the reconstruction of an animal from its tooth. It is equivalent to the assertion that the animal of which the glossopetrae are relics had the form and organisation of a shark; that it had a skull, a vertebral column, and limbs similar to those which are characteristic of this group of fishes; that its heart, gills, and intestines presented the peculiarities which those of all sharks exhibit; nay, even that any hard parts which its integument contained were of a totally different character from the scales of ordinary fishes. These conclusions are as certain as any based upon probable reasonings can be. And they are so, simply because a very large experience justifies us in believing that teeth of this particular form and structure are invariably associated with the peculiar organisation of sharks, and are never found in connection with other organisms. Why this should be we are not at present in a position even to imagine; we must take the fact as an empirical law of animal morphology, the reason of which may possibly be one day found in the history of the evolution of the shark tribe, but for which it is hopeless to seek for an explanation in ordinary physiological reasonings. Every one practically acquainted with palaeontology is aware that it is not every tooth, nor every bone, which enables us to form a judgment of the character of the animal to which it belonged; and that it is possible to possess many teeth, and even a large portion of the skeleton of an extinct animal, and yet be unable to reconstruct its skull or its limbs. It is only when the tooth or bone presents peculiarities, which we know by previous experience to be characteristic of a certain group, that we can safely predict that the fossil belonged to an animal of the same group. Any one who finds a cow's grinder may be perfectly sure that it belonged to an animal which had two complete toes on each foot and ruminated; any one who finds a horse's grinder may be as sure that it had one complete toe on each foot and did not ruminate; but if ruminants and horses were extinct animals of which nothing but the grinders had ever been discovered, no amount of physiological reasoning could have enabled us to reconstruct either animal, still less to have divined the wide differences between the two. Cuvier, in the "Discours sur les Revolutions de la Surface du Globe," strangely credits himself, and has ever since been credited by others, with the invention of a new method of palaeontological research. But if you will turn to the "Recherches sur les Ossemens Fossiles" and watch Cuvier, not speculating, but working, you will find that his method is neither more nor less than that of Steno. If he was able to make his famous prophecy from the jaw which lay upon the surface of a block of stone to the pelvis of the same animal which lay hidden in it, it was not because either he, or any one else, knew, or knows, why a certain form of jaw is, as a rule, constantly accompanied by the presence of marsupial bones, but simply because experience has shown that these two structures are co-ordinated.

"I am obliged to go in four minutes more, sir," he said.

"He was a certain Sir Malcolm Tepping," I blurted out, staring hard at my plate.

He rose and went slowly out of the room, and he stopped at the easel and looked again at the pictured woman upon it. "Does she know who you are, Allan?" he asked.

Chorus. As if he had love in his body.

Let no man harass me then, by saying, Moses thought not as you say, but as I say: for if he should ask me, "How know you that Moses thought that which you infer out of his words?" I ought to take it in good part, and would answer perchance as I have above, or something more at large, if he were unyielding. But when he saith, "Moses meant not what you say, but what I say," yet denieth not that what each of us say, may both be true, O my God, life of the poor, in Whose bosom is no contradiction, pour down a softening dew into my heart, that I may patiently bear with such as say this to me, not because they have a divine Spirit, and have seen in the heart of Thy servant what they speak, but because they be proud; not knowing Moses' opinion, but loving their own, not because it is truth, but because it is theirs. Otherwise they would equally love another true opinion, as I love what they say, when they say true: not because it is theirs, but because it is true; and on that very ground not theirs because it is true. But if they therefore love it, because it is true, then is it both theirs, and mine; as being in common to all lovers of truth. But whereas they contend that Moses did not mean what I say, but what they say, this I like not, love not: for though it were so, yet that their rashness belongs not to knowledge, but to overboldness, and not insight but vanity was its parent. And therefore, O Lord, are Thy judgements terrible; seeing Thy truth is neither mine, nor his, nor another's; but belonging to us all, whom Thou callest publicly to partake of it, warning us terribly, not to account it private to ourselves, lest we be deprived of it. For whosoever challenges that as proper to himself, which Thou propoundest to all to enjoy, and would have that his own which belongs to all, is driven from what is in common to his own; that is, from truth, to a lie. For he that speaketh a lie, speaketh it of his own.

"Well, long enough for him to take a squint at a whole circle and see all sorts of things," grumbled Tubby, quite disconsolate over the delay. "If this keeps up, it's going to wear me away to a skeleton, that's what."

"Well, anyways," said Annie Squires, drawing a long breath, "I think if you took on something, you'd see it through; and you wouldn't pass the buck if you fell down."

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A SYNOPSIS OF VOTING, ARRANGED ACCORDING TO THE CATEGORIES OF "CANT."

"Well, mebbe not--mebbe not. Want a game of checkers, Andy?"

"Are you very unhappy? Is my little one pining too much for the old days?"

MRS. LEWES,--I fully sympathize with you in your disgust with Hume and the professing mediums generally.

VII

So far the poet. How should he behold
That journey home, the long connubial years?
He does not tell you how white Helen bears
Child on legitimate child, becomes a scold,
Haggard with virtue. Menelaus bold
Waxed garrulous, and sacked a hundred Troys
'Twixt noon and supper. And her golden voice
Got shrill as he grew deafer. And both were old.

"I'll be glad to do anything I can. Do your people always live this long?"

'Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing place.
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber
Bare bravely up his chin.

In this towne two Cut-purses were taken, that with other two of their companions followed mee from London (as many better disposed persons did): but these two dy-doppers{6:9} gaue out when they were apprehended, that they had laid wagers and betted about my iourney; wherupon the Officers bringing them to my Inne, I iustly denyed their acquaintance, sauing that I remembred one of them to be a noted Cut-purse, such a one as we tye to a poast on our stage, for all people to wonder at, when at a play they are taken pilfring{6:13}.

B. D.

He said: "Until now you were only a woman. Oh, and now, my dear, you are again that resistless gipsy who so merrily beguiled me to the very heart of loss. You are Love. You are Youth. You are Comprehension. You are all that I have had, and lost, and vainly hunger for. Here in this abominable village, there is no one who understands--not even those who are more dear to me than you are. I know. I only spoil good paper which might otherwise be profitably used to wrap herrings in, they think. They give me ink and a pen just as they would give toys to a child who squalled for them too obstinately. And Poesy is a thrifty oracle with no words to waste upon the deaf, however loudly her interpreter cry out to her. Oh, I have hungered for you, my proud, dark lady!" the playmaker said.

The whites and negroes are so sluggish, indolent and careless in their habits that their works are a fair prototype of themselves. There is a difference between a farm and a plantation, though they are carried on in nearly the same style; the main difference is that the one is gotten up on a larger scale than the other. What is usually called a farm is owned by a poor white man--while the plantation is owned by a wealthy planter, with his hundreds of negroes. The farm is known by its small area, by its improvements and its little old log house with its appendages; the plantation, by its vast area, its stately mansion and numerous negro shanties. The improvements are usually very poor, with but few conveniences. On every plantation you will see a cotton press and gin house, with the stable under the latter. The cotton press is the first thing you get your eyes on when you approach a plantation, and then the gin house next. And as for the farms or little plantations, you scarcely know anything about them until you have them suddenly spread before your view. There is hardly ever anything external to warn one of their presence.

[Footnote 16: Fiance.]

"Kitty, I'm an old-timer. You can't sidetrack me like this. Something has happened. You say you had a great time in the country, and you come in as pale as the moon, like someone suffering from shell shock. Ever since Cutty came in here that day you've been acting oddly. You may not know it, but Cutty asked me to send you out of town. You've been in some kind of danger. What's the yarn?"

Range.--Western end of the Arkansas Divide in Colorado from eight miles south of Seibert westward to Colorado Springs

But I wonder if my wife is right after all. There used to be a nice wave in my front hair, a wave into which you could lay two fingers. Is that there still? No, it's gone. In fact there is not sufficient front hair to make a wave with. It's odd how gradually these things happen. I could have sworn that I had that wave, and there is a photograph of me in the drawing-room with a fully-developed tidal bore; and I went on brushing my front hair and combing it and thinking of it all the time as constituting a wave, and lo it had vanished, leaving me under the impression that it was still there and accountable for the pleasing effect I produced in general society.

Barclay of Ury was an old and distinguished soldier, who had fought under Gustavus Adolphus in Germany, and one of the earliest converts to the principles of the Friends in Scotland. As a Quaker, he became an object of hatred and abuse at the hands of the magistracy and populace; but he endured all these insults and injuries with the greatest patience and nobleness of soul.

Monday night we packed our duffel so that we might make an early start in the morning. We took our small light-weight tent, blankets, aluminum cooking utensils, fishing rods, and food for three days. If we should get some fish the grub might be stretched across four days.

The afternoon was devoted to packing. Each girl found her box in her own cubicle, and started to the joyful task of turning out her drawers. It was a jolly, merry proceeding, even though Miss Norton and several other teachers were hovering about to keep order and ensure that the girls were really filling their trunks, instead of racing in and out of the

dormitories and talking, as would certainly have been the case if they had been left to their own devices. By dint of good generalship on the part of the House Mistress and her staff, St. Elgiva's completed its arrangements twenty minutes before the other hostels, and had therefore the credit of being visited first by the janitor and the gardener, whose duty it was to carry down the luggage. The large boxes were taken away that evening in carts to the station, and duly dispatched, each girl keeping her necessaries for the night, which she would take home with her in a hand-bag.

Buildings said to have been reared in a single night:

Abernethy Tower, 85-6;
Chapels in Brittany, 85;
Castle of the Gypnissen, 86.

(For the Mirror.)

Likewise to the gentleman who picked up a party in Piccadilly, who had slipped and fallen in the snow, and was there on his back, uttering energetic expressions: that party begs to offer thanks, and compliments of the season.

But this is not the only loan that India has been supposed to have negotiated in Babylon. The twenty-seven Nakshatras, or the twenty-seven constellations, which were chosen in India as a kind of lunar Zodiac, were supposed to have come from Babylon. Now the Babylonian Zodiac was solar, and, in spite of repeated researches, no trace of a lunar Zodiac has been found, where so many things have been found, in the cuneiform inscriptions. But supposing even that a lunar Zodiac had been discovered in Babylon, no one acquainted with Vedic literature and with the ancient Vedic ceremonial would easily allow himself to be persuaded that the Hindus had borrowed that simple division of the sky from the Babylonians. It is well known that most of the Vedic sacrifices depend on the moon, far more than on the sun.[132] As the Psalmist says, "He appointed the moon for seasons; the sun knoweth his going down," we read in the Rig-Veda X. 85, 18, in a verse addressed to sun and moon, "They walk by their own power, one after the other (or from east to west), as playing children they go round the sacrifice. The one looks upon all the worlds, the other is born again and again, determining the seasons."

"Here," said Denis, "let me sprinkle her face with this cool water, that we may recover her, if possible. Your anger and your outrage, Owen, overcame the timid creature. Speak kindly to her, she is recovering. Thank God, she is recovering."

Then, as the events of the past few days flitted before her mental vision there crept into her cheeks a faint tinge of colour as she thought of Paul. "Ah, my beloved--yes, beloved, though you know it not. I must see you once more." And the sudden memory of the hour when she last saw him so eager, so loving, all the fine lines of his virile strength thrown on the black screen of darkness, by the light of the burning summer house, mantled her cheek anew in crimson.

He loved her madly, at first sight;
His callow heart was quite upset;
He thought her nearly, if not quite,
The sweetest soul he'd ever met;
She found him charming--for a man,
And so their young romance began.

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Now statistics are rather vague evidence without full knowledge of the social concomitants in each case. In what exact stage of culture, in each instance, does the husband go to live with the wife's relations? We have not this information. But if this be really the earliest stage, how is it compatible with group marriage? If a man is husband to 'a thousand miles of wives,' how can he go and live with the relations of all his wives? Even within his actual region of wandering, how can he do this? Nor, perhaps, can he bring all his wives to live with the relations of each of them in turn?

The strangers who fill the quartiers on this side the Seine pass not there; between them and the Faubourg there is a gulf; the very skies seem different--your own feelings, thoughts--nature itself--alter, when you have passed that Styx which divides the wanderers from the habitants; your spirits are not so much damped, as tinged, refined, ennobled by a certain inexpressible awe--you are girt with the stateliness of Eld, and you tread the gloomy streets with the dignity of a man, who is recalling the splendours of an ancient court where he once did homage.

Though black the night, I know upon the sky,
A little paler now, if clouds were none,
The stars would be. Husht now the thickets lie,
And now the birds are moving one by one,--
A note--and now from bush to bush it goes--
A prelude--now victorious light along
The west will come till every bramble glows
With wash of sunlit dew shaken in song.
Shaken in song; O heart, be ready now,
Cold in your night, be ready now to sing.
Dawn as it wakes the sleeping bird on bough
Shall summon you to instant reckoning,--
She is your dawn, O heart,--sing, till the night
Of death shall come, the gospel of her light.

The principal potteries are at a village called Seto, twelve miles from the sea; in this village there are more than 200 kilns. The ware is mostly painted a cobalt blue, and is merely of a decorative kind,

consisting of branches of trees, grass, flowers, birds, and insects, all these being copied by the artist from nature. All the Owari ware is true hard porcelain, and is strong and durable. In Hizen, a number of wares are manufactured, the best known kind being the "Eurari," which is made at Arita, but painted at Eurari. The colors in use are red, blue, green, and gold; these are combined in various proportions, but, as a rule, the red predominates. Generally the surface of the vessel is divided into medallions of figures, which alternately have red, blue, or white back-ground, with figures in green or blue and gold.

INFIDELS IN EVIDENCE IN FAVOR OF CHRISTIANITY.

I sprang up in consternation, and shouted:

"Oh, I did not know that you were Okuni-nushi-no-Mikoto. How kind you have been to me! It is impossible to believe that that unkind fellow who sent me to bathe in the sea is one of your brothers. I am quite sure that the Princess, whom your brothers have gone to seek, will refuse to be the bride of any of them, and will prefer you for your goodness of heart. I am quite sure that you will win her heart without intending to do so, and she will ask to be your bride."

Undoubtedly these sons of Joseph occupied a position which gave them unrivalled opportunities of benefiting their country. But with the exception of the splendid exploit of Gideon, a man of Manasseh, and his little band, we hear of little in the history that redounded to the credit of Joseph's descendants. Nobility of character is not hereditary. Sometimes nature appears to spend all her intellectual and moral wealth on the father, and almost to impoverish the sons. And sometimes the sons live on the virtues of their fathers, and cannot be roused to the exertion or the sacrifice needed to continue their work and maintain their reputation. A humorous saying is recorded of an eminent pastor of the Waldensian Church who found his people much disposed to live on the reputation of their fathers, and tried in vain to get them to do as their fathers did; he said that they were like the potato--the best part of them was under the ground. If you say, "We have Abraham for our father," take care that you say it in the proper sense. Be sure that you are following hard in his footsteps, and using his example as a spur to move your languid energies, and not as a screen to conceal your miserable defects. If you think of Abraham or of any forefather or body of forefathers as a cover for your nakedness, or a compensation for your defects, you are resorting to a device which has never proved successful in past ages, and is not likely to change its character with you.

"No!" replied Agnes, with the most perfect intrepidity of countenance. "You must have met him in the Park."

Chia Chen promptly received him, and pressed him into a seat; and when they adjourned into the Hall of the Loitering Bees, tea was presented.

Walter Scott, in the XXV chapter of the Monastery, in a note, says: "This custom of hand-fasting actually prevailed in the upland days. It arose partly from the want of priests. While the convents subsisted, monks were detached on regular circuits through the wilder districts, to

marry those who had lived in this species of connexion. A practice of the same kind existed in the Isle of Portland."

Fernando! hey, boy, what the devil dress is this?

As it was imperative in Luigi's schemes that Beppo should be set flying again, he slipped away stealthily, and sped fast into the neighbouring Corso, where a light English closed carriage, drawn by a pair of the island horses, moved at a slow pace. Two men were on the driver's seat, one of whom Luigi hailed to come down then he laid a strip of paper on his knee, and after thumping on the side of his nose to get a notion of English-Italian, he wrote with a pencil, dancing upon one leg all the while for a balance:--

But it is the object of a liberal education not only to obscure the knowledge of one sex by another, but to magnify the natural differences between the two. Man is a creature who lives not upon bread alone, but principally by catchwords; and the little rift between the sexes is astonishingly widened by simply teaching one set of catchwords to the girls and another to the boys. To the first, there is shown but a very small field of experience, and taught a very trenchant principle for judgment and action; to the other, the world of life is more largely displayed, and their rule of conduct is proportionally widened. They are taught to follow different virtues, to hate different vices, to place their ideal, even for each other, in different achievements. What should be the result of such a course? When a horse has run away, and the two flustered people in the gig have each possessed themselves of a rein, we know the end of that conveyance will be in the ditch. So, when I see a raw youth and a green girl, fluted and fiddled in a dancing measure into that most serious contract, and setting out upon life's journey with ideas so monstrously divergent, I am not surprised that some make shipwreck, but that any come to port. What the boy does almost proudly, as a manly peccadillo, the girl will shudder at as a debasing vice; what is to her the mere common sense of tactics, he will spit out of his mouth as shameful. Through such a sea of contrarities must this green couple steer their way; and contrive to love each other; and to respect, forsooth; and be ready, when the time arrives, to educate the little men and women who shall succeed to their places and perplexities.

The scene of this battle is fitly to be found in the true Normandy, but towards its eastern frontier. It must not be forgotten that the truest Normandy was not the oldest Normandy. The lands first granted to Rolf, perhaps for the very reason that they were the lands first granted to him, became French, while the later acquisitions of Rolf himself still remained Danish.

"Poor old Norris," murmured Ray, as if talking to himself, while he followed. "He'll be so disappointed when he finds out there's no gold mine."

He addressed the officer in English and the officer also indicated that he could not understand.

261 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Chapter XLIV

Thus we enjoyed our separate pleasures full three hours, when we met again, and my wife gave the foregoing account of the gentleman whom I have before compared to Axylus, and of his habitation, to both which she had been introduced by the captain, in the style of an old friend and acquaintance, though this foundation of intimacy seemed to her to be no deeper laid than in an accidental dinner, eaten many years before, at this temple of hospitality, when the captain lay wind-bound in the same bay.

=Our Little English Cousin=
=Our Little French Cousin=

ETEXT EDITOR'S BOOKMARKS:

As we came back towards where our car waited by the cemetery I heard the jingle of a horseman coming across the space behind us. I turned and beheld one of the odd contrasts that seem always to be happening in this incredible war. This man was, I suppose, a native officer of some cavalry force from French north Africa. He was a handsome dark brown Arab, wearing a long yellow-white robe and a tall cap about which ran a band of sheepskin. He was riding one of those little fine lean horses with long tails that I think are Barbary horses, his archaic saddle rose fore and aft of him, and the turned-up toes of his soft leather boots were stuck into great silver stirrups. He might have ridden straight out of the Arabian nights. He passed thoughtfully, picking his way delicately among the wire and the shell craters, and coming into the road, broke into a canter and vanished in the direction of the smashed-up refinery.

11. *Histoire des Arabes*, by C. Huart, 2 vols. (Paris, 1912).

I do not think that we ever knew his real name. Our ignorance of it certainly never gave us any social inconvenience, for at Sandy Bar in 1854 most men were christened anew. Sometimes these appellatives were derived from some distinctiveness of dress, as in the case of "Dungaree Jack"; or from some peculiarity of habit, as shown in "Saleratus Bill," so called from an undue proportion of that chemical in his daily bread; or from some unlucky slip, as exhibited in "The Iron Pirate," a mild, inoffensive man, who earned that baleful title by his unfortunate mispronunciation of the term "iron pyrites." Perhaps this may have been the beginning of a rude heraldry; but I am constrained to think that it was because a man's real name in that day rested solely upon his own unsupported statement. "Call yourself Clifford, do you?" said Boston,

addressing a timid newcomer with infinite scorn; "hell is full of such Cliffords!" He then introduced the unfortunate man, whose name happened to be really Clifford, as "Jaybird Charley,"--an unhallowed inspiration of the moment that clung to him ever after.

"Oh, no," said Paul. He was half laughing and half crying, and all the time he was shaking his foot as hard as he could. "Oh, no, I haven't caught a crab. A--crab--has--caught me!" And sure enough, a big fat crab had nipped Paul's toe and was holding it fast.

I looked at the blueprints he handed me and felt my eyes glaze with horror. "It's a monstrosity! It looks more like a distillery than a beacon--must be at least a few hundred meters high. I'm a repairman, not an archeologist. This pile of junk is over 2000 years old. Just forget about it and build a new one."

I should not forget at this point of my address to give brief but hearty mention of the blessed Christlike work for the negroes, which is being done by Mrs. Buford's Hospital and Home in Brunswick County, Va., St. Peter's Hospital, Charlotte, N. C., and St. Agnes Hospital and Training School, for Nurses, a department of St. Augustine School, Raleigh, N. C.

275. Beware of using Oh! and O indiscriminately: Oh! is used to express the emotion of pain, sorrow, or surprise; as, "Oh! the exceeding grace of God." O is used to express wishing, exclamation, or a direct address to a person; as,

"Is he?" cried Tom, eagerly. "I'll come, then, and wait all day for a sight of him, the best friend I've ever had, Rose, my darling. Shall I ask him to tie up you and me?"

"Thirty-eight."

No information has reached us as to the fate of the negroes' heads in diamonds. You may see Madame du Val-Noble every evening at the Opera. Thanks to the education given her by the Chevalier de Valois, she has almost the air of a well-bred woman.

To save mankind,
To make some unexampled sacrifice
In their behalf, to wring some wonderous good
From heaven or earth for them.

Peter didn't know, but when they came 'ome that night 'e asked. Ginger, who was sitting up in bed with a far-off look in 'is eyes, cuddling 'is knees, went on staring but didn't answer.

Chapters 1, 13, 22, 36, 38.

(1) Galton. Essays in Eugenics, p. 43.

For some minutes they drove along in silence.

I knew also that Brazil is counted as being a Roman Catholic country and the consideration at once arose in connection with this fact as to whether this religion affected the life and thought of the people sufficiently to satisfy their religious needs. If it does, then let us be honest enough to recognize it, and if it does not, let us be courageous enough to assume our responsibility towards it for we must hold that the great justification for missionary effort is the evangelical and not the polemical one. If there is no greater reason for our entering a country than for the purpose of fighting the Catholics, then I, for one, am frank to say that I do not think we ought to spend our energies in any such field. The question for us to settle is whether there is a real call for the preaching of the gospel in a given country. That question can be answered only by a candid consideration of the facts in the case and not by the bigoted notion that all who do not agree with us are to be driven from the face of the earth.

In another moment every stone in the church vibrated, without leaving its place; for the organ-pipes spoke, and I heard divine music mingling with the songs of angels, and unearthly harmony, accompanied by the deep notes of the bells, that boomed as the giant towers rocked and swayed on their square bases. This strange Sabbath seemed to me the most natural thing in the world; and I, who had seen Charles X. hurled from his throne, was no longer amazed by anything. Nay, I myself was gently swaying with a see-saw movement that influenced my nerves pleasantly in a manner of which it is impossible to give any idea. Yet in the midst of this heated riot, the cathedral choir felt cold as if it were a winter day

and I became aware of a multitude of women, robed in white, silent, and impassive, sitting there. The sweet incense smoke that arose from the censers was grateful to my soul. The tall wax candles flickered. The lectern, gay as a chanter undone by the treachery of wine, was skipping about like a peal of Chinese bells.

ALCIBIADES: Yes.

One word more. Supposing a man has shown some skill in purchasing his horses, and can rear them into strong and serviceable animals, supposing further he can handle them in the right way, not only in the training for war, but in exercises with a view to display, or lastly, in the stress of actual battle, what is there to prevent such a man from making every horse he owns of far more value in the end than when he bought it, with the further outlook that, unless some power higher than human interpose, (11) he will become the owner of a celebrated stable, and himself as celebrated for his skill in horsemanship.

Feet and faces tingle
In that frore land:
Legs wobble and go wingle,
You scarce can stand.

This silhouette of one of the most learned and most venerated members of the Institute betrays so well enthusiasm for study and absent-mindedness caused by application to the quest of truth, that you must recognize in it the celebrated Professor Jean Nepomucene Apollodore Marmus de Saint-Leu, one of the most admirable men of genius of our time.

[Illustration]

One dark winter night in January, 1609, Captain Smith, who had come to Wero-woco-moco for conference and treaty with Wa-bun-so-na-cook (whom he always called Pow-ha-tan), sat in the York River woods awaiting some provisions that the chief had promised him,--for eatables were scarce that winter in the Virginia colony.

Anthony Duprat----24

The other four got to their feet grumbling more or less, and betook themselves elsewhere to find lunch, for it was already well past midday. The Professor went last, very slowly and painfully. Syme sat long after the rest had gone, revolving his strange position. He had escaped a thunderbolt, but he was still under a cloud. At last he rose and made his way out of the hotel into Leicester Square. The bright, cold day had grown increasingly colder, and when he came out into the street he was surprised by a few flakes of snow. While he still carried the sword-stick and the rest of Gregory's portable luggage, he had thrown the cloak down and left it somewhere, perhaps on the steam-tug, perhaps on the balcony. Hoping, therefore, that the snow-shower might be slight, he stepped back out of the street for a moment and stood up under the doorway of a small and greasy hair-dresser's shop, the front window of which was empty, except for a sickly wax lady in evening dress.

122. bouk and boon, body and bone; see Bouk in the New E. Dict.

"No, this slip on which two words are written. He will want one more word, but before you give it to him you must ask for your ten dollars. You'll get them," he answered in response to a glance of suspicion from Sweetwater. Sweetwater was convinced that he had got hold of another suspicious job. It made him a little serious. "Do I look like a go-between for crooks?" he asked himself. "I'm afraid I'm not so much of a success as I thought myself." But he said to the man before him: "Ten dollars is small pay for such business. Twenty-five would be nearer the mark."

"Go to Mr. Wallingford; he will tell you, on the spot, if there is any chance for you in Court."

"I'll bet he hasn't been to church since he was a kid," he observed, of course inaudibly.

Still there are hints of summer in the air,
A sense of restfulness, of rapt repose;
And from remote sea gardens, lush and fair,
Rich attars like the rose.

Browning's method in these poems is the method of a scientific philosopher, not of an artist. He gets his man into a debateable

situation; the man debates it from various points of view; persons are introduced who take other aspects of the question, or personified abstractions such as Sagacity, Reason, Fancy give their opinions. Not satisfied with this, Browning discusses it again from his own point of view. He is then like the chess-player who himself plays both red and white; who tries to keep both distinct in his mind, but cannot help now and again taking one side more than the other; and who is frequently a third person aware of himself as playing red, and also of himself as playing white; and again of himself as outside both the players and criticising their several games. This is no exaggerated account of what is done in these poems. Three people, even when the poems are monologues, are arguing in them, and Browning plays all their hands, even in *The Inn Album*, which is not a monologue. In *Red Cotton Nightcap Country*, when he has told the story of the man and woman in all its sordid and insane detail, with comments of his own, he brings the victim of mean pleasure and mean superstition to the top of the tower whence he throws himself down, and, inserting his intelligence into the soul of the man, explains his own view of the situation. In *Prince Hohenstiel Schwangau*, we have sometimes what Browning really thinks, as in the beginning of the poem, about the matter in hand, and then what he thinks the Prince would think, and then, to complicate the affair still more, the Prince divides himself, and makes a personage called Sagacity argue with him on the whole situation. As to *Fifine at the Fair*--a poem it would not be fair to class altogether with these--its involutions resemble a number of live eels in a tub of water. *Don Juan* changes his personality and his views like a player on the stage who takes several parts; *Elvire* is a gliding phantom with gliding opinions; *Fifine* is real, but she remains outside of this shifting scenery of the mind; and Browning, who continually intrudes, is sometimes *Don Juan* and sometimes himself and sometimes both together, and sometimes another thinker who strives to bring, as in the visions in the poem, some definition into this changing cloudland of the brain. And after all, not one of the questions posed in any of the poems is settled in the end. I do not say that the leaving of the questions unsettled is not like life. It is very like life, but not like the work of poetry, whose high office it is to decide questions which cannot be solved by the understanding.

An Hour was before me, no creature more bright,
More airy, more joyous, e'er sprang on my sight.
To catch and to fetter I instantly tried,
And "thou art my slave, pretty vagrant," I cried.

And I did walk and softly talk
Unto her beauty there,
And deemed that she more fair must be,
Than Goddess, wrought of air.

As soon as possible, I would have a distinction made between the form and power of religion; between the grimaces and long-facedness so injurious to multitudes, and that principle of supreme love to God which he alone can implant in the heart. I would exhibit too that "good will to man" which the gospel urges and inspires, which regards the human race apart from all the circumstances of clime, colour, or grade; and which has a special reference to those who are most necessitous. And how can this be done more hopefully than by inculcating, in dependence on the divine blessing, the history, sermons, and parables of our Lord Jesus Christ; and by the simple, affectionate, and faithful illustration and enforcement of other parts of holy writ? The infant system, therefore, includes a considerable

number of Scripture lessons, of which the following are specimens:

Little Dolly Dimple,
In her green wimple,
Knows all the philosophers know:
That fire is hot
And ice is not,
And that sun will melt the snow.
She has heard that the moon is made of green cheese;
But she 's not quite certain of this.
She knows if you tickle your nose you will sneeze,
And a hurt is made well by a kiss.
I wish I were wise as Dolly is wise,
For mysteries lie in her deep, clear eyes.

I went red in the face and cried out exaltedly:

"She wants to shake hands with you."

"Well," said the Inspector, "we shall possibly come across them in our round-up. This is rather a big game, a very big game and one worth playing."

On leaving the harbour, on the right, we passed several small islands, and the Liverpool light and Dorchester heights, where the Orphan Asylum is situated on a lofty eminence. On the left we passed Lynn and Salem, and steamed it along in good style during the night.

I took stock before beginning to lose my stack of chips. There were more than twenty gamblers of both sexes pressed up against the green baize of the crap layout. Three stick-men in black aprons that marked them for dealers were working on the other side of the table. We had at least one dealer too many for the crowd. That screamed out loud the table was having trouble. Big gambling layouts know within minutes if a table is not making its vigorish. A Nevada crap layout, with moderately heavy play, should make six per cent of the amount gambled on every roll. That's its vigorish--its percentage. If the take falls below that, the suspicion is that the table is being taken to the cleaners by a crooked gambler, or "cross-roader." The table I had picked was the only one in the Sky Hi Club's casino with more than one stick-man working it.

No one from the Progressive Tours group was in sight. Hank wandered after the guard, looking into display cases as he went. Finally the other turned a corner into an empty and comparatively narrow corridor. He stopped and waited for the American.

"And how far?"

The other's reply was delivered in a solemn tone. "Understand, sir, for every one of our patients we do all that we can, whether it be the greatest personage, or the last comer to our hospital clinic. We have no secrets in reserve for those who are more fortunate, or less fortunate than the others, and who are in a hurry to be cured."

"Then we will support him?"

"I don't in the least understand what you mean."

On the following day, Don Emillo Cortez came again and asked me to ride with him as a scout. He had brought a young man to drive the team in my stead. Gladly I accepted his invitation. He arranged a pillion for his saddle and mounted me behind him, facing the horse's tail. Then he passed a broad strap around his waist and my body and armed me with a Henry repeating rifle, then a new invention and a very serviceable gun. In this manner I had both hands free and made him the best sort of a rear guard. We cantered toward a sandy hill on our left. A coyote came our way, appearing from the crest of the hill. The animal was looking back over its shoulder and veered off when it scented us. Don Emilio halted his horse. "That coyote is driven by Indians," said he; "do you think you can hit it at this distance?" I thought I could by aiming high and a little forward. At the crack of my rifle the coyote yelped and bit its side, then rolling on the grass, expired. "Carajo! a dead shot, for Dios!" exclaimed Don Emilio. "That will teach the heathen Indians to keep their distance; they will not be over-anxious to meet these two Christians at close quarters!"

--If it were a possible thing,--women are such strange creatures! Is there any trick that love and their own fancies do not play them? Just see how they marry! A woman that gets hold of a bit of manhood is like one of those Chinese wood-carvers who work on any odd, fantastic root that comes to hand, and, if it is only bulbous above and bifurcated below, will always contrive to make a man--such as he is--out of it. I should like to see any kind of a man, distinguishable from a Gorilla, that some good and even pretty woman could not shape a husband out of.

CLERK OF THE ACTS AND SECRETARY TO THE ADMIRALTY

All this was silly, but it pleases us men, and contrast is so charming! This same fool was brimful of talent--and cunning, too, for that matter.

The following extracts from her letters will show how profusely Margaret poured out her treasures upon her friends; but they reveal, too, the painful processes of alchemy whereby she transmuted her lead into gold.

TREATMENT: Remove the scabs or crusts with soap and warm water. However, the surface of the body should be well dried after washing each time. Apply Tincture of Iodine with a camel-hair brush to the spots denuded of hair. It is quite necessary that the barn and rubbing posts be disinfected by spraying or washing them with a twenty-five per cent solution of Carbolic Acid.

Plato found reason, will, and sensuous nature in the individual and analogously a thinking or law-making class, an official or military class, and an industrial or [p.156] appetitive class in society; and Aristotle, in very much the same way, found the parts of the individual soul analogous to the vegetable, animal, and rational kingdoms of nature, and either of these analogies is simple enough and reasonable enough to be formally understood, if not at once wholly appreciated, with its mere statement. Still, in order to be sure of appreciation, in

order especially to get the reflected light on the relation between individual and society, we must look to the facts and conditions which are presented very closely.

They left the restaurant, a few minutes later, and strolled up towards the town. Hunterleys paused outside a jeweler's shop.

In Rawlinson's Manuscripts in the Bodleian (c. 258.), which I take to have been written either in, or very soon after, the reign of Henry VIII., there is a poem thus entitled:--

"No," he answered quickly. "they do not, and I do not want them to. It would frighten them off. It would require explanations. What difference if I have six letters after my name? To these people, worshipping what I know rather than what I am, I would not be Alec any more."

These considerations apply equally to versification. If I take the famous line which describes how the souls of the dead stood waiting by the river, imploring a passage from Charon:

This interpretation still seems to me not unnatural. The alternative (unless we adopt the idea of an agreement prior to the action of the play) is to suppose that Lady Macbeth refers throughout the passage to some interview subsequent to her husband's return, and that, in making her do so, Shakespeare simply forgot her speeches on welcoming Macbeth home, and also forgot that at any such interview 'time' and 'place' did 'adhere.' It is easy to understand such forgetfulness in a spectator and even in a reader; but it is less easy to imagine it in a poet whose conception of the two characters throughout these scenes was evidently so burningly vivid.

'There is no danger that he will come out,' said Arthur. 'He remains there till the break of day.'

"Death is king, and Vivat Rex!
Tread a measure on the stones,
Madam--if I know your sex,
From the fashion of your bones.

"Why should they be respected?" he cried to himself.

"Do you stake?" Charles asked, severely, interrupting his reverie.

I am aware of the fact that nobody--nobody whom I know, at least--takes the slightest interest in such things. People watch birds because some "Nature-Study-cranks" (I am one of them) urge it in the schools. Others will make desultory observations on "Weeds" or "Native Trees." Our school work in this respect seems to me to be most ridiculously and palpably superficial. Worst of all, most of it is dry as dust, and it leads nowhere. I sometimes fear there is something wrong with my own mentality. But to me it seems that the Kingdom of Heaven lies all around us, and that most of us simply prefer the moving-picture-show. I have kept weather records for whole seasons--brief notes on the everyday observations of mere nothings. You, for whom above all I am setting these things down, will find them among my papers one day. They would

seem meaningless to most of my fellow men, I believe; to me they are absorbingly interesting reading when once in a great while I pick an older record up and glance it over. But this is digressing.

"I think you suggested some business that brought you," James reminded him.

This was the drift of Mrs. Noah's remarks, and as Guy depended much on her judgment, he decided to write to Lucy to see if she had the slightest objections to his teaching Maddy Clyde. Accordingly he wrote that very night, telling her frankly all he knew concerning Maddy Clyde, and narrating the circumstances under which he first had met her, being careful also to repeat what he knew would have weight with an English girl like Lucy, to wit, that though poor, Maddy's father and grandfather Clyde had been gentlemen, the one a clergyman, the other a sea captain. Then he told of her desire for learning, and his plan to teach her himself, of what the doctor and Mrs. Noah said about it, and his final determination to consult her. Then he described Maddy herself, feeling a strange thrill as he told how pure, how innocent, how artless and beautiful she was, and asked if Lucy feared aught from his association with her.

A Shade, who refused to give either his name or address, begged to oppose the motion. In his opinion modern biographies were a great deal better than work of the same kind of an earlier date. ("No, no.") But he said "Yes, yes." It was now quite the fashion to whitewash everyone. He would testify that he recently read a biography of himself without recognising the subject. Since then his self esteem had increased a hundred fold. (Laughter.) He thought it would be a great mistake to interfere. They had much better leave things as they were.

When this was done, and he had looked to the saddles and trappings of the horses, Wulf told of all that had passed between him and Lozelle on the bridge. How at the first onset his spear had caught in the links of and torn away the head-piece of his foe, who, if the lacings had not burst, would have been hurled to death, while that of Lozelle struck his buckler fair and shattered on it, rending it from his arm. How they pushed past each other, and for a moment the fore hoofs of Smoke hung over the abyss, so that he thought he was surely sped: How at the next course Lozelle's spear passed beneath his arm, while his, striking full upon Sir Hugh's breast, brought down the black horse and his rider as though a thunderbolt had smitten them, and how Smoke, that could not check its furious pace, leapt over them, as a horse leaps a-hunting: How he would not ride down Lozelle, but dismounted to finish the fray in knightly fashion, and, being shieldless, received the full weight of the great sword upon his mail, so that he staggered back and would have fallen had he not struck against the horse.

"I know that, sir, and I appreciate it, but I shall have to give it all up, sir."

"Yes!" murmured Teresa--"There will be a storm--Madam!"

"I'm in earnest. You're the youngest and prettiest woman in this house. You have a good position, and good health, and no encumbrances--"

"To keep forever, Clarice?" It seemed, after all, incredible.

"I knew," she said, reading his tidings, "it would be of no use. Tell me the worst."

Tom got out his chiefest jewel, a brass knob from the top of an andiron, and passed it around her so that she could see it, and said:

KITTY (laughing)
Sir Denis has on some one else's tall hat.

He had not started until several hours after them, when, having given his last orders and made all final arrangements for the management of affairs during his absence, he had ridden on to join the army. Dismounting, he went at once on foot among the troops, chatting gaily with them and inquiring how they fared. After visiting all the other detachments he came to the bivouac of the Carthaginian horse, and for an hour sat talking by their fires.

The seven or eight thousand feet which compose the actual peak have several well-marked ridges and numerous others. The most continuous is that which leads toward the north-east: the summit is at its higher, and the little peak called the Hoernli is at its lower, end. Another one that is well pronounced descends from the summit to the ridge called the Furgen Grat. The slope of the mountain that is between these two ridges will be referred to as the eastern face. A third, somewhat less continuous than the others, descends in a south-westerly direction, and the portion of the mountain that is seen from Breuil is confined to that which is comprised between this and the second ridge. This section is not composed, like that between the first and second ridge, of one grand face, but it is broken up into a series of huge precipices, spotted with snow-slopes and streaked with snow-gullies. The other half of the mountain, facing the Z'Mutt glacier, is not capable of equally simple definition. There are precipices apparent but not actual; there are precipices absolutely perpendicular; there are precipices overhanging; there are glaciers and there are hanging glaciers; there are glaciers which tumble great seracs over greater cliffs, whose debris, subsequently consolidated, becomes glacier again; there are ridges split by the frost, and washed by the rain and melted snow into towers and spires; while everywhere there are ceaseless sounds of action, telling that the causes are still in operation which have been at work since the world began, reducing the mighty mass to atoms and effecting its degradation.

"I--shall miss your visits," Austin could not disguise his genuine regret, "but when you return I shall be thoroughly recovered. Perhaps we can ride again."

For a moment he heard no sound. He knelt and laid his ear to the grave, then pressed it more closely and held his breath. A long rumbling moan reached it, then another and another. But there were no words.

"A bargain sale of groceries, more likely," said Hepatica herself.

"A woman and a Christian, in such a dress and in such circumstances! It

is more marvellous than credible," said the viceroy.

[Map: Map showing the Two Routes from Germany to Paris.]

Tom stroked his chin and gazed at her reflectively.

Thus embittered and bloodthirsty towards each other were the two great sections of the Reformed religion on the first centennial jubilee of the Reformation. Such was the divided front which the anti-Catholic party presented at the outbreak of the war with Catholicism.

The first scientist says: "There is much food for speculation in the thought that there exists sound waves that no human ear can hear, and color waves that no eye can see. The long, dark, soundless space between 40,000 and 400,000,000,000,000 vibrations per second, and the infinity of range beyond 700,000,000,000,000 vibrations per second, where light ceases, in the universe of motion, makes it possible to indulge in speculation." The second scientist says: "There is no gradation between the most rapid undulations or tremblings that produce our sensation of sound, and the lowest of those which give rise to our sensations of gentlest warmth. There is a huge gap between them, wide enough to include another world of motion, all lying between our world of sound and our world of heat and light. And there is no good reason whatever for supposing that matter is incapable of such intermediate activity, or that such activity may not give rise to intermediate sensations, provided that there are organs for taking up and sensifying these movements."

As I read the times of Elizabeth, there was then greater prosperity and enjoyment of life among the common people than fifty or a hundred years later. Into the question of the prices of labor and of food, which Mr. Froude considers so fully in the first chapter of his history, I shall not enter any further than to remark that the hardness of the laborer's lot, who got, mayhap, only twopence a day, is mitigated by the fact that for a penny he could buy a pound of meat which now costs a shilling. In two respects England has greatly changed for the traveler, from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century--in its inns and its roads.

FORM OF A BEQUEST.

"L--look here, mister!" put in Dave Regan, in a tone of innocent puzzlement and with a blank bucolic face. "B--but don't the plans and specifications say iron-bark? Ours does, anyway. I--I'll git the papers from the tent and show yer, if yer like."

Rose snapped off the light and pushed Eli out into the hall. He sat down on the stairs and laughed until he cried. "The dog-gone little mixer!" he chuckled. "A Gentile Catholic Christian Scientist is she? And if she has ever happened to hear anything about Mahomet, believe me, she's sleeping with her feet toward Mecca right now!"

The Zen looked up at me. She was exhibiting every ounce of emotion a Zen is capable of, which is a lot; and I could recognize it, but not in any familiar terms. A tiny motion here, a quiver there, but very quiet and still for the most part. And that was the violent expression: restraint. Yurt, after two years of living with us, still couldn't understand why we found this confusing.

In the morning Lelha again prepared the food, and his four brothers having breakfasted, mounted and rode off to the bazaar, and there exercised their horses. After they had left Lelha collected all the brass vessels, and what other property there was, and carefully hid them away. Then he called to the Indarpuri Kuri, "Oh! Indarpuri Kuri, give me a horse," and instantly, just such a horse as he desired stood beside him. He mounted and galloping away soon overtook his brothers. He saluted them, but they did not recognize him. He said to them, "Wherefore, brothers, have you brought your horses to a standstill? Make them race." They replied, "We were waiting for you. We are tired. It is your turn now." Lelha immediately switched up his horse, and away it flew at such a pace, that it could scarcely be seen. That day his horse ran twelve kos there and back three times within an hour. At the end of the race soldiers tried to lay hold of Lelha's horse, but he called out, "Do not touch him. He will not allow you to lay a finger on me." The soldiers said, "The raja has given orders, that the horse that ran three, or five, or seven times is to be brought before him." Lelha replied, "Go, and tell the raja, that the horse bites, so we could not stop him. The raja will not be displeased with you." He then rode away to the camp, and having returned the horse to the Indarpuri Kuri he began to prepare the evening meal, which was ready by the time his four brothers arrived.

I now discerned in one of the rocking-chairs on the porch the figure of a stranger, well dressed so far as we could see at that distance, who wore a big beaver hat set rakishly a trifle forward. He had thrust his thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat, and as he leaned back, with his feet raised against one of the columns that supported the porch-roof, he sent clouds of white cigar-smoke eddying up and away.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

Now you must understand that Mr. Hoopdriver was not one of your fast young men. If he had been King Lemuel, he could not have profited more by his mother's instructions. He regarded the feminine sex as something to bow to and smirk at from a safe distance. Years of the intimate remoteness of a counter leave their mark upon a man. It was an adventure for him to take one of the Young Ladies of the establishment to church on a Sunday. Few modern young men could have merited less the epithet "Dorg." But I have thought at times that his machine may have had something of the blade in its metal. Decidedly it was a machine with a past. Mr. Hoopdriver had bought it second-hand from Hare's in Putney, and Hare said it had had several owners. Second-hand was scarcely the

word for it, and Elare was mildly puzzled that he should be selling such an antiquity. He said it was perfectly sound, if a little old-fashioned, but he was absolutely silent about its moral character. It may even have begun its career with a poet, say, in his glorious youth. It may have been the bicycle of a Really Bad Man. No one who has ever ridden a cycle of any kind but will witness that the things are unaccountably prone to pick up bad habits--and keep them.

BOOK VIII.

SOMEBODY'S LITTLE GIRL

And the odd and even numbers are not the same with the art of computation?

It was Mr. Fulton!

Anyone familiar with the magazine world will understand that such crooked work as this, continued over a long period, is not done for nothing. Any magazine writer would know, the instant he saw the Baxter article, that Baxter was paid by the New Haven, and that the "Outlook" also was paid by the New Haven. Generally he has no way of proving such facts, and has to sit in silence; but when his board bill falls due and his landlady is persistent, he experiences a direct and earnest hatred of the crooks of journalism who thrive at his expense. If he is a Socialist, he looks forward to the day when he may sit on a Publications' Graft Commission, with access to all magazine books which have not yet been burned!

Benjamin Bathurst

"You went to New Hampshire one winter," Waitstill reminded her gently, as if she were talking to a child. "It was bitter cold for you to take such a hard journey. Your sister died, and you brought her little boy, Rodman, back, but you were so ill that a stranger had to take care of you on the stage-coach and drive you to Edgewood next day in his own sleigh. It is no wonder you have forgotten something of what happened, for Dr. Perry hardly brought you through the brain fever that followed that journey."

Rix, G. K., 228

The first to produce a practicable speaking telephone was Alexander Graham Bell. He was born at Edinburgh on March 1, 1847, and comes of a family associated with the teaching of elocution. His grandfather in London, his uncle in Dublin, and his father, Mr. Andrew Melville Bell, in Edinburgh, were all professed elocutionists. The latter has published a variety of works on the subject, several of which are well known, especially his treatise on Visible Speech, which appeared in Edinburgh in 1868. In this he explains his ingenious method of instructing deaf mutes, by means of their eyesight, how to articulate words, and also how to read what other persons are saying by the motions of their lips. Graham Bell, his distinguished son, was educated at the high school of Edinburgh, and subsequently at Warzburg, in Germany, where he obtained the degree of Ph.D. (Doctor of Philosophy). While still in Scotland he

is said to have turned his attention to the science of acoustics, with a view to ameliorate the deafness of his mother.

"Plenty of air and water there, sir?" inquired the orderly.

"Ah, he has a daughter, you say," said the captain, casting a significant look at me and beginning to pace the little room. He was keener than I thought, this John Paul.

Phantasy, 153, 163

"No, the sun shall look on, for it is not a murder. But rest assured that you must die--you must expiate your fearful crimes."

* * * * *

"I have got so out of it!" said Mr. Wemmick,--"except at last. Very glad, I'm sure, to make your acquaintance. Good day!"

In the human skull, the pituitary is a lump of tissue about the size of a pea lying at the base of the brain, a short distance behind the root of the nose. It is of a grayish-yellow color, unpretentious and insignificant enough in appearance, and so long neglected by the scientists who boast their immunity to the glamor of the spectacular. Guesses at its nature date back to Aristotle.

"I've--known it--days." The other struggled painfully with his words.

THE CAPTAIN AND THE LAMB

The boy thought for a moment and replied: "I don't know, sir."

"It is a lucky hour in which we first see something new to us, and, by Heracles! I never before in the whole course of my life saw such villains as these. I do not regret having gone to see them and talked to them as if I were their equal. Now, take this torn coat off me, and help me to undress. Before I go to the feast I will take a hasty plunge in my bath, for I twitch in every limb, I feel as if I had got dirty in their company.

The only articles of expense in which Mr. Longcluse indulged--and even in those his indulgence was very moderate--were horses. He was something of a judge of horses, and had that tendency to form friendships and intimacies with them which is proper to some minds. One of these he mounted, and rode away into the country, unattended. He took a long ride, at first at a tolerably hard pace. He chose the loneliest roads he could find. His exercise brought him no appetite; the interesting hour

of dinner passed unimproved. The horse was tired now. Longcluse was slowly returning, and looking listlessly to his right, he thus soliloquised:--

New Monthly Magazine.

Jack Splann told a yarn about the friendship of a pet lamb and dog which he owned when a boy. It was so unreasonable that he was interrupted on nearly every assertion. Long before he had finished, Sponsilier checked his narrative and informed him that if he insisted on doling out fiction he must have some consideration for his listeners, and at least tell it within reason. Splann stopped right there and refused to conclude his story, though no one but myself seemed to regret it. I had a true incident about a dog which I expected to tell, but the audience had become too critical, and I kept quiet. As it was evident that no more dog stories would be told, the conversation was allowed to drift at will. The recent shooting on the North Platte had been witnessed by nearly every one present, and was suggestive of other scenes.

BRIDGE DISASTERS IN AMERICA

'In this distress, in vain it was they applied for assistance to those they had esteemed their friends; for as they never had been careful to form their connections with people of real merit, only seeking to be acquainted with those who were rich and prosperous, so now they could no longer return their civilities, they found none were ready to show them any, but everyone seemed anxious to keep from them as much as possible. Thus distressed, and finding no one willing to help them, the young squire, Master James, was obliged to go to sea: while Miss Betsy and Miss Rachael were even forced to try to get their living by service, a way of life they were both ill qualified to undertake, for they had always so accustomed themselves to be waited on and attended, that they scarcely knew how to help themselves, much less how to work for others. The consequence of which was, they gave so little satisfaction to their employers, that they staid but a little time in a place, and from so frequently changing, no family, who wished to be well settled, would admit them, as they thought it impossible they could be good servants whom no one thought worthy of keeping.

I certify that Mr. Jacob Green has delivered two lectures in the Foresters' Hall, Denholm, to a very numerous audience; and on each occasion has given great satisfaction. The subjects were, first--Slavery,--second, the American War. He lectures remarkably well, and has a powerful voice; and I have not the least doubt would give satisfaction in lecturing elsewhere. The chair on each occasion was taken--first, by myself as incumbent--second, by the Rev. T. Roberts, Independent Minister.

"Mother?" interposed Winifred.

Flip dropped her eyes. Lance had got his other arm around her waist, but her resisting little hand was still potent.

The brothers parted in anger; and Egremont took up his abode in a cottage in Mowedale, a few miles outside the town of Mowbray. He was drawn to this by the knowledge that Walter Gerard and his daughter Sybil, and their friend Stephen Morley, lived close by. Of Egremont's rank these three were ignorant. Sybil had met him with Mr. St. Lys, the

good vicar of Mowbray, relieving the misery of a poor weaver's family in the town, and at Mowedale he passed as Mr. Franklin, a journalist.

"Most true, my lord," said Tiger-Somerset; "besides, I've often seen her, when Deerhurst used to take her out last year. She has no eyebrows, and----"

ALFRED DE VIGNY.

TAMBURLAINE. See where it is, the keenest curtle-axe
That e'er made passage thorough Persian arms!
These are the wings shall make it fly as swift
As doth the lightning or the breath of heaven,
And kill as sure [96] as it swiftly flies.

"Out hunting, not far off," replied the youth, with an anxious look. "To say truth, I don't feel quite easy about him, for he's bin away longer than usual, or than there's any occasion for. If he doesn't return soon, I'll have to go an' sarch for him."

The something was a broad gold ring. He toyed with it for a moment, apparently wholly absorbed. Then he slipped it upon the middle finger of his right hand!

ADOLPHE. As you don't want to read the paper, I shall have to tell you that your play has been put on again, now when you are exonerated. And your literary friends have planned a demonstration for this evening in recognition of your indisputable talent.

"It ain't a story, lad. However, to make it short I may come to the pint at once. Isaac got engaged himself and mentioned my name to Mr Rudyerd, who took the trouble to ferret me out in the docks and--and in fact engaged me for the work, which is to begin next week."

Now he could just make it out in the gathering gloom; but really he gave it only a passing glance, for his attention was directed toward the farmhouse, where in a lower window he could see a lamp burning.

Well, I thought, this is the bait. I waited to see what the hook would look like, saying that it was entirely agreeable with me, and asking what his errand was.

At day-break, on the 19th, the wind being still favourable, we weighed and stood with an easy sail up the inlet, keeping nearest to the east side. In a short time, two large canoes came off to us from the shore; the people on board said, that they knew Toiava very well, and called Tupia by his name. I invited some of them on board; and as they knew they had nothing to fear from us, while they behaved honestly and peaceably, they immediately complied: I made each of them some presents, and dismissed them much gratified. Other canoes afterwards came up to us from a different side of the bay; and the people on board of these also mentioned the name of Toiava, and sent a young man into the ship, who told us he was his grandson, and he also was dismissed with a present.

"Shotover is worse than useless."

In spite of the fact that Yankee enterprise had set the pace in the tea trade, within a few years after 1850 England had so successfully mastered the art of building these smaller clippers that the honors were fairly divided. The American owners were diverting their energies to the more lucrative trade in larger ships sailing around the Horn to San Francisco, a long road which, as a coastwise voyage, was forbidden to foreign vessels under the navigation laws. After the Civil War the fastest tea clippers flew the British flag and into the seventies they survived the competition of steam, racing among themselves for the premiums awarded to the quickest dispatch. No more of these beautiful vessels were launched after 1869, and one by one they vanished into other trades, overtaken by the same fate which had befallen the Atlantic packet and conquered by the cargo steamers which filed through the Suez Canal.

'Listen! Great as the King is, he has one failing--you know what it is; and it is on this the Sancys and Birons play. To carry out his own designs it is necessary that Henry should be saved from himself. The Italian embassy is with us, and whilst d'Ossat and the Cardinal performed the ostensible object of their mission, they affected another and secret object--and that was the arrangement of the King's marriage with Marie de Medici.'

Text enclosed by equal signs is in extra large type (=large=).

"You see!" she whispered.

At the end of a few days three most beautiful citrons appeared, similar to those which the ogress had given Ciommetiello. And when they were grown larger, he plucked them; and shutting himself up in a chamber, with a large basin of water and the knife, which he always carried at his side, he began to cut the citrons. Then it all fell out with the first and second fairy just as it had done before; but when at last he cut the third citron, and gave the fairy who came forth from it to drink, behold, there stood before him the self-same maiden whom he had left up in the tree, and who told him all the mischief that the slave had done.

On the same day we were introduced to the Rev. Bennet Harvey, the principal of the Moravian mission, to a merchant, an agent for several estates, and to an intelligent manager. Each of these gentlemen gave us the most cordial welcome, and expressed a warm sympathy in the objects of our visit. On the following day we dined, by invitation, with the superintendent of the Wesleyan mission, in company with several missionaries. Freedom in Antigua was the engrossing and delightful topic. They rejoiced in the change, not merely from sympathy with the disenthralled negroes, but because it had emancipated them from a disheartening surveillance, and opened new fields of usefulness. They hailed the star of freedom "with exceeding great joy," because it heralded the speedy dawning of the Sun of Righteousness.

The other nodded: "Yes--kloshe wawa--me spik good."

'Feltre and she are about equally affected by music. They shall meet.'

"Well, then," said Cecilia, "at least it must be confessed I have

judiciously chosen you!"

While the postilion was on his errand, I had time to survey the mansion. It stood some short distance below the road, on the side of a hill sweeping down to the Tweed; and was as yet but a snug gentleman's cottage, with something rural and picturesque in its appearance. The whole front was overrun with evergreens, and immediately above the portal was a great pair of elk horns, branching out from beneath the foliage, and giving the cottage the look of a hunting lodge. The huge baronial pile, to which this modest mansion in a manner gave birth was just emerging into existence; part of the walls, surrounded by scaffolding, already had risen to the height of the cottage, and the courtyard in front was encumbered by masses of hewn stone.

"As a flower of the field, so he flourisheth."

With these words, he untied with his teeth the fetters, and set the courser at liberty. But the noble animal, on recovering its freedom, instead of bounding away alone, bent its head over its master, and, seeing him in fetters, took his clothes gently in its teeth, lifted him up, set off at full speed, and, without ever resting, made straight for the distant but well-known tent in the mountains.

He sees us from his throne on high
As well as when on earth he dwelt;
And when to him poor children cry,
He feels such love as then he felt.

The gentleman then ascended the stairs, at the head of which he found his lady distraught with terror, to whom he said:--"What manner of thing is this? After whom goes Messer Lambertuccio, so wrathful and menacing?" Whereto the lady, drawing nigher the room, that Leonetto might hear her, made answer:--"Never, Sir, had I such a fright as this. There came running in here a young man, who to me is quite a stranger, and at his heels Messer Lambertuccio with a drawn sword in his hand; and as it happened the young man found the door of this room open, and trembling in every limb, cried out:--'Madam, your succour, for God's sake, that I die not in your arms.' So up I got, and would have asked him who he was, and how bested, when up came Messer Lambertuccio, exclaiming:--'Where art thou, traitor?' I planted myself in the doorway, and kept him from entering, and seeing that I was not minded to give him admittance, he was courteous enough, after not a little parley, to take himself off, as you saw." Whereupon:--"Wife," quoth the husband, "thou didst very right. Great indeed had been the scandal, had some one been slain here, and 'twas a gross affront on Messer Lambertuccio's part to pursue a fugitive within the house." He then asked where the young man was. Whereto the lady answered:--"Nay, where he may be hiding, Sir, I wot not." So:--"Where art thou?" quoth the knight. "Fear not to shew thyself." Then forth of his hiding-place, all of a tremble, for in truth he had been thoroughly terrified, crept Leonetto, who had heard all that had passed. To whom:--"What hast thou to do with Messer Lambertuccio?" quoth the knight. "Nothing in the world," replied the young man: "wherefore, I doubt he must either be out of his mind, or have mistaken me for another; for no sooner had he sight of me in the street hard by the palace, than he laid his hand on his sword, and exclaimed:--'Traitor, thou art a dead man.' Whereupon I sought not to know why, but fled with all speed, and got me here, and so, thanks to God and this gentlewoman, I escaped his hands." "Now away with thy fears," quoth the knight; "I will see thee home safe and sound; and then 'twill be for thee to determine how thou

shalt deal with him." And so, when they had supped, he set him on horseback, and escorted him to Florence, and left him not until he was safe in his own house. And the very same evening, following the lady's instructions, Leonetto spoke privily with Messer Lambertuccio, and so composed the affair with him, that, though it occasioned not a little talk, the knight never wist how he had been tricked by his wife.

Madame Margaritis, alarmed at the prospect of a suit in which the plaintiff would certainly win his case, brought thirty francs to the placable traveller, who thereupon considered himself quits with the happiest region of sunny France,--a region which is also, we must add, the most recalcitrant to new and progressive ideas.

Granny's window, which did look out on the hill, was anything but smart, for she had had neither time nor strength to make her curtains, and Mona had not offered to make them for her.

"Mon Gyu! That's all right! Here are Charles Hamon and Nancy Godfray come together at last. And high time too! They've been beating about the bush till we're all tired of watching them. B'jou, Nancy! B'jou, Charles! All joy to you!"

The stockings were hung in silence. They looked thin and lonely as they dangled beside the dying fire. Marietta hastened to make them less lonely. "Well," she said, in a shame-faced way, "the silly boy said I was to hang mine, too. Goodness knows what he'll find to put into it that'll fit, 'less it's a poker."

"Come and see the son of a poor villager riding in a carriage," he would say to his friends when he took leave of them; and indeed, "M. Vincent's little carriage" soon became well known in Paris. It was always at the disposal of anyone who wanted it, and when Vincent used it himself it was generally shared by some of his beloved poor. The fact that it came in handy for taking cripples for a drive or the sick to the hospital was the only thing that reconciled him to its possession.

(In the National Gallery, London)

One other point, before I conclude, about this matter. These reefs, as you have just perceived, are in a most singular and unexpected manner indications of physical changes of elevations and depressions going on upon the surface of the globe. I dare say it may have surprised you to hear me talk in this familiar sort of way of land going up and down; but it is one of the universal lessons of geology that the land is going down and going up, and has been going up and down, in all sorts of places and to all sorts of distances, through all recorded time. Geologists would be quite right in maintaining the seeming paradox that the stable thing in the world is the fluid sea and the shifting thing is the solid land. That may sound a very hard saying at first, but the more you look into geology, the more you will see ground for believing that it is not a mere paradox.

"Then I was a richer man when I had nothing, for I could afford it then," said Tony, sturdily; "and I tell you more, Skeffy,--I mean to afford it still. There is no fellow living I love better--no, nor as well--as I love yourself; but even for your love I'll not give up the fine-hearted fellows who were true to me in my days of hardship,

shared with me what they had, and gave me--what was better to me--their loving-kindness and sympathy."

"I have said so," the President answered, with a sneer. And a peal of derisive laughter, mingled with shouts of applause, ran round the Chamber. "The cahier will be presented. The matter is concluded."

"Tempora mutantur!"--

This cockatoo is the first I have seen, and is a great prize. It has a rather small and weak body, long weak legs, large wings, and an enormously developed head, ornamented with a magnificent crest, and armed with a sharp-pointed hooped bill of immense size and strength. The plumage is entirely black, but has all over it the curious powdery white secretion characteristic of cockatoo. The cheeks are bare, and of an intense blood-red colour. Instead of the harsh scream of the white cockatoos, its voice is a somewhat plaintive whistle. The tongue is a curious organ, being a slender fleshy cylinder of a deep red colour, terminated by a horny black plate, furrowed across and somewhat prehensile. The whole tongue has a considerable extensile power. I will here relate something of the habits of this bird, with which I have since become acquainted. It frequents the lower parts of the forest, and is seen singly, or at most two or three together. It flies slowly and noiselessly, and may be killed by a comparatively slight wound. It eats various fruits and seeds, but seems more particularly attached to the kernel of the kanary-nut, which grows on a lofty forest tree (Canarium commune), abundant in the islands where this bird is found; and the manner in which it gets at these seeds shows a correlation of structure and habits, which would point out the "kanary" as its special food. The shell of this nut is so excessively hard that only a heavy hammer will crack it; it is somewhat triangular, and the outside is quite smooth. The manner in which the bird opens these nuts is very curious. Taking one endways in its bill and keeping it firm by a pressure of the tongue, it cuts a transverse notch by a lateral sawing motion of the sharp-edged lower mandible. This done, it takes hold of the nut with its foot, and biting off a piece of leaf retains it in the deep notch of the upper mandible, and again seizing the nut, which is prevented from slipping by the elastic tissue of the leaf, fixes the edge of the lower mandible in the notch, and by a powerful nip breaks off a piece of the shell, again taking the nut in its claws, it inserts the very long and sharp point of the bill and picks out the kernel, which is seized hold of, morsel by morsel, by the extensible tongue. Thus every detail of form and structure in the extraordinary bill of this bird seems to have its use, and we may easily conceive that the black cockatoos have maintained themselves in competition with their more active and more numerous white allies, by their power of existing on a kind of food which no other bird is able to extract from its stony shell. The species is the *Microglossum aterrimum* of naturalists.

"Jack," said Sinclair to the engine-driver, "is your hand steady?" The man held it up with a smile. "Good. Now stand by your throttle and your air-brake. Lieutenant, better warn the men to hold on tight, and tell the sergeant to pass the word to the boys on the platforms, or they will be knocked off by the sudden stop. Now for a look ahead!" and he brought the binocular to his eyes.

Within a second thereafter, a runabout roared past, the cut-out making echoes along the still road; and a poisonously choking cloud of dust whirling aloft in the speedster's wake.

Lastly, and very shortly. What was the third head? "Grammar." Right.

Lady Clare, by Alfred Fredericks

[A silence. MRS. ROBERTS makes a movement of pain.]

"There was hardly time, I suppose--there were people about--" he floundered.

"Keep quiet," I whispered sternly. "Let them challenge first, and no firing except on my order."

"Nonsense, man; no, no. I mean a very different person, and, for all I can see, with some reason to hope for success."

"Meaning Tom and Harry?" smiled Belle. "Or Dick and Greg?"

The figure of speech or of thought by which we transfer the language and ideas of a familiar science to one with which we are less acquainted may be called Scientific Metaphor.

I have much pleasure in informing you that we have landed safely twenty-three horses, and have sent them to a waterhole which we have called Frost's Ponds, where they had a great roll in the mud, which will, I hope, protect their tender skins in some measure from the sun and sandflies; two of the weak ones we have kept on board.

I lowered myself to the ground and dug my big fibrosities into the sod. No green leaves grew there beneath the surface. The soil was dead. "This will seriously interfere with our future, Mjly," I said.

There are still too many families involved in all the bitterness of domestic strife from the unjust partiality of one or both of the parents for favoured children. If, as children advance in life and their characters are formed, a calmer feeling succeeds the trembling tenderness which guarded their infant days, and our love to them (as to all other mortal beings) results from an appreciation of their characters, so that one may awaken a purer regard than another, this feeling is very different from that partial fondness which adopts one and gives him a place in our affection to the exclusion of another. That instinctive justice which compels a higher regard for the purer moral worth, will, of itself, prevent that parental partiality which leads to injustice or to an infringement of established rights and recognised principles. An unjust parent presents one of the most revolting pictures

of human nature. The character involves a disregard of the most sacred ties and the tenderest relations. And whoever exhibits parental injustice, or that partial fondness which leads to injustice, at once destroys the affections and violates the moral sense. Families trained under such influences, still exhibit revolting scenes of human depravity--of bitterness, strife, alienation and revenge. Who can tell how much of the estrangement of Esau, and this early introduction of the worship of strange gods among his descendants, may have been induced by the conscious alienation of his mother, and the unjust preference of the interests of his brother? Had Rebekah, with a mother's love, striven to win her eldest son back to his father's tent and the altar of his God--had she still respected his rights and preserved his regard by undeviating truth and faithfulness, she would have retained a strong hold upon him, and her influence might have been long felt by her descendants, in restraining them from the sins of those around them.

Answer. He commenced cursing, and said they were going to kill every one of us.

"Come out," she said; "at least out of doors the air is the same as of old."

At the time of the setting out of our friends in the year 1830, traveling overland from Mexico to California was an easy thing, compared to the hardship and dangers of fifty years earlier. Then, the way, through the desert around the mouth of the Colorado River, was beset by the fierce and powerful Yuma Indians, and unless the band of travelers were large and well armed, it would suffer severely at their hands. But the Yumas had become subdued with time, and traveling made safe. The company with which Benito and Maria journeyed had no mishap, and after four weeks passed on the way, they arrived, one evening late in October, at Mission San Buenaventura, just as the bells of the mission church were pealing out their evening burden.

Joshua had not spoken since Lilac's entrance, but Mrs Greenways, eyeing him nervously, felt sure he was preparing to "preachify." She went on talking very fast and loud in the hope of checking this eloquence, but in vain; Joshua, after a few short coughs, stood upright and looked round the table.

This book is of especial importance at this time, for if Germany is to reach the degree of advantage which her military preparedness seemed to prophesy, it is plain that her navy must become increasingly active, and play a far different role than that it has assumed in the early stages of the war.

May 16th.--There are moments in life when, without any visible or

immediate cause, the spirits sink and fail, as it were, under the mere pressure of existence: moments of unaccountable depression, when one is weary of one's very thoughts, haunted by images that will not depart--images many and various, but all painful; friends lost, or changed, or dead; hopes disappointed even in their accomplishment; fruitless regrets, powerless wishes, doubt and fear, and self-distrust, and self-disapprobation. They who have known these feelings (and who is there so happy as not to have known some of them?) will understand why Alfieri became powerless, and Froissart dull; and why even needle-work, the most effectual sedative, that grand soother and composer of woman's distress, fails to comfort me to-day. I will go out into the air this cool, pleasant afternoon, and try what that will do. I fancy that exercise or exertion of any kind, is the true specific for nervousness. 'Fling but a stone, the giant dies.' I will go to the meadows, the beautiful meadows! and I will have my materials of happiness, Lizzy and May, and a basket for flowers, and we will make a cowslip-ball. 'Did you ever see a cowslip-ball, my Lizzy?'--'No.'--'Come away, then; make haste! run, Lizzy!'

In the silent depth of space,
Immeasurably old, immeasurably far,
Glittering with a silver flame
Through eternity,
Rolls a great and burning star,
With a noble name,
 Alcyone!

[1] Or the Adventures of a Lost Family in the Wilderness. By Captain Mayne Reid. London: Bogue. 1852.

"If your sloop will round-to, Mr. Drewett," I remarked, receiving a cold salutation from the gentleman, in return for my own bow, the first sign of recognition that had passed between us, "I will round-to, myself, and send a boat for the box."

"Ah!" the rooster cried. "Now we'll see some fun."

8th (Lord's day). Up, and at my chamber all the morning, setting papers to rights, with my boy; and so to dinner at noon. The girle with us, but my wife troubled thereat to see her, and do tell me so, which troubles me, for I love the girle. At my chamber again to work all the afternoon till night, when Pelling comes, who wonders to find my wife so dull and melancholy, but God knows she hath too much cause. However, as pleasant as we can, we supped together, and so made the boy read to me, the poor girle not appearing at supper, but hid herself in her chamber. So that I could wish in that respect that she was out of the house, for our peace is broke to all of us while she is here, and so to bed, where my wife mighty unquiet all night, so as my bed is become burdensome to me.

"Tell me, great sir," said the captain, "what do you think the final decision on this case should be?" He shoved the sheaf of papers across the desk to The Guesser.

Two Aunts of the Prince of the Marshes.

Tiki-pu, while he squatted and ground at the colour-powders, would listen to his master lecturing to the students. He knew by heart the

names of all the painters and their schools, and the name of the great leader of them all who had lived and passed from their midst more than three hundred years ago; he knew that too, a name like the sound of the wind, Wio-wani: the big picture at the end of the studio was by him.

Never to blend our pleasure or our pride With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.
--Wordsworth.

l. 1730. modge~onc, like lig, sae, segn, niht, etc., is of double gender (m., n. in the case of modge~.).

ANCIENT INDIA

MENALCAS

Why, Mopsus, being both together met,
You skilled to breathe upon the slender reeds,
I to sing ditties, do we not sit down
Here where the elm-trees and the hazels blend?

The young medical student arises, but the ferocious brute lies there harmless in the roadway. The smallest child in Valetta may play on the street now and fear no evil, thanks to the love one American bears for his mother.

"When the present state of things had no existence," Holy Friday began, "before the world was made, I was born, and was so beautiful a child that my parents created the earth, in order to have somebody to admire my loveliness. By the time the world was made I had grown up and, amid all the marveling at my beauty, the Evil eye fell upon me. Since then every century a wrinkle has formed on my face. And now I am old!" Holy Friday's grief and anger would allow her to say no more.

"The Zulu army, as at present constituted, is drawn from the entire male population, as every male between the ages of fifteen and sixty-five is called upon to serve, without any exemption. The military force consists of fourteen corps or regiments, divided into wings right and left, and the latter into companies. The companies, however, are not of equal strength, but vary immensely, even from ten to 200, according to the numerical strength of the corps to which they belong. In fact, the companies and regiments would more correctly be termed families or clans, and each corps possesses its own military headquarters, or kraal, with the following hierarchy, namely, one commanding officer, chief, or Iduna-Yesibaya; one second in command, major, or Iduna-Yohlangoti, who has charge of the left wing; two wing officers, and company officers according to the need of the battalion. As a rule, all these officers are in command of men of the same ages as themselves, and the method of recruiting is as follows:--At stated and periodical intervals, generally from two to five years, a general levy takes place, when all the youths who happen at that time to have attained the age of fifteen are formed into a regiment and undergo a year's probation, during which time they are supposed to pass from boyhood to manhood. As the regiment becomes disciplined and seasoned it receives large drafts

from other corps, so that as the elders die out young men come in to fill up the ranks. The entire Zulu army consists of thirty-three regiments, married and unmarried. No one in Zululand, male or female, is allowed to marry without the king's permission, and this permission is never granted until the men are about forty years of age. They then have to shave the crown of the head, and to put a ring round it, and carry a white shield, in contradistinction to the unmarried regiments, who do not shave their heads and carry coloured shields. Many of these regiments are too young for active service, others are too old, consequently it is estimated that only about twenty-five regiments would be able to take the field, and these would muster perhaps 40,000. Of these 4500 are between fifty and sixty years of age; 3400 are between forty and fifty; 10,000 between thirty and forty; and 22,000 between twenty and thirty. We have heard a great deal about the drill of these, but their movements, as far as we can learn, are few and very simple, but very quickly performed in their own way. They form circles of regiments in order to outflank the enemy. From this formation they break into columns of regiments or companies, and from these into skirmishing order, with supports and reserves. The sole commissariat of the Zulu army consists of three or four days' grain, carried by the lads who follow each corps, and, if necessary, a herd of cattle driven with each column."

"We made up. If you would like to read the story, Mrs. Marvin, it will be out next week. The March number of The Young People's Journal, and it's only twenty-five cents."

[Footnote 59: Malagola, Statuti delle Università e dei Collegi dello Studio Bolognese. Selections from pp. 41-43.]

The man did as he was bidden, and presently Little John opened his eyes and looked around him, all dazed and bewildered with the stun of the blow. Then they tied his hands behind him, and lifting him up set him upon the back of one of the horses, with his face to its tail and his feet strapped beneath its belly. So they took him back to the King's Head Inn, laughing and rejoicing as they went along. But in the meantime the widow's three sons had gotten safely away, and were hidden in the woodlands.

I.

CHAPTER III

"Here is a view of the best room in it. Photography gives you a fair idea of the broken flooring and patched windows, but you must imagine the dirt and the odor of the place. Some of the stains are weather stains, others came from smoke and filth. The landlord of the house holds it from a peer and lets it out in tenements. Three families occupied that room when I photographed it. You will see by the figures in the corner that it is more profitable to the landlord than an average house in Mayfair. Here is the cellar, let to a family for one and sixpence a week, and considered a bargain. The sun never shines there, of course. I took it by artificial light. You may add to the rent the cost of enough bad beer to make the tenant insensible to the filth of the place. Beer is the chloroform that enables the laborer to endure the severe operation of living; that is why we can always assure one another over our wine that the rascal's misery is due to his habit of drinking. We are down on him for it, because, if he could bear his life without beer, we should save his beer-money--get him for lower wages. In short, we should be richer and he soberer. Here is the yard; the arrangements

are indescribable. Seven of the inhabitants of that house had worked for years in my father's mill. That is, they had created a considerable part of the vast sums of money for drawing your attention to which you were disgusted with me just now."

I.

SONGS OF TWO WORLDS. With Portrait.
Eleventh Edition, price 5s.

II.

THE EPIC OF HADES. With an Autotype
Illustration, Nineteenth Edition, price 5s.

III.

GWEN and THE ODE OF LIFE. With
Frontispiece. Sixth Edition, price 5s.

CHAPTER VIII

"Yes."

There is one line of thought which may be indicated in the hope that it will find development from the minds and pens of those who have studied most deeply the possibilities of psychic power. It is at least possible, though I admit that under modern conditions it has not been clearly proved, that a medium of great power can charge another with his own force, just as a magnet when rubbed upon a piece of inert steel can turn it also into a magnet. One of the best attested powers of D. D. Home was that he could take burning coals from the fire with impunity and carry them in his hand. He could then--and this comes nearer to the point at issue--place them on the head of anyone who was fearless without their being burned. Spectators have described how the silver filigree of the hair of Mr. Carter Hall used to be gathered over the glowing ember, and Mrs. Hall has mentioned how she combed out the ashes afterwards. Now, in this case, Home was clearly, able to convey, a power to another person, just as Christ, when He was levitated over the lake, was able to convey the same power to Peter, so long as Peter's faith held firm. The question then arises if Home concentrated all his force upon transferring such a power how long would that power last? The experiment was never tried, but it would have borne very, directly upon this argument. For, granting that the power can be transferred, then it is very clear how the Christ circle was able to send forth seventy disciples who were endowed with miraculous functions. It is clear also why, new disciples had to return to Jerusalem to be "baptised of the spirit," to use their phrase, before setting forth upon their wanderings. And when in turn they, desired to send forth representatives would not they lay hands upon them, make passes over them and endeavour to magnetise them in the same way--if that word may express the process? Have we here the meaning of the laying on of hands by the bishop at ordination, a ceremony to which vast importance is still attached, but which may well be the survival of something really vital, the bestowal of the thaumaturgic power? When, at last, through lapse of time or neglect of fresh cultivation, the power ran out, the empty formula may have been carried on, without either the blesser or the blessed understanding what it was that the hands of the bishop, and the force which streamed from them, were meant to bestow. The very words "laying on of hands" would seem to suggest something different from a mere benediction.

I had a meal with the two ladies, all very good, served in fine old plate, and the wine excellent, for it seems that Mrs. Ogilvy was rich. Our talk, too, was pleasant enough; but as soon as I saw the sun decline

sharply and the shadows to run out long, I rose to take my leave. For my mind was now made up to say farewell to Alan; and it was needful I should see the trysting wood, and reconnoitre it, by daylight. Catriona came with me as far as to the garden gate.

"Oh, yes, I know old England very well--very well. I was once an attache to the Embassy for three years; altogether, I have lived in England eight to ten years. I know the old country very well--not badly. Very nice it is, too--provided one brings one's own chef. The pride of England is not her political potency, but her beef, for in no country in the world is so exquisite a care bestowed upon the culture of cattle, and if a quarter as much had been given to the culture of men, by this time the Angles would, in truth, have been angels. Not that I have a word to say against the culture of cattle. Perhaps after all man himself is not of so much importance as what he eats. Beef is the half of life; the other half is mutton. No, that is a little hyperbole perhaps--my little tendency to neatness and epigram. It is astonishing how, as a man gets older, he runs to seed in that way, for epigram is only an instinctive device for concealing meagreness of thought. I, for example, am no longer a young man. I begin to get fond of my little comforts. To be candid with you, the cooking at Goodford does not altogether please me, those partridges at dinner last night were not done enough--not enough. Still, they were not so bad--a little underdone--and the wines are very good--very good. But, talking of the Church, I assure you I give her a hundred and fifty years--unless someone has a motive for giving her a push, and then down she goes. Would you care to see that done?"

He was pilot experienced, and trusty, and wise,
To measure the seas, and to study the skies;
He would hoist all her canvas on Victory's tack,
Kind Heaven crowd it fuller when wafting him back
To his home in far Hawarden, where hearts will rejoice
To welcome MCGLADSTONE, the Chief of our choice.

PERILS OF THE AIR

V

In a whisper which was inaudible to the ears of the Negro, Tarzan whispered Taug's name, cautioning the ape to silence, and Taug's growling ceased.

Any person without a forest of his own who has a net device with which to catch deer shall pay 200s. for each month of possession. Anyone stalking a deer with beasts anywhere not in his own forest shall forfeit 200s. Anyone taking any heron by device other than a hawk or long bow shall forfeit 6s.8d. No one shall take a young heron from its nest or pay 10s. for each such heron. Two justices may decide such an issue, and one tenth of the fine shall go to them.

"Wait till I find the pesky thing. I put it in this pocket so there shouldn't be any chance of losin' it, an' now I wouldn't be surprised if it had slipped out."

Biceps? Ah, verily, feeling your muscle, "Pet,"
Isn't a job that brings SANDOW to mind.
Where would you be in a real hard tussle, "Pet"?
You're not a Pug of the wear-and-tear kind.
Foes many menace you. Champions, boy, you know,

Challenge all comers; they have to--you bet.
When you can do so, I'll leave you with joy, you know.
But--'tisn't yet!

"I'm going, just the same." He hailed a neighbour to bargain for a cayuse of reputed wind and speed. In another half-hour he was ready.

"The light that lies
In woman's eyes."

Extending his arms, as if blessing them, the masked one cried: "My beloved, the unknown fathers of our Holy Order of Rosicrucians send me to you, and command me to salute you with the greeting of life. I am to announce to you that the time of revelation approaches, and that the sublime mysteries of earth and Nature will soon be revealed to you. As the rose is unfolded in her glowing red, which has so long slept in her lap of green leaves, you represent the green leaves, and Nature is the rose. She will disclose herself to you with all her secrets. In her calyx you will find the elixir of life and the secret of gold, if you walk in the path of duty; if you exercise unconditional obedience to the Invisible Fathers; if you submit yourselves in blind confidence to their wisdom; if you swear to abstain from every self-inquiry, and to distrust your own understanding." [Footnote: So run the very words in the laws of the Rosicrucians.--See "New General German Library," vol. lvi., p. 10.]

If such were the care, the expedient failed. It did not in the least serve to establish them upon a common footing. The old gentleman listened, but he refused to warm up; and when he bade Olcott good day and limped off, he left Olcott profoundly impressed with the conviction that Mr. Van Nicht did not propose to suffer any element of familiarity to enter into their acquaintanceship. Feeling abashed, as though he had been rebuked after some subtle fashion for presumption and forwardness, Olcott dropped into the handiest bar and had a drink all by himself--something he rarely did. But this time he felt that the social instinct of his system required a tonic and a bracer.

I refer to this sentimental era--remembering that its literary manifestation was only a surface disease, and recognizing fully the value of the great moral movement in purifying the national life--because many regard its literary weakness as a legitimate outgrowth of the Knickerbocker School, and hold Irving in a manner responsible for it. But I find nothing in the manly sentiment and true tenderness of Irving to warrant the sentimental gush of his followers, who missed his corrective humor as completely as they failed to catch his literary art. Whatever note of localism there was in the Knickerbocker School, however dilettante and unfruitful it was, it was not the legitimate heir of the broad and eclectic genius of Irving. The nature of that genius we shall see in his life.

And the holiday proved to be a "hummer" from the very start. Everybody was in high spirits. Even Dud Fielding, with his nose happily reduced to its normal color and size, had lost his "grouch," and was quite himself again, in a sporting suit of English tweed, ordered from his tailors for "roughing it." Easy-going Jim was in comfortable khaki; so was little Fred; while Dan had been privately presented by the Brother wardrobian with two suits of the same,--"left by boys for the poor," good Brother Francis had whispered confidentially.

"'I will,' cried he, to my inexpressible confusion, dropping on one knee, 'if you wish me to leave you.'

"That look!" whispered she, and shuddered. "How came it there?"

He gathered up his things, and started to walk a little farther before resting. He had not gone far when all of a sudden he saw the church!

"And furthermore," he said, "if Barbara hears of it, she'll be furious. She would take the natural and even correct point of view that it's none of my business, and she would select one of the thousand ruthless and brutal methods which young women have at their disposition for the disciplining of young men. So, please, will you consider my visit professional and, if you like," he grinned mischievously, "charge me the regular fee for consultation?"

IN WHICH NATHAN FEIGNS SLUMBER TO SAVE HIS LIFE

Mitbeteiligung, Mitwirkung, Mitbestimmung workers' participation

The war had done that. Who would expect a queen to think of the problems of housing guests, even a great queen? And the war had made the king not the king, but her man, very near and very dear.

His voice was so kind and gentle that it seemed to me nobody could have been afraid of him then, but Phil climbed out of bed very slowly, as if he did not want to obey. Wrapping him in a warm, fleecy blanket, the doctor drew him over to a big rocking-chair in front of the fire, and sat down with him on his knee. I crawled back to my cushion on the hearth.

The white-bark pine (fig. 21) grows close to timber line in the mountains of the Pacific coast from British Columbia to southern California. In the Canadian Rockies it extends north to the fifty-third parallel. It is the most alpine of all the pines. Its lower limit on Mount Rainier is about 5,000 feet above sea level. In sheltered places where the soil is deep the trees are sometimes 30 to 40 feet high and 20 inches in diameter. The trunks are free from limbs for 8 or 10 feet. The outer bark, from which the tree derives its name, consists of thin, light-gray scales.

It became now almost evident that the city could be taken neither by regular approaches nor by sudden attack. It was therefore resolved that it should be reduced by famine. Still, as the winter wore on, the immense army without the walls were as great sufferers by that scourge as the population within. The soldiers fell in heaps before the diseases engendered by intense cold and insufficient food, for, as usual in such sieges, these deaths far outnumbered those inflicted by the enemy's hand. The sufferings inside the city necessarily increased day by day, the whole population being put on a strict allowance of food. Their supplies were daily diminishing, and with the approach of the spring and the thawing of the ice on the lake, there was danger that they would be entirely cut off. If the possession of the water were lost, they must yield or starve; and they doubted whether the Prince would be able to organize a fleet. The gaunt spectre of Famine already rose before them with a menace which could not be misunderstood. In their misery they longed for the assaults of the Spaniards, that they might look in the face of a less formidable foe. They paraded the ramparts daily, with drums beating, colors flying, taunting the besiegers to renewed attempts. To inflame the religious animosity of their antagonists, they attired themselves in the splendid, gold-embroidered vestments of the priests, which they took from the churches, and moved about in mock procession, bearing aloft images bedizened in ecclesiastical finery, relics, and other symbols, sacred in Catholic eyes, which they afterwards hurled from the ramparts, or broke, with derisive shouts, into a thousand fragments.

In the afternoon we pushed through a wild thunderstorm of furious tropical rain, which pitted the river-face like musket-balls. It arose in the south; but throughout the Ancobra valley wet weather apparently comes from all directions. Chief Apo gravely ascribed it to our taking the wrong side of the Fetish-Rocks. I have heard, even in civilised lands, sillier post-hoc-ergo-propter-hocs.

Then mother drew her hand forward and held before their eyes a Japanese fan, with a long handle, to which was tied a dainty bow of blue ribbon.

"The old men who had performed the feast, after things had quieted down somewhat, began scolding and cursing those who had run away with the meat. Finally they managed to prevail upon the meat-snatchers to bring back three small pieces, about the size of their hands, from which I concluded that Ifugao is a language which is admirably adapted to making people ashamed of themselves. For I knew how hungry for meat these Ifugao become.

"Why is it not better known?" some one asked.

NAPOLEON. You understand perfectly. You came here because your Austrian employers calculated that I was six leagues away. I am always to be found where my enemies don't expect me. You have walked into the lion's den. Come: you are a brave woman. Be a sensible one: I have no time to waste. The papers. (He advances a step ominously).

The girl was there, though. She was a small, cute girl with a rainbow of laughter wreathed about her. She hadn't been really important before, but she sure was important now that he was going to live. His old man had foretold that, too.

FABLE

"Aren't you going to give me the book?" I asked. "It--it sounds

interesting."

Next is the usually jovial face of CHARLES HANSON TOWNE (that face which has launched a thousand quips) now all stern in his unbattled struggle with Prohibition, dourly surveying this "land of the spree and home of the grave."... "My children," says Towne, "as they sip their light wine and beer..." He is, at least, an optimist! But then, we are reminded he is also a bachelor.

The Overcoming Life.

By D. L. MOODY.

STRANGWAY. Well, dear Jim, I'll do my very best. And any time you're lonely, come up, and I'll play the flute to you.

"In these few words, my brethren, we have a passage of Scripture, that served as a favourite maxim, or leading truth, to the admirable personage whose glorious qualities it is now both my duty and my delight to recall to your remembrance. The words, indeed, are so consonant to that exalted spirit which his life displayed, that they almost appear to me an epitome of his character. Let us consider Courage as one of his principal endowments! To contemplate so pure and resolute a being in this point of view, may lead us to form just ideas on the true nature of this primary virtue, on the sacred source from whence it should proceed, and the sublime end to which it should aspire. How large a portion of folly, vice, and wickedness, have arisen from mere mistakes concerning this most important of human qualities! so important, that the real dignity of man can only rise in proportion as this virtue is perfectly understood, and properly cherished! In the same proportion, let me add, our courageous Philanthropist will be found entitled to the praise of every upright mind, to the homage of every feeling heart.

"I thought we might as well get on with that," said Mrs. Phipps; "there is only one way of doing whitewashing, and the room has got to be done. To-morrow Mr. Digson will bring up some papers, and, if you'll come round, you can help me choose."

Discouraged as to finding a site on the New England coast, Champlain and Monts began to look across the Bay of Fundy, at first called Le Fond de la Baye (the bottom of the bay).

----- 30.08

Of course, I hated my fellow clerks one and all, and I despised them all, yet at the same time I was, as it were, afraid of them. In fact, it happened at times that I thought more highly of them than of myself. It somehow happened quite suddenly that I alternated between despising them and thinking them superior to myself. A cultivated and decent man cannot be vain without setting a fearfully high standard for himself, and without despising and almost hating himself at certain moments. But whether I despised them or thought them superior I dropped my eyes almost every time I met anyone. I even made experiments whether I could face so and so's looking at me, and I was always the first to drop my eyes. This worried me to distraction. I had a sickly dread, too, of being ridiculous, and so had a slavish passion for the conventional in everything external. I loved to fall into the common rut, and had a whole-hearted terror of any kind of eccentricity in

myself. But how could I live up to it? I was morbidly sensitive as a man of our age should be. They were all stupid, and as like one another as so many sheep. Perhaps I was the only one in the office who fancied that I was a coward and a slave, and I fancied it just because I was more highly developed. But it was not only that I fancied it, it really was so. I was a coward and a slave. I say this without the slightest embarrassment. Every decent man of our age must be a coward and a slave. That is his normal condition. Of that I am firmly persuaded. He is made and constructed to that very end. And not only at the present time owing to some casual circumstances, but always, at all times, a decent man is bound to be a coward and a slave. It is the law of nature for all decent people all over the earth. If anyone of them happens to be valiant about something, he need not be comforted nor carried away by that; he would show the white feather just the same before something else. That is how it invariably and inevitably ends. Only donkeys and mules are valiant, and they only till they are pushed up to the wall. It is not worth while to pay attention to them for they really are of no consequence.

General Otis watched our operations and their results narrowly, and was sufficiently well pleased with the latter to order General Kobbe to follow a similar course in various towns on or near the railroad north of Manila. Kobbe did not profess to know much about municipal government, and asked me to go with him and help until he got the hang of the thing, which I did.

She embraced him, and amid a perfect shower of kisses, said: "Let the public think as they please, the fact remains that you are my own dear husband, whom I love better than life itself, and I am glad, oh, so glad, that you took that means to bring me to terms. If you had not, I might have refused you from time to time, on account of the fraction of African blood that circulates in my veins, and you might, through spite, have married some woman that you did not love."

One night I gazed with rapture on the moon,
And there I found surcease from all my cares.
The face I saw within, it was not his--
'Twas hers.

"What--afterwards? Afterwards there'll be wars, naturally, but civilized wars. Afterwards? Why, future posterity! Own up that you'd like to save the world, eh, what? When you launch out into these great machinations you say enormities compulsively. The future? Ha, ha!"

"Allie," said he, "come away home to my mother."

For myself, I could not manage this atrocious compromise, and looking for the dear old England of our boyhood days, I found it not. The change, of course, was not in the country only, but in myself. The soul in me, awakened to a new standard, had turned round to face another way.

"By no means! I have not been reared by a philosopher for nothing. This crystal ball"--and she held out to him a tiny globe of crystal--"put your lips to it and pawn your soul to its keeping. I will warrant you, it will hold it as safely as I could."

"No. You shall be Miss Saunders to me till you say when."

PRESS. [Looking at his watch] Ah! and Mrs. Lemmy. There's an Anti-Sweating Meeting going on at a house in Park Lane. We can get there in twenty minutes if we shove along. I want you to tell them about the trouser-making. You'll be a sensation!

The lady acknowledged this truth with a slighter bow.

MRS. HOPE. I would n't say a word, only Tom's so easily taken in.

When, at parting, he was alone with him, he embraced him and said more tenderly than usual: "You know how easy it will be for me to depart from life; but it would be easier still if I could leave you behind without anxiety, and that would happen if the hymeneal hymns at your marriage to Daphne preceded the dirges which will soon resound above my coffin. Yesterday I first became sure that she loves you, and, much good as you have in your nature, you owe the best to her."

"Wie soll ich Dich epfangen."

[Very few married men have such an experience as McWilliams's, and so the author of this book thought that maybe the novelty of it would give it a passing interest to the reader.]

* * * * *

M. Jean-Jules Popinot lived on the first floor of this house, where the gloom, natural to all first floors in Paris houses, was increased by the narrowness of the street. This old tenement was known to all the twelfth arrondissement, on which Providence had bestowed this lawyer, as it gives a beneficent plant to cure or alleviate every malady. Here is a sketch of a man whom the brilliant Marquise d'Espard hoped to fascinate.

Mr. Coolidge, in that store of Alpine learning, his book entitled Swiss Travel and Swiss Guide-Books, reminds us that the first known guide-book was written for the crowd of pilgrims crossing this same pass, by no less unlikely a person than the Abbot of Thingoeir in Iceland, about 1154. There was a building on the pass before the year 812. A century later the Little St. Bernard was similarly provided. The Simplon was thus equipped before 1235, the St. Gotthard before 1331, and the Grimsel before 1479. Modern Swiss travellers may not be aware of these facts in detail, but it is impossible for any intelligent man to frequent the Alps and not become conscious of the antiquity of the relation between man and the mountains.

English bean-straw is estimated as worth \$3.87 per ton for manure. The English "horse bean," which is the kind here alluded to, has a very stiff, coarse long straw, and looks as though it was much inferior as fodder, to the straw of our ordinary white beans. See Wolff's table in the appendix.

Salt, cinnamon, lard and nutmeg to taste. Steam three hours. Serve with whipped cream or sauce.

And, behold, men passed by, and saw the carcass cast in the way, and the lion standing by the carcass: and they came and told it in the city where the old prophet dwelt. And when the prophet that brought him back from the way heard thereof, he said, It is; the man of God, who was disobedient unto the word of the Lord: therefore the Lord hath delivered him unto the lion, which hath torn him, and slain him, according to the word of the Lord, which he spake unto him. And he spake to his sons, saying, Saddle me the ass. And they saddled him.

This was the best consolation "Sails" had to offer, but it did not seem to be just the thing the carpenter wanted; for, during several days, he was very much dejected, and bore with difficulty the jokes of the sailors, and with still more difficulty their attempts at advice and consolation, of most of which the sailmaker's was a good specimen.

Concourt, de, Edmond and Jules--Madame Gervaisais

388

"Yes," she whispered. She looked at him now, and through the veil of her tears she seemed to see his soul shining in his eyes. The tones of a distant church bell were borne to them on the valley breeze.

CLOUDS, serious trouble; if surrounded by dots, financial success.

Of all the extinct volcanoes in the world, however, none is so remarkable as the Dead Sea. That singular collection of salt and bitter water has the level of its surface depressed 1312 feet below that of the Mediterranean--thus indicating an enormous subsidence. The Dead Sea occupies the site of what was formerly the plain of Jordan, described as having been "well-watered everywhere, as the garden of the Lord, like the land of Egypt." One part of it, called the Vale of Siddim, was full of slime-pits--the only indications of volcanic action. When the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, which stood in the plain, were destroyed, the Lord, it is said, rained upon them fire and brimstone from heaven; but while these fell upon the cities from the atmosphere, it appears that they must have primarily been discharged from the earth; for "the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace." The phenomena, therefore, most likely resembled, in the first instance, those of Jorullo; but the catastrophe seems to have ended like the last great eruption of the volcano in Timor--the whole of the plain having been engulfed and replaced by the salt lake, whose depressed level so clearly indicates the nature of its origin.

Aramis was not mistaken, the king's looks were directed upward, and not around him. He held La Valliere's arm within his own, and held her hand in his. La Valliere's feet began to slip on the damp grass. Louis again looked round him with greater attention than before, and perceiving an enormous oak with wide-spreading branches, he hurriedly drew La Valliere beneath its protecting shelter. The poor girl looked round her on all sides, and seemed half afraid, half desirous, of being followed. The king made her lean her back against the trunk of the tree, whose vast circumference, protected by the thickness of the foliage, was as

dry as if at that moment the rain had not been falling in torrents. He himself remained standing before her with his head uncovered. After a few minutes, however, some drops of rain penetrated through the branches of the tree and fell on the king's forehead, who did not pay any attention to it.

'Triumphant in thy closing eye,
The hope of glory shone;
Joy breath'd in thy expiring sigh,
To think the fight was won.

Nationality: noun: Namibian(s)

2. Now although I cannot but think that I have already demonstrated, and that abundantly more than was necessary, that our fathers were not originally Egyptians, nor were thence expelled, either on account of bodily diseases, or any other calamities of that sort; yet will I briefly take notice of what Apion adds upon that subject; for in his third book, which relates to the affairs of Egypt, he speaks thus: "I have heard of the ancient men of Egypt, that Moses was of Heliopolis, and that he thought himself obliged to follow the customs of his forefathers, and offered his prayers in the open air, towards the city walls; but that he reduced them all to be directed towards sun-rising, which was agreeable to the situation of Heliopolis; that he also set up pillars instead of gnomons, [3] under which was represented a cavity like that of a boat, and the shadow that fell from their tops fell down upon that cavity, that it might go round about the like course as the sun itself goes round in the other." This is that wonderful relation which we have given us by this grammarian. But that it is a false one is so plain, that it stands in need of few words to prove it, but is manifest from the works of Moses; for when he erected the first tabernacle to God, he did himself neither give order for any such kind of representation to be made at it, nor ordain that those that came after him should make such a one. Moreover, when in a future age Solomon built his temple in Jerusalem, he avoided all such needless decorations as Apion hath here devised. He says further, how he had "heard of the ancient men, that Moses was of Heliopolis." To be sure that was, because being a younger man himself, he believed those that by their elder age were acquainted and conversed with him. Now this grammarian, as he was, could not certainly tell which was the poet Homer's country, no more than he could which was the country of Pythagoras, who lived comparatively but a little while ago; yet does he thus easily determine the age of Moses, who preceded them such a vast number of years, as depending on his ancient men's relation, which shows how notorious a liar he was. But then as to this chronological determination of the time when he says he brought the leprous people, the blind, and the lame out of Egypt, see how well this most accurate grammarian of ours agrees with those that have written before him! Manetho says that the Jews departed out of Egypt, in the reign of Tethmosis, three hundred ninety-three years before Danaus fled to Argos; Lysimaehus says it was under king Bocchoris, that is, one thousand seven hundred years ago; Molo and some others determined it as every one pleased: but this Apion of ours, as deserving to be believed before them, hath determined it exactly to have been in the seventh olympiad, and the first year of that olympiad; the very same year in which he says that Carthage was built by the Phoenicians. The reason why he added this building of Carthage was, to be sure, in order, as he thought, to strengthen his assertion by so evident a character of chronology. But he was not aware that this character confutes his assertion; for if we may give credit to the Phoenician records as to the time of the first coming of their colony

to Carthage, they relate that Hirom their king was above a hundred and fifty years earlier than the building of Carthage; concerning whom I have formerly produced testimonials out of those Phoenician records, as also that this Hirom was a friend of Solomon when he was building the temple of Jerusalem, and gave him great assistance in his building that temple; while still Solomon himself built that temple six hundred and twelve years after the Jews came out of Egypt. As for the number of those that were expelled out of Egypt, he hath contrived to have the very same number with Lysimaehus, and says they were a hundred and ten thousand. He then assigns a certain wonderful and plausible occasion for the name of Sabbath; for he says that "when the Jews had traveled a six days' journey, they had buboes in their groins; and that on this account it was that they rested on the seventh day, as having got safely to that country which is now called Judea; that then they preserved the language of the Egyptians, and called that day the Sabbath, for that malady of buboes on their groin was named Sabbatosis by the Egyptians." And would not a man now laugh at this fellow's trifling, or rather hate his impudence in writing thus? We must, it seems, fake it for granted that all these hundred and ten thousand men must have these buboes. But, for certain, if those men had been blind and lame, and had all sorts of distempers upon them, as Apion says they had, they could not have gone one single day's journey; but if they had been all able to travel over a large desert, and, besides that, to fight and conquer those that opposed them, they had not all of them had buboes on their groins after the sixth day was over; for no such distemper comes naturally and of necessity upon those that travel; but still, when there are many ten thousands in a camp together, they constantly march a settled space [in a day]. Nor is it at all probable that such a thing should happen by chance; this would be prodigiously absurd to be supposed. However, our admirable author Apion hath before told us that "they came to Judea in six days' time;" and again, that "Moses went up to a mountain that lay between Egypt and Arabia, which was called Sinai, and was concealed there forty days, and that when he came down from thence he gave laws to the Jews." But, then, how was it possible for them to tarry forty days in a desert place where there was no water, and at the same time to pass all over the country between that and Judea in the six days? And as for this grammatical translation of the word Sabbath, it either contains an instance of his great impudence or gross ignorance; for the words Sabbo and Sabbath are widely different from one another; for the word Sabbath in the Jewish language denotes rest from all sorts of work; but the word Sabbo, as he affirms, denotes among the Egyptians the malady of a bubo in the groin.

Greve stood opposite the doctor in the centre of the library. He had switched on the light at the door as he had come in, and the room was flooded with soft light thrown by concealed lamps set around the cornice of the ceiling.

"Who is the elder of those two physicians?" questioned Theodore of one of the waiters as they left the room together.

"We have, hitherto," said she, "known but little of the world: we have never yet been either great or mean. In our own country, though we had royalty, we had no power; and, in this, we have not yet seen the private recesses of domestick peace. Imlac favours not our search, lest we should, in time, find him mistaken. We will divide the task between us: you shall try what is to be found in the splendour of courts, and I will range the shades of humbler life. Perhaps command and authority may be the supreme blessings, as they afford most opportunities of doing good: or, perhaps, what this world can give may be found in the modest habitations of middle fortune, too low for great designs, and too high

for penury and distress."

The third group includes those varieties experiencing 20 to 50 per cent winter injury. The varieties are Kentish Cob, Italian Red, Bollwiller, Red Aveline, White Aveline, and Vollkugel. These varieties may be planted with caution if too much dependence is not placed upon them as pollinators.

"Quite a place," he told the girl.

Melbourne spreads around over an immense area of ground. It is a stately city architecturally as well as in magnitude. It has an elaborate system of cable-car service; it has museums, and colleges, and schools, and public gardens, and electricity, and gas, and libraries, and theaters, and mining centers, and wool centers, and centers of the arts and sciences, and boards of trade, and ships, and railroads, and a harbor, and social clubs, and journalistic clubs, and racing clubs, and a squatter club sumptuously housed and appointed, and as many churches and banks as can make a living. In a word, it is equipped with everything that goes to make the modern great city. It is the largest city of Australasia, and fills the post with honor and credit. It has one specialty; this must not be jumbled in with those other things. It is the mitred Metropolitan of the Horse-Racing Cult. Its race-ground is the Mecca of Australasia. On the great annual day of sacrifice--the 5th of November, Guy Fawkes's Day--business is suspended over a stretch of land and sea as wide as from New York to San Francisco, and deeper than from the northern lakes to the Gulf of Mexico; and every man and woman, of high degree or low, who can afford the expense, put away their other duties and come. They begin to swarm in by ship and rail a fortnight before the day, and they swarm thicker and thicker day after day, until all the vehicles of transportation are taxed to their uttermost to meet the demands of the occasion, and all hotels and lodgings are bulging outward because of the pressure from within. They come a hundred thousand strong, as all the best authorities say, and they pack the spacious grounds and grandstands and make a spectacle such as is never to be seen in Australasia elsewhere.

October 16: Decided, purely as a matter of convenience and not from panic, such as is beginning to affect even the traditionally stolid British, to move aboard the Sisyphus. Grass on the outskirts of Edinburgh.

"The hills like the lambs of the flock."

MICHEL DE MONTAIGNE.

Meanwhile Jack-o'-lantern grew healthier and heartier and jollier as the weeks slipped away. Uncle Jerry joined the little company of worshipers and slaves, and one fear alone stirred in all their hearts; not, as a sensible and practical person might imagine, the fear that the recreant father might never return to claim his child, but, on the contrary, that he MIGHT do so!

Divided Lives. By EDGAR FAWCETT.

Judging, therefore, by the opinions of the eminent naturalists who have described and classified its birds, we find that many of the species have no near allies whatsoever in the countries which surround Celebes, but are either quite isolated, or indicate relations with such distant regions as New Guinea, Australia, India, or Africa. Other cases of similar remote affinities between the productions of distant countries no doubt exist, but in no spot upon the globe that I am yet acquainted with, do so many of them occur together, or do they form so decided a feature in the natural history of the country.

Watkins needed no help; he had his party rounded up, and in complete control, the fellows begging for mercy, as they crouched before the cutlasses of their assailants. To my orders they were driven into the cook's galley and a guard stationed at the door. Then I turned to the more serious work confronting me in the fore-castle. What lay before me in facing the members of the starboard watch it was impossible to conceive, but they had to be sorted out, and it was my task. We must have men enough to sail the bark, and if I was to command them, I must first of all prove my courage and enforce authority. The whole success of our effort depended on this.

LOSS OF THE FRANCIS SPAIGHT.

Regent. He bears his head as proudly as if the hand of majesty were not suspended over him.

10:27. But the children of Belial said: Shall this fellow be able to save us? And they despised him, and brought him no presents; but he dissembled as though he heard not.

"Let me go now, Jack. Lie low in the woods till to-morrow sunup. I'll come again."

"Why, a man I met at daybreak this morning, just as I was going to turn into the woods for my regular sleep. He told me when the roads forked I must take the right hand, and five mile would fetch me to Goshen."

Obj. 2: Further, sacred words are no less efficacious on the human body than on the bodies of serpents and other animals. Now certain incantations are efficacious in checking serpents, or in healing certain other animals: wherefore it is written (Ps. 57:5): "Their madness is according to the likeness of a serpent, like the deaf asp that stoppeth her ears, which will not hear the voice of the charmers, nor of the wizard that charmeth wisely." Therefore it is lawful to wear sacred words as a remedy for men.

To return to pre-World War II operating: Most operators used crystal oscillators in order to have a clean '9x' note. It was quite normal procedure to call CQ on one's crystal frequency, say 14,076 KHz and then go over and start combing the band from 14,000 for replies. At that time 20 metres covered 14,000 to 14,400 KHz., and the 15 metre band had not been allocated to the amateur service.

"Hush! Come with me," said Salis, hastily rising to accompany Dally

from the room, but Mary clung spasmodically to his hand.

The new kazi was thunderstruck. "What! yield my Tamira to him for his sister! Why, she may be old and ugly; 'tis like exchanging a pearl of Bahrein for one of Mascata; but he is powerful. If I do not consent, he will deprive me of my place; and I like my place; and yet I would freely sacrifice it for Tamira. But were I no longer kazi, would her father keep his promise? Doubtful. I love Tamira more than all the world; but we must not be selfish; we must forget our own interest, when it injures those we love. To deprive Tamira of a chance of being the wife of a kalantar would be doing her an injury. How could I have the heart to force her to forego such a glory, merely for the sake of the poor insignificant kazi that I am! I should never get over it; 'tis done! I will immolate my happiness to hers! I shall be very wretched; but--but--I shall be divan-beghi."

LOUIS L'ABE, the Aspasia of Lyons, i. 362; wrote the morality of "Love and Folly," ib.

Tom's cheeks burned. He gathered himself up and sneaked off, crushed and crestfallen.

"Whither goest thou?" asked Hugo.

"I can't come, my dear fellow, let me go."

Mr. Walberg reported to his people that this Armytage lad was one hard-boiled proposition. He'd seen lots of 'em in his time, but this bird was a wonder.

[Illustration: VIEW OF THE EXTERIOR OF THE TWO PALACES WHICH FORM THE ROYAL HOTEL DANIELI]

They held a court and a proposition was made and seriously considered that, as the culprit was young, hardy, and useful to the colony, his clothes should be stripped off and put on the body of a bedridden weaver, who would be hanged in his stead in sight of the offended savages. Still, it was feared that if they learned the truth about that execution the Indians would learn a harmful lesson in deceit, and it was, therefore, resolved to punish the true offender. He, thinking they were in jest, submitted to be bound, though before doing so he could have "cleaned out" the court-room, and ere he was really aware of the purpose of his judges he was kicking at vacancy.

10. The writer told her story in a simple, concise manner, that carried to the heart a belief of its truth; and Ernestine read it with so much feeling, and with an articulation so just, in tones so pure and distinct, that when she had finished, the King, into whose eyes the tears had started, exclaimed, "Oh! now I understand what it is all about; but I might never have known, certainly I never should have felt, its meaning had I trusted to these young gentlemen, whom I now dismiss from my service for one year, advising them to occupy their time in learning to read."

"You do not say that of yourself," answered she, and her voice recovered its tone of light mockery. "What they let you believe pulls the wires of your tongue just as a hand pulls the strings of a puppet. Who told you that I was of the Devil?"

WOMAN'S MISSIONARY UNION OF THE TENNESSEE ASSOCIATION.

Master Jack, practical as usual, instantly sprang to his feet to put my conjecture to the proof. The rest followed his example, and they were all soon climbing about like squirrels peeping into the hole, and tapping the wood to discover by sound how far down the cavity extended.

Amy resigned her position without a murmur; but before she went she extracted two paintless, weary-looking golf-balls from the pocket of her mauve skirt and offered me them for sixpence.

"Quid faciat laetas Segetes, quo sidere terram
Vertere, Maecenas, ulmisque adjungere vites,
Conveniat: quae cura boum, qui cultus habendo
Sit pecori, apibus quanta experientia parcis.

[Illustration: 102.jpg TRIBUTE FROM GILZAN]

(To Frau Streicher, in reference to the troubles which his servants gave him, many of which, no doubt, were due to faults of his own, excusable in a man in his condition of health.)

For example, John and I sometimes take our books, and sit down on the rocks in the wood, under the thick trees, and read stories. And then Carlo will lie down at our feet, and go to sleep; for he cannot understand the nice stories which the other two friends enjoy so much.

The concluding Volume of the Archbishop of Canterbury's Exposition of the New Testament.

Juan, who took the third road, reached still another house. The owner of the house was selling a bottle that contained some violet-colored liquid. "How much does the bottle cost?" said Juan.

"Yes, and you know what Eva was. How David, how anybody, could have loved her, I cannot think! Well, he brought her, and you know how it turned out. David never saw her alive again, nor ever saw his babies after they were three days old. Still, what can you expect of a father who is barely twenty-one?"

"Please, Mr. Grocery Man, send me some spinach and some apples and some butter and some eggs."

* * * * *

Meanwhile their poor victims suffer in kind and money, and are brought nearer destitution. I have frequently known a week's rent paid with the part proceeds of articles stolen from either the furnished apartments, or some other part of the house just entered.

1.--Kedgeree (FISH).

A Bushman is like a dog: his ear is so fine he knows a jackal's tread from a wild dog's.

The boy was standing by the window, seemingly gazing on a small aquarium which was there placed, and contained the usual variety of small fishes, reptiles, and insects, enjoying the pleasures of Temperance in its native element, including, of course, an occasional meal upon each other.

"One day, having his offers of assistance rudely repulsed, he went into the next house by a window in the second story, which was unfortunately open. Here he pulled out a small drawer, where the lady kept ribbons, laces, and handkerchiefs, and putting them in a foot-tub, rubbed away vigorously for an hour, with all the soap and water there were to be found in the room.

He stammered with rage. "Inskip--you hear that? 'No such luck'! Quote the evidence against him. I can't speak."

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Gradgrind had drawn his chair a little nearer to her, and taken her

hand. But, her repetition of these words seemed to strike with some little discord on his ear. He paused to look at her, and, still holding her hand, said:

"Now, Turly! As if God couldn't make us big at once if He liked. And He did. There's Adam. Do you mean to say he wasn't made grown up? And so was Eve."

[24] *Id.* iii. 23.

"Then today, madame--"

"I am not," said Winthrop. "I am the District Attorney of New York." His tones were cold, precise; they fell upon the superheated brain of Dr. Rainey like drops from an icicle.

Enschede's hand slipped from his daughter's shoulder. The iron slipped from his face, leaving it blank with astonishment. "Your wife?"

"I know," said I.

"Those aren't any of Uncle Sam's men," declared the agent. "That is, unless the bound one is. I can't see him very well. Better go down, and we'll see if we can surprise them."

[1019] Ratzel, *History of Mankind*, Vol. I, p. 330. London, 1896-1898.

But we are told, by a strange misapplication of a true principle, that the South had a right to separate; that their separation ought to have been consented to, the moment they showed themselves ready to fight for it; and that the North, in resisting it, are committing the same error and wrong which England committed in opposing the original separation of the thirteen colonies. This is carrying the doctrine of the sacred right of insurrection rather far. It is wonderful how easy and liberal and complying people can be in other people's concerns. Because they are willing to surrender their own past, and have no objection to join in reprobation of their great-grandfathers, they never put themselves the question what they themselves would do in circumstances far less trying, under far less pressure of real national calamity. Would those who profess these ardent revolutionary principles consent to their being applied to Ireland, or India, or the Ionian Islands. How have they treated those who did attempt so to apply them? But the case can dispense with any mere argumentum ad hominem. I am not frightened at the word rebellion. I do not scruple to say that I have sympathized more or less ardently with most of the rebellions, successful and unsuccessful, which have taken place in my time. But I certainly never conceived that there was a sufficient title to my sympathy in the mere fact of being a rebel; that the act of taking arms against one's fellow-citizens was so meritorious in itself, was so completely its own justification, that no question need be asked concerning the motive. It seems to me a strange doctrine that the most serious and responsible of all human acts imposes no obligation on those who do it of showing that they have a real grievance; that those who rebel for the power of oppressing others,

exercise as sacred a right as those who do the same thing to resist oppression practised upon themselves. Neither rebellion nor any other act which affects the interests of others, is sufficiently legitimated by the mere will to do it. Secession may be laudable, and so may any other kind of insurrection; but it may also be an enormous crime. It is the one or the other, according to the object and the provocation. And if there ever was an object which, by its bare announcement, stamped rebels against a particular community as enemies of mankind, it is the one professed by the South. Their right to separate is the right which Cartouche or Turpin would have had to secede from their respective countries, because the laws of those countries would not suffer them to rob and murder on the highway. The only real difference is that the present rebels are more powerful than Cartouche or Turpin, and may possibly be able to effect their iniquitous purpose.

MR. JARVIS--You'll be ever so much more comfortable in the hammock.

THE LAY OF CHRYSOSTOM

"Oh!" she cried, letting an incredulous smile wander over her lips.

Trent's letter drove Booth almost to madness. To be indebted to such a fellow at any rate had stuck much in his stomach, and had given him very great uneasiness; but to answer this demand in any other manner than by paying the money was absolutely what he could not bear. Again, to pay this money, he very plainly saw there was but one way, and this was, by stripping his wife, not only of every farthing, but almost of every rag she had in the world; a thought so dreadful that it chilled his very soul with horror: and yet pride, at last, seemed to represent this as the lesser evil of the two.

When he said this the captain prostrated himself and prayed to his gods that they might yet sweeten this merchant's bitter heart--to his little lesser gods, to the gods that bless Belzoond.

"I wish you would say 'Scots,' not 'Scotch,'" complained MacFadden.

Duallach would often pause to tell how some clan of the wild Irish had descended from an incomparable King of the Blue Belt, or Warrior of the Ozier Wattle, or to tell with many curses how all the strangers and most of the Queen's Irish were the seed of the misshapen and horned People from Under the Sea or of the servile and creeping Ferbolg; but Costello cared only for the love sorrows, and no matter whither the stories wandered, whether to the Isle of the Red Lough, where the blessed are, or to the malign country of the Hag of the East, Oona alone endured their shadowy hardships; for it was she and no king's daughter of old

who was hidden in the steel tower under the water with the folds of the Worm of Nine Eyes round and about her prison; and it was she who won by seven years of service the right to deliver from hell all she could carry, and carried away multitudes clinging with worn fingers to the hem of her dress; and it was she who endured dumbness for a year because of the little thorn of enchantment the fairies had thrust into her tongue; and it was a lock of her hair, coiled in a little carved box, which gave so great a light that men threshed by it from sundown to sunrise, and awoke so great a wonder that kings spent years in wandering or fell before unknown armies in seeking to discover her hiding-place; for there was no beauty in the world but hers, no tragedy in the world but hers: and when at last the voice of the piper, grown gentle with the wisdom of old romance, was silent, and his rheumatic steps had toiled upstairs and to bed, and Costello had dipped his fingers into the little delf font of holy water and begun to pray to Mary of the Seven Sorrows, the blue eyes and star-covered dress of the painting in the chapel faded from his imagination, and the brown eyes and homespun dress of Dermott's daughter Winny came in their stead; for there was no tenderness in the passion who keep their hearts pure for love or for hatred as other men for God, for Mary and for the Saints, and who, when the hour of their visitation arrives, come to the Divine Essence by the bitter tumult, the Garden of Gethsemane, and the desolate Rood ordained for immortal passions in mortal hearts.

LIX.--IN VAIN DOES THEOLOGY EXERT ITSELF TO ACQUIT GOD OF MAN'S DEFECTS. EITHER THIS GOD IS NOT FREE, OR HE IS MORE WICKED THAN GOOD.

CANTO IX

THE SEA WIND

"ORATIONS"

"Ah yes, I would talk with thee, but be thou seated. It wearies me to look so high," and she made room for me beside her on the couch, placing herself with her back against the end, so as to have a view of my face.

Wilkinson went to the sideboard and moistened his lips.

"Yes, hard. Now you must all listen to me. I expect opposition, but it doesn't matter. What I'm going to say now, GOES! See?"

Utterance, for once, failed the haughty Marmion, whose pride heretofore could scarcely brook a word even from his King. His glance fell, his brow flushed, for something familiar in the tone or look of the speaker so struck the false heart that he was speechless.

Playing games inside a crowded asteroid is not the same as playing games in, say, Honolulu or Vladivostok, especially when that game is a combination of hide-and-seeK and ring-around-the-Rosie. The trouble is lack of communication. Radio contact is strictly line-of-sight inside a hunk of metal. Radar beams can get a little farther, but a man has to be an expert billiards player to bank a reflecting beam around very many corners, and even that would depend upon the corridors being empty, which they never are. To change the game analogy again, it would be like trying to sink a ninety-foot putt across Times Square on New Year's Eve.

The shortest street in the world, Edgar Street, connects New York's

financial center with the Levant. It is less than fifty feet through this tiny thoroughfare from the back doors of the great Broadway office buildings to Greenwich Street, where the letters on the window signs resemble contorted angleworms and where one is as likely to stumble into a man from Bagdad as from Boston. One can stand in the middle of it and with his westerly ear catch the argot of Gotham and with his easterly all the dialects of Damascus. And if through some unexpected convulsion of Nature 51 Broadway should topple over, Mr. Zimmerman, the stockbroker, whose office is on the sixth story, might easily fall clear of the Greek restaurant in the corner of Greenwich Street, roll twenty-five yards more down Morris Street, and find himself on Washington Street reading a copy of Al-Hoda and making his luncheon off baha gannouge, majaddarah and milookeiah, which, after all, are only eggplant salad, lentils and rice, and the popular favorite known as Egyptian Combination.

From San Andreas my objective point was Placerville, distant about forty-five miles. The heat still being excessive, I made the town by easy stages, arriving at noon on the third day. Mokelumne Hill, ten miles beyond San Andreas, also lends its name to the little town which clusters around its apex and is at the head of Chili Gulch, a once famous bonanza for the placer miners. For miles the road winds up the gulch, which is almost devoid of timber, amid piled-up rocks and debris, bleached and blistered by the sun's fierce rays; the gulch itself being literally stripped to "bedrock." I had already witnessed many evidences of man's eager pursuit of the precious metal, but nothing that so conveyed the idea of the feverish, persistent energy with which those adventurers in the new El Dorado had struggled day and night with Nature's obstacles, spurred on by the auri sacra fames.

"Two wayfarers still! Only, the road will be more difficult and the need of companionship greater. Shall we fare on together, you, I--and the little one?"

In the same year, 1783, the prince, then a fine midshipman, visited Cape Francois, and the Havannah, where the second instance of his generous humanity occurred. It should be premised, that some of his countrymen having broken their oath of fidelity to the Spanish government, were in danger of suffering under sentence of death. The governor of Louisiana, Don Galvez, offered, at the intercession of the prince, to pardon them; and the enthusiasm which he manifested in this "labour of love" cannot be better illustrated than by the following letter addressed by his royalhighness to the governor:--

In determining the characteristics of the supreme divinity of astral worship, it must be borne in mind that its founders taught that he was evolved or engendered by the Father, or first person in the sacred Triad, from his pure substance, which as we have shown was constituted of chaos or the primeval fire into which they supposed all things were reduced through the agency of that element at the conclusion of 12,000 year cycles. Hence, designating that mythical being as the only begotten of the Father, they personified him as God the Son, or second person in the sacred Triad; and recognizing the Sun as the ruling star, very appropriately made him the presiding genius of that luminary, under the title of God Sol. According homage to light as his chief attribute, he is referred to in the allegories as "The true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world," John i., 9; and, although designated as the only begotten of the Father, his

co-existence with him, under the title of the Logos or Word, is shown in the text which reads, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God," John i., 1.

Service was normal in the cafes. To the accompaniment of music and clinking glasses the dress-suited waiter served me a five-course lunch for two francs. It was uncanny to see this blaze of life while the city sat under the shadow of a grave disaster. At any moment the gray German tide might break out of Brussels and pour its turbid flood of soldiers through these very streets. Even now a Taube hovered in the sky, and from the skirmish-line an occasional ambulance rumbled in with its crimsoned load.

Colder it grew and colder, till the last heat left the earth,
And there in the great stark stillness the bale fires glinted and gleamed,
And the Wild all around exulted and shook with a devilish mirth,
And life was far and forgotten, the ghost of a joy once dreamed.

This, I thought, must be what is called being "taken in reverse," and it was.

They are types of the kind he has described in the following passage: "Know ye not that there is here in this world a secret confraternity, which one might call the Company of Melancholiacs? That people there are who by natural constitution have been given a different nature and disposition than the others; that have a larger heart and a swifter blood, that wish and demand more, have stronger desires and a yearning which is wilder and more ardent than that of the common herd. They are fleet as children over whose birth good fairies have presided; their eyes are opened wider; their senses are more subtile in all their perceptions. The gladness and joy of life, they drink with the roots of their heart, the while the others merely grasp them with coarse hands."

THE LOAF CAKE

[Footnote 44: Syropulus (p. 26--31) attests his own indignation, and that of his countrymen; and the Basil deputies, who excused the rash declaration, could neither deny nor alter an act of the council.]

How enviable, in how many cases, is the superiority of the beasts! It makes us realise the insufficiency of our impressions, and the very indifferent efficacy of our sense-organs; it proclaims realities which amaze us, so far are they beyond our own attributes.

OF

Alcestis Crambry's ideas on all subjects were extremely vague. Claude Merrill had given him a letter for Rose, but his notion was that anything that belonged to her belonged to Stephen, and the Waterman place was much nearer than the Wileys', particularly at dinner-time!

He stepped into the hallway, closing the door behind him.

"I'm inclined to think you are right, sir," added Mrs. Whately. "It would be mere affectation on our part to disguise our thoughts and feelings. With neighbors, and even with friends, we are often compelled to do this, but I scarcely see why we should do so with an open enemy."

However one may endeavour to argue the chief cause of the South African war to other issues, it remains an irrebuttable fact that the Jameson Raid was primarily responsible for the hostilities which eventually took place between Great Britain and the Boer Republics.

"No more to-night, only to recapitulate," said he.

A light side-dressing of complete organic fertilizer or compost in late September will grow the hugest plants imaginable.

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

"You had better add," said I, speaking for the first time, "that you would be willing to pay for information."

was in broad outline drawn from my father, and the impression made by his idealist, enthusiastic youth upon his comrades. And Philip's migration to the Antipodes at the end--when he

There are many men who live and die with the undisputed reputation of being good fellows--your friends and mine--who, if put to the test, would fail miserably. Fortunate is that man to whom it is not given to test all of his friends. This is not cynicism; it is only human nature; and I love human nature, being myself possessed of so much of it. I admire it when it stands firmly upon its legs, and I love it when it wabbles. But when it gains power with increasing odds, grows big with obstacles, I worship it.

The dew was falling, the dusk closing, as I trotted briskly homewards down the road. Lonely spaces everywhere, above and around. Only Hesperus hung in the sky, solitary, pure, ineffably far-drawn and remote; yet infinitely heartening, somehow, in his valorous isolation.

The colonel smiled and his eyes twinkled.

A remark upon Madame des Ursins, accompanied by a smile, escaped from the King, generally so complete a master of himself, and appeared enigmatical to such an extent, although striking, that Torcy, to whom it was addressed, understood nothing. In his surprise, he related to Castries what the King had said; Castries told it to Madame la Duchesse d'Orleans,

who reported it to M. d'Orleans and to me. We racked our brains to comprehend it, but in vain; nevertheless such an unintelligible remark upon a person like Madame des Ursins, who up to this time had been on such good terms with the King and Madame de Maintenon, did not appear to me to be favourable. I was confirmed in this view by what had just happened with regard to her sovereignty; but I was a thousand leagues from the thunderbolt which this lightning announced, and which only declared itself to us by its fall.

Specimens examined.--One from Alaska: E side Chilkat River, 100 ft., 9 mi. W and 4 mi. N Haines.

THE PASSIVE PERIPHRASTIC FUTURE TENSES.

Miss Sherwood had many sessions with him; she was interested, but she confessed herself helpless in this compilation and diagnosis of so many facts and figures. Dick was prompt enough to report his stock transactions, and he was eager enough to discuss the probable fluctuation of this or that stock; but when asked to go over what Larry had done, he refused flatly and good-humoredly to "sit in any such slow, dead game."

"There you are!" Olga said, in despair, as she beheld her friend's smiling face in the doorway. "What has happened?"

... sunk ... 1798.]

"Ah," said Peter, "no, of course we shouldn't, but we are white men, and so are the Armenians--almost--" Then he glanced at the stranger's dark face, and added quickly, "At least, it's not the colour that matters, you know. I rather like a dark face, my mother's eyes are brown--but the Armenians, you know, they've got long hair like us."

The Nut-brown Bride and Fair Janet might also be identified as among the Yarrow lays, if only it were granted that there is but one 'St. Mary's Kirk.' In the former, the balladist treats, with dramatic fire and fine insight into the springs of action, the theme that

They reached the castle before noon, and the sight of the Lady Fani riding beside a worn-out Hoddan was productive of enthusiasm and loud cheers. The loot displayed by the returned wayfarers increased the rejoicing. There was envy among the men who had stayed behind. There were respectfully admiring looks cast upon Hoddan. He had displayed, in furnishing opportunities for plunder, the most-admired quality a leader of feudal fighting men could show.

Gau[81] thus describes a monument at Gerbe Dandour:--"La chaine de montagnes qui borde le Nil est, dans cet endroit, si approchee du lit de ce fleuve, qu'il ne reste que tres peu d'espace sur la rive. Cet espace est presque entierement occupe par le monument, et la riviere,

dans ses debordemens, arrive jusqu'au pied du mur de la terrasse."

The quiet contempt of Rochester's words stung Saton into a moment of fury.

Every day brought news of the extension of the rising. The Spanish troops lay for the most part in Flanders, and effectually deterred the citizens of the Flemish towns from revolting; but throughout Holland, Zeeland, and Friesland the flame of revolt spread rapidly. The news that Brill and Flushing had thrown off the Spanish yoke fired every heart. It was the signal for which all had been so long waiting. They knew how desperately Spain would strive to regain her grip upon the Netherlands, how terrible would be her vengeance if she conquered; but all felt that it was better to die sword in hand than to be murdered piecemeal. And accordingly town after town rose, expelled the authorities appointed by Spain and the small Spanish garrisons, and in three months after the rising of Brill the greater part of the maritime provinces were free. Some towns, however, still remained faithful to Spain. Prominent among these was Amsterdam, a great trading city, which feared the ruin that opposition to Alva might bring upon it, more than the shame of standing aloof when their fellow countrymen were fighting for freedom and the right to worship God in their own way.

"I am breaking no faith, Englishman."

"Of course," agreed the Inspector cheerfully.

9th. Waking in the morning, my wife I found also awake, and begun to speak to me with great trouble and tears, and by degrees from one discourse to another at last it appears that Sarah has told somebody that has told my wife of my meeting her at my brother's and making her sit down by me while she told me stories of my wife, about her giving her scallop to her brother, and other things, which I am much vexed at, for I am sure I never spoke any thing of it, nor could any body tell her but by Sarah's own words. I endeavoured to excuse my silence herein hitherto by not believing any thing she told me, only that of the scallop which she herself told me of. At last we pretty good friends, and my wife begun to speak again of the necessity of her keeping somebody to bear her company; for her familiarity with her other servants is it that spoils them all, and other company she hath none, which is too true, and called for Jane to reach her out of her trunk, giving her the keys to that purpose, a bundle of papers, and pulls out a paper, a copy of what, a pretty while since, she had wrote in a discontent to me, which I would not read, but burnt. She now read it, and it was so piquant, and wrote in English, and most of it true, of the retiredness of her life, and how unpleasant it was; that being wrote in English, and so in danger of being met with and read by others, I was vexed at it, and desired her and then commanded her to tear it. When she desired to be excused it, I forced it from her, and tore it, and withal took her other bundle of papers from her, and leapt out of the bed and in my shirt clapped them into the pocket of my breeches, that she might not get them from me, and having got on my stockings and breeches and gown, I pulled them out one by one and tore them all before her face, though it went against my heart to do it, she crying and desiring me not to do it, but such was my passion and trouble to see the letters of my love to her, and my Will wherein I had given her all I have in the world, when I went to sea with my Lord Sandwich, to be joynd with a paper of so much disgrace to me and dishonour, if it should have been found by any

body. Having torn them all, saving a bond of my uncle Robert's, which she hath long had in her hands, and our marriage license, and the first letter that ever I sent her when I was her servant,

THE

OLIVE FAIRY BOOK

From behind the arm-chair in which the girl half-reclined Mrs. Earle caught the eye of the district attorney and shrugged her shoulders.

But while we were considering this, there came in four French gentlemen, who, having been stopped on the French side of the passes, as we were on the Spanish, had found out a guide, who traversing the country near the head of Languedoc, had brought them over the mountains by such ways, that they were not much incommoded with the snow; and where they met with snow in any quantity, they said it was frozen hard enough to bear them and their horses.

Indeed, they began to witness events of an acutely unusual nature before ten o'clock. As they came out from breakfast there darted down the lobby stairs at the right a young maiden and a youth, both most strikingly garbed. The young lady wore a frock of broad white-and-black stripes clingingly applied to her figure in up-and-down lines. She had a rounded cheek, a floating pigtail, and very large buckles set upon the latches of her twinkling bootees. The youth was habited as a college boy. At least he wore a Norfolk jacket, a flowing tie of the Windsor, England, and East Aurora, New York, variety, and trousers which were much too short for him if they were meant to be long trousers and much too long for him if they were meant to be short trousers. Hand in hand, with gladsome outcry, this pair sped through the open doors and vaulted down the porch steps without, as nimbly as the chamois of the Alpine steeps, toward a large touring car, wherein sat a waiting chauffeur, most correctly liveried and goggled.

Note, that Carps and Tench thrive and breed best when no other fish is put with them into the same pond; for all other fish devour their spawn, or at least the greatest part of it. And note, that clods of grass thrown into any pond feed any Carps in summer; and that garden-earth and parsley thrown into a pond recovers and refreshes the sick fish. And note, that when you store your pond, you are to put into it two or three melters for one spawner, if you put them into a breeding-pond; but if into a nurse-pond, or feeding-pond, in which they will not breed, then no care is to be taken whether there be most male or female Carps.

POE AS A STORY-WRITER

Exeunt.

"Here's to the hale old bale of straw
That's cut from the waving grain,
The sweetest sight man ever saw
In forest, dell or plain.
It fills me with a crunkling joy
A straw-stack to behold,
For then I pad this lucky boy
With strands of yellow gold."

The Body, which is the outer court.

"Stop the proceedings--I'm here! Come to my arms, my own!"

ADOLPH. Of the knife!

AUSTRIA

"'Then I have done what neither King nor Duke could do," said De Aquila. "But begin, and forget nothing."

"'Twas I that killed her."

As I have previously said, the chief beauty about the constant supply of time is that you cannot waste it in advance. The next year, the next day, the next hour are lying ready for you, as perfect, as unspoilt, as if you had never wasted or misapplied a single moment in all your career. Which fact is very gratifying and reassuring. You can turn over a new leaf every hour if you choose. Therefore no object is served in waiting till next week, or even until to-morrow. You may fancy that the water will be warmer next week. It won't. It will be colder.

Then Philip, king of the French, who was in the thirty-seventh year of his reign, having put aside his own wife, whose name was Berta, and having carried off Bertrada, the wife of the count of Anjou, was excommunicated by the Pope, who spurned both the attempts by important people to intercede for the king, and the offers of innumerable gifts. Nor was he afraid that he was now within the borders of the kingdom of France. In this council, just as he had planned before leaving Rome and seeking out the French for this reason, he gave a fine speech to those who were in attendance. Among other things, which were said to exceed the memories of the listeners, he spoke about this project. His eloquence was reinforced by his literary knowledge; the richness of his speech in Latin seemed no less than that of any lawyer nimble in his native language. Nor did the crowd of disputants blunt the skill of the speaker. Surrounded by praiseworthy teachers, apparently buried by clouds of cases being pressed upon him, he was judged to have overcome, by his own literary brilliance, the flood of oratory and to have overwhelmed the cleverness of every speech. Therefore his meaning, and not his exact words, follow: "If, among the churches scattered through the whole world, some deserve more reverence than others because they are associated with certain people and places, then, because of certain persons, I say, greater privileges are granted to apostolic sees; in the case of places, some privilege is granted to royal cities, as is the case with the city of Constantinople. We are grateful for having

received from this most powerful church the grace of redemption and the origin of all Christianity. If what was said by the Lord remains true, namely that "salvation is from the Jews," and it remains true that the Lord of the Sabbath has left his seed for us, lest we become like those of Sodom and Gomorrha, and that Christ is our seed, in whom lies salvation and blessing for all people, then the earth and the city in which he lived and suffered is called holy by the testimony of Scripture. If this land is the inheritance of God, and his holy temple, even before the Lord walked and suffered there, as the sacred and prophetic pages tell us, then what additional sanctity and reverence did it gain then, when the God of majesty took flesh upon Himself there, was fed, grew up, and moving in his bodily strength walked here and there in the land? To abbreviate a matter that could be spun out at much greater length, this is the place where the blood of the Son of God, holier than heaven and earth, was spilled, where the body, at whose death the elements trembled, rested in its tomb. What sort of veneration might we think it deserves? If, soon after our Lord's death, while the city was still in the possession of the Jews, the Evangelist called it sacred, when he said, "Many bodies of the saints that have been asleep here have awoken, and come to the holy city, and they been seen by many." [84], and it was said by the prophet Isaiah, "His tomb will be glorious," [85], since this very sanctity, once granted by God the sanctifier himself, cannot be overcome by any evil whatsoever, and the glory of his tomb in the same way remains undiminished, then, O my dearly beloved brothers, you must exert yourselves, with all your strength, and with God leading you and fighting for you, to cleanse the holiness of the city and the glory of the tomb, which has been polluted by the thick crowd of pagans, if you truly aspire to the author of that holiness and glory, and if you love the traces that he has left on earth. If the Maccabees once deserved the highest praise for piety because they fought for their rituals and their temple, then you too, O soldiers of Christ, deserve such praise, for taking up arms to defend the freedom of your country. If you think you must seek with such effort the thresholds of the apostles and of others, then why do you hesitate to go see and to snatch up the cross, the blood, and to devote your precious souls to rescuing them? Until now you have waged wrongful wars, often hurling insane spears at each other, driven only by greed and pride, for which you have deserved only eternal death and damnation. Now we propose for you battles which offer the gift of glorious martyrdom, for which you will earn present and future praise. If Christ had not died and been buried in Jerusalem, had not lived there at all, if all these things had not taken place, surely this fact alone should be enough to drive you to come to the aid of the land and the city: that the law came from Zion and the word of God from Jerusalem. If all Christian preaching flows from the fountain of Jerusalem, then let the rivulets, wherever they flow over the face of the earth, flow into the hearts of the Catholic multitude, so that they may heed of what they owe to this overflowing fountain. If "rivers return to the place whence they flow, so that they may continue to flow," [86] according to the saying of Solomon, it should seem glorious to you if you are able to purify the place whence you received the cleansing of baptism and the proof of faith. And you should also consider with the utmost care whether God is working through your efforts to restore the church that is the mother of churches; he might wish to restore the faith in some of the eastern lands, in spite of the nearness of the time of the Antichrist. For it is clear that the Antichrist makes war neither against Jews, nor against pagans, but, according to the etymology of his name, he will move against Christians. And if the Antichrist comes upon no Christian there, as today there is scarcely any, there will be no one

to resist him, or any whom he might justly move among. According to Daniel and Jerome his interpreter, his tent will be fixed on the Mount of Olives, and he will certainly take his seat, as the Apostle teaches, in Jerusalem, "in the temple of God, as though he were God," [87] and, according to the prophet, he will undoubtedly kill three kings pre-eminent for their faith in Christ, that is, the kings of Egypt, of Africa, and of Ethiopia. This cannot happen at all, unless Christianity is established where paganism now rules. Therefore if you are eager to carry out pious battles, and since you have accepted the seedbed of the knowledge of God from Jerusalem, then you may restore the grace that was borrowed there. Thus through you the name of Catholicism will be propagated, and it will defeat the perfidy of the Antichrist and of the Antichristians. Who can doubt that God, who surpasses every hope by means of his overflowing strength, may so destroy the reeds of paganism with your spark that he may gather Egypt, Africa and Ethiopia, which no longer share our belief, into the rules of his law, and "sinful man, the son of perdition," [88] will find others resisting him? See how the Gospel cries out that "Jerusalem will be trodden down by the Gentiles, until the time of the nations will be fulfilled." [89] "The time of nations" may be understood in two ways: either that they ruled at will over the Christians, and for their own pleasures have wallowed in the troughs of every kind of filth, and in all of these things have found no obstruction (for "to have one's time" means that everything goes according to one's wishes, as in "My time has not yet come, but your time is always ready," [90] and one customarily says to voluptuaries, "You have your time;") or else the "time of nations" means the multitudes of nations who, before Israel is saved, will join the faith. These times, dearest brothers, perhaps will now be fulfilled, when, with the aid of God, the power of the pagans will be pushed back by you, and, with the end of the world already near, even if the nations do not turn to the Lord, because, as the Apostle says, "there must be a falling away from faith." [91] Nevertheless, first, according to the prophecies, it is necessary, before the coming of the Antichrist in those parts, either through you or through whomever God wills, that the empire of Christianity be renewed, so that the leader of all evil, who will have his throne there, may find some nourishment of faith against which he may fight. Consider, then, that Almighty providence may have destined you for the task of rescuing Jerusalem from such abasement. I ask you to think how your hearts can conceive of the joy of seeing the holy city revived by your efforts, and the oracles, the divine prophecies fulfilled in our own times. Remember that the voice of the Lord himself said to the church, "I shall lead your seed from the East, and I shall gather you from the West." [92] The Lord has led our seed from the East, in that he brought forth for us in double manner [93] out of the Eastern land the early progeny of the Church. But out of the West he assembled us, for through those who last began the proof of faith, that is the Westerners, (we think that, God willing, this will come about through your deeds), Jerusalem's losses will be restored. If the words of Scripture and our own admonitions do not move your souls, then at least let the great suffering of those who wish to visit the holy places touch you. Think of the pilgrims who travel the Mediterranean; if they are wealthy, to what tributes, to what violence are they subjected; at almost every mile they are compelled to pay taxes and tributes; at the gates of the city, at the entrances of churches and temples, they must pay ransoms. Each time they move from one place to another they are faced with another charge, compelled to pay ransom, and the governors of the Gentiles commonly coerce with blows those who are slow to give gifts. What shall we say about those who have taken up the journey, trusting in their naked poverty, who seem

to have nothing more than their bodies to lose? The money that they did not have was forced from them by intolerable tortures; the skin of their bones was probed, cut, and stripped, in search of anything that they might have sewed within. The brutality of these evil-doers was so great that, suspecting that the wretches had swallowed gold and silver, they gave them purgatives to drink, so that they would either vomit or burst their insides. Even more unspeakable, they cut their bellies open with swords, opening their inner organs, revealing with a hideous slashing whatever nature holds secret. Remember, I beg you, the thousands who died deplorably, and, for the sake of the holy places, whence the beginnings of piety came to you, take action. Have unshakable faith that Christ will be the standard-bearer and inseparable advance guard before you who are sent to His wars."

"Wanderers eastward, wanderers west,
Know you why you cannot rest?
'Tis that every mother's son
Travails with a skeleton."

To relieve the mind from the contemplation of circumstances so irksome to humanity, on the 23rd the Ceres store-ship arrived from England. It was impossible that a ship could ever reach this distant part of his Majesty's dominions, from England, or from any other part of the world, without bringing a change to our ideas, and a variety to our amusements. The introduction of a stranger among us had ever been an object of some moment; for every civility was considered to be due to him who had left the civilized world to visit us. The personal interest he might have in the visit we for a while forgot; and from our solicitude to hear news he was invited to our houses and treated at our tables. If he afterwards found himself neglected, it was not to be wondered at; his intelligence was exhausted, and he had sunk into the mere tradesman.

By this time, Madam, you will have reflected on what I had the honor to address to you, and perceived how impossible it is to found a certain and invariable morality on a religion enthusiastic, ambiguous, mysterious, and contradictory, and which never agreed with itself. You know that the God who appears to have taken pleasure in rendering himself unintelligible, that the God who is partial and changeable, that the God whose precepts are at variance one with another, can never serve as the base on which to rear a morality that shall become practicable among the inhabitants of the earth. In short, how can we found justice and goodness on attributes that are unjust and evil; yet attributes of a Being who tempts man, whom he created, for the purpose of punishing him when tempted? How can we know when we do the will of a God who has said, Thou shalt not kill, and who yet allows his people to exterminate whole nations? What idea can we form of the morality of that God who declares himself pleased with the sanguinary conduct of Moses, of the rebel, the assassin, the adulterer, David? Is it possible to found the holy duties of humanity on a God whose favorites have been inhuman persecutors and cruel monsters? How can we deduce our duties from the lessons of the priests of a God of peace, who, nevertheless, breathes only sedition, vengeance, and carnage? How can we take as models for our conduct saints, who were useless enthusiasts, or turbulent fanatics, or seditious apostates; who, under the pretext of defending the cause of God, have stirred up the greatest ravages on the earth? What wholesome morality can we reap from the adoption of impracticable virtues, from their being supernatural, which are visibly useless to ourselves, to those among whom we live, and in their consequences often dangerous? How can we take as guides in our conduct priests, whose lessons are a tissue of unintelligible opinions, (for all religion is but opinion,) puerile

and frivolous practices, which these gentlemen prefer to real virtues? In fine, how can we be taught the truth, conducted in an unerring path, by men of a changeable morality, calculated upon and actuated by their present interests, and who, although they pretend to preach good-will to men, humanity, and peace, have, as their text-book, a volume stained with the records of injustice, inhumanity, sedition, and perfidy?

Nathaniel Greene, the Hero of the South, and Francis Marion, the "Swamp Fox"

Mrs. Scoresby Routledge, a well-known lady explorer, wrote to me once to say that while travelling in the Pacific she came across Scouts in all sorts of unexpected places.

SACK DADDY

And I bet you a fat man I'll take your money--I call you.

(Turns up his cards--he has four aces and king)

At this season, when their own children are already counting the days that lie between them and their holidays, Mr. Punch appeals to his kind readers not to forget the greater needs of the children in our elementary schools. The cost of sending them away to the sea or countryside for fresh air and change of scene is constantly increasing and the Children's Country Holidays Fund cannot keep up its good work without generous help. There can be no better way of making a Peace-offering than by helping to build up the health and strength of the new generation. Mr. Punch begs that liberal gifts may be sent to the Secretary of the Fund at 18, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.2.

Europe thought that Mexico needed a wise and clever ruler to straighten out the tangle into which its affairs had fallen, and it was supposed that Maximilian, backed by his beautiful and clever wife, would be just the man for the post. As Mexican affairs were in a very turbulent state, Napoleon promised Maximilian that he would keep a number of French troops in the country, and support him with an armed force, until the people of Mexico had learned to love and trust him, and he could rule them without danger.

But Watson was soon to learn. Patsy Horan and two of his satellites testified to a most colossal aggregation of perjuries. Watson could not have believed it possible without having experienced it. They denied the existence of the other four men. And of the two that testified, one claimed to have been in the kitchen, a witness to Watson's unprovoked assault on Patsy, while the other, remaining in the bar, had witnessed Watson's second and third rushes into the place as he attempted to annihilate the unoffending Patsy. The vile language ascribed to Watson was so voluminously and unspeakably vile, that he felt they were injuring their own case. It was so impossible that he should utter such things. But when they described the brutal blows he had rained on poor Patsy's face, and the chair he demolished when he vainly attempted to kick Patsy, Watson waxed secretly hilarious and at the same time sad. The trial was a farce, but such lowness of life was depressing to

contemplate when he considered the long upward climb humanity must make.

ETEXT EDITOR'S BOOKMARKS:

"Yes, we will go to law," said the Colonel in a deep voice, as he opened the door and stood before his wife, with one hand in his waistcoat and the other hanging by his side--an attitude to which the recollection of his adventure gave horrible significance.

"That is no reason why you can do it."

Imagine a city built not on seven but a hundred hills. I am sure there are no less than a hundred and probably there are more. Certainly I climbed a hundred. On three sides the sea laps the very hem of this city and on one side the forest reaches down to its very toes. That is, when all is said, the most marvelous thing about San Francisco--that the sea and forest come straight to its borders. And as, because of its peninsula situation they form the only roads out, sea and forest are integral parts of the city life. It accounts for the fact that you see no city pallor in the faces on the streets and perhaps for the fact that you see so little unhappiness on them. On Sundays and holidays, crowds pour across the bay all day long and then, loaded with flowers and greens, pour back all the evening long. As for flowers and greens, the hotels, shops, cafes, the little hole-in-the-wall restaurants are full of them. They are so cheap on the streets that everybody wears them. Everybody seems to play as much as possible out of doors. Everybody seems to sleep out of doors. Everybody has just come from a hike or is just going off on one. Imagine a climate rainless three-quarters of the year, which permits the workingman to tramp all through his vacation with the impedimenta only of a blanket, moneyless if he will, but with the certainty always that the orchards and gardens will provide-him with food.

"That's how he'll lose it, too. I'll put a flea in his ear if you don't."

Wallace gave smiling answers to all their remarks, and offers of service. He partook of their broth, praised the good wife's cakes, and sat discoursing with the family with all the gayety and frankness of one of themselves. His unreserved manners opened every heart around him, and with confidential freedom the venerable shepherd related his domestic history, dwelling particularly on the projected marriages of his children, which he said, "should now take place, since the good Sir William Wallace had brought peace to the land."

Peter Rabbit was dozing. Yes, sir, Peter was dozing. He didn't mean to doze, but whenever Peter sits still for a long time and tries to think, he is pretty sure to go to sleep. By and by he wakened with a start. At first he didn't know what had wakened him, but as he sat there blinking his eyes, he heard a few rich notes from the top of the nearest apple-tree. "It's Goldy the Oriole," thought Peter, and peeped out to see.

"How can we? Those girls in Elmertown will all be away for their vacations, and how can we find them?" grumbled Ruth.

They carved in a way that all admired,

Tell Blood drew iron at last, and fired.
It took Seth Bludso 'twixt the eyes,
Which caused him great surprise.

[Footnote 4: Joshua, Lord Allen. For particulars of the satire upon this individual, see "Advertisement by Swift in his defence against Joshua, Lord Allen," "Prose Works," vii, 168-175, and notes.--W. E. B.]

IV. THE LOWLAND VILLA--ENGLAND

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Except in the pairing time, the old males usually live by themselves. The old females, and the immature males, on the other hand, are often met with in twos and threes; and the former occasionally have young with them, though the pregnant females usually separate themselves, and sometimes remain apart after they have given birth to their offspring. The young Orangs seem to remain unusually long under their mother's protection, probably in consequence of their slow growth. While climbing, the mother always carries her young against her bosom, the young holding on by his mother's hair. [19] At what time of life the Orang-Utan becomes capable of propagation, and how long the females go with young, is unknown, but it is probable that they are not adult until they arrive at ten or fifteen years of age. A female which lived for five years at Batavia, had not attained one-third the height of the wild females. It is probable that, after reaching adult years, they go on growing, though slowly, and that they live to forty or fifty years. The Dyaks tell of old Orangs, which have not only lost all their teeth, but which find it so troublesome to climb, that they maintain themselves on windfalls and juicy herbage.

Version 5 - 00:01:00
Read by: Ianna Drake

CHAPTER I. THE SECRET REVEALED.

But the degradation and harsh treatment Isabella experienced in her new home was nothing compared to the grief she underwent at being separated from her dear child. Taken from her with scarcely a moment's warning, she knew not what had become of her.

"Twice a day for nearly a month, while I lay in the hospital, did Gulnare visit me. At the appointed hour the groom would slip her headstall, and, without a word of command, she would dart out of the stable, and, with her long, leopardlike lope, go sweeping down the street and come dashing into the hospital yard, checking herself with the same glad neigh at my window; nor did she ever once fail, at the closing of the sash, to return directly to her stall. The groom informed me that every morning and evening, when the hour of her visit drew near, she would begin to chafe and worry, and, by pawing and pulling at the halter, advertise him that it was time for her to be released.

It made little difference to these Barbarians then whether Persians or Greeks occupied the shores of the Mediterranean. But the history of future Europe would have been strangely changed if the Greeks had not driven back this deluge of Asiatic people.

Every morning Aunt Dosy gave Little
White Barbara cod liver oil to make her

fat.

The work on the farm in those days varied little from year to year. In winter the care of the cattle, the cutting of the wood, and the thrashing of the oats and rye filled the time. From the age of ten or twelve till we were grown up, we went to school only in winter, doing the chores morning and evening, and engaging in general work every other Saturday, which was a holiday. Often my older brothers would have to leave school by three o'clock to get home to put up the cows in my father's absence. Those school days, how they come back to me!--the long walk across lots, through the snow-choked fields and woods, our narrow path so often obliterated by a fresh fall of snow; the cutting winds, the bitter cold, the snow squeaking beneath our frozen cowhide boots, our trousers' legs often tied down with tow strings to keep the snow from pushing them up above our boot tops; the wide-open white landscape with its faint black lines of stone wall when we had passed the woods and began to dip down into West Settlement valley; the Smith boys and Bouton boys and Dart boys, afar off, threading the fields on their way to school, their forms etched on the white hillsides, one of the bigger boys, Ria Bouton, who had many chores to do, morning after morning running the whole distance so as not to be late; the red school house in the distance by the roadside with the dark spot in its centre made by the open door of the entry way; the creek in the valley, often choked with anchor ice, which our path crossed and into which I one morning slumped, reaching the school house with my clothes freezing upon me and the water gurgling in my boots; the boys and girls there, Jay Gould among them, two thirds of them now dead and the living scattered from the Hudson to the Pacific; the teachers now all dead; the studies, the games, the wrestlings, the baseball--all these things and more pass before me as I recall those long-gone days. Two years ago I hunted up one of those schoolmates in California whom I had not seen for over sixty years. She was my senior by seven or eight years, and I had a boy's remembrance of her fresh sweet face, her kindly eyes and gentle manners. I was greeted by a woman of eighty-two, with dimmed sight and dulled hearing, but instantly I recognized some vestiges of the charm and sweetness of my elder schoolmate of so long ago. No cloud was on her mind or memory and for an hour we again lived among the old people and scenes.

The man to whom she had spoken was gazing up at the sky. His clothes were patched in places, the trousers so much so that there seemed to be very little of the original material left. He did not appear to hear his wife's question, so she repeated it.

Scroop. (R., kneeling.)
Our purposes Heaven justly hath discover'd;
And I repent my fault more than my death.

Because he was afraid that he would get out of hand and take her in his arms,--which would be idiotic, since, of course, she did not care for him that way,--he gripped the steering-wheel. It gave him a curious appearance of making a pathetic appeal to the wind-shield.

"Then slide down the lightning-rod! Fly up the chimney! Evaporate! Dry up and blow away, but get out! You can't come in here."

So Dorothea departed to enjoy the luxury of strong tea and unlimited gossip with Mr. Bargrave's household, drawing largely on her invention in explanation of her recent interview, but affording them no clue to the real object of her visit.

* * * * *

Love's Labor Lost -- V. 2.

"Thet's only what one o' them smart New York publishers allowed it was worth arter hearin' me tell it," said Dan'l dryly.

"I'll walk round to Nathan Smith's with you," said Hardy. "I should like to hear what the fellow has to say."

[371] Booth and Cibber were joint managers of the Theatre in Drury Lane.--P.

After I had been a prisoner three days, Blondin came and asked me if I could ride horse back, and I said "yes," and he said if I would go with him, he would go and take two of the best horses that Big Bear had and desert that night. I told him I would never leave Pritchard's tent until we all left, saying "I would go and drown myself in the river before I would go with him."

The "floats" that carry passengers around New York so that they can go to Boston from Philadelphia or Chicago without changing cars (and even without getting out of bed on the sleeping cars), are not floats at all. They are very powerful and large steamboats, with decks covered with iron plates, with car tracks on those decks, and with arrangements for locking the car wheels fast to the tracks, so that no matter how boisterous the water may be on stormy days, the cars cannot break loose and roll overboard. We have several queer sorts of boats and other floating objects that look like floating houses. Among them are what we call our floating baths, and our floating docks, and our cattle and ice barges. But there is one kind of floating building that looks like a tower or a steeple riding the waters and steering itself around. That strange thing--and we employ many such--is a floating grain-elevator. It is a tall four-sided tower built upon a squat snub-nosed boat. It has a great proboscis, that it sticks down into canal-boats full of grain, which it sucks or dips out so that it can load the grain into the holds of ships that are to carry it to Europe. Our floating baths are square one-story houses, hollow in the middle, where the bathers swim, with lattice-work or perforated boards under them to let in the water without letting out the bathers. They are decorated with little towers and

flag-staffs, and look very strange indeed when they are being towed to the city in the early summer to be moored beside a wharf, or when, after the bathing season is over, they are dragged away to be laid up for the winter. Our floating docks, upon which all but the very large ships and steamboats are lifted out of the water to have their hulls painted, cleaned, or repaired, are made of many boxes joined together. These boxes sink when full of water, and thus it is possible to steer a vessel right over them. Then the water is pumped out of the boxes, and the dock (in reality a cradle rather than a dock) rises, and lifts the vessel up high and dry so that workmen can walk all around and under her to scrape off the barnacles that have grown fast to her, or to paint her bottom, or to sheathe it with copper.

I. WHAT VANDERBILT PAID FOR TWELVE LAUGHS.

Dermod mac Ae delighted in these solitary adventures, and when he could steal a day from policy and affairs he would send word privily to Crimthann. The boy, having donned his hunting gear, would join the king at a place arranged between them, and then they ranged abroad as chance might direct.

In Europe, the Times and the Sunday Times set up a common website called Times Online, with the possibility to create a personalized edition. The respected Economist was also available online, as were the French daily newspapers Le Monde and Liberation, the Spanish daily newspaper El Pais or the German weekly magazines Focus or Der Spiegel.

We all end, badly, at least
the more modest of us do.
the old salts they dine on
limericks anyways.

JEAN [rises]

Ben. Groan? Why, no;
But sadly tell me who.

At this the Queen's countenance began to brighten, and she said, very softly, "What is it, then, that you will do?"

Dan Baxter put his hand in an inner pocket and brought forth three small packages.

We approach, at length, Sir, to a more important part of the honorable gentleman's observations. Since it does not accord with my views of justice and policy to give away the public lands altogether, as a mere matter of gratuity, I am asked by the honorable gentleman on what ground it is that I consent to vote them away in particular instances. How, he inquires, do I reconcile with these professed sentiments, my support of measures appropriating portions of the lands to particular roads, particular canals, particular rivers, and particular institutions of education in the West? This leads, Sir, to the real and wide difference in political opinion between the honorable gentleman and myself. On my part, I look upon all these objects as connected with the common good, fairly embraced in its object and its terms; he, on the contrary, deems them all, if good at all, only local good. This is our difference. The interrogatory which he proceeded to put at once explains this difference. "What interest," asks he, "has South Carolina in a canal in Ohio?" Sir, this very question is full of significance. It develops the gentleman's whole political system; and its answer expounds mine. Here we differ. I look upon a road over the Alleghenies, a canal round the falls of the Ohio, or a canal or railway from the Atlantic to the Western waters, as being an object large and extensive enough to be fairly said to be for the common benefit. The gentleman thinks otherwise, and this is the key to his construction of the powers of the government. He may well ask what interest has South Carolina in a canal in Ohio. On his system, it is true, she has no interest. On that system, Ohio and Carolina are different governments, and different countries; connected here, it is true, by some slight and ill-defined bond of union, but in all main respects separate and diverse. On that system, Carolina has no more interest in a canal in Ohio than in Mexico. The gentleman, therefore, only follows out his own principles; he does no more than arrive at the natural conclusions of his own doctrines; he only announces the true results of that creed which he has adopted himself, and would persuade others to adopt, when he thus declares that South Carolina has no interest in a public work in Ohio.

Most of the bride's relations lived at a distance, and were busy people, so it had been arranged that the dinner we'd had in the middle of the day was to take the place of a dinner afterwards, and that we should just have a bite after the wedding was over, and then that everybody should go home, and the young couple would walk down to the cottage by themselves. When I looked out I could see the light burning brightly in Jack's cottage, a quarter of a mile away. I said I didn't think I could get any train to take me back before half-past nine, but Mrs. Brewster begged me to stay until it was time, as she said her daughter would want to take off her wedding dress before she went home; for she had put on something white with a wreath, that was very pretty, and she couldn't walk home like that, could she?

Preterpluperfect Tense.

MY strength is not enough to fulfil my desire; if I had the strength of the ocean, and of the earth, the burning vigour of the sun implanted in my limbs, it would hardly suffice to gratify the measureless desire of life which possesses me. I have often walked the day long over the sward, and, compelled to pause, at length, in my weariness, I was full of the same eagerness with which I started. The sinews would obey no longer, but the will was the same. My frame could never take the violent exertion my heart demanded. Labour of body was like meat and drink to me. Over the open hills, up the steep ascents, mile after mile, there was deep enjoyment in the long-drawn breath, the spring of the foot, in the act of rapid movement. Never have I had enough of it;

I wearied long before I was satisfied, and weariness did not bring a cessation of desire; the thirst was still there.

The wisest thing I now can do is honestly to confess my folly and then have a good laugh at myself. How long is it since I again resolved to be a true combattant? And now? What a heroic achievement to lay down my arms and run away without having even the courage to desert, but to lose heart when half way, and turn back again. Well done brave warrior! If I did not look on the whole thing from a ludicrous point of view, I should feel deeply ashamed of myself.

Again came down that lower jaw upon her light canoe,
With the chair upon her arm she bade the Fish adieu;
And seizing quick the paddle, she drove the boat along,
And she really felt so happy she burst into a song.

When the Amadan heard this, he wondered; and he said he would like very much to help them kill the giants. They said they would be very glad to have such a fine fellow's help; and so it was agreed that the Amadan should go with them to the fight next day.

"Hazel Catkin," Margery would throw out.

70. carded wool. The process of carding wool, cotton, flax, etc. removes by a wire-toothed brush foreign matter and dirt, and leaves it combed out and cleansed.

Jesus! Saviour of My Soul

"Thank God for that! If one does not drink one will never really get into trouble."

WISE MAN. Everything will be well with me. I will call my pupils; they only say they doubt. [Pulls the bell.] They will be here in a moment. I hear their feet outside on the path. They want to please me; they pretend that they disbelieve. Belief is too old to be overcome all in a minute. Besides, I can prove what I once disproved. [Another pull at the bell.] They are coming now. I will go to my desk. I will speak quietly, as if nothing had happened.

Supper was had at the usual hour and then the students commenced to gather on the campus and down by the river. Nearly everybody was in good humor, and they sang, and made a racket generally. Bonfires were lit, and also a string of paper lanterns.

[10] Dardanelles Commission, First Report, pp. 14-5, 31-3; Final Report, pp. 6-8.

I wish I could take a quiet corner in the heart of my baby's very

own world.

"Now don't you make any excuses, papa. Only one woman can have seen us yet; and she is so blind she will think it was her fault. May I go? Quick, before any one else comes."

About a month ago he employed a fellow named Wallace, who admitted that he did not know much about farming, but who said he was strong and healthy and was willing to do the best he could. It was in the haying season and Bishop was short of men, so he gave this chap a chance.

"Oh, he's such a divertin' rogue, he'll keep every mother's son of us as merry as crickets," sang out an Irish topman, whose own humour generally proved a source of amusement to all with him.

"He'll pull round for the evening, I s'pose?"

At this moment began the short happiness of my life, those peaceful and rapid moments, which have given me a right to say, I have lived. Precious and ever--regretted moments! Ah! recommence your delightful course; pass more slowly through my memory, if possible, than you actually did in your fugitive succession. How shall I prolong, according to my inclination, this recital at once so pleasing and simple? How shall I continue to relate the same occurrences, without wearying my readers with the repetition, any more than I was satiated with the enjoyment? Again, if all this consisted of facts, actions, or words, I could somehow or other convey an idea of it; but how shall I describe what was neither said nor done, nor even thought, but enjoyed, felt, without being able to particularize any other object of my happiness than the bare idea? I rose with the sun, and was happy; I walked, and was happy; I saw Madam de Warrens, and was happy; I quitted her, and still was happy!--Whether I rambled through the woods, over the hills, or strolled along the valley; read, was idle, worked in the garden, or gathered fruits, happiness continually accompanied me; it was fixed on no particular object, it was within me, nor could I depart from it a single moment.

"And when the victory shall be complete--when there shall be neither a slave nor a drunkard on the earth--how proud the title of that land which may truly claim to be the birthplace and the cradle of both those revolutions that have ended in that victory."

"We will have colds, then. Would you take me to Mr. Tucker, please?" To the other suited men he said, "Good, fast job."

CHAPTER VI

'Good by,' said Mr. Brownlow, stoutly. 'Have you given him any nourishment, Bedwin? Any slops, eh?'

When o'er it he had paus'd, my master spake:
"Say who wast thou, that at so many points
Breath'st out with blood thy lamentable speech?"

Retracing my steps as rapidly as possible, I returned to the hill, and directed Frank to ride with all consistent speed to General Morell or General Porter, who would no doubt be met advancing on the road, and report that the enemy had taken such a position that in order to reach his right flank it would be necessary for the Union troops to cross to the west side of the Central railroad some miles south of Hanover Court-House. I directed him to report also my doubt as to whether Branch had really moved or had been reenforced, and to say that I should endeavour at once to resolve this doubt, and to report again through Jones.

Such definite news is not mine to proclaim, but if it cannot be announced with certitude that Mrs. Grundy is no more, it may, at all events, be affirmed without hesitation that she is on her deathbed, and that surely, if slowly, she is breathing her last. Yes, that poisonous breath, which has so long pervaded like numbing miasma the free air of the world, will soon be out of her foolish, hypocritical old body; and though it may still linger on here and there in provincial backwoods and suburban fastnesses, from the great air centres of civilization it will have passed away forever.

"We will see," the doctor said coldly.

Yesterday, I saw a letter from Monsieur Bochat to a friend of mine; which gave me the greatest pleasure that I have felt this great while; because it gives so very good an account of you. Among other things which Monsieur Bochat says to your advantage, he mentions the tender uneasiness and concern that you showed during my illness, for which (though I will say that you owe it to me) I am obliged to you: sentiments of gratitude not being universal, nor even common. As your affection for me can only proceed from your experience and conviction of my fondness for you (for to talk of natural affection is talking nonsense), the only return I desire is, what it is chiefly your interest to make me; I mean your invariable practice of virtue, and your indefatigable pursuit of knowledge. Adieu! and be persuaded that I shall love you extremely, while you deserve it; but not one moment longer.

WORKS BY DR. JOHN BROWN.

Some one will say: Yes, Socrates, but cannot you hold your tongue, and then you may go into a foreign city, and no one will interfere with you? Now I have great difficulty in making you understand my answer to this. For if I tell you that to do as you say would be a disobedience to the God, and therefore that I cannot hold my tongue, you will not believe that I am serious; and if I say again that daily to discourse about virtue, and of those other things about which you hear me examining myself and others, is the greatest good of man, and that the unexamined life is not worth living, you are still less likely to believe me. Yet I say what is true, although a thing of which it is hard for me to persuade you. Also, I have never been accustomed to think that I deserve to suffer any harm. Had I money I might have estimated the offence at what I was able to pay, and not have been much the worse. But I have none, and therefore I must ask you to proportion the fine to my means. Well, perhaps I could afford a mina, and therefore I propose that penalty: Plato, Crito, Critobulus, and Apollodorus, my friends here, bid me say thirty minae, and they will be the sureties. Let thirty minae be the penalty; for which sum they will be ample security to you.

[Illustration: There Was a Death Ray]

Such was the literary situation as the passionate pilgrim from the West approached his holy land at Boston, by way of the Grand Trunk Railway from Quebec to Portland. I have no recollection of a sleeping-car, and I suppose I waked and watched during the whole of that long, rough journey; but I should hardly have slept if there had been a car for the purpose. I was too eager to see what New England was like, and too anxious not to lose the least glimpse of it, to close my eyes after I crossed the border at Island Pond. I found that in the elm-dotted levels of Maine it was very like the Western Reserve in northern Ohio, which is, indeed, a portion of New England transferred with all its characteristic features, and flattened out along the lake shore. It was not till I began to run southward into the older regions of the country that it lost this look, and became gratefully strange to me. It never had the effect of hoary antiquity which I had expected of a country settled more than two centuries; with its wood-built farms and villages it looked newer than the coal-smoked brick of southern Ohio. I had prefigured the New England landscape bare of forests, relieved here and there with the tees of orchards or plantations; but I found apparently as much woodland as at home.

SELSEY, LORD.

S.W. & H. June 1872. 9 days. L4297.

Nothing, however, can be more absurd than this whole doctrine of the balance of trade, upon which, not only these restraints, but almost all the other regulations of commerce, are founded. When two places trade with one another, this doctrine supposes that, if the balance be even, neither of them either loses or gains; but if it leans in any degree to one side, that one of them loses, and the other gains, in proportion to its declension from the exact equilibrium. Both suppositions are false. A trade, which is forced by means of bounties and monopolies, may be, and commonly is, disadvantageous to the country in whose favour it is meant to be established, as I shall endeavour to show hereafter. But that trade which, without force or constraint, is naturally and regularly carried on between any two places, is always advantageous, though not always equally so, to both.

"They'll find you if you don't keep still," warned Jess.

She knew he loved her. It had been plain to her for weeks past. She knew every thought in his head as he sat there beside her, thrilled with the touch of her hands, and in the throes of a respectful rapture. Again and again the avowal was on his lips; he longed to tell her how dear she was to him; it would be hard to die with that unsaid, were he to be amongst those who never returned. It never occurred to him that she might return his love. A woman like her! A queen!

Withal, that first week was a trying one, and when, late on Friday evening they glimpsed at a distance the Narrows tilt, and saw smoke issuing from the pipe, they welcomed it joyfully, and were glad enough to be back. Upon entering they found Indian Jake busily engaged preparing supper, the tilt cozy and warm, and the kettle boiling

merrily. A pot of partridges simmering upon the stove sent forth an appealing odor. Then they realized how very lonely they had been.

After a time his praise ran into prayer. This is just as it ought to be, for praise should encourage prayer, as prayer should always lead to praise. Thus the loving heart should pass backwards and forwards from one to the other, and the two should be so blended that when we are engaged by the one the other should never be out of sight.

Hunter acted with the split-second timing of an experienced spaceman. He swung his body in a flying tackle against the old man's chair and in the same swift motion pushed himself into the leg cubicle carved in the crystal.

That there is much moral evil in the world is undeniable. Are we therefore to predicate original depravity of man's heart and soul? But there is also much physical evil in the world,--pain, weakness, disease, decay, and death. Are we therefore to predicate original depravity of man's body? And this physical evil, this liability to disease, is not confined to man, but also affects all other living things. Are we therefore to predicate original depravity of a new-born lamb, of a new-laid egg, of an acorn, of a grain of wheat?

"It does not matter," he thought, "the horse will go of itself, it knows the way. I might have a little sleep now.... Before the funeral or the requiem it would be as well to get a little rest...."

Or (as [cc]Martine Luther interprets it) praise God in his sanctuarie, that is, for his sanctuarie, for [cd]shewing his word vnto Iacob, his statutes and ordinances vnto Israel, for his adoption, and his couenants, and his promises, and his seruice, Rom. 9. 4. O praise the Lord for his [ce]true Church established for the present among the Iewes, and hereafter in the fulnesse of time to be constituted among Christians vntill the worlds end. For this clause may bee construed of the mysticall heauen and temple, so well as of the materiall heauen and temple. The good man (I meane the true Christian) is not only Gods [cf]house, but also Gods [cg]temple, yea, Gods heauen, as [ch]Augustine expounds the words of Christ, Our father which art in heauen, that is, in holy men of heuently conuersation, in whose sanctified hearts hee dwelleth as in his [ci]sanctuarie. Archimedes in his conference with Hiero said, Giue me a place where I may stand out of the world, and I will moue the whole earth. In like manner, he that will bee reputed a Saint, and so take vpon him to remoue men earthly minded from their worldinesse, must himselfe at the least haue one foote out of the world, seeking (as the blessed [ck]Apostle speaks) the things aboue, that [cl]other may see his good workes, and glorifie God which is in Heauen, that is (according to the true soule of our text) praise God in his Saints which are his sacrarie, his sanctuarie, his house, his heauen.

Marlon Harland's Works.

There is a charming episode in the second chapter of the "Dream of the Red Chamber," where the father of Pao-yu is anxious to read the probable destiny of his infant son. He spreads before the little boy, then just one year old, all kinds of different things, and declares

that from whichever of these the baby first seizes, he will draw an omen as to his future career in life. We can imagine how he longed for his boy to grasp the manly bow, in the use of which he might some day rival the immortal archer Pu:--the sword, and live to be enrolled a fifth among the four great generals of China:--the pen, and under the favouring auspices of the god of literature, rise to assist the Son of Heaven with his counsels, or write a commentary upon the Book of Rites. Alas for human hopes! The naughty baby, regardless alike of his father's wishes and the filial code, passed over all these glittering instruments of wealth and power, and devoted his attention exclusively to some hair-pins, pearl-powder, rouge, and a lot of women's head-ornaments.

Clarence did not reply, but dropped to the ground beside the slowly turning wheels. Without quickening his pace he could easily keep his hand on the tail-board.

LORD HIGH INQUISITOR.--I am quite astonished at your broaching such abominable doctrines here, sir. You a lawyer, and yet talk of justice in a Court of Equity! By Bacon, Blackstone, and Eldon, 'tis marvellous! Mr. Baywig, if you proceed, I shall feel it my duty to commit you for a contempt of court.

[Footnote 7: "With the rise of PERSIAN influence, there opened an era of culture, toleration, and scientific research. The practice of oral tradition was also giving place to recorded statement and historical narrative,--a change hastened by the scholarly tendencies introduced from the East."--SIR WILLIAM MUIR, on the rise of the Abbasid Dynasty.]

"This Ryder was something of an--opportunist?"

(2) consists of designs that are staple, commonplace, or familiar in the semiconductor industry, or variations of such designs, combined in a way that, considered as a whole, is not original.

'What's the matter?' inquires Ponsonby, glancing round. 'Lady Anne, what have you been doing to him?'

"It was my little darling Goat
Who cherishing the boy,
With copious draughts of morning milk
His grateful lips supplied;
Her tears burst forth: she kneel'd, she pray'd,
But now she pray'd in joy,

For Heaven had kindled in her breast
A mother's vital pride."

"There isn't any other answer," Johnny said. "Look at the thing, Major. Feel it. Does it feel like it was made for a human hand? It doesn't fit, it doesn't balance, you have to hold it with both hands to aim it...."

Indeed, great Prince, it seemeth wondrous strange
To all the World, to see your Father's change;
To find the happy Love he us'd to show'r,
Like fruitful Rain, on you, to fall no more:
To see a Son, the Father's dear Delight,
His pleasing Joy, now banish'd from his sight.
Nature must in the Father deeply groan,
When from his Heart is rent so dear a Son.
Nor can I think, tho he from you should part,
A Brother e'er can lie so near his Heart.
To work this Change, your Foes much Art do use, }
Their venom'd Tongues your Fathers Ears abuse, }
And you of an aspiring mind accuse. }
Justice in Amazia bears such sway,
That even Nature must to it give way;
H'ad rather Nature force, and part with you,
Than seem to rob another of his due.
He holds it just, and as a thing divine,
To keep unbroken still the Royal Line.
Such an Example we can hardly find,
A King to's Brother so exceeding kind;
When by it he doth such great hazard run,
Losing at once his People and his Son.
Grieve not, great Prince, at your unhappy Fate; }
Let not your Birth your Vertue to abate; }
It was not you that could your self create. }
I should great folly shew, should I repine
At what I could not help, and was no fault of mine.
Tho by your Mothers side your Birth was mean,
And tho your Mother no declared Queen,
If Heaven and your Father please, you may
By lawful Right, Judea's Scepter sway,
After that he is number'd with the Dead,
And his great Soul to Abraham's Bosom fled.
Possession of a Crown clears every Stain;
No blot of Birth to you can then remain.
What Pow'r on Earth, by Right, dares question you?
Or what your Father and Sanhedrim do?
Nor is your Birth to Heaven any let;
God Jephthah once did o're Judea set.
He was a Conquerour of a mighty Name,
And's Mother no ways did eclipse his Fame,
Nor bar'd him from the Title of a King,
Nor those who after from his Loins did spring.
Nature may yet make your great Father kind;
And who can tell but he may change his mind,
When your Succession shall be understood
To be the Peoples Choice, and for the Nations Good?
But let us leave what is to come, to Fate;
Yours Father's pleasure and God's will await.
Long may it be ere the King's life doth end;
On it our Peace and Happiness depend.
Like Wheat full ripe, with many years bow'd down,

Let him leave this for an immortal Crown.
 And who can tell Heav'n's will? it may be too,
 Eliakim may die before the King or you.
 Think of no Titles while your Father lives;
 Take not what an unjust Occasion gives.
 For to take Arms you can have no pretence,
 Tho it should be e'en in your own defence.
 It better were without the Crown to die,
 Than quit your Vertue and blest Loyaltie.
 You with the numerous Peoples Love are blest,
 Not of the Vulgars onely, but the Best.
 I would not have you their kind Love repel,
 Nor give encouragement for to rebel:
 For their Affection which they wildly shew,
 Is rendred, by your Foes, a Crime in you.
 Here you your Course must even steer and strait, }
 That you may not your Father's fears create; }
 Keep the Jews Love, and not increase his Hate. }
 Leave for a while the Citie and the Court,
 Go and divert your self with Country-sport;
 Perhaps your Foes may then abate their spight,
 And you may be forgot, when out of sight.
 By your Retirement, you will let them see
 You'd take away all cause of Jealousie.
 That you, like Absalom, will never prove,
 To court the head-strong Peoples factious Love.
 Nor will I ever prove Achitophel,
 To give you wicked Counsel to rebel.
 Continue still your Loyalty, be just;
 And for the Crown, God and your Vertue trust.
 Endeavour not to take what may be giv'n;
 Deserve it first, and then receive't from Heav'n.

Once again we went through that ghastly operation. I have not the heart to go through with the details. Lucy had got a terrible shock and it told on her more than before, for though plenty of blood went into her veins, her body did not respond to the treatment as well as on the other occasions. Her struggle back into life was something frightful to see and hear. However, the action of both heart and lungs improved, and Van Helsing made a subcutaneous injection of morphia, as before, and with good effect. Her faint became a profound slumber. The Professor watched whilst I went downstairs with Quincey Morris, and sent one of the maids to pay off one of the cabmen who were waiting. I left Quincey lying down after having a glass of wine, and told the cook to get ready a good breakfast. Then a thought struck me, and I went back to the room where Lucy now was. When I came softly in, I found Van Helsing with a sheet or two of note-paper in his hand. He had evidently read it, and was thinking it over as he sat with his hand to his brow. There was a look of grim satisfaction in his face, as of one who has had a doubt solved. He handed me the paper saying only: "It dropped from Lucy's breast when we carried her to the bath."

The General Bonaparte, alias the Emperor Napoleon, who is given so much mention in the dispatches, seems also to have a counterpart in actual life; there is, in the French army, a Colonel of Artillery by that name, a Corsican who Gallicized his original name of Napolione Buonaparte. He is a most brilliant military theoretician; I am sure some of your own officers, like General Scharnhorst, could tell you about him. His loyalty to the French monarchy has never been questioned.

[Illustration: G. L. Brown. S. Schof

f.

Section I

Two faces now filled the window--Lathers's and that of a red-headed man in a straw hat.

"Yes, I know," said Hicks, with a joyless laugh. "Sometimes it takes that turn. I don't think I could stand it if I had shown her any disrespect. She's a lady,--a perfect lady; she's the best girl I ever saw."

She followed him in everything except in leaving off peasant dress and customs; to these she always kept. Knut did not interfere with other people's ways, so this caused no trouble between them. He lived with his "set," and his wife saw to their entertainment, which was, however, modest enough, for he was too prudent a man to make unnecessary show or outlay of any kind. Some said that he gained more by the card-playing, and by the popularity this mode of life won for him, than all he laid out upon it, but this was probably pure malevolence.

"On the contrary," answered Austen, quietly, "I could have been nominated."

'I propose to stick to you like a label on a bottle, sonny,' he said. 'That's what I propose to do.'

Oh, could I roam, contented like the sheep,
In sunlit fields where, as it is, I weep;
Oh, to be fashioned like the lower classes,
Who simply revel in the longest grasses,
While I sit lachrymose with coloured glasses--
A-tish-oo!

Auth. The very thing. Edwin having lost all his money on the Stock Exchange, goes to Australia for more gold. Label--"The storm was terrific, and the Belgravia had much difficulty in weathering this gale of almost unprecedented violence". Next, please!

When we reached Alpha Centaurus, and set down at the trading field on the second planet, it was the same as the other trips we'd made, and the same kind of landfall. The Lud factor came out of his post after we'd waited for a while, and gave us our permit to disembark. There was a Jek ship at the other end of the field, loaded with the cargo we would get in exchange for our holdful of goods. We had the usual things; wine, music tapes, furs, and the like. The Jeks had been giving us light machinery lately--probably we'd get two or three more loads, and then they'd begin giving us something else.

The Prince di--was not a man whom Naples could suppose to be addicted to superstitious fancies, neither was the age one in which the belief of sorcery was prevalent. Still, in the South of Italy there was then, and there still lingers, a certain spirit of credulity, which may, ever and anon, be visible amidst the boldest dogmas of their philosophers and sceptics. In his childhood the Prince had learned strange tales of the ambition, the genius, and the career of his grandsire; and secretly, perhaps influenced by ancestral example, in earlier youth he himself had followed alchemy, not only through her legitimate course, but her antiquated and erratic windings. I have, indeed, been shown in Naples a little volume blazoned with the arms of the Visconti, and ascribed to the nobleman I refer to, which treats of alchemy in a spirit half mocking and half reverential.

She replied in a tone of indifference: "Precisely so; then it is not worth while waiting till Saturday, we can let Maitre Lamaneur know at once."

"Hast seen it, Gaston?"

III. Finally, we have with the dead the relation of discipline. Though we should see them only in the abstractions of memory,--though it should be true that they have no spiritual intercourse with us,--yet their agency in our behalf has not ceased. They still accomplish a work for us. That work is in the moral efficacy of bereavement and sorrow. In their going away they lead our thoughts out beyond the limits of the world. They quicken us to an interest in the spiritual land, as one who looks upon a map, and listlessly reads the name of some foreign shore, so, often, do we open this blessed revelation not heeding its recital of the immortal state. But as, when some friend goes to that distant coast, that spot on the map becomes, of all places, most vivid and prominent, so when our loved ones die, the spiritual country largely occupies our thoughts and attracts our affections. They depart that we may be weaned from earth. They ascend that we may "look steadfastly towards heaven." If this is not our everlasting home, why should they all remain here to cheat us with that thought? If we must seek a better country, should there not be premonitions for us, breaking up, and farewells, and the hurried departure of friends who are ready before us? I need not dwell on this suggestion. We are too much of the earth, earthy, and bound up in sensual interests. It is often needful that some shock of disappointment should shake our idea of terrestrial stability--should awake us to a sense of our spiritual relations--should strike open some chasm in this dead, material wall, and let in the light of the unlimited and immortal state to which we go. We need the discipline of bereavement in temporal things, to win us to things eternal. And so, in their departure, the loved accomplish for us a blessed and spiritual result, and instead of being wholly lost to us, become bound to us by a new and vital relation.

"It is a very small book, but into its compass the author contrives to say nearly all that is worth while on 'the tragedy of half truths' on sex matters when they are told to children."--San Francisco Chronicle.

[Illustration]

LACHES: Certainly not.

'Is Madame!' she cried. 'Yes, and I am Mademoiselle de Cocheforet. And in that character, and in all others, I beg from this moment to close our acquaintance, sir. When we meet again--if we ever do meet, which God forbid!' she went on, her eyes sparkling--'do not presume to speak to me, or I will have you flogged by the grooms. And do not stain our roof by sleeping under it again. You may lie to-night in the inn. It shall not be said that Cocheforet,' she continued proudly, 'returned even treachery with inhospitality; and I will give orders to that end. But to-morrow begone back to your master, like the whipped cur you are! Spy and coward!'

ON THE APPEARANCE OF AN AURORA BOREALIS, ON THE NIGHT OF THE 25TH OF SEPTEMBER.

by Ludwig van Beethoven

(<http://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/genemap98/> for GeneMap'98,
or <http://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/genemap/> for GeneMap'99)
as well as the GeneMap'98 paper:

"I beg your pardon," I said, somewhat nettled; "but, as I said before, I do not understand the game."

"I find that he is guilty of an act of gross treason and treachery. For such there is but one punishment--death." And the six citizens all gave the same decision.

As weak as they were the boys set up a cheer and the men joined in, the sound echoing for a long distance around.

It was quickly done, and the man, upon finding himself placed once more on his feet, staggered; indeed, he was so "groggy" after his recent strange experience at swimming in thin air, that only for the supporting arm of Max he would have fallen flat.

From all that busy land, grey town, and peaceful village,
Where never jar was heard, nor wail, nor cry of strife,
From every laden stream and all the fields of tillage,
Arose the murmur and the kindly hum of life.

* Chapter 10 - 00:04:48

Read by: ChipDoc

The motion was carried. Apparently there was nothing further to do now, and the people were glad, for, privately, they were impatient to get out and rush to the scene of the tragedy, and see whether that barrel and the other things were really there or not.

"Shepstone--Shepstone!" she cried, "a useless, daidling body! What was he ever good for in this world but to tie his neckcloth and twirl his cane? Oh aye, he can maybe button his 'spats'! That is, if he doesna get the servant lass to do it for him. And Josiah Kettle! William, I wonder you are not shamed, goodman--to sit there in your own hearth-corner and name such a hypocrite to me----"

The damsel replied with the only words in her power, but the best she could have used, had she been acquainted with the whole speech of Castile. She looked sadly but firmly into Magdalena's face, and murmured softly,

JACK FROST. Yes, indeed, right next door to the taffy cottage, down Chocolate Lane. I take care of the marble bushes and the popgun trees. You just ought to see our wonderful gardens.

"You must excuse me, dear Miss Hamelyn," went on Madame Petrucci. "You must excuse me for shouting in your presence, but we have only one little servant, and during this suffocating weather I find that any movement reminds me of approaching age." The old lady smiled, as if that time were still far ahead.

VII.--The Princess Receives a Letter and Writes One

"I think," he returned gravely, "that I am here to learn the measure of Christian charity."

The qualifications may be all summed up in one--that he must be the nearest blood relation of the person whose Goel he was. He might be brother, or less nearly related, but this was essential, that of all living men, he was the most closely connected. That qualification has to be kept well in mind when thinking of the transference of the office to God in His relation to Israel, and through Israel to us.

I. PLAYING PILGRIMS

7

Here and there in the distance she descried a sail--the brown sail of some Ostend fishing-boat returning home after a night's trawling. Then the beat of paddles caught her ear, and a steamer blundered past, wallowing clumsily among the waves like a tortoise. It was the Swallow from London. She could see some of its passengers leaning curiously over the aft-rail. A girl in a mackintosh signalled to her, and mechanically she answered the salute with her arm. The officer of the bridge of the Swallow hailed the yacht, but the man at the wheel offered no reply. In another minute the Swallow was nothing but a blot in the distance.

[1] See "Sailing round Constantinople," MIRROR, vol. x. p. 278. Engraving and Description of the Castle of the Seven Towers, *ibid*, vol. x. p. 361. Extent of Constantinople, vol. xi. p. 298. Lines on Constantinople, vol. xii. p. 58. Taking of the City by the Turks, vol. xii. p. 274.

Most young persons prefer "Main Street" or any other novel that happens to be the vogue. As I have said, I do not agree with Madame de S[e]vign[e] when she says, writing of her granddaughter, that bad books ought to be preferred to no books at all. But it would be almost better for the young not to begin to read until they are old, if one is to gauge the value of books by the unfledged taste of youth. Purity, after all, is not ignorance, though a certain amount of ignorance at a certain age is very desirable.

In his palaces, the king had so much fancy stuff that ancient statues were used as door props in the stables, thousand-year-old urns were used as spittoons in the kitchen, and scraps of precious carpets were used to clean the servants' boots. The point is that after all this additional acquisition, the king's lifestyle was much fancier, but the king himself was still not happy.

December 28th and 29th, 1915.

III

GIF: 239.gif
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"You had better not do anything in the matter;" said Derues, turning to the schoolmaster. "It is quite possible that Monsieur de Lamotte does not know. I am aware that his wife does not always consult him. She is at Versailles, where I took Edouard to her, and I will inform her of your objection."

"I meant to stay with you to-night," said his uncle; "but I believe I shall take the boat to Antwerp to-night, and catch the Express to Paris. I must look after my boy."

These Speeches help greatly to deceive us; for they shew one of the principal Persons of the Drama to be as incredulous, in Relation to the Appearance of Phantoms, as we can be; but that he is at last convinc'd of his Error by the Help of his Eyes. For it is a Maxim entirely agreeable to Truth, if we consider human Nature, that whatever is supernatural or improbable, is much more likely to gain Credit with us, if it be introduced as such, and talk'd of as such by the Persons of the Drama, but at last prov'd to be true, tho' an extraordinary Thing, than if it were brought in as a Thing highly probable, and no one were made to boggle at the Belief of it. The Reason of this seems to be, that we can for once, upon a very great Occasion, allow such an Incident as this to have happen'd, if it be brought in as a Thing of great Rarity; but we can by no means so suspend our Judgement and Knowledge, or deceive Our Understandings, as to grant That to be common and usual which we know to be entirely Supernatural and Improbable.

"But towards the ray, towards the unique ray, motionless and eternal, the faint, square ray, which from the beginning of ages took and preserved the form of the air-hole, I advance; I advance in a stumbling hurry, while the fever consumes me, blazes, and dizzies my brain. My feet stop, but with such a shock that one would believe them caught by invisible hands, risen from the soil; my fingers run over the wall,

groping and fumbling that spot in the wall. What do my fingers want? What is the thought of my fingers? I had a pen-knife in my pocket; and all at once I let my green umbrella fall to the ground to take my pen-knife from my pocket. And I scraped, with certainty, between two stones. I cleared away the dust and mortar from between two stones. Then my knife pierced a thing between the two stones and brought it out.

* * * * *

As we have said it is the power of the human female to impress herself on her descendants, male and female, not only through germinal inheritance, through influence during the period of gestation, but above all by producing the mental atmosphere in which the impressionable infant years of life are passed, which makes the condition of the child-bearing female one of paramount interest of the race. It is this fact which causes even prostitution (in many other respects the most repulsive of all the forms of female parasitism which afflicts humanity) to be, probably, not more adverse to the advance and even to the conservation of a healthy and powerful society, than the parasitism of its child-bearing women. For the prostitute, heavily as she weights society for her support, returning disease and mental and emotional disintegration for what she consumes, does not yet so immediately affect the next generation as the kept wife, or kept mistress, who impresses her effete image indelibly on the generations succeeding. (It cannot be too often repeated that the woman who merely bears and brings a child into the world, and then leaves it to be fed and reared by the hands of another, has performed very much less than half of the labour of producing adult humans; in such cases it is the nurse and not the mother who is the most important labourer.)

He looked at me with a face of sorrowful inquiry, into which a tinge of anger rose slowly.

Ah, brethren! for ourselves, for our own intellectual difficulties, and for the difficulties of the world, there is nothing like time and patience. The mysteries that used to plague us when we were boys melted away when we grew up. And many questions which trouble me to-day, and through which I cannot find my way, if I lay them aside, and go about my ordinary duties, and come back to them to-morrow with a fresh eye and an unwearied brain, will have straightened themselves out and become clear. We grow into our best and deepest convictions, we are not dragged into them by any force of logic. So for our own sorrows,

questions, pains, griefs, and for all the riddle of this painful world,

At Quebec, the barometer of piety, if I may be excused so bold a metaphor, held at the same level as that of Montreal, and he would be greatly deceived who, having read only the history of the early years of the latter city, should despair of finding in the centre of edification founded by Champlain, men worthy to rank with Queylus and Lemaitre, with Souart and Vignal, with Closse and Maisonneuve, and women who might vie with Marguerite Bourgeoys, with Jeanne Mance or with Jeanne Leber. To the piety of the Sulpicians of the colony planted at the foot of Mount Royal corresponded the fervour both of the priests who lived under the same roof as Mgr. de Laval, and of the sons of Loyola, who awaited in their house at Quebec their chance of martyrdom; the edifying examples given by the military chiefs of Montreal were equalled by those set by governors like de Mezy and de Courcelles; finally the virtues bordering on perfection of women like Mlle. Leber and the foundresses of the hospital and the Congregation found their equivalents in those of the pious Bishop of Petraea, of Mme. de la Peltrie and those of Mothers Mary of the Incarnation and Andree Duplessis de Sainte-Helene.

[Illustration: FIG. 92.--A Lawn Tree. European Weeping Beech.]

"But as you was saying, dearie, about the game. Ye--es! Well, my grandmother, she was an anncient woman; some said she was ninety-seven, and more called it ninety-eight, but she didn't rightly know herself, bein' she had lost the family Bible. Burned up with the house it was, before she came from the Provinces, and some said it was because of starting a new fire in the cook-stove on Sunday; but I don't want to set in judgment, not on my own flesh and blood, I do not, Miss Grahame. And I remember as if it was this day of time, she settin' in her chair in the porch to our house, smokin' her pipe, if you'll excuse me ladies, bein' an anncient woman, and I HAVE heard great ladies took their pipes in them times, but so it is. And she says to me, 'Drusilly,' she says, 'Why don't you play with Salome?' and I says, ''Cause I ain't got nothin' to play.' And she says, 'Come here,' she says, 'and I'll learn ye a game,' she says. So I called Salome, and we two stood there, and Gram'ther she taught us 'The Highland Gates to Die.' Salome, she had been feedin' the hens, and when she come back she left the gate open, and they all got out and went and strayed into the woods, and my father got so mad we thought we should lose him, for sure. Purple he used to get when he was mad, same as a late cabbage, and an awful sight. Yes, children, be thankful if you're learned to keep your tempers. So that's all I know, Miss Grahame, my dear, and you're welcome as air to it; and I do believe I see Mis' Auntie lookin' out the kitching winder this minute, so if you'll excuse me, ladies, bein' I feel a goneeness inside, and if I should faint away, how your blessed mother would feel!"

Thus to emphasise the value of Immorality is not to diminish the value of Morality. They are both alike necessary. ("Everything is dangerous here below, and everything is necessary.") There should be no call on us to place the stress on one side at the expense of the other side. When Carducci, with thoughts directed on the intellectual history of humanity, wrote his hymn to Satan, it was as the symbol of the revolutionary power of reason that he sang the triumph of Satan over Jehovah. But no such triumph of Immorality over Morality can be foreseen or desired. When we place ourselves at the high biological standpoint we see the vital necessity of each. It is necessary to place the stress on both.

"At least they appear to, as we remain unmolested. There has not been a raiding party halted here since the war began."

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

The Wolf and the Sheep.

"And so it must be true?" queried Ko-tan.

The position in society to which his services had raised him rendered it unfit to address him in the second person singular and the familiar manner sometimes used by his old schoolfellows of Brienne. I thought this very natural.

One oddity about the book is that throughout its conversations are merged into single paragraphs. This made it a little hard to get the paragraphing correct in our rendition, but we think we have got it almost right now.

Then, too, the prospect of a future world, into which they were thus to be hurled without a moment's preparation, was black and appalling. Most of them had been careless, and had no hope beyond the grave. Wilson was a professed infidel, and many a time had argued the truth of the Christian religion with me for a half day at a time; but in this awful hour he said to me:

The book will be sent postpaid on receipt of price by the author, at North Weare, N. H., or by the Rumford Printing Co., Concord, N. H.

"Well, first Rome. Austria drove out the House of Savoy nearly twenty-five years ago; and the Holy Father----"

PHIL-O-RUM JUNEAU.

During the whole of the month of June the time was employed in different occupations, which excluded neither hunting nor fishing, the larder being, therefore, abundantly supplied. Pencroft, so soon as he had leisure, proposed to set some traps, from which he expected great results. He soon made some snares with creepers, by the aid of which the warren henceforth every day furnished its quota of rodents. Neb employed nearly all his time in salting or smoking meat, which insured their always having plenty of provisions. The question of clothes was now seriously discussed, the settlers having no other garments than those they wore when the balloon threw them on the island. These clothes were warm and good; they had taken great care of them as well as of their linen, and they were perfectly whole, but they would soon need to be replaced. Moreover, if the winter was severe, the settlers would suffer greatly from cold.

STOCK, THOMAS.

The Wedding in Wales.

Lie with thy father's whore, my mother said,
That she th' old man may loathe; and I obeyed:

"Pretty, petite, and petulant."

The parties into which this nation was divided, were temporal or spiritual; and the temporal parties were especially two, the one royalists, the other republicans, each of which asserted their different causes, either out of prudence or ignorance, out of interest or conscience.

"'I am not ill enough to need doctors, Madam,' returned the man.

And on the twenty-first day of my life, as I was being christened, the priest said to my mother, "You should indeed be happy, Madame, that your son was born a Christian."

The usual prophecy for curbing arrogant youth on these occasions is the sure prediction that he will come a smash. As a matter of fact, it is extraordinarily rare for a man who has conquered the initial difficulties of success in money-making, if his work is honest, to come to disaster. None the less, if the young man hears these "ancestral voices prophesying war," and shivers a little in his bed at night, he will be none the worse for the cold douche of doubt and enmity.

40. Time and Space

118

Yet so it is. Day has gone--the song and glamour and swoop of wings. Slowly, has passed the daily miracle. It is night. But Felicity has not withdrawn; she has but changed her robe for silence, velvet, and the pearl fan of the moon. Everything is sleeping, save only a single star, and the pansies. Why they should be more wakeful than the other flowers, I do not know. The expressions of their faces, if one bends down into the dusk, are sweeter and more cunning than ever. They have some compact, no doubt, in hand.

"Do you mean by that--?" But she also hung fire.

Three o'clock struck, and four, and half-past four, but he did not stir. He was trying to gather up the scarlet threads of life, and to weave them into a pattern; to find his way through the sanguine labyrinth of passion through which he was wandering. He did not know what to do, or what to think. Finally, he went over to the table and wrote a passionate letter to the girl he had loved, imploring her forgiveness, and accusing himself of madness. He covered page after page with wild words of sorrow, and wilder words of pain. There is a luxury in self-reproach. When we blame ourselves we feel that no one else has a right to blame us. It is the confession, not the priest, that gives us absolution. When Dorian Gray had finished the letter, he felt that he had been forgiven.

"Not a bit of it," answered Don Diogo. "They say that if we kill that lad, then they will kill six times as many people of ours."

CHAPTER X.

What then? This at least; if we live in an age of mechanism let us see

to it that we are a race of intelligent mechanics; and if man is to be the Dæmon of a machine let him know the setting of the knives, the rise of the piston, the part that each wheel and rod plays in the economy of the whole, the part that he himself plays, co-operating with it. Then, when he has lived and served intelligently, let us give him of our flocks and of our floor that he may learn to rest in the lengthening shadows until he is called to his work above.

In our case I felt a double responsibility, and this made the anxiety all the more intense. If the institution had been officered by white persons, and had failed, it would have injured the cause of Negro education; but I knew that the failure of our institution, officered by Negroes, would not only mean the loss of a school, but would cause people, in a large degree, to lose faith in the ability of the entire race. The receipt of this draft for ten thousand dollars, under all these circumstances, partially lifted a burden that had been pressing down upon me for days.

"I'd give a bloomin' camomile to know!"

DEAR BOY: I direct this letter to your banker at Venice, the surest place for you to meet with it, though I suppose that it will be there some time before you; for, as your intermediate stay anywhere else will be short, and as the post from hence, in this season of easterly winds is uncertain, I direct no more letters to Vienna; where I hope both you and Mr. Harte will have received the two letters which I sent you respectively; with a letter of recommendation to Monsieur Capello, at Venice, which was inclosed in mine to you. I will suppose too, that the inland post on your side of the water has not done you justice; for I received but one single letter from you, and one from Mr. Harte, during your whole stay at Berlin; from whence I hoped for, and expected very particular accounts.

* * * * *

A little later Pollyanna and the minister descended the hill, hand in hand. Pollyanna's face was radiant. Pollyanna loved to talk, and she had been talking now for some time: there seemed to be so many, many things about the game, her father, and the old home life that the minister wanted to know.

A few days afterwards they went, to find Ellen a very hale old lady. In spite of having brought up a large family of her own, she had the clearest remembrance of apparently every incident of the childhood of "you two young ladies" (so she still called them) as though she had never had any other interest in life.

----, "In memory of J. G. and M. B. Moffet," through Rev. Frank J, Goodwin, for Oklahoma Indian M., 1,000.

August 21st.--Last night I slept like a child of five years old, and had no dreams at all,--unless just before it was time to rise, and I have forgotten what those dreams were. After I was fairly awake this morning, I felt very bright and airy, and was glad that I had been compelled to snatch two additional hours of existence from annihilation. The sun's disk was but half above the ocean's verge when I ascended the ship's side. These early morning hours are very lightsome and quiet. Almost the whole day I have been in the shade, reclining on a pile of sails, so that the life and spirit are not entirely worn out of me. . . . The wind has been east this afternoon,--perhaps in the forenoon, too,--and I could not help feeling refreshed, when the gentle chill of its breath stole over my cheek. I would fain abominate the east-wind, . . . but it persists in doing me kindly offices now and then. What a perverse wind it is! Its refreshment is but another mode of torment.

"Thass all right, Tommy, thass all right. We 're both Irishmen," responded the dramatist.

'GIVE ME TO DRINK' (John iv. 7, 26)

WOOLSTHORPE MANOR.

And to these reproaches what could they reply? Like a child who has in his frolics inadvertently set the house on fire, they could only look contrite, and say they did not mean it. They had simply accepted without criticism the existing order of things, and ranged themselves among those who were officially recognised as "the well-intentioned." If they had always avoided the Liberals, and perhaps helped to persecute them, it was simply because all "well-intentioned" people said that Liberals were "restless" and dangerous to the State. Those who were not convinced of their errors simply kept silence, but the great majority passed over to the ranks of the Progressists, and many endeavoured to redeem their past by showing extreme zeal for the Liberal cause.

[7] Having already spoken of Swammerdam, I shall give a brief extract from the celebrated Dr. Boerhaave's memoir of this wonderful naturalist, which should put to the blush, if any thing can, the arrogance of those superficial observers who are too wise in their own conceit, to avail themselves of the knowledge of others.