POOR DOCUMENT

THE SEMI-WERKLY TELEGRAPH, ST. JOHN, N. B., SEPTEMBER 23, 1899. LAST MAN ON EARTH. THE BALD EAGLE AT HOME.

TOWN OF WEIMAR.

Mill's

AN EVENING WHERE THE POET GOETHE LIVED AND DIED.

The Famous Author of Faust Did Not Dwell in the Lap of Luxury-The Geethe House in Which Are Relics of the Post - Some Pertinent Meralizings.

after seeing all there is to be seen of these Goethe relics, so plain, so unpretentious, and almost mean, that it is not the oreature comforts of life that make or mar it; and viewed in that light they A short, shrill whistle. The train stops. Alighting, a low and narrow depot build-ing meets the eye. We are in Weimar. A are, perhaps, even more interesting than when looked upon as the mere personal belongings of a great man. ing meets the eye. Which has seldom sleepler and prosier town it has seldom been my chance to find, writes Wolf von Schierbrand. It seems as if nothing could ever happen there, certainly as if death could never come here—he would lose his way. And yet that is the town where

way. And yet that is the town where Goethe, the serene Olympian, lived and died. Strange. But if one reads the reo-erds of those days it seems there was more life in Weimar then. Anyway, here we are, and, of course, want to see everything in the shape of interesting mementoes of the great poet. It is a long way from the depot to the Goethe house, which contains the bulk of the sights. The bell is rung. A man in livery opens and peers out. Can we see the inside? No, he says, it is too late for to-day. But to-morrow morning— Horrible idea—stay over night in this dull place. I shiver at the thought. The custodian must have noticed this, for ne dull place. I shiver at the thought. The oustodic n must have noticed this, for he hastens to wink with his left eye, and hastens to whik which his last eye, and to whisper kindly: "If the gentlemen will go over to the drug store there, just around the corner, he will probably be able to get a ticket, although at double

ORIGIN OF THE TERM "MISS." Word That Triumphed Over Ev Associations.

deak used by Goethe many years, and up to the viry year of his death. It is in-convenient in the extreme, and as shaky and badly constructed that one wonders how the poet was able to write a line on it. Another very peculiar piece of furni-ture is the camp bed, used by the poet not only in this summer house, but also invariably when travelling. On his two Italian journeys he had no other bed along, and yet it is a most miserable affair, and it must have been uncommon-ly hard to lie upon. "Miss" is commonly assumed to be an abbreviation of "mistress"-and this may be true; but it was not a corruption, may be true; but it was not a contraption nor a form unconsciously introduced. John Evelyn has left a record of the date and circumstances. In 1662 he goes to gee the "fair and famous comedian called Rotalana, from the part she performed," and learns that she has "been taken 'for

ly hard to lie upon. But, after all, one is inclined to think, after seeing all there is to be seen of these after seeing all there is o unpretentious. the Erle of Oxford's misse, as at that time they began to call lewd women." In 1666 he speaks of the "fowle and undecent women who became misses and sometimes wives of the young gallants." Again Evelyn witnessed a king attended by "a misse, as they call those unhappy creatures"

revolution. It would have been the dead-liest of insults to call a young lady "miss" at that time. But here is a very AN ANIMATED POSTAGE STAMP. "miss" at that time. But here is a very strong illustration of the rule that terms really wanted will gain a place in the language, be the objections what they may. Hitherto there had been no dis-tinguishing title for young girls, saving those ranks of life where "mademoiselle" --more commonly "Demoiselle"--was ourrent. Elsewhere, a married woman and her daughter had "mistress" in com-It Changed the Course of the Drunkard Who Saw It-A Story From Kansas City.

There died the other day in Kansas City a man who loss his passion for drink in a peculiar manner. From his youth the man had been an unconscionable tippler. One night several years ago he stumbled into an obsoure aloon at midnight, gave his order, and lolled against the bar for support. A man standing nearby took from one pocket an addressed envelope and from another a stamp, which he moistened with his tongue. Instead of adhering to the envelope, as the man intended, the stamp slipped from his fingers and flut-tered to the floor. The unconscionable tippler saw it fall, and staggered forward to pick it up. Just as he was about to graap it, the stamp started in a zigzag course foward the side wall, like a scared thing. Filled with wonder and astonistened the stump sharted in a zigzag the stamp sharted in a zigzag the stamp sharted in a stagered forward the stump sharted in a zigzag the stamp sharted in a zigzag the stamp sharted in a tage and interter the drinker draw hash and interter the strate the stamp sharted and interter the strate the stamp sharted and interter the strate the strate the and interter the strate the strate the and interter the strate the strate the and interter the strater the strate the strate the and interter the strate

will go over bo the drug note drug note that grag it, the stamp started in a signag it is accord.
Thanks to this hint a few moments is indeed repetion state, for its indeed repetion is severe in stand state, of course, state state, or state state, state state state state, state state

WHAT IS THE DREAD FATE THAT AWAITS THIS MORTAL! Many Theories as to the Manner of Life and Death That Will Be the

yacht working to windward. It hap-Portion of the Last Relic of Hupened he was slanting shoreward when he passed, and at 40 yards his snowy manity as It Now Exists. head and tail, broad, brown fans Astronomers tell us that the day showed to fine advantage. We could must come when the earth will, like see the polished yellow of his hooked bill and the fierce flash of his marvelthe moon, wheel through the heavens a dead and barren ball of matter-airous golden telescopic eye as he turned less, waterless, lifeless. But long, long it upon us and then back to his tireles before that time man will be extinct, searching of the water and the wave will have disappeared so utterly that line along shore. not so much as the bleached skeleton For years this eagle, hoary oid beach

of a human being will be visible on all comber as he is, has patrolled the shore the millions of square miles of the daily for miles, seeking what the waters have cast up, for be it knowL surface of this planet. Unless by some huge and universal he is not above accepting even carrion cataclysm the whole race is swept at Many a dead fish and lost bird he gets once into eternity it is but reasonable to suppose that man, like any other race of animals, will disappear slowly and that eventually there will be but a single human being left-some old, old man, gray headed and bearded, and

left to wander alone in a solitude that may be imagined, but not described. How will he die, this last relic of the teeming millions that once transformed the face of the globe and ruled indisputed masters of every other living thing? There are many fates that may befall him. He may go mad with the horror of loneliness and himself and his own miserable existence. He may be eaten by the vast reptiles or siant insects which will then probably

IF I WERE YOU.

1 I wouldn't think about distress, If I were you: I wouldn't even once confess To ever feeling blue, But when the sun is well disposed To shine upon our friends and foces I'd be content with even less, If I were you.

Just let it rain or snow or shine; Just let it rain or snow or snne; 'Twill bring no gain To blame misfortune or repine; The longest lane Will end sometime, and every day Roses will bloom along the way,

All earthly things—excepting love; I'd let all other treasures rust,

Shakespeare's Conceit Finds a Counfor the trouble of picking them up, but

he can hunt, too, when he feels so dis posed. Season after season he and his mate have patched the old nest and

He Chooses a High Tree For His Of-

fensive Nest.

An old friend met us. He first showed

as a black spot far up on the shore

then drifted grandly down upon set

pinions, tacking in and out like a

reared their eagles in peace. No one can climb the tree, and ne decent man would shoot at the birds. bunghole in a beer barrel, he had seem Should you visit the foot of the tree your nose will be assailed by a most objectionable odor, and your naturally brief inspection will convince you that the eagles do hunt more than they are cavations carried on there. In these given credit for. Everywhere are fragments of fish, while among them are wings and tails which must have belonged to grouse, portions of hares and other fragments suspiciously like cer tain parts of lambs, sucking pigs and lomestic fowls. But they were not our lambs, pigs or fowls, and so no shot whistles after the old pirate, who seems to understand that he is free to buccapeer to his heart's content .- Ed W. Sandys in Outing.

GESTICULATING TALKERS.

Italians Wave Arms Wildly When Conversing With One Another. at present "doing" Italy.

an entire course of calisthenics before he has talked five minutes. Give a Neapolitan a pair of dumb bells and ask him what he thinks of the weather and before he finishes his answer he will have taken enough healthful exercise to last him all day.

This traveler spent many an interest- ed by the senate, been used more than tan 18 centuries after his death by a Roman washerwoman to cleanse her dirty talk. One day in a cafe he sat next to a couple of Italians, who were engaged linen, together with the ashes of other members of the family in whose veins in a most spirited conversation. The younger of the two men grow very excited. With his hands he made of Pompey the Great!

Because of rain. Then sing your songs; cry if you must, But keep in view The healthy soul inspiring trust That's always due To them that strive to live above All marthy thirms expension loss:

If I were you! -Facts and Fiction.

FATE OF A CAESAR'S ASHES.

terpart In Reality. When Shakespeare put in the mouth

of Hamlet the curious conceit about the dust of the great Alexander having become loam and then stopping & ed to reach the ultimate extravagance of imagination. Yet, near the Porta Salaria a still more unexpected extravagance was revealed after the exa cippus, or sepulchral column, containing a cinerary urn of rare oriental alabaster was brought to light. The inscription on the cippus revealed that the ashes contained within the urn were those of Calpunius Piso Licinianus, who, in February, A. D. 69, was proclaimed Caesar by the Emperor Galbra. Four days afterward Galbra was killed, and Piso also suffered death in his thirty-first year. His were the ashes that the alabaster urn contained.

The precious urn was given to a wurkman employed on the premises to take care of. Some Cays after, when the proprietor of the place asked for The farther south one goes in Europe the more do the people gesticulate in said he, "are the ashes that were conversation, asserts a traveler who is here?" The workman, surprised, said that he gathered them together and, A Neapolitan, he says, goes through never dreaming that they were any good, but being white and clean, sent them to his wife to make lye for her washing! And thus, said the late Shakespeare Wood, describing this incident, have the ashes of an imperial Caesar, adopted by Galbra as Tiberius was adopted by Augustus and accept-

And there are many other evidences of the fact that Goethe was far from living at financial ease all his life. His annual income at no time exceeded that of a well-paid reporter of our time. He lived, it must be remembered, during a troubl-ous period, when incomes were both small and uncertain. An addition was built to the house; and that made it more com-fortable and somewhat decorative even. What is true of the house is also true of the interior furnishing of it. There are certainly quite a number of beautiful art objects in this flight of rooms, large and small, but with few exceptions they are the gifts the poet received from friends and admirers during his life-time, especi-ally the last 90 years. The collection of rare coins and medallions, for instance, which has certainly a much higher money value than all the furniture in the dozen rooms of the building together, is almost fron fron Har Pori E P Elia Hen well Viol. Perey stmr Str. C E L. Sch. from Sch. Sch. Sch. F Tut Coar Quac fishin

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made are trivial in nature, and were absolutely necessary, so that one really gets a strictly faithful picture of what the house looked like inside and out at the time Goethe lived there, 66 years ago. The fact that Goethe was obliged to get along without a good many things which even persons of medium means can afford to day struck me all the more forcibly because it is well known that he had

even persons of medium means can afford to-day struck me all the more forcibly because it is well known that he had actually artistic tastes and appreciated beauty of surroundings keenly. Of more than average interest to me was the bedroom of the poet, the one in which he died. Everything is left just the way it was—gven the half emptied medicine bottle on the small table beside the bed, and the tes can and cup are there. On the silk quilted coverlet are several laurel wreaths sent by admirers en the poet's last birthday, in August. How simple the whole room, and how mall! While the guide dutifully says off his little say I muse about the oft-told tale with that "Mehr Leicht" (More Light) in it, I muse on the curious fact that even such transcendant genius as Geethe's had to worry about the filthy lucre, and how to obtain a mere suffici-ency thereof. summer.

ency thereof. I leave the house at last, and inquire my way to the so-called Goethe summer house. That was a gift from the then reigning grand duke, Carl Alexander, and it is situated on the edge of the principal it is situated on the edge of the principal public park of Weimar, in front a low wall, and built on a little bill, with fine old trees all around the small cottage. Well might Goethe say, on the margin of a drawing of his new possession, in send-ing it to his intimate friend, Frau von

Uebermuething sieht's nicht aus Dieses stille Gartenhaus,

for it looks indeed anything 'but "ueberfor it locks inceed anything but "deber-muethig" (overproud). And when I went up the narrow pathway, and after hunt-ing up the young lady who is in charge of this small garden house and who acts cicerone to the stranger, carefully exam-ined the whole of it, I became more and more convinced that for such a poet prince as its late owner it was indeed a

poor thing. For about 50 years this little cottage was the regular summer home of Goethe, and yet when one comes to look at it more closely one finds it so humble though you did not see me." "Where were you standing, sir?" asked the patrol-man, respectfully. "Behind a lamp post." "Then, sir," said Brown, "that accounts for it." in its appointments that the lowest scrib-bler of to-day would be dissatisfied with it. A veritable sight is, for instance, the

The Sale of a Heart. lighted only by a taper and the flames that flicker on the hearth, the belle of the evening recalls her triumphe

Steele, in The Guardian, addressed a girl of 15 as "Mrs." and Lady Bute left it on record that she, born in 1718, re-membered some old ladies who always called her "Mrs." in the nursery. Under such circumstances it is no wonder that such circumstances it is no wonder that "miss" triumphed over its evil associa-tions. A word was never so badly want-ed for the convenience of life and the purposes of civilized society. that flicker on the hearth, the belle of the evening recalls her triumphs. She has wheeled the easy chair within the circle of firelight, and its fitful gleams reveal her, wraith-like in the white ball dress that is scarcely whiter than the face above it.

Alexander's First Victory in Asia.

More all solution and solutions for its block and solutions for a solution and solution and solutions for a solution and solut

If the working people of this country want to know why they have hard times "How cold it has grown! I seem to see phantom faces on every side—his face, as I saw it yesterday. One moment his eyes met mine as my carriage whirled by, and oh, the reproach in that glance! Enough of this. I will ring for my sleep-ing draught, and drink oblivion." Hor hand seeks the bell to rouse the sleeping maid; she hesitates, then lifts to her lips the flowers drooping on her breast. ""Send back to me one little rose,' he said, 'that I may know I can hope.' Ah, Robert, my love, my own—once I thought the world well lost, gazing into your earnest eyes! every few years, we can tell them. It i not overproduction or underconsumption, as those phrases are commonly employed. If they had kept the \$1,000,000,000 they as those phrases are commonly employed. If they had kept the \$1,000,000,000 they spend every year for strong drink in their pockets for the past five years of hard times, the recent lull in manufacturing and business ability would find many of them able to bear it without being pinched for the necessaries of life. It is the everconsumption of whiskey that makes the underconsumption of food and clothing in this land of liberty and liquor. The annual bill for bread, meat, cotton and weollen goeds of this great American people foots up a total of over \$1,850,000,000. But its annual bill for whiskey, and taxes thereon, is \$1,400,-000,000. In other words, it unnecessarily drinks \$150,000,000 worth more than it necessarily eats and wears. And the peo-ple who commit this folly every year are amased that once in a few years they are hard up, and some of them want to holst the communistic red flag, and destroy everybody else's property because they have wasted their own share of the national substance in rye juice and other riotous fluids.

your earnest eyes! "It seems so long ago, that happy "Do you remember, dear, as I do, that

riotous fluids.

Russian Monastie Institutions.

quiet country lane where the wild roses ran riot? And there was the lilac-scented

The risk of the summons, marvels and the same has a start of the same and the same

its glittering length upon the hearth-rug. And with the orimson roses resting above her heart, the maiden writes. Hidden by a Lamp Post.

ed by different forms of self-ablegation. Poverty, chastity, obedience, seclusion, perpetual adoration, study and prayer, these were the ideals, but the results of centuries showed the frailty of human Before the police go off duty they have to fall in line before the lieutenant to be dismissed. On such an occasion a very thin lieutenant was about to dismiss the plath terms when he pured to observe thin lieutenant was about to dismiss the night force, when he paused to observe, in a very loud and sarcastic voice: "Brown, you're a smart sort of a man for a policeman, I must say. I was on Ford street last night when you passed, though you did not see me." "Where

the vast plains of ice around will save from instant death and leave to grill a few moments till the ice continents are wallowed by redhot gases and steam. Suppose these earth cracks develop more slowly, they may suck away the water without devastating explosions. Then the last man's fate will be the worst describable. He will die of thirst. The scene of his death will probably be the great valley in the bed of the Atlantic ocean, off the Brazilian coast, half way between Rio Janeiro and the cape, where now six miles of green water lie between the steamer's keel and the abysmal slime beneath There, hopelessly digging in the ever drying mud, he must perish and leave his bones to parch on a waterless

planet. The antarctic polar ice cap has been growing thicker and heavier for uncounted ages. The distance from the south pole to the edge of this ice cap is 1.400 miles. The ice rises steadily from the edge to the center. At that center it cannot be less than 12 miles in thickness-twice as thick as Mount Everest is high. Suppose it splits. Imagine the gi gantic mass of water and ice that will

come sweeping up north over the oceans and continents of the earth! Where, then, will the last man breathe his final gasp? High up in the snows of some great range he will perish miser-ably of cold and starvation, looking down on a huge shallow sea, beneath whose tossing waters will lie the whole of the races of the world. Or last, and perhaps drearlest fate of

all, the human race may outlive other mammals and last until the sun, as some day it must, grows dull and cold and vegetation dies from the chilled earth. The miserable remnant of earth's people must then slowly die out after ages of an existence to which that of the Eskimo of today is a para-

Doing Without the Dot.

The small letter "i" was formerly written without the dot. The dot was introduced in the fourteenth century to distinguish "i" from "e" in hasty and indistinct writing. The letter "i" was originally used where the letter ' "j" is now employed. The distinction between "i" and "j" was introduced by the Dutch printers at a comparatively recent date, and the "j" was dotted because the "i," from which it was derived, was written with a dot.

dise.

Hint For Writers.

Don't moisten your new pen between your lips before you begin to write. Take your cheap steal pen, dip it in the ink, then hold it in the flame of a The very reason of their existence wa match for a few seconds, wipe it care-The very reason of their existence was in different forms of supersition, of course, but the root idea of all was retire-ment from society, in search of some ideal life which society could furnish, and which they believed could be attain-ed by different forms of self-abnegation. fully, dip it into the ink again, and you have a pen that will make glad

Nauvoo Rustler. Before and After. "My dear," said Mrs. Hunewell as

she poured the coffee at breakfast the other morning, "do you believe in the eternal fitness of things?"

Poverty gave way to an itching palm and a disregard to the rights of others, as exemplified by the idea that the world that was before you began to make my owed them a living. Such severe asceti-cism also led to all kinds of abuses, which shirts."-Chicago News.

cism also led to all kinds of abuses, which ran from the ravings of a naked monk, forever bearing a heavy chain (as in the case of Basil of Russia), to the austerity of such idots of Simeon, a Syrian monk, who spent years on the summit of a col-umn 60 feet high An amateur editor has made a fortune by his pen. His father died of grief on reading one of his editorials and left him \$150,000.-Nauvoo Inde-pendent.

reaching and clinging motions, as if climbing. Then he reached right and left above his head, as one would do in picking cherries. Then, without slackening his remarkable flow of conversa-

tion, he put the thumb and first finger of his left hand together and held them a few inches before his eyes and went through the careful movements of one threading a small needle. And all the time he talked. Next he made overhand motions as of throwing. Then he gave an imitation of some one swimming. After that he described several rapid circles with his left hand, which gave the impression of a revolving wheel. Then he leaned forward and, with his right hand lifted, acted as a person would act in trying to put a key into

a keyhole. The writer asked his friend, who understood Italian, what all the fuss was about. "They're talking chiefly about the

weather," was the reply.-London In Ile N

His Brogue Saved Him.

The thickness of his brogue secured for a recent arrival from the Emerald Isle a ride of several hundred miles at the expense of the Pennsylvania rail-road. His destination was Boston, and at the Broad street station he asked for a ticket to the Hub. The ticket seller was unable to determine whether it was Boston or Washington the man wanted to reach, but finally sold him a ticket for the latter city, and

a few hours later he found himself in the national capital. As he was unable to read, the mistake was not discovered until he reached Washington, and to complicate matters he had not sufficient funds to purchase a ticket to Boston.

He presented his case to the railroad officials at Washington, and they, putting him to a test, were unable to distinguish from his pronunciation of Washington and Boston any material ifference, thus exonerating the clerk at the Broad street station, in this city, for his error. The facts of the case eing laid before the general passenger department, the man with the brogue was forwarded to his proper estination .- Philadelphia Record

Fruit Versus Alcohol. Fruit will destroy the desire for alcoholic drinks. Oranges and apples have been found to be the most effectual cure for inebriates. And the more they eat of these lucious fruits the more the desire for drink will diminish, until at last it is completely crucified and, so far as the individual

Father (from head of stairs)-Bessie, soon he will miss the last car. Bessie (in parlor)-That's all right,

When a married woman talks of her girlhood days she reminds us of the mateur fisherman. The best catches always got away from her .- Denver Post.

The highest inhabited place in the vorld is the customs house of Ancomarca, in Peru, it being 16,000 feet above the sea.

His Nerve Won.

"It was such a good joke on me," said the girl in gray to the girl in blue as they stirred their chocolate, "that I must tell you.

"You know how John has been proposing to me at regular intervals ever since he was out of knickerbockers. Well, he did it again the other night, and, with his usual facility, chose an occasion when I was very cross.

"He did it a little more awkwardly than usual, too, deliberately choosing the old fashioned method of offering me 'his hand and heart.' "

Here she paused to drink some chocolate, and the girl in blue asked breathlessly what she said.

"Oh," remarked the other in the tone of one relating an event of no mportance, "I told him that I believed I was already provided with the full quota of bodily organs, and that I

wouldn't deprive him.' "And what did he say?"

"Well, Belle, that's the funny thing. He seemed to brace up, and said politely that at any rate there was no doubt about my having my full share of cheek! And I was so delighted to find a man capable of even that much repartee on being rejected-that I accepted him."-Cincinnati Enquirer.

Hawthorne and Salem

Way down in a little side street in Salem is Hawthorne's birthplace. It is modest, but withal a proper house with a gambrel roof, without which no house need apply for the position of bringing forth celebrities. Beyond is that bore of a custom house, and all around are houses of seven gables. You will be pursued by little boys who spot your tourist's intent and who give

you Hawthorne's history at a rate that threatens the urchin's tongue and teeth. When they are through, if you have not understood it all, they will say it all over again. A penny in the slot phonograph could do it no better.-Time and the Hour.

A Remarkable Career

The most remarkable official career in the United States was that of John Quincy Adams. ' It extended over 48 years, and embraced 15 years in the plomatic service as minister to Russia. Prussia and the Netherlands, five years as senator, eight years as secretary of state, four years as president and 16 years as a representative in congress.

Bonner's Drink. Somebody asked Robert Bonner once

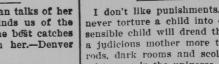
if he were a teetotaler. "Am I a teetotaler? No," said Mr. Bonner in answer to the question; "no, I am not a teetotaler. I had a glass of sherry when I came to New York

took another.

I don't like punishments. You will never torture a child into duty, but a sensible child will dread the frown of a judicious mother more than all the ds, dark rooms and scolding school nistresses in the universe .- White.

So penetrating is water at high pre sure that only special qualities of cast

in 1844." papa. He likes to walk .- New York | It is not on record whether he ever



The Bluff Called. if that young man doesn't go pretty

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is concerned, is gone forever. the heart within you. Try it once .-

iron will withstand it.

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