

Memoires of Late Duke of Argyll:

Reviewed by T. P. O'Connor, M. P.

FROM T.P.'S WEEKLY.

One of the stories told by the Duke of Argyll in his "Passages from the Past" reminds me of a remark of the Duke of Wellington recorded, I think, by the great surgeon, Sir Astley Cooper. "The French," he said, "having first robbed each other, overran Europe to rob it." At a party at Stafford House, writes the Duke of Argyll, "Wellington and his great opponent, Soult, were both present. The Duke of Sutherland, the owner of Stafford House, had some fine pictures by Murillo, which had been sold at Paris, and purchased by him. The two finest of these pictures, if not all of them, were part of the loot Soult had taken from Madrid, 'The Reception of the Angels, by Abraham,' and 'The Prodigal Son,' both magnificent pictures, were placed in the gallery at Stafford House. Wellington himself showed Soult his one-time spoil.

A HERO AT HOME.

Here is a delightful story the Duke tells of the father of the hero of the Indian mutiny, Lord Clyde: "Yet another ancient warrior was often seen in my people's houses. This was Sir Colin Campbell, afterwards Lord Clyde. He always considered himself to be my father's clansman, although his father's name was 'MacLaver,' a man of the island of Mull, where in a village called Bunnass, his father lived to see his son famous. I want to ask a favor of you, Mr. Campbell, he said, one day, to the local factor. 'Yes, MacLaver, what can I do for you?' 'Well, it's just this, said the old man. I hear that Colin is coming back from India now that the mutineers are all beaten by the boy, and Colin, when he was here, he was a bit of a hero here soon—will he be able to get what he liked doing at home. He was a good fender, Mr. Campbell, of shooting the hoolie crabs along the shore, and I want you to lend me a gun to give Colin to shoot crabs along the shore.' 'Certainly, Mr. MacLaver,' if Lord Clyde will honor me by accepting a gun from me I shall be too happy to accommodate him."

TENNYSON AND QUEEN VICTORIA.

It is amusing to find Queen Victoria's son-in-law recording this conversation with Tennyson: "He was glad to hear that the Queen liked his new volume. 'Well,' he said in his sonorous, slow, musical bass voice, 'I have given a good account of her in that volume; but the newspapers don't seem to like my rhymes—say they are bad. I live in terror of any of the Queen's family marrying and of hearing from her that she hopes I will write something. I have no news of that kind yet, but I live in terror of it.' This with a solemnly shy wink."

TENNYSON AND LONGFELLOW.

"Longfellow," writes the duke, "came out of a side room and welcomed us warmly, and I was much pleased with a commission he gave me almost as soon as we sat down. Going to his drawer and opening it he brought out a fine Indian peace pipe of the famous redstone, which is much like the Rosso Antico marble of Italy. It is shaped a little in the form of a tomahawk, and ornamented with some rough, white steel or iron work. This pipe he polished. The pipe he asked me to give Tennyson with his love and admiration," saying he had never seen him personally, but knew him from his works. I told him I should make a special pilgrimage to Freshwater to give it to Tennyson in person. Tennyson liked the American poet's works, and greatly valued his pipe, which he kept beside him in his study to the last."

QUEEN VICTORIA AGHAST!

"We went to see the Queen," says the duke in his account of his Eton days. "She was in the long corridor upstairs. There was a lady with her. She was very kind, and she laughed a good deal at what we said. She asked me what form I was in, and she then asked Archie. Archie answered, 'Non-

PAIN OVER THE EYES.

Headache and Catarrh Relieved in 10 Minutes.

That dull, wretched pain in the head just over the eyes is one of the surest signs that the seeds of catarrh have been sown, and it's your warning to administer the quickest and surest treatment to prevent the seeding of this dreaded malady. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder will stop all pain in ten minutes, and cure.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment soothes all skin diseases. 35 Cents. Sold by Callard & McLachlan.

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Miss C. M. Woodcock, Kimbrough, Ont., writes: "For some time I suffered from a lingering cough. I was afraid it would turn to consumption, and, as I had tried many remedies and found no cure I asked my father to get me a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. When I had taken that bottle I was so much better I got three more, and I am now completely cured."

Most Ungallant of Papers

THE "BACHELOR" OF PRAGUE AIMS TO EMANCIPATE MEN.

Its Programme Is the Enlightenment of Youths as to Women's Wiles—Agitation for Asylums for the Resolutely Single That Will Compete With the Home.

Czech journalism has enriched the world with a novelty. *Mladence* (the Bachelor), published in Prague, is a weekly newspaper which promotes the emancipation of man from slavery to femininity. Incidentally it attacks the new woman movement and arranges the girls and women of the period as incompetents in their proper sphere, and insolent and tyrannical in the one that they have usurped.

THE GHOST OF A BATTLE.

I find in these "Passages from the Past" an appropriate sequel to the story I once told in "Anecdotes" of the vindictive ghost of Major Campbell of Inverawe's brother, which, because the major would not violate his oath to protect his men, he was warned him. "We shall meet Ticonderoga," this strange word haunted the major while he was with his regiment in Canada, and when he and his son fell at the storming of St. Louis he died with his eyes fixed on the place Ticonderoga, and not St. Louis. I know it, for I have seen my brother's spirit. And, indeed, "Ticonderoga" is the Indian name of the place. The duke has told this story at length, and on the very day this story occurred Sir R. Hart happened to be walking with two friends in the vicinity of Inverawe Castle, when a bright light in the sky attracted their attention, and they distinctly saw as a mirage, the reflection of Highland troops, evidently engaged in storming some place. At the same instant the two Miss Campbells of Ederch, when walking in the park, saw the same vision, and asserted that among the familiar faces of those they saw were Inverawe and his son.

It is a well-known fact that when many months later the news of the death of Inverawe and his son reached the Miss Campbells, as well as the inhabitants of Inverawe, were already mourning their dead with the certainty born of that summer night vision.

When Postage Burdened the Poor

THE FIRST PENNY POST WENT INTO OPERATION IN ENGLAND IN 1840—BIOGRAPHY OF SIR ROWLAND HILL.

A book which should have a very wide appeal is "Sir Rowland Hill: The Story of a Great Reform," told by his daughter, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, once wrote to an American friend to urge the adoption of "our penny postage, as the most successful revolution since the glorious French Revolution." The author, being of course, to the three days of July, 1839.

IN THE OLD DAYS.

What we owe to the creator of penny postage may, perhaps, be best judged by glancing at the disastrous state of things prior to its introduction. "Under the old system the letters of the unprivileged classes were rated, primarily, according to the distance traveled, though not necessarily the distance actually separating writer and recipient. Because, although before 1840 railways existed, no close network of lines covered our land, providing, as it does today, direct and plentiful means of inter-communication; and therefore the postoffice, to suit its own convenience, often obliged some of its mail matter to perform very circuitous routes, thereby not only retarding delivery, but rendering still greater the already great variability of rates."

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THE IRON DUKE.

A very much less enthusiastic supporter was the Iron Duke, who "did not believe that reduced rates of postage would encourage the soldiers in foreign or colonial service, and the home officer than before; and in the earlier part of his speech drew so doleful a picture of the state of our national finances, and of the danger likely to occur to the country, that lowering of the duty, that the anxious listener—who, by Lord Melbourne's wish, was in the House—seated on the steps of the throne, feared he was about to witness the slaughter of the scheme for which he and others had worked so strenuously. But Lord Duncannon, observing the downcast countenance, came up and kindly whispered, 'Don't be alarmed; he is not going to oppose us.'"

THE FIRST PENNY POST LETTER.

Jan. 10, 1840, the day on which the now familiar penny post came into operation, was a great day for England. Many people addressed letters of thanks to Sir Rowland Hill. "The first penny post letter," writes the duke, "was sent under the new system is said to have been Mr. Samuel Lines, of Birmingham, Rowland Hill's former postmaster, whose portrait hangs in the art gallery of the city. He was warmly attached to his ex-pupil, who in turn held the old man in high esteem and maintained an occasional correspondence with him till the artist's death. Determined that in Birmingham no one should get the penny letter, he wrote to my father a letter of congratulation, and waited outside the postoffice till at midnight the 5th a clock rang out the last stroke of the day. He handed in the letter and the copper fee, and laconically remarked, 'A penny, I believe.' Readers will find many more dates of before and after in the biography of Sir Rowland Hill. T. P.'s Weekly.

A GOOD JOB.

"The late Frederick McNally of our well-known publishing firm once had occasion," said a Chicago lawyer, "to consult me about an infringed copyright."

A BURDEN ON THE POOR.

But on the really poor this postal usury weighed terribly. "One poor woman," says the author, "after struggling for several weeks to make up the money to redeem a longed-for letter from her grand-daughter in London, went at last to the local office with the shilling which a pitying lady gave her, which she had been saving for weeks, and returned to town. She never received it. Another poor woman begged a local postmaster's daughter to accept a spoon by way of pledge till the ninepence charged upon a letter awaiting payment at the office could be raised. A laboring man declined an eightpenny letter because the price meant one loaf the less for his other children."

BROUGHAM'S SUPPORT.

As all the world knows, Sir Rowland Hill's bill for penny postage met with considerable opposition, but among his staunch supporters was Lord Brougham.

"It is good, fresh game you bring, my dear, and your price is reasonable; but do you come by these pheasants and hares honestly?"

"Oh, sure, yes, your reverence," the young girl said. "My father is poacher to Lord Clare."—Washington Star.

HOW THE SCRAP STARTED.

Jones stepped on Smith's favorite corn, and of course there was trouble. What Smith needed was Putnam's Corn Extract—that remedy for corns and warts that cures in twenty-four hours. Putnam's is the old stand-by.

The Conversation; a Domestic Drama

BY DOROTHY DIX.

Dramatis Personae.

Mrs. Garber Enamored of the sound of her voice
Mrs. Graham An also ran talker

SCENE—Mrs. Graham's drawing-room, a happy blending of Louis Quinze and Grand Rapids, Mich.

It is the hour of afternoon callers. Mrs. Graham, in a pink and fluffy house-dress, is sitting by the tea table, while Mrs. Garber, in street costume, sits on the edge of her chair, tea cup in hand, with her eyes fixed resolutely on her hostess, and an expression that indicates that she will be heard or die.

Mrs. Garber (with effusion)—Yes, I just said to Mr. Garber that no matter what happened, I just had to come to see you today. I hadn't been here for some time, you know how long, and I just felt that I was a sinner and a shame the way I was treating you, though goodness knows I didn't mean it, for if there's one woman in town whose conversation it is a pleasure and a profit to listen to it is you, and—

Mrs. Garber (without pause)—Yes, that's just what I said to Mr. Garber. I said I must go to see Mrs. Graham today. I feel that I really have neglected her, but what with the care of a house and children, and a husband, and belonging to clubs—and you simply have to keep yourself before the people these times if you don't want to be forgotten—and going in society and really, though I do say it, it shouldn't, you won't say I'm a sinner, but I am simply bound by people who don't seem to think that they can give a dinner or a luncheon without me, though I am sure, as I told Mr. Garber, I don't know why, for there are plenty of women better looking and cleverer than I am who would be glad to go. Of course, he says that he doesn't know where you would find them, but you must allow some partiality for a husband's view, and you know that Mr. Garber is just simply crazy about me. Doesn't know another woman exists in the world, I don't believe. Of course, I know you'll understand how such things are, though you don't go out much, do you? And your husband is downtown a great deal of nights, isn't it?

Mrs. Garber (brilliantly)—I—Mrs. Garber—Yes, that's just what I said to Mr. Garber. I said, it's true that Mrs. Graham is one of those quiet, domestic, home women that never stir away from her own fireside, but she's broad, she's liberal, I can tell it from her conversation, and she'll know how to make allowance for one who is differently situated. And Mr. Garber said—

Mrs. Garber (continuing)—Yes, I was sure so. I knew that was just the way you would feel. And the trouble I have, my dear, with dress-makers. Of course, going out so much as I do, and being so—er—conscious, as it were, I have to have plenty of new frocks. I tell Mr. Garber that goodness knows it isn't because I care for dress, or fashion, or frivolities of that sort, but I feel that I owe it to him to always have on something that at least looks as if it was making money, if he isn't. That's just what I said to him when we went to the Perkins' ball, and he objected to my having Ceelle make me a new gown. I said: "Do you want to ruin your credit? Do you want people to say that you certainly must have got ten hit hard in the street, that you couldn't afford to give your poor, devoted wife a simple little ball gown?" and after a while he saw the force of my argument. I must say this for Mr. Garber, if he is my own husband, he's reasonable. I can always bring him around to my way of thinking, if I just talk long enough. Sometimes it takes hours, and I even have to cry a little, but in the end I always convince him. Don't you find it so with your husband?

Mrs. Graham (stiffly)—I—Mrs. Garber (triumphantly)—I was sure you did. All men, at least all husbands, are cut out of the same bolt of cloth. Of course, before marriage men look different, but, pooh, after they have been married a year they are just as much alike as remnants on the bargain table, and it doesn't make a bit of difference which one you take. That's the reason I always tell my girls, it's so silly to make such a fuss about picking out a husband. Just take the first one you can get your hands on, if he's got a good job, and you can do the rest. But the dressmakers, my dear! These "Ladies' Assassins!" People are always talking about what becomes of the convicts who have served out their term for manslaughter and arson. It's my solemn belief that they all open up tailor shops and dressmaking establishments as soon as they get out. Would you believe, that wretched Ceelle simply duplicated the dress she made for me, and the price she charged for it was the most outrageous thing I ever heard of. Nobody but a woman with an abandoned confidence could have done it. Mr. Garber said that it was a pity she hadn't sent the bill along with the dress the evening of the ball, because it would have saved the price of a marble slab to put over her low, coarse, idea of wit that husbands have?

Mrs. Graham (frantically attempting to get in a word)—I—Mrs. Garber—I quite agree with you, my dear. Husbands, even the best of them, are trying. That's the reason that I always say that a woman who has been married, and had to put up with a man's ways, is sure of heaven, no matter what else she has done. That's the reason I don't bother going to church, except on Easter Sunday and times like that when there is a special music and floral decorations. Not but what I approve of churches. Oh, dear, no! I've seen more people get into society through the church door than ever went in any other way, unless it was by being a wealthy philanthropist coming in on all sort of boards where they met the best people, means that's what the old proverb means about virtue being its own reward, don't you? But I should not say all that to you, for I believe you are a great church worker, aren't you?

Mrs. Graham (with icicles hanging from her voice)—I—Mrs. Garber—Just so, my dear, and

very noble and sweet of you, I am sure, but I came to ask after your little girl, who I heard was sick. Pneumonia, or something of that sort, isn't it? I know how to feel for you, for my little Gwendolyn scratched her finger with a pin last night and I was so uneasy about her that I just telephoned over to the hospital for a trained nurse to come and sit up with her, for you never can tell how those kind of things are going to turn out, and I am afraid of blood poisoning. I knew a man once that got his foot run over by a railroad train, and he died in the greatest agony, and while the cases weren't exactly similar, I just felt like I couldn't take any chances. Of course, I know ordinarily it would have seemed foolish, but my children are such remarkable children. Not at all like other children. They are so temperamental and highly organized, and sensitive, that just the least little thing upsets them. Why, I have known Gwendolyn to scream for four hours without stopping when the doctor wouldn't allow her to eat another piece of candy after she had eaten a pound box, and somehow her digestion seemed affected. And Percy, he's just simply wonderful, but he's a born humorist, and is always playing innocent, little childish pranks, such as putting sticks in his mother's chair, and tying strings that the other boys will fall over, and fixing ink bottles so that they will upset on people, and doing funny little things like that, but would you believe it, we have never been able to find a single school teacher in it that has even a sense of a joke, and general intelligence to appreciate him, and we have just had to move him from one school to another until I should think that we had about exhausted the list of teachers. Isn't that stupid people hire for teachers?

Mrs. Graham (desperately)—I—Mrs. Garber (rising)—Well, I must be going now. I can't tell you how I have enjoyed hearing you talk. As I always say to Mr. Garber, there's nobody whose conversation is so really stimulating and elevating as Mrs. Graham's. I could just listen to her for hours. Well, good-by, dear, I am going to see you again real soon.

Mrs. Graham (faintly)—I—

JOHN R. BOTT

THE ORGANIZER

ONE OF THE FORCES OF THE CHRISTIAN WORLD—A GREAT TRAVELER.

A little over twenty years ago a young man who was a student in one of the Western universities decided to leave the institution in which he was studying and enter Cornell University, at Ithaca, N.Y. His reason for changing was, in part at least, that the religious influences were very strong in the Western institution and not so prominent at Cornell. He had made up his mind to study for the law and did not want the annoyance of constant urging of the claims of the ministry. So he entered Cornell. Soon after beginning work at Ithaca this young man was invited, with other entering students, to attend a meeting held under the auspices of the College Young Men's Christian Association. At this meeting he was led to announce publicly his stand on the side of the Christian and Christian students, and when at that early date he was a man of no half measures he threw himself heartily into Christian work and has become the leader of the Christian students of the world.

John R. Bott is one of the greatest organizers of the Christian world. Some one has said that he possesses in the superlative degree the ability to set others at work while he directs matters and raises the money to carry the enterprise along. When he graduated from Cornell, in 1888, he was offered a professorship there, but declined it and accepted appointment as the student secretary of the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association. At the same time he identified himself with the student volunteer movement, which seeks to enlist students as foreign missionaries. Soon afterward he was instrumental in organizing the World's Student Christian Federation and became its general secretary. Mr. Bott's efforts in Christian work were not confined to the organization of the foreign department of the Y. M. C. A. International Committee, of which he also is the secretary. This Y. M. C. A. department conducts its work in large measure, in educational institutions in unevangelized lands. Students' associations are organized, and built up, and in this work Mr. Bott spends a considerable part of his time traveling about the world.

It is a mystery even to his closest friends how he is able to accomplish so many different things, but those in the world who realize that it comes of many men and women, keeping his own hand on the helm and skillfully guiding the affairs entrusted to him along the path of duty, are not surprised that he is a speaker John R. Bott is in the greatest demand. He has not a magnetic personality; indeed he has been accused of being unapproachable. His power lies in his wonderful use of logic. On the platform or in the pulpit he carries his hearers along from point to point in an argument, and at the close of an address there is no conclusion possible save the one to which he leads. He is one of the favorite preachers at the great universities of the country and is always honored by the closest attention from the student body. His fame is as great abroad as it is at home, so that when he spoke a few years ago at Oxford and at Cambridge both universities on the occasion of his visit, suspended their recitations in order that all the students might have an opportunity to hear him.

A native of New York State, Mr. Bott is now forty-two years of age. Besides his graduation degree from Cornell he has received an honorary degree from Yale University. He has written several books on topics along the lines of his work among students, including "Many pamphlets and booklets which he is officially connected with. He has never studied for the ministry, but has been ordained to preach. His denominational connection is Methodist.

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John R. Bott is one of the greatest organizers of the Christian world. Some one has said that he possesses in the superlative degree the ability to set others at work while he directs matters and raises the money to carry the enterprise along. When he graduated from Cornell, in 1888, he was offered a professorship there, but declined it and accepted appointment as the student secretary of the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association. At the same time he identified himself with the student volunteer movement, which seeks to enlist students as foreign missionaries. Soon afterward he was instrumental in organizing the World's Student Christian Federation and became its general secretary. Mr. Bott's efforts in Christian work were not confined to the organization of the foreign department of the Y. M. C. A. International Committee, of which he also is the secretary. This Y. M. C. A. department conducts its work in large measure, in educational institutions in unevangelized lands. Students' associations are organized, and built up, and in this work Mr. Bott spends a considerable part of his time traveling about the world.

It is a mystery even to his closest friends how he is able to accomplish so many different things, but those in the world who realize that it comes of many men and women, keeping his own hand on the helm and skillfully guiding the affairs entrusted to him along the path of duty, are not surprised that he is a speaker John R. Bott is in the greatest demand. He has not a magnetic personality; indeed he has been accused of being unapproachable. His power lies in his wonderful use of logic. On the platform or in the pulpit he carries his hearers along from point to point in an argument, and at the close of an address there is no conclusion possible save the one to which he leads. He is one of the favorite preachers at the great universities of the country and is always honored by the closest attention from the student body. His fame is as great abroad as it is at home, so that when he spoke a few years ago at Oxford and at Cambridge both universities on the occasion of his visit, suspended their recitations in order that all the students might have an opportunity to hear him.

A native of New York State, Mr. Bott is now forty-two years of age. Besides his graduation degree from Cornell he has received an honorary degree from Yale University. He has written several books on topics along the lines of his work among students, including "Many pamphlets and booklets which he is officially connected with. He has never studied for the ministry, but has been ordained to preach. His denominational connection is Methodist.

Mrs. Garber—Just so, my dear, and

JOHN R. BOTT

THE ORGANIZER

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