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Told On Hallowe'en

Strange, but True, Romance of a Brother and Sister.

For ages and in all Christian countries Hallowe'en has been deemed a time when the fairies hold their grand anniversary and spirits detached from corporal restraint are free to roam through space and read their own or the future of others. Hence it is the occasion for divining the answer to that momentous question which absorbs the large share of the thoughts of romantic young men and maidens, "Whom am I to marry?"

Naturally, such an occasion is not devoid of romance, and Hallowe'en rarely recurs without reminding me of a story that was related to a party of friends a few years ago while homeward bound across the Atlantic. The center of the group was a handsome matron, and promenading the deck was a beautiful young girl of twenty, accompanied by two gentlemen. Pointing to them the old lady proudly said:

One of those gentlemen is my son, who is returning to America with his English bride; the other is her brother, who is making a visit to our country for the first time. If you don't mind listening to a bit of romance I may while away a pleasant half hour, and I'll tell it to you as it was told to me. The mother of my new daughter when a child resided in one of the most beautiful parts of England. Her parents were wealthy, and all that heart could wish was at her command. Adjoining their estate was that of Squire Henry Percival, whose only son, Guy, was pledged almost from birth as the husband of the young heiress, the two mothers having been schoolmates and the two children having been born the same day. They thus grew up together, with tastes in common, and together enjoyed all the sports of young people.

And now began the strange series of incidents that were narrated to me while in England by Uncle Guy, as we used to call him, who still lives, and is the adopted father of yonder happy bride. I forgot to tell you that her maiden name, like that of her mother, is Belle Bruce.

"I remember," said Uncle Guy, "that when we were about fifteen years of age Hallowe'en arrived, and all the young people of the neighborhood assembled in the big library of Percival Hall to take part in the games and woo our sweethearts. During the evening Belle and I engaged in a contest with handkerchiefs, which she had won with her handkerchief, while it was being tossed to and fro, I threw it behind one of the large pictures hanging in the library.

"Time wore on, and especially to cultivate her voice, which was a contralto of great compass, while I was sent to Italy to pursue my bent in painting.

During the next few years I worked assiduously at my profession as an artist, and won my share of its honors and wealth. One day while sauntering through the streets of Florence with an old English friend, we were accosted in our own language by a handsome little fellow who stopped in the middle of a singularly familiar English air, and begged us to buy some of the music he had for sale. We both quickly became interested, and I said, 'Youngster, where did you learn that song, and how is it that you speak English so well?'

"My mother was an English lady," was the reply, "and she taught it to me; it was her favorite song. But I'm no youngster; I'm a girl," she added.

Becoming still more interested, I made inquiries concerning her. She told me that her mother had died long before, and left her brother and herself in charge of a kind lady who was to send them to their relatives in England as soon as she could find a way; that while playing in the street an old woman from whom she had run away, had stolen them from home and taken them to other cities. It was a very long time, she said, since her mother died.

"What was your mother's name?" I inquired. "She had two names," was the answer, "but she told me to always say to English people that her name was Belle Bruce, and that was my name. She told me, too, that some time I might meet a man who would be good to me for her sake—Guy Percival—and I have always been looking for him." When I announced that I was Guy the little girl threw herself into my arms, crying with joy, and together we hurried to my residence, where as quickly as possible, garments were provided befitting her sex and position.

My next step was to find the family to whom little Belle had been left by her mother, and by dint of much questioning I was at last enabled to locate them in Milan, and to learn that the name was Valerie. Thither we journeyed as rapidly as possible, and I was soon possessed of all the desired information. She had been one of the favorite pupils of Professor Valerie, and having a magnificent voice easily secured a position on the opera stage, making an instant success. In Paris or Brussels she fell in love with an Italian tenor and they were married. A boy and girl resulted from the union, but the brutal nature of the husband forced her to her own health; she returned to the home of the Valeris in Milan, where she, too, passed away. One morning while the children were at play in front of the house they were abducted.

"Returning to Florence with my charge I determined to defer all engagements and go at once to my home in England, where little Belle could have the care of my mother, and be educated as became her station in life. In the four years that elapsed, she received instruction in the best schools and under the best masters, and at eighteen was a tall, handsome woman, inheriting the beauty of person and purity of voice of her dead mother. The little spirit, however, found the day of her rescue, insisted upon being called Belle Percival, because that was her Uncle Guy's name."

And now (resumed the old lady, as if in reality she had been allowing somebody else to talk) I may tell the rest of the story in my own way, because it concerns me and mine. There, walking together, as I remarked in the beginning, are brother and sister, restored after all these long years of separation to each other's arms. How did it come about? Well, in this way, and you will agree with me that Providence performs its wonders in a mysterious way.

After my son's graduation from Yale, some two years ago, when he desired to visit Europe, we accompanied him, and made an extended tour of the continent. During our stay in Rome he became acquainted with a tall, handsome, dark-eyed young man, who, though looking every inch an Italian, spoke English with perfect fluency. He was the protégé of an American artist named Irving, who had found him a stray wolf in the streets when a mere lad, taken him to his home, adopted him and given him the family name. His first name is Vivian.

The acquaintance quickly ripened into an intimate friendship, and at the solicitation

of my son Mr. Irving permitted him to become our guest. Thus he traveled with us for several weeks. While in Florence we visited among other studios that of Mr. Guy Percival, and my husband, impressed by the beauty of his paintings, became an extensive purchaser. Naturally this led to a reciprocal feeling, and the result was that that gentleman invited us to accompany him on his usual annual jaunt to his English home.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the hospitable character of our reception except in so far as it influenced the destiny of those three young people so merrily walking back and forth. The lovely hostess at her first glance took possession of all our hearts, and before the evening was spent I intuitively felt that both Vivian and my son were desperately in love.

The end of October was approaching, and with it the time to start for home. But at the solicitation of Mr. Percival we agreed to stay and participate in the pleasures of Hallowe'en. And now came the unexpected climax.

We were all in the great library, guests from within the mansion and guests from without. The evening had been crowded with merriment, and if there was a sad face present it was that of Mr. Percival as he thought, perhaps of the past. A game of blind man's buff was in progress, with Belle as "the blind man," and groping her way through the throng she accidentally touched a picture. There fell to the floor a handkerchief rolled in a ball and covered with dust. Mr. Percival sprang forward at the same instant and seizing the ball began to untie it. "See here!" he exclaimed excitedly as he exposed one corner. "Your name—your mother—Belle Bruce! I threw it there when we were playing together years and years ago this very night!"

"Belle Bruce!" Belle Bruce!" repeated Vivian Irving. "That is the name of my mother, too, who died in Milan while I was a child and left me and my sister among strangers. We were stolen, and I have never seen my sister since." "Yes, you have—for she is here by your side—Belle Bruce—your own sister!" again exclaimed Mr. Percival. "Thank God! The lost has been found!" And while he was yet speaking Vivian and Belle were entwined in each other's arms and mingling their tears of joy.

There were no more romps and frolics that night, for the occasion had become too sacred, and when the guests departed we sat around and listened to the whole story of the evening, and I have told it to you. The next day Belle and my son had an interview, and when it ended his eyes, too, contained a new light. We shall all of us remember the precious gifts that came to us from Hallowe'en. F. L. G. DE FOXTAINE.

SOCIAL REFORM.

In England penny cups of coffee are sold near large factories by temperance workers.

Mildura, a New South Wales town, where the sale of drink is prohibited, has 4,000 inhabitants and one policeman.

The saloons of San Francisco, five thousand in number, keep open night and day employing two seats of waiters and barmaids.

Half a dozen young Indian Rajahs have died within a few years from indulgence in strong drink, a habit learned generally from their English tutors.

The great Metabala chief Lobengula, is something of an autocrat, using his power for the benefit of his people by allowing them to make or drink beer. "Beer is the source of all quarrels; I will stop it."

Kansas—with prohibition and 100,000 more people than Texas—has one penitentiary and 996 prisoners. Texas with saloons—and 100,000 less people than Kansas—has two penitentiaries and 8,000 convicts.

In Salem, Mass., samples of posters, lithographs and other advertisements of entertainments must be submitted to a committee of the city rulers before being displayed. An example worthy of imitation to every city council.

Southern California, although a wine-producing State, has several municipalities where the sale of liquor is prohibited by law. The city council of Pomona, a city of a few thousand inhabitants, recently passed a law east of Los Angeles, recently passed a most stringent anti-liquor ordinance.

Even in the Queen's household a wise preference is now given to total abstinence. The Glasgow Reformer states that the Queen recently declined a plumage and expressed a preference for an abstainer. To press a preference for an abstainer. To glad you are an abstainer, because in a great house there are many temptations.

THE LATEST MOVEMENT.

To Ontario Prohibitionists: The attention of prohibition workers in every part of the Province of Ontario is respectfully called to the following resolutions adopted at the convention of the Ontario Branch of the Dominion Alliance held in Toronto in September:

1. That whereas the Local Option Law has been sustained by her Majesty's courts of Ontario, we strongly recommend that our friends use every effort to have the law voted on in every municipality where there is a prospect of its being carried.

2. That the Ontario Legislature be requested to take action to secure a vote of prohibitionists to all public positions by persistently following not only at general but at bye-elections.

3. That the policy of endeavoring to elect to the House of Commons and Provincial Legislature independent prohibitionists, specially charged with the duty of advocating our cause on the floor of the House be resolutely maintained.

4. That steps be at once taken to press the organization of the prohibition electors in every municipality, in view of the local option, electoral, and probably piecemeal work ahead of us.

These resolutions speak for themselves. They embody, it is believed, the opinions of the overwhelming majority of temperance workers in Ontario. The inspiring success of local option work in other provinces, and the recent plebiscite in Manitoba has given our friends renewed confidence. A necessity of our cause in this Province is the immediate organization of our vote in every locality for the accomplishment of the objects above set out. To aid in attaining this there has been prepared a form of constitution for Prohibition Clubs or other electoral organizations, a copy of which is herewith submitted as a guide to those who will help in this important work.

To form a Prohibition Club it is only necessary that a number of earnest workers get together, declare their intention of organizing, and then adopt the accompanying constitution or some similar plan or

organization. This will constitute them a society and they can subsequently enlarge their membership on the lines provided on their constitution. The organization might be most readily accomplished at a public meeting after addresses were given by qualified workers setting out the object and desirability of organization. It is earnestly urged that there be no delay in at once pushing forward this important undertaking.

Additional copies of the "Plan of Organization" and any further desired information that he can give, will be cheerfully furnished by the undersigned.

On behalf of the executive committee.
Oct. 11. F. S. SPENCE, secretary.

NUTRIMENT IN BEER.

The great German chemist, Liebig, says: "We can prove with mathematical certainty that as much flour as can be on the point of a table knife is more nutritious than nine quarts of the best Bavarian beer, and that a person who is able daily to consume that amount of beer obtains from it in a whole year in the most favorable manner the amount of nutritive constituents which is contained in a five-pound loaf of wheat." And to get that he must drink 24 barrels of 30 gallons each, or about a barrel every fifteen days, and get the value of less than half a pound of bread from each barrel. That is making a strainer of your throat for small returns. It would be a pretty dear barrel of beer, to say nothing of the condition of the strainer.

PROGRESS IN ENGLAND.

A leading English journal has just written this: "People who are sometimes disposed to despair over the slow progress of temperance work should be reminded that in 1730 there were in England 207 inns, 447 taverns, 531 coffee houses, 5,971 ale houses, and 8,659 brandy shops, making a total of 15,839 houses at which intoxicants could be purchased—and all this for a population of 630,000. A century later the population had advanced to 1,775,300, but the number of houses where intoxicating liquors were sold had greatly diminished, not then exceeding 5,000, so that, in proportion to the population, there were at the former period nine times as many places open for the sale of intoxicants as at the latter. In the matter of gambling, too, great as is the present evil, the progress towards reform has been very great. In 1782 there were in the city of Westminster 296 public gambling tables, to say nothing of the clubs, where fortunes were often lost."

THE CAUSES OF POVERTY.

In an article in the Westminster Review for September, on "Poverty in London," Edward Reeves says:

"I will name three things which alone are powerful enough to bring misery upon a large number of our inhabitants: Free trade in land—by which I mean power to a few individuals to monopolize it, entail it, shut it off from cultivation for the support of all the inhabitants—the power for which it is originally intended by nature—and, in short, to do what they like with it."

"Free trade in labor—by which the native worker can be brought down to the level of an imported, alien, lower race; and 'Free trade in intoxicating liquors across the counter, on which point the London Daily Telegraph of Feb. 25, 1892, says:

"Statistics, like facts, are stubborn things, and they conclusively prove, first, that 50 per cent. of all the crimes annually committed in the United Kingdom are traceable to intemperance; and, secondly, that 90 per cent. of all the spirituous liquor consumed in this country is distributed across the counter by publicans."

Zola on Gambling and Gamblers.

It was reported some time ago that Zola was about to write a novel on Monte Carlo. In an interview upon the subject with a Figaro reporter, he said: "The rumor is without foundation; but I will give you my impression of gamblers and gamblers. I went two or three times to the gambling rooms of Monte Carlo. I am acquainted with no games of chance or of skill. In my house I keep a billiard table for my guests, but I play very badly. I am too nervous; my hands tremble. I have also been a hunter; a poor hunter. When I fire a shot I hit about two metres from the mark. I have seen a great many people in the gaming rooms. I have seen the roulette tables and the roulette gamblers, but I couldn't understand the things. The play couldn't interest me; I saw nothing in it. Certainly I could remark the rascallery of the gambler who manages to make a living by playing cautiously; but the whole affair seemed dull and uninteresting. I bought a little book giving the rules of the game and returned again to the place. Those peculiar people had very little interest for me."

"As a moralist I am against gambling. It is a solitary passion. The gambler thinks only of himself. From a psychological point of view he has nothing to do except to fall into the old ruts which lead to suicide after playing away the marriage portion of his daughter or ruining his family. But the whole thing is stupid, flat and dull. 'There was one thing in it, however, that astonished me. The windows of my apartment opened almost over the Casino, and from morning to night I heard an incessant and continual noise—the sound of the money they were counting. At Monte Carlo money has no value. They would pay there a hundred francs for a chop without a murmur."

"The writer who would try to describe Monte Carlo could only make a monograph of each player and study each type."

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