

## COMPLETENESS.

Because it is fair, shall the rosebud keep  
Its possible loveliness folded up?  
Would you have the pride of the forest sleep  
For fear of spoiling the acorn cup?

Nay. The bud has dreams of the perfect flower;  
The acorn thrills with divine unrest;  
The bud must blossom when comes its hour—  
The acorn follow its high behest.

True, they do perish. 'Tis ever so.  
This law unerring all nature knows.  
The bud and the acorn are slain; but lo!  
The pride of the forest, and lo! the rose.

## THE GENESIS OF GENIUS.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

Shakespeare and Newton, and Clive and Hampden, and even Henry VIII., have done much to make England just what she is for good and for evil; but the ordinary law-loving, stubborn, hard-headed, solid, energetic Englishman has done a great deal more. What we English now are we owe a little to William the Norman and Henry the Angevin, to Cromwell and to Wellington, to Wickliffe and to Wesley, to Darwin and to Spencer; but we owe it a great deal more to the nameless pirates who peopled Kent and East Anglia, to the hunted Celts who hung on to life and liberty in Wales and Cornwall, to the unknown weomen and artisans of the Middle Ages, to the forgotten Puritans, the buried merchants, the manufacturers and inventors and toilers of later times. What you Americans now are you owe in part to those noble men who gave you your constitution, and to those great workers and soldiers who preserved the Union; but you owe a thousand times more—you above every nation upon earth—to the average American citizen, and to his predecessors, the average colonists of the older days, and the average European settler of the present time. After Mr. Galton there is little need to demonstrate that great men themselves are but slight deviations from a general level of intelligence or taste, just as fools are slight deviations on the other side. Except in a generally mechanical race, you will not find a Watt or an Edison; except in a generally literary race, you will not find a Shakespeare or a Goethe; except in a generally æsthetic race, you will not find a Lionardo or a Beethoven. We never see an in-born Raphael at Memphis discovering all the laws of perspective offhand; we never see an original Channing or Howard springing at once into existence amongst the head-hunting Dyaks; we never see an incongruous Newton hitting suddenly upon the law of gravitation in some Zulu village. The great problem for our solution is this: How did Athens, or Rome, or mediæval Italy, attain its general character? and then we can easily answer the further question, how did they turn out from time to time a Plato, a Pompeius, or a Michelangelo?

Every race possesses a certain mean of character, intellectual, emotional, moral and æsthetic. From this mean variations arise in every particular on either side; and how they arise we shall inquire further on. But for the present it is sufficient to point out that the variations always bear a certain general proportion to the mean; they seldom very largely deflect from it in either directions, and never very largely in the direction of higher or increased powers. The average Englishman has a certain fairly fixed moral, intellectual, and æsthetic nature. Even our deviating are not extreme. A bad Englishman is not usually a cannibal, like the Fijians; a stupid Englishman is not, as a rule, unable to count five, like the Bushman; a Philistine Englishman does not habitually beat a tom-tom or smear himself with putrid fat, like the Hottentots. On the other hand, our upward variations are likewise in a certain proportion to our mean. Even a Darwin or a Spencer stands at a comparatively measurable distance from the average run of our naturalists and philosophical thinkers; even Mr. Morris and Sir Frederick Leighton are in the same category with our average water color painters and decorative artists. We shall, I hope, see reason hereafter to think that these exceptional individuals are traceable to the convergence of certain special lines of descent; and as such convergences must, on an average, occur, in a settled number of births, a settled number of times, it may fairly be said that the exceptions are necessary products of the mean. And as only, but with the average men of each such exception vary only within modest limits—as the exceptional Hottentots and Digger Indians are at bottom Hottentots and Digger Indians still, while the Platos and Cæsars and Schillers are at bottom Hellenes, or Romans, or Germans still—it may be fairly said to follow that whatever accounts for the mean accounts for the variations as well. For this reason it seems to me that the geographical Hellas—to take a concrete example—not only produced the average Athenians and Syracusans, but also equally produced the Aristotles and Euclids and Archimedes whom the prior existence of the average Athenian and Syracusan alone made possible. *Atlantic Monthly.*

**BROILED TRIPE.**—Cut up honey-comb tripe into pieces from three to four inches wide; rub a little oil or melted butter over them, dredge them in flour, and broil over a charcoal fire; and squeeze a little lemon-juice over each piece, and serve. Never broil tripe over a hard-coal fire; the gases arising from the coal spoil the flavor of the tripe, making it indigestible and unpalatable.

## THE CASE OF ELIZA BLEYLOCK.

SHERWOOD BONNER IN "HARPER'S."

Captain James Peters, riding home from a raid into the moonshine counties stopped at Jared's store, and asked for a drink. A jug was taken from the shelf, and a finger's-length of clear yellow whiskey poured out.

"No moonshine in this sto', you see, Captain," remarked Mr. Jared.

"Humph!" and the Captain's keen eyes glanced toward the loungers in and about the store. "Reckon if I took a notion, I could unearth some moonshine, an' spot some moonshiners not fur off."

"Captain, you mustn't be so suspicious." "Suspicious! Reckon I shouldn't earn my pay 'f I wasn't. S'picion's mighty good thing for a man-hunter. My game's shy. But I've my eye on mo' than knows of me. Some folks'll find thar b'ilers smashed when they dunno I'm aroun'."

Silence. Some of the young men shrugged their shoulders. One drawled out at last that he "didn't know as anybody keered three jumps of a louse fur Jim Peters or his threat-enin's."

"Come, come," said a cunning-looking old man; "don't let's have no words. We're all peaceful folks, Captain, in this here settlement—powerful peaceful. Ter be sho', we don't like nobody a-foolin' round our business. We come from Carliny more'n a hundred ye's ago, an' here we've lived peaceful an' orderly ever sence—a-livin' an' a-dyin' an' a-marryin' an' a-breedin'—"

"An' a-learnin' th' use of th' shot-gun," interrupted Dick Oscar, quietly.

"I'm a Tennessean man myself," said Captain Peters, "an' I ruther think I know how 't use a shot-gun. An' I've got a rifle—that's a sixteen-shooter."

There was a general movement of interest. "Let's have a look at it, Captain."

"It don't go out o' my hand. But you can look much's you please. Ain't she a beauty, now?" They crowded around, patting and praising the gun as if it were human. And there was a general murmur of assent when old man Welch exclaimed, "Ain't it a pity, boys, ter see such a rifle as that throwed away on a damned gov'ment officer?"

Captain Peters only laughed. He was very good-humoured, this mountain terror, except when as they would say, his blood was up. Then it was as safe to meet a starving tiger.

"Seems to me 's if the Captain had somethin' on his mind," remarked Mrs. Riggs that same evening.

The Riggs' lived at Bloomington, and the Captain and his family were paying them a visit, preparatory to settling in the same place. Mrs. Riggs was a bustling young woman, "born in quite another part of the State," as she would tell you, with an air; "no mopin' blood in me." She was the third wife of her husband—a sanctimonious old chap, with his long white beard, the ends of which he used to assist meditation, as a cow chews its cud.

"James Riggs," his wife had said, when he courted her, "it's my opinion you talked them two previous women to death; but if you get me, mark one thing, you'll get your match." And he had.

The Riggs' were extremely sensible of the honour of having Captain Peters in their house. Dom Pedro and Cetywayo rolled into one could not have been watched with more solicitude. Had not his name been in every paper in the Union, and his portrait in a New York journal? That the eyes of the nation were fixed upon him, Peters himself did not doubt; and it was asserted through the county that he was in close correspondence with the President.

"Jim's been a-broodin'," said Mrs. Peters—a moon-faced woman with dull blue eyes—"ever sence he went inter this business. I've wished time 'n' agin he'd stuck to blacksmithin', for I've suffered a thousan' deaths with him off a waggerin' over the mountains."

"He was called of the Lord," said Mr. Riggs, "and his hand must not be stayed. The iniquity of men shall be put down in the land."

"Ye-es," drawled the Captain, "I'm a-goin' to bust up the stillin' business in Tennessee. But I'm plagued about them Jared boys. I can't catch 'em nohow."

A knock at the door, and a young fellow came in and shook hands eagerly with the Captain. His name was Maddox. Captain Peters had picked him up in Nashville, and employed him "on trial."

"I was jest a-speakin' of the Jareds," he said. "I'm pretty sure they've got a still somewhere. They look me in the eye too powerful innocent to be all right. Now I've got a notion in my head—if I only had anybody I could trust—" Maddox drew himself up, alert, watch-trustful as a listening sentinel. "What can't be done one way, must be done another," said Captain Peters, slowly.

"And rightly you speak," said Mr. Riggs, as he spat out his beard; "it's the Lord's work, an' be done it must, with every weeping known to man."

"I knew it! I knew it, Captain!" cried Mrs. Riggs. "I knew you had somethin' on your mind. You're a schemin' somethin' great. I see it in your eye."

It remained in the Captain's eye, as far as Mrs. Riggs was concerned, for the Captain took Mr. Maddox out of doors, where they talked in whispers, and Mrs. Riggs berated her lord for having driven them away with his tongue.

A few days later, a pedlar stopped at Bleylock's and asked for a drink of water. Old mother Bleylock sent Eliza to the spring for a fresh bucketful, and the peddler, after refreshing himself opened his pack.

"Pears 's if we outghtn't ter trouble you," she said, "cause we can't buy a pin's wuth."

"Jest for the pleasure ma'am," said the gallant peddler.

The pack was opened, and three pairs of eyes grew big with delight.

"F you'll wait till par comes, I'll make him buy me that collar," said Janey, the younger of the Bleylock girls.

"P'raps Dick Oscar'd buy you a present 'f he was here," suggested Eliza.

"If 'tain't makin' too free, I'd like to say I admire Dick Oscar's taste," said the peddler, with an admiring glance.

"Janey responded with, 'Oh! you hush!' and a toss of her head; and old mother Bleylock said, 'The boys most generally always paid Janey a good deal 'f attention.'"

She possessed a bold prettiness, this mountain pink. Brown-skinned, black-eyed, red-lipped, and a way of dropping her head on her swelling neck, and looking mutiny from under her heavy brows. Eliza was a thin slip of a girl, with a demure but vacant look in her blue eyes, and a shy, nervous manner.

"I'll tell you the truth, ma'am," remarked the peddler to the mother, "you could take these girls o' yours to Nashville, an' people in th' streets would follow them for their good looks. An' that's Heaven's own truth. All yo' family, these two?"

"Lor no; I've got three boys."

"All at home farmin', I s'pose?"

"Yaas."

"Long road to take their crops to market."

"I ain't never heard no complaint."

"Now 'bout these goods o' mine," said the peddler; "if you could put me up for a few days, we might make a trade. I'm 's tired 's a lame horse, and wouldn't want nuthin' better'n to rest right here."

"I'd like nuthin' better'n to take you. But th' ain't no use sayin' a word till pa gets home. He ain't no hand fur strangers."

"Well, I won't be a stranger longer'n I can help," said the agreeable peddler. "My name's Pond, Marcus Pond—Nashville boy; but a rollin' stone, you know. I've peddled books an' sewin'-machines, an' no end of a lot of traps generally. Fond o' travel, you see; but jest's steady as old Time. Never drink when I travel; promised my mother I wouldn't."

"Tis a good thing," said mother Bleylock, with energy. "I do despise to see a fuddled man. Whiskey ain't fit fur nuthin's but ter fatten hogs on."

Father Bleylock came home, and beyond a stare and a silent nod, took little notice of the peddler. He was a tall man, thin, taciturn, and yellow, and with a neck so small that his head presented the appearance of being stuck on with a pin.

He lighted his pipe, and after a soothing interval of smoking, "Peddler'd like to stop over a period," said his wife.

"Puff, puff. 'Don't see any objection. Puff, puff."

And a gentle hilarity agitated the bosoms that yearned over the peddler's pack.

Mr. Pond, as he had promised, soon ceased to be a stranger. The old man discoursed on the grievances of taxes, and the old woman, after the manner of mothers, talked about her daughters.

"My gals is eddicated," she would say—"been over t' Cookville months an' months a-schoolin'. But, lor! thar's some folks you can't weed the badness out'n, an' Janey's a spit-fire, she is. Seems 's if Dick Oscar wants to have her, but he acts kinder curious about it—blow hot, blow cold. Dunno. Now Lizzy is different. Can't tell why, less'n 'tis that I went to camp-meetin' an' perferred a while befo' she was born. Somehow she's always been delicater an' quieter like 'n any of my children."

The Bleylock boys, easy, rollicking fellows, treated the peddler very much as if he had been a harmless though unnecessary cat about the house, and were surprised when Dick Oscar, dropping in one evening, informed them that they were a pack of fools for "takin' in a stranger so free and easy."

"Why, I ain't paid no more attention to th' man 'n if he'd been a preacher," said Sam Bleylock; "seem 's if th' ain't no harm t' him."

"He's a very God-fearin' man," said Eliza, softly, "an' a powerful reader o' the Bible."

"F you'll take my say so, you'll git quit of him," said Dick Oscar.

"He's got such beautiful taste!" said mother Bleylock. "It's a good 's goin' to th' city to look at his things."

"I see he's been a-dressing you up," said Oscar, with a sneer at the new ribbons the girls wore round their necks.

Janey sprang up. Her face reddened. In an instant she had torn off the ribbon, and stamped her foot on it. "That's how much I care for him an' his ribbons!" she cried.

"Don't fly quite off the handle," said Mr. Oscar, coolly. Evidently he shared her mother's opinion that Miss Janey was a spitfire.

Poor Janey! She had hoped to please her lover by the scorn of the peddler's gift, but she was coming to the conclusion that he was a hard man to please. She was a passionate young animal, and she had thrown herself into his arms with a readiness that robbed herself of her graces. He liked to sting and stroke her alternately, and was about as unsatisfactory a lover

as Janey could have found on the Cumberland. But she liked him, saw with his eyes, thought with his thoughts. Naturally she turned against the peddler, and from this time set herself to watch him.

The harmless young man in the meantime was doing what he could. He wandered about the country, selling such little things as the people could buy, "pumping" the Bleylock boys, and making love to the Bleylock girls. The pumping process was rewarded with about as much success as would attend fishing for a soul through the eye of a skeleton. In the love-making there was more hope.

Janey was accessible to flattery, and encouraged him with little looks of fire. But there was something in her eyes he did not trust, and he was a wary man, the peddler. Besides, she slapped his face when he tried to kiss her. But he soon grew to believe that Eliza—simple, unconscious, serious—would be as clay in his hands.

Chance favoured Miss Janey. She was bathing one warm day, in the creek that ran out from the spring, when she saw Eliza and the peddler coming, like Jack and Jill, to fetch a pail of water. Being naked, Janey could not get away; but she slid along to a cool inlet overhung with tree branches, and so hidden, waited for them to do their errand. Of course they stopped to talk.

"That pink ribbon becomes your black hair mightily," said the peddler.

"Eliza blushed. 'We're just country girls, you know, Mr. Pond; we don't have many pretty things. Seems 's if the boys don't have any money left after buyin' the sugar an' flour an' molasses an' things.'"

"Meat, I s'pose," said the practical peddler.

"No; we raise our own meat. Pa has a powerful lot o' hogs."

"So!"

"But I expect you don't take much interest in country life, Mr. Pond?"

"Why, my dear"—and Mr. Pond slipped his arm around Eliza—"I'd like the best in the world to settle down in a country just like this. A fellow gets tired trampin' about. But I'd want two things to make me happy."

Eliza looked at him with happy confidence.

"First, a little wife 'at was gentle in her ways, an' a good religious girl, an' one with black hair to set off the pink ribbons I'd buy for her, an' a fleet foot, and a red mouth."

Here Mr. Pond came to a full stop with a kiss.

"And the other thing?" with a bright blush. The peddler grew practical again. "Well, it's nothin' more'n some way to make a livin'."

Now, say I married a sweet girl up the Cumberland, and made a little crop. It's too far to get it to the market. I might turn it into whiskey, but lately gov'ment's turned meddler, an' is a-breakin' stills right an' left through the country."

"They do hide 'em sometimes," said Eliza, in a half-whisper, "so't a blood-hound could hardly scent 'em. An' a very good business it is, an' the hogs live on the mash."

"Do you know of any such stills, my little darlin'?"

But she drew back a little. "Ef I do know of any," she said, "I've promised not to tell of 'em."

"Not to the man as is going to be your husband?"

"Not to him until he is my husband." And blushing, but resolute, Eliza filled her pail, and started for the house.

Under the water Janey clinched her hands. "Dick was right," she thought; "and I see his game. He's a spy, and Eliza's a fool."

She knew that she had heard enough to justify her lover in his suspicions, enough to put them all on their guard. A passionate exultation fired her blood as she thought of the service she should render Dick Oscar, his praise, the reward of his rude kisses.

But, alas for Janey! something had ruffled her sweetheart's temper when next they met. Before she could approach the subject of which she was full, stinging words had passed between them.

"Dick," said Janey, hoarsely, "d'ye mean that you're goin' back from your word, that you ain't a-going to marry me?"

"Marry h—ll!" said Mr. Oscar. And he walked off.

"I want to speak t' you," said Janey that night to the peddler. "Can you get up in th' morning befo' th' folks is stirrin'?"

"Of course I can, when it's to meet a gal like you."

Privately he wondered at her pallor and lurid eyes.

Morning came. As the stars were drowsily getting out of the sun's way, Janey and the peddler met by the spring.

"You needn't lie to me," said she, harshly. "I've found you out. You're up the Cumberland spyin' for wild-cat stills. I'll take you to one."

"But, my dear, is this a trap? I'm nothin' but a poor harmless peddler."

"Come, then, my harmless peddler," said the girl, with a sneer, "an' I'll show you somethin' t' make your mouth water."

She struck through the woods, and he followed, alternately blessing and wondering at his luck. What thread led her he knew not. Fallen logs lay in the way, thickets opposed, foliage dense as the massed green in Dewing's "Morning" hid all signs of path, but on she went, easily as if she were illustrating the first line of prepositions in Lindley—above, around, amidst, athwart obsta-