

HAVE YOU ESTATES IN SPAIN?

AN ESSAY ON DAY-DREAMING

By George William Curtis

Reader, have you castles in Spain? But who has not? They accrue to every one from the universal longing for an ideal, for the perfect happiness which cannot be realized in an imperfect world. Never have they been more beautifully, more feelingly, described than in the accompanying selection from George William Curtis, himself one of the most attractive personalities in American literature. A native of Rhode Island and for a season a member of the Brook Farm Community, Curtis is best remembered as an active litterateur in New York city, where he edited magazines for many years, during which he also gained national fame as a lecturer. It seems probable that appreciation of Curtis' humor and refinement in his essays excel; they are "what odor is to the tuberose, what poetry is to language." The following from "Prue and I" will illustrate Curtis' best points:

One day as I raised my head from entering some long and tedious accounts in my books, and began to reflect that the quarter was expiring, and that I must begin to prepare the balance-sheet, I observed my subordinate in office, but not in years (for poor old Tibbotom will never see sixty again!), leaning on his hand, and much abstracted.

"Are you not well, Tibbotom?" asked I. "Perfectly, but I was just building a castle in Spain," said he.

I looked at his rusty coat, his faded hands, his sad eye, and white hair for a moment, in great surprise, and then inquired:

"Is it possible that you own property there, too?"

He shook his head silently, and still leaning on his hand, and with an expression in his eye as if he were looking upon the most fertile estate of Andalusia, he went on making his plans; laying out his gardens, I suppose, building terraces for the vines, determining a library with a southern exposure, and resolving which should be the tapestried chamber.

"What a singular whim," thought I, as I watched Tibbotom, and filled up a check for four hundred dollars, my quarterly salary, "that a man who owns castles in Spain should be deputy-bookkeeper at nine hundred dollars a year!"

When I went home I ate my dinner silently, and afterwards sat for a long time upon the roof of the house, looking at my western property, and thinking of Tibbotom.

It is remarkable that none of the proprietors have ever been to Spain to take possession and report to the rest of us the state of our property there. I, of course, cannot go, I am too much engaged. So is Tibbotom. And I find it is the case with all the proprietors. We have so much to detain us at home that we cannot get away. But it is always so with rich men. Prue sighed once as she sat at the window and saw Bourne, the millionaire, the president of innumerable companies, and manager and director of all the charitable societies in town, going by with wrinkled brow and hurried step. I asked her why she sighed.

"Because I was remembering that my mother used to tell me not to desire great riches, for they occasioned great cares," said she.

"They do indeed," answered I, with emphasis, remembering Tibbotom, and the impossibility of looking after my Spanish estates.

Prue turned and looked at me with mild surprise; but I saw that her mind had gone down the street with Bourne. I could never discover if she held much Spanish stock. But I think she does. All the Spanish proprietors have a certain expression. Bourne has it to a remarkable degree. It is a kind of look, as if, in fact, a man's mind were in Spain. Bourne was an old lover of Prue's and he is not married, which is strange for a man in his position.

It is not easy for me to say how I know so much, as I certainly do, about my castles in Spain. The sun always shines upon them. They stand lofty and fair in a luminous, golden atmosphere, a little hazy and dreamy, perhaps, like the Indian summer, but in which no gales blow and there are no tempests. All the sublime mountains, and beautiful valleys, and soft landscape, that I have not yet seen, are to be found in the grounds. They command a noble view of the Alps; so fine, indeed, that I should be quite content with the prospect of them from the highest tower of my castle, and not care to go to Switzerland.

The neighboring ruins, too, are as picturesque as those of Italy, and my desire of standing in the Coliseum, and of seeing the shattered arches of the Aqueducts stretching along the Campagna and melting into the Alban Mount, is entirely quenched. The rich gloom of my orange-groves is gilded by fruit as brilliant of complexion and exquisite of flavor as any that ever dark-eyed Sorrento girls, looking over the high plastered walls of Southern Italy, hand to the youthful travellers, climbing on donkeys up the narrow lane beneath.

The Nile flows through my grounds. The Desert lies upon their edge, and Damascus stands in my garden. I am given to understand, also, that the Parthenon has been removed to my Spanish possessions. The Golden Horn is my fish-preserver; my flocks of golden fleeces are pastured on the plain of Marathon, and the honey of Hyettus is distilled from the flowers that grow in the vale of Enna—all in my Spanish domains.

From the windows of those castles look the beautiful women whom I have never seen, whose portraits the poets have painted. They wait for me there, and chiefly the fair-haired

child, lost to my eye so long ago, now bloomed into an impossible beauty. The lights that never shone glances at evening in the vaulted halls, upon banquets that were never spread. The hands I have never collected play, all night long, and enchant the brilliant company, that was never assembled, into silence.

In the long summer mornings the children that I never had play in the gardens that I never planted. I hear their sweet voices sounding low and far away, calling, "Father! father!" I see the lost fair-haired girl, grown now into a woman, descending the stately stairs of my castle in Spain, stepping out upon the lawn, and playing with those children. They bound away together down the garden; but those voices linger, this time airily calling, "Mother! mother!"

But there is a stranger magic than this in my Spanish estates. The lawn slopes on which, when a child, I played, in my father's old country-place, which was sold when he failed, are all there and not a flower faded, not a blade of grass seen. The green leaves have not fallen from the spring woods of half a century ago, and a gorgeous autumn has blazed undimmed for fifty years among the trees I remember.

Chestnuts are not especially sweet to my palate now, but those with which I used to prick my fingers when gathering them in New Hampshire woods are exquisite as ever to my taste, when I think of eating them in Spain. I never ride horseback now at home; but in Spain, when I think of it, I bound over all the fences in the country, barebacked upon the wildest horses. Sermons I am apt to find a little soporific in this country; but in Spain I should listen as reverently as ever, for proprietors must set a good example on their estates.

Plays are insufferable to me here—Prue and I never go. Prue, indeed, is not quite sure it is moral; but the theatres in my Spain castles are of a prodigious splendor, and when I think of going there, Prue sits in a front box with me—a kind of royal box—the good woman, attired in such wise as I have never seen her here, while I wear my white waistcoat, which in Spain has no appearance of mending, but dazzles with immortal newness, and is a miraculous fit.

Yes, and in those castles in Spain, Prue is not the placid, breeches-patching helpmate with whom you are acquainted, but her face has a bloom which we both remember, and her movement a grace which my Spanish swans emulate, and her voice a music sweeter than those that orchestras discourse. She is always there, what she seemed to me when I fell in love with her, many and many years ago. The neighbors called her then a nice, capable girl; and certainly she did knit and darn with a zeal and success to which my feet and my legs have testified for nearly half a century. But she could spin a finer web than ever came from cotton, and in its subtle meshes my heart was entangled, and there has reposed softly and happily ever since. The neighbors declared she could make pudding and cake better than any girl of her age; but stale bread from Prue's hand was ambrosia to my palate.

"She who makes everything well, even to making neighbors speak well of her, will surely make a good wife," said I to myself when I knew her; and the echo of a half-century answers, "a good wife."

So, when I meditate my Spanish castles, I see Prue in them as my heart saw her standing by her father's door. "Age cannot wither her." There is a magic in the Spanish air that paralyzes Time. He glides by unnoticed and unnoticing. I greatly admire the Alps, which I see so distinctly from my Spanish windows; I delight in the taste of the Southern fruit that ripens upon my terraces; I enjoy the pensive shade of the Italian ruins in my gardens; I like to shoot crocodiles, and talk with the Sphinx upon the shores of the Nile, flowing through my domain; and I am glad to drink sherbet in Damascus, and fleece my flocks on the plains of Marathon; but I would resign all these forever rather than part with that Spanish portrait of Prue for a day. Now, have I not resigned them all forever, to live with that portrait's changing originals?

I have often wondered how I should reach my castles. The desire of going comes over me very strongly sometimes, and I endeavor to see how I can arrange my affairs so as to get away. To tell the truth, I am not quite sure of the route—I mean, to that particular part of Spain in which my estates lie. I have inquired very particularly, but nobody seems to know precisely. One morning I met young Aspen, trembling with excitement.

"What's the matter?" asked I with interest, for I knew that he held a great deal of Spanish stock.

"Oh!" said he, "I'm going out to take possession. I have found the way to my castles in Spain."

"Dear me!" I answered, with the blood streaming into my face; and, heedless of Prue, pulling my glove until it ripped—"what is it?"

"The direct route is through California," answered he.

"But then you have the sea to cross afterward," said I, remembering the map.

"Not at all," answered Aspen, "the road runs along the shore of the Sacramento River."

He darted away from me, and I did not meet him again. I was very curious to know if he arrived safely in Spain, and was expecting every day to hear news from him of my property there, when one evening I bought an extra, full of California news, and the first thing upon which my eye fell was this: "Died in San Francisco, Edward Aspen, Esq., aged

thirty-five." There is a large body of the Spanish stockholders who believe with Aspen, and sail for California every week. I have not yet heard of their arrival out at their castles, but I suppose they are so busy with their own affairs there that they have no time to write to the rest of us about the condition of our property.

There was my wife's cousin, too, Jonathan Bud, who is a good, honest youth from the country, and, after a few weeks' absence, he burst into the office one day just as I was balancing my books, and whispered to me eagerly:

"I have found my castle in Spain."

I put the blotting-paper in the leaf deliberately, for I was wiser now than when Aspen had excited me, and looked at my wife's cousin, Jonathan Bud, inquiringly.

"Polly Bacon," whispered he, winking. "She's going to marry me, and she'll show me the way to Spain," said Jonathan Bud hilariously.

"She's make you talk Spanish, Jonathan Bud," said I.

And so she does. He makes no more hilarious remarks. He never bursts into a room. He does not ask us to dinner. He says that Mrs. Bud does not like smoking. Mrs. Bud has nerves and babies. She has a way of saying "Mr. Bud!" which destroys conversation, and casts a gloom upon society.

It occurred to me that Bourne, the millionaire, must have ascertained the safest and most expeditious route to Spain; so I stole a few minutes one afternoon, and went into his office. He was sitting at his desk, writing rap-

idly, and surrounded by files of papers and patterns, specimens, boxes, everything that covers the tables of a great merchant. In the outer rooms, clerks were writing. Everything was indicative of immense and increasing prosperity.

There were several gentlemen in waiting to converse with Bourne (we all call him so, familiarly, down-town), and I waited until they went out. But others came in. There was no pause in the rush. All kinds of inquiries were made and answered. At length I stepped up.

"A moment, please, Mr. Bourne—just a moment."

He looked up hastily, wished me good morning, which he had done to none of the others, and which courtesy I attributed to Spanish sympathy.

"What is it, sir?" he asked blandly, but with wrinkled brow.

"Mr. Bourne, have you any castles in Spain?" said I, without preface.

He looked at me for a few moments without speaking, and without seeming to see me. His brow gradually smoothed, and his eyes, apparently looking into the street, were really, I have no doubt, feasting upon the Spanish landscape.

"Too many, too many," said he at length, musingly shaking his head, and without addressing me.

I suppose he felt himself too much extended—as we say in Wall Street. He feared, I thought, that he had too much impracticable property elsewhere to own so much in Spain; so I asked:

"Will you tell me what you consider the

shortest and safest route thither, Mr. Bourne? For, of course, a man who drives such an immense trade with all parts of the world will know all that I have come to inquire."

"My dear sir," answered he wearily, "I have been trying all my life to discover it; but none of my ships have ever been there, none of my captains have any report to make. They bring me, as they brought my father, gold, dust from Guinea; ivory, pearls, and precious stones from every part of the earth; but not a fruit, not a solitary flower, from one of my castles in Spain. I have sent clerks, agents, and travellers of all kinds, philosophers, pleasure-hunters, and invalids, in all sorts of ships, to all sorts of places, but none of them ever saw or heard of my castles, except one young poet, and he died in a madhouse."

"Mr. Bourne, will you take five thousand at ninety-seven?" hastily demanded a man, whom, as he entered, I recognized as a broker.

"We'll make a splendid thing of it."

Bourne nodded assent, and the broker disappeared.

"Happy man!" muttered the merchant as the broker went out; "he has no castles in Spain."

"I am sorry to have troubled you, Mr. Bourne," said I, retiring.

"I am glad you came," returned he; "but I assure you, had I known the route you hoped to ascertain from me, I should have sailed years and years ago. People sail for the Northwest Passage, which is nothing when you have found it. Why don't the English Admiralty fit out expeditions to discover all our castles in Spain?"

He sat lost in thought.

"It's nearly post-time, sir," said the clerk. Mr. Bourne did not heed him. He was still musing; and I turned to go, wishing him good morning. When I had nearly reached the door, he called me back, saying, as if continuing his remarks:

"It is strange that you, of all men, should come to ask me this question. If I envy any man, it is you, for I sincerely assure you that I supposed you lived altogether upon your Spanish estates. I once thought I knew the way to mine. I gave directions for furnishing them, and ordered bridal-bouquets, which were never used, but I suppose they are there still."

He paused a moment, then said slowly: "How is your wife?"

I told him that Prue was well; that she was always remarkably well. Mr. Bourne shook me warmly by the hand.

"Thank you," said he. "Good morning."

I knew why he thanked me; I knew why he thought that I lived altogether upon my Spanish estates; I knew a little bit about those bridal-bouquets. Mr. Bourne, the millionaire, was an old lover of Prue's. There is something very odd about these Spanish castles. When I think of them, I somehow see the fair-haired girl whom I knew when I was not out of short jackets. When Bourne meditates them, he sees Prue and me quietly at home in their best chambers. It is a very singular thing that my wife should live in another man's castle in Spain.

THE NORTH ISLAND RAILROAD

Dr. Helmcken's Reminiscences

In writing courteous thanks for the receipt of two copies of a photograph taken at the recent ceremony of the turning of the first soil on the Island section of the Canadian Northern Pacific Railroad, Dr. John S. Helmcken recalls his own early efforts on behalf of such a road. He writes:

The photos have a personal, indeed a paternal, grandfatherly interest, seeing that about twenty or more years ago I wrote a series of elaborate letters, which were published in The Colonist at the time, anent the extension of the E. & N. R. to the northern end of Vancouver Island. The first letter received a conservative and favorable editorial of The Colonist as something new and worthy of public consideration.

Subsequently the letters (expurgated) were, by the Provincial Government of the day, published and bound up with the "Sessional Papers" of that day, and subsequently the Provincial Government appointed Mr. Grey, C.E., to make a survey, reconnaissance for the purpose. Mr. Grey's C.E. reports were published.

In my letters, the importance and very great advantages of having a city at the north end of Vancouver Island, having steamship communication with Queen Charlotte Islands and generally with the Northern coast, the fisheries and commercial advantages were pointed out. The C. P. R. did not favor the scheme, but I know the Hon. Robert Dunsmuir felt interested.

Now arose an ebullition for the construction of the "British Pacific R.R.," which overshadowed the purely Island railway and left it out in the cold, and so both unfortunately came practically to an end; but still the Island railway has been more or less, with variations, kept in view.

Oh! if the Vancouver Island railway had been built at the time, how grandly different would Vancouver Island be today? However, "long expected comes at last," and it is sincerely hoped and fully expected that enormous and various advantages will follow, and that Premier McBride may see a glorious fruition of his bold, praiseworthy policy.

Let me state that my standing in the photo alongside the Premier was, although suggestive, purely accidental.

J. S. HELMCKEN.

Ten Thousand Dollar Indians at a Remnant Counter



AT THE DARGWIN COUNTER

There was a remnant rush at Spencer's old store—or what remains of it—practically every day last week and those who took advantage of it apparently were much benefited. The participants were restricted however to ladies of the Songhees tribe who carried away many basketfuls of the scraps which remained.

The industry of the kitchikan afforded an interesting and not unpicturesque spectacle for passersby and crowds were lined up on Gov-

ernment street and along the temporary bridge over the ruins every day. There was something unusual in the sight of women whose families are each worth more than \$10,000 sitting among the muck and ruck of the debris of bricks and charred timbers scraping up the ashes and sorting out the remains of gaudy silks and satins. The more brilliant colors were obviously the favorites with the squaws and they managed to dig up some excellent examples of violet hues.

A New Log Cabin In New York City

While land values in New York City have been soaring until the necessity of tearing down ten-storey skyscrapers to make room for thirty and even forty-storey buildings become more and more evident, one little old-fashioned log cabin was built within the city limits. The cabin is one storey high and consists of one room, with a large open fireplace in one end, over which the builder has immortalized himself with the inscription:

ERECTED 1910, BY

WILLIAM ADAMS OF RICHMOND, VA.

William Adams is a colored man and an expert on log cabins, having been born and brought up in one. But the log cabin he has built in New York City is not for his own occupancy. The owner is Cornelius G. Kloff, Secretary of the Staten Island Chamber of Commerce, and the cabin, which has been named the Philosophers' Retreat, stands on Emerson Hill, Staten Island, on property belonging to Mr. Kloff. The fireplace is connected with a regulation old-fashioned log chimney, plastered with mud within and without, and built on the outside of the chimney, with the "sway pole" in the chimney over the fire and the "swinging chain" hanging from it.

The cabin has been dedicated, according to Mr. Kloff, to the use of "lovers of nature," for statesmen with political futures before or behind them; for those wishing to reflect on the gratitude of future generations or the ingratitude of present and past generations; for thinkers in general, and for philosophers born as such or grown to be such by the trials of professional, social, commercial or political strife. "The cabin will be occupied as a meeting

place for the 'Log Cabin Philosophers.' The membership will be limited to 144 members. Women never having been recognized as philosophers, will not be admitted to membership."

UPS AND DOWNS OF ROLLER SKATES

A new type of roller skate has been introduced by a Berlin inventor, who declares that it is going to make roller skating more popular than ever. There is no necessity to strike out or propel yourself forward with this skate. You simply raise the foot as in walking and then put your weight on that foot, while you raise the other, as in walking, and off you go. When the foot is raised a coiled spring in the skate tightens and when the foot is pressed down the extra weight unwinds the spring and operate the gear attached to the skate wheels.

In spite of all the claims made for this new type of roller skate, it is a question whether it will ever supplant the more simple form of skate, which has neither gears nor springs and reduces friction to a minimum.

Mrs. Elizabeth B. Grannis, at one of the dinners following the conservation congress in St. Paul, said of marriage: "It is true that some girls, marrying men to reform them, succeed. Some girls, too, fail. The hostess at a tea once said to a beautiful, sad-eyed woman: 'Are you fond of sports, Mrs. Blank?' Mrs. Blank smiled. Her sad eyes twinkled a moment. Then she sighed and answered: 'Well, I suppose I ought to be. I married one.'"



FIVE HUNDRED

(By C.)

The drawing-room was full of ladies had been full of conversation. They played.

Many a bluff of high was made and played. With finished art, as they played.

The hostess, gowned. (As such one CANNON Had sat up planning. For this Five

And every table in the With oil had got a sh And was laid out forth This swell Five

The hostess thought t (In confidence I tell The winner's prize cou For this Five

It looked as if it cost Mere man would take But, could it woman's Not at Five H

"We only need one tri I think we'll win. Mi Oh—HANG the Joker Now, that's F

"Six on the Hearts." "May one bid five? If "Good Heavens, No! Yep, that's F

The hour grows late, and husbands, home and wives and dinne And curse Fiv

darkness falls, a la husband hears, is home. "Oh, Ja We played Fiv

"My goodness, seven! "Poor boy, you're fam "That snob, Miss Too At the Five H

And hubby hasn't mu But does he cuss this And does he wish it About Five H

THE EARLIEST CHRISTIANITY

To say that a hymn Christianity, carries it lifetime of Christ's apo the record of three stanzas are given not disputable. It was Alexandria, one of the earliest Christians, sim

bringing all the culture of speculations of the Ch on the exposition of Ch Clement's most acti to 211 A.D., during whi considerable body of been conjectured that birth, but an Alexandri is definitely known to

Not the least intere Clement of Alexandria, Christianity as a philo religion. (He believed, tain the revelation of G Clement evidently bel teacher rather than a d

The hymn printed b third of Clement's ten have come down to t complete.

Shepherd of ten

Guiding in love

Through devot

Christ, our trium

We come Thy m

And here our ch

To shout Thy

Thou art our ho

The all-subdug

Healer of strif

Thou didst Th

That from sin's

Thou mightest

And give us li

Thou art wisdom

Thou hast prepar

Of holy love.

And in our mort

None call on The

Here Thou dost

Help from abo