

## BILL AND CLARENCE.

Nye Says His Valet Likes Him Because He Is a Good Provider.

An Answer to Sir Edwin Arnold's Description of American Scenery.

Copyright, 1893, by Edgar W. Nye.  
No. 3, HAZELWOOD MANIONS, SUTTON COURT ROAD, NEAR KINGS HIGHWAY, CLAREMONT, WEST CENTRAL, ENGLAND, Oct. 28, 1893.

The above was my address for a week, but now I have changed it. I also turned it inside out and cut off one of the flounces in the back. I am now living near Buckingham palace, where the Queen lives at. I go over every day to see how her lawn is doing. I told her gardener that I had just gone through the business and could give her points, so he and I are planting the lawn places on her lawn. The weather has been so dry, every one says, that lawns have all



I LET HIM HAVE WITH ME.

suffered. Still it doesn't seem to be so blistering dry to me. I have never allowed myself to be five minutes from my umbrella since I came, and the poor creature sweeps who keep the mud off so one can get on the other side with my sympathy and keep me out of change. In fact, instead of changing flags I am "changing sovereigns," in the language of a Texan whom I met on this side.

Clarence, my valet, is still with me. He points out what I ought to eat and then eats it. I certainly never saw a man with such a groping for food, such a yearning for groceries, cereals and endogenous asparagus.

He took a vacation the other day and went into the country about eight or ten miles, which simply takes me into a mudflat part of London, but he came home to his master, and after eating us out of house and home returned to his place.

It is very hard for an American gentleman to know how to treat a valet. I've had Clarence two weeks now, and all he has done so far was to be a paltry fellow for a sumpster that had escaped me. He said he could shave me when I engaged him, and he could if I did not regret it so after he did it. He got me in a chair, upholstered with horse hair, cloth, and which I fell out of twice while he was working my face into place by means of my nose, then he shaved me with a razor that was captured during the Crimean war, and I can truly say that Plunk Levi, Palfon avenue, Asheville, North Carolina, U.S.A., in his best nights of genius could not approach Clarence. Plunk might have been as gifted in the matter of torture, but he never had the preceding generations of that sort of thing to help him.

I've a good notion to retire Clarence, for he has got after all a degree of appetite and dignity which make people mistake him for the gentleman of the two. Possibly it's partly, too, because I'm 15 years younger than he and naturally more friskier and debonair.

The second morning after I took these lodgings I did not get my boots and mittens (called above) from the block down stairs, and so I went down myself. The block said that he did not block servants' shoes. He mistook me for Clarence.

A kind Creator gave Clarence dignity to make up for his graving hunger. I let him eat with me, for I actually suffer when I have to eat alone. The kind hospitable Englishman looks out for my dinner, but the breakfasts are especially lonesome without Clarence. He has done valeting for others, among them an American and two Australians. He likes me the best, he says, because I am a better provider. As he sort of directs my diet so that I won't get the gout, which threatened me for 10 days and nights, he makes suggestions which suit him.

For breakfast we take a sole, with a boiled egg, toast, coffee and possibly some liver and bacon, with apollinaris, which is frequence a bottle. Then for lunch at 1:30 we have a beautiful mackerel—not a fossil mackerel, with his boom full of brine, but a tender, blue-eyed mackerel, with a radiant complexion and genuine good feeling. Then a big, juicy steak, with brown gravy. Oh, sir, my eyes, but that steak and that gravy make England look good to me, and I am willing to let bygones be bygones. There is one fine old silicon cheese, with what I used to call a crackler, but now a biscuit. Also celery and Brussels sprouts, with a bottle of Burgundy, because water here is only used externally.

Then at 8:00 we have dinner. I have the name of paying for it and Clarence eats it. It is a fine broiled fish after some anchovies and pea soup. Then a joint and a bird with a bit of Mollie and sweets. Sweets are mostly tarts. I've never eaten one. They look like a medal in paste and gossamer, and I've often that if Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen of Great Britain, Empress of India and Tamer of Ireland would some day while I'm up at her place for dinner decorate me with one

of them, I'm wear it on my breast-forever. I saw Sir Edwin Arnold a few days in Focedilly, and the following day saw a column or two devoted to him in The Telegraph to America, and generally to local songs like the "Swanee River," comparing our local songs with those of the Scotch, the Irish, French, Italian, and so forth. When he says our scenery is "stringy," however, I say that his own is very tart. Here follows Arnold's piece:

"These thoughts come to me, remembering something that happened in a long journey which I took last year between New York and New Orleans, going round by the south and following what is called by enterprising railway advertisers there the 'Sunset route.' Train travelling in the States is wonderfully well organized and fairly comfortable for long trips, but it cannot be said that the average scenery of the great Republic is beautiful or interesting. There is an aspect about the scenery of the States which is not to be defined as 'stringy.' The trees are spindly, the wild growth of woods and wastes is ragged, and even in some of the prettier combinations hideous collections of black and white rocks, and the prospect and make the land seem like a collection of cemeteries in memory of its bygone forests."

"When once you get out of the large and well built towns and cities, the country regions are full of mean and ugly wooden houses made of weather board, and as you go farther south these degenerate into ragged farmhouses, which point upon their roofs the names of patent medicines in staring letters, or negro shanties scarcely more human in appearance than pigsties. South of Washington there are certainly some charming regions under the Blue Ridge, and among the woods of Virginia, and climate and scenery both alter a little for the better when the train crosses into North Carolina, and you run down by Hendersonham and Raleigh, Spartanburg, Columbia and Augusta, through South Carolina."

"The eye, saddened by the absence of furred and feathered life in the desolated rural districts of the North, sees here with pleasure the buzzard and the hawk hovering in the sky, the wild fowl clustering upon the inlets and swamps, and in the forests squirrels and chipmunks playing about, with perhaps a deer or two. The cypress and great white sycamores are a welcome change from the live oak and maple and fir, and the negro population, growing denser, lends an interesting feature to the prolonged journey."

"Further south your train goes 'marching through Georgia,' and you begin to feel the influence of a subtropical latitude in the vegetation and character of the common life. Types of the South—Clarence, my valet, is still with me. He points out what I ought to eat and then eats it. I certainly never saw a man with such a groping for food, such a yearning for groceries, cereals and endogenous asparagus."

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## MARINE MOVEMENTS.

British Columbia Lumber for Far Off South Africa—The "Kinkora" at Callao.

Repairs to the "Princess Louise"—Sailers Prepare for Sea.

The first of the San Francisco sailing fleet got away on Sunday, the schooner Edward in Webster starting the season three weeks in advance of last year's. She will be followed by the new schooner Winchester, which takes her maiden trip in command of Captain Frank Johnson, formerly in the navy. The Winchester is a beautiful craft 112 feet long and 24 feet 8 inches beam; is high out of the water, and ought to be a sailer. The Victoria schooners Mary Taylor and the Dan are being overhauled preparatory to their sailing cruises, and they with many others, will leave for the Japan coast in a few days.

The repairs to the C. P. N. S. steamer Princess Louise, which is lying alongside Spratt's wharf, are still in progress and will be for several weeks to come. Her decks were badly shored up and being repaired and made good, and her hull, which was repaired externally while the vessel was in the dock, is now being repaired internally. The steamer's boilers are also receiving attention.

THE "DETROIT" ARRIVES. Bark Detroit, 1,438 tons, Capt. J. Darrah, was on her way from the Port of Townsend to Vancouver on Sunday morning. The Detroit came here in ballast from Honolulu, and is seeking a charter.

LUMBER FOR AFRICA. The American schooner Talbot, now on her way north, has been chartered to load lumber at the Hastings mill for East London, Cape Colony.

THE "KINKORA" AT CALLAO. The British ship Kinkora, which sailed from Vancouver on July 28 with a cargo of lumber for Callao, reached her destination on October 29.

LUMBER VESSELS EN ROUTE. The names of the vessels now on their way up from San Francisco to load lumber at the Hastings mill are as follows: The American ship Bolinas, 1,536 tons, Capt. Peterson, to load lumber for the U.K.; the American bark Snow and Burgess, 1,578 tons, Capt. W. H. Callow, for Santa Rosa, Mexico; the American bark Tomlin, 910 tons, Capt. Lee, for Callao; and the American schooner W. H. Talbot, 776 tons, Capt. Blum, for East London, Cape Colony.

THE AMERICAN BARK BENJAMIN SEWELL was towed from Port Townsend to the Hastings mill on Wednesday, where it will load lumber for the United Kingdom.

AN INDOLENT REPORT. The crew of the steamer Mystery, which returned from Clayoquot yesterday morning, saw nothing of the diabolical which was reported to have been committed by the steamer Maud's crew in the vicinity of Cape Flattery, on Wednesday last. The Mystery brought home from Clayoquot Mr. Dorevans and his party, who had been passing a big sailing vessel off the Cape on her way in; the vessel was flashing a red light—the signal for a tug.

ALL the salmon which is to be brought down from the Fraser river canneries for the backs now loading at the outer wharf has been taken in by the steamer R. P. Risher has been laid up, probably for the winter season, as her running time for this year in salt water has expired. There is some talk of a steamer coming from the North on the steamer Dakota.

ROYAL ANNIVERSARIES. LONDON, Nov. 10.—The church bells are ringing merrily and flags are flying over England and Scotland and Wales. It is the second birthday of Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, and the future king of England.

In the telegrams of congratulation that poured into Marlborough house this morning all the crowned heads of Europe, the Presidents of the French republic and the numerous ambassadors of Great Britain to foreign powers were represented. The following day also discovered as other. It had not near the right temple. Yesterday's gray hair had been upon the left. If she must grow old a virgin Providence at least intended that she should grow old symmetrically, in perfect form to the end. Then, as she swept the long wings of black around in front of her, she discerned another. This nettled her. She carefully separated it from the wealth of surrounding black and fingered it to its source at the top—just at the very top of her well shaped head. But she was now growing old. She would have minded these tokens had they been reasonable gifts from Father Time. But 40 is not old.

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## WE'VE MET BEFORE.

We've met before! Purchase we have. Who knows? In mystic space, where happy spirits stray, Can be to love, whose taintless river flows From founts eternal, where there's no repaying, For glints of joy by debts of doubled woes.

We've met before! I knew your voice, and something in me rose And went straight out to meet and greet you, saying, 'I've missed you long.' Such welcome almost shows

We've met before! And now my life, which hitherto was prosed, Seems cast where poet saints are gone—A May-glow.

For each twin stemmed bud of thought that blows Expands beneath the truth that o'er it glows

The truth I feel in sleeping, waking, praying— We've met before! —London Gentleman.

A SPINSTER.

She became a spinster 27 years ago. Thus fate decreed it.

Young men had become afflicted with a passion for Caroline—war-time gallants, three decades back. But before their months had caught courage from their eyes or their arms had acted out the convictions of their silences, they had received her unspoken "No." Her proud bearing was part of nature's gift, and in part it was a screen for her timidity. The mask was too deceptive, had Caroline but known it. Her lovers fell away one by one, from a fortress that only seemed invulnerable.

When this troop of cowards had yielded, there had stepped forward a man of courage, of broad mental compass. Though young, he had served his country—not alone passively, but actively, in battle, a private at first. He had fought bravely, and when graduated from the school of war had an ugly scar on his left arm to show for it. He was almost ashamed of it—so slight. The same bullet had killed a comrade near by. He had ambitions noble, strong. He had a will of iron, energies unflagging. He possessed, besides a fine physique, the sufficient physical backing to uphold him in his exploits. He was persistent in love as in elbowing his way forward among his fellowmen. He loved Caroline.

She had often analyzed her feelings toward him. She knew his love was honest. She approved his perseverance, and yet, when he demanded an answer, she had said "no." Later she had repeated it—"No." Still he was obstinate. Then had come that farewell moment when he was about departing for broader fields to give his ambitious play.

"Answer me! Answer me finally!" he had demanded. At that critical moment she had admired his manner. He had given no indication of a lack of hope. She had hesitated an instant. A demented film had overspread her eyes. And then, controlling her nerves, she had answered: "Forever, Mr. Hadon, no!"

Her eyes had looked into his an instant, and then upon the ground. The agony that she suffered on the porch there together had been of brief moment.

"I go now," he had said, and left her. She had never called him by his given name, but, as he passed through the gateway these words had almost escaped her: "I do love you, John! Come back!" The words were never spoken. That was the instant in which Caroline became a spinster.

When she reflected upon what she had done, she was half regretful. After all, that which had deterred her from accepting him was only a whim of her own. He was handsome? Yes. He was manly. Without a doubt? He possessed for her a certain fascination, but— with a leap, that to the whole world except herself was unaccountable, her thoughts went back to the ugly nurse she had had in her infancy. She shuddered as she beheld them, as clearly as 20 years previous, the aged hag lowering at her, ogling her through those wary spectacles. How she had wondered if she appeared distorted in the distorted eyes of Hannah!

But those were tiny cares, childish compared to the worries of the present moment to which her mind returned. Undoubtedly another man would love her exactly like him, except—Caroline had rested her elbows upon her knees, her face in her hands and was weeping. Her reverie had presently taken a more practical turn. How could she tell her father and mother that he had gone, and that which had deterred her from accepting him was only a whim of her own. He was handsome? Yes. He was manly. Without a doubt? He possessed for her a certain fascination, but— with a leap, that to the whole world except herself was unaccountable, her thoughts went back to the ugly nurse she had had in her infancy. She shuddered as she beheld them, as clearly as 20 years previous, the aged hag lowering at her, ogling her through those wary spectacles. How she had wondered if she appeared distorted in the distorted eyes of Hannah!

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