

**Wonders of the Camera—Women Have Their Own Bank—
Possibilities of the Future Newspaper.**

WOMAN WHO AMAZED EUROPE

She Was Discovered.

Cuts a Wide Swath in London.
As soon as she reached London she had commenced to speculate on the stock exchange. In an inexplicable manner she appeared to have an intimate knowledge of the vicarages of stocks

The persistent porter, however, refused to give up. A sudden friendship sprang up in an extraordinary manner between Miss McLeod and Miss Lily McLeod, who finally started south for the Charleston, S. C., where the porter went, too, and his patience and persistence was rewarded, for the battery of questions and cross-examinations of the woman under continual fire broke down and she finally surrendered at discretion and admitted that she was the missing Violet.

No more. Yet has been made take legal action against this extraordinary young woman and all England is now asking the question: What is the story of Miss Violet Charleston, Georgia?

Within a few years it has become the custom to build for railroad kings and financial magnates private cars that are models of luxury, but it has remained for a real royal personage to outdo them all. The private car

Poe, Sheridan, Porson and Theodore Hook, Slaves of a Bad Habit, Which Had No True Relation to Their Essential Faculty — Worn Out Before Middle Age — Stories of Their Debauches.

hoped that we shall hear nothing now of his mastery by one of the vilest of all temptations as something in the nature of things. To the last Poe was intemperate rather than a confirmed debauchee of drink. A little upset

And all things settled so that Elizabeth would remove all difficulty. I am absolutely alone and broken-hearted," she groaned. "The plays succeeded fully in the course of the evening; all shall be returned. I have desired Forebore to get back the guarantee money, and to put me to pull up the carpets out of the window break into Mrs. S.'s room and take me for God's sake, let me see you again."

"He wrote notes of this kind. It is to be feared, as easily as he wrote play after play, he wrote such letters. Then this came to hand, but Rogers and I were called from St. James' Place and went Row together to assure them that we had no objection to their letter not yet been made. A servant slipped them out of the area, and said that sale bills would for the night, but that they could come to the house next day. Early next morning Moore was the bearer of Mr. Rogers' draft, and

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But He Became the Foremost Scientist of the Nineteenth Century — Greatness Allied With Gentleness — A Character Even Nobler Than His Intellect.

"CAPTURED BY C. DARWIN, ESQ."

At Edinburgh University Charles Darwin studied the profession of his father, who thought that he would eventually become a successful doctor. Finding, however, that he was not very science-minded about medicine, he sent him to Cambridge to become a clergyman. Up to this Darwin's chief enthusiasm had been geology, but at Cambridge he developed a passion for collecting. He wrote, "I was very successful in collecting." and "Invented two new methods; employed a laborer to scrape during the winter months; and to dig up the contents of a large bag, and likewise to collect the rubbish at the bottom of the barges in which reeds are brought from the fens, and to dig up the contents of the fens." No poet ever felt more delighted in seeing his first poem published than I did at seeing in Stephens' "Illustrations of Brit-

ain" the following letter from Darwin to the captain of the "Beagle," but the note is omitted, fortunately for the whole world, because it would have placed for some time the name of Darwin in a different light. Josiah Wedgwood, who was a friend of Dr. Darwin in regard to the captain's offer, and as he was a friend of Darwin, he was anxious to be "of service to the captain," and he thought that Charles was allowed to accept the appointment. The arrangements were so made that Darwin heard afterwards from Fitz-Roy, who was the captain of the "Beagle," that he had been rejected because of the shape of his nose. The voyage of the "Beagle," which was the most important event in my life, and has determined my whole career; yet it depended on so small a circumstance as the shape of my nose. I am thirty miles from Shrewsbury, which few ever know.

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Mr. John Dearnass Ably States the Case for Reform—Absurdities of English Orthography and How They Came About—Great Scholars Who Favor Simplification—Advantages of Proposed Changes.

A German Philosopher's Opinion.

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Our Whimsical Spelling.
Whimsical is the appropriate adjective to apply to the conventional spelling of many of our words. The child who has learned to spell "go" is not helped thereby to spell "toe," nor to spell the name of unbaked bread.

The Best Scholars Favor Reform.
Some people appear to think it a kind of sacrilege to propose or practise a change in the conventional spelling of a word. Many of the greatest English scholars have had a taste

Government to appoint a commission to investigate the matter. Bishop Thirlwall, the illustrious author of the History of Greece, said: "I look upon the established system of spelling, if an accidental custom may be so called, as a mass of anomalies, the growth of

filled with similar oburgations. Suffice it to say that a list of eminent British scholars who have voiced the need of spelling reform, have proposed means of accomplishing it, or have expressed sympathy with the movement, would

ons and many others. The editors-in-chief of the six leading dictionaries in Britain and the United States, are officers of the simplified spelling organizations. Apparently the more one knows

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An ideal method of spelling requires exactly those traditions and well-used uses which it was his distinction

DEATH IS PAINLESS.
The fear of death, which has been so enormously exploited in dramatic literature, sacred and otherwise, is said to be almost without existence in sickness. Most patients have lost it completely by the time they become seriously ill.

While death is not in any sense analogous to sleep, it resembles it to the extent that it is in the vast majority of instances not only not painful but welcome. Pain-racked and fever-scorched patients long for death as the weariest toiler longs for sleep.

While many of the processes which lead to death are painful, death itself is painless, narrow, like the fading of a flower or the falling of a leaf. Our dear ones drift out on the drifting tide of life without fear, without pain, without regret, save for those that leave behind. When death comes close enough so that we can see the eye behind the mask his face becomes a welcome as that of his "twin brother, sleep."—American Magazine.

An Appreciation of His Poetry—Wrote English as a Foreign Language, But in His Native Element in Scotch—His Work the Beginning of Modern English Literature—What He Gained From His Low Estate and Intimacy With Nature.

and quite certain that Burns was a Scotchman, and that he counted on the counts. The moment he tried to be English he dropped his distinction, and he was not a very much significant one. Like many of our poets, he wrote English as a foreign language, always moving stiffly in it. He was not a very great value of its words, so that his English seldom rose above the level of the album. Take his English at its very best, and you will find it in the quoted lines from "Tam o' Shanter" which

"But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snowflakes in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm."

It is all very pretty, but with what relief, with what sense of power renewed we reach the next line:

"The hour approaches Tam maun

Or what a change from the sickly, stuffy atmosphere of drawing-room verse it is to go back to the free air of gutter and tavern in the poem's

opening lines:

"When chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,
As market-days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak' the gait:

nearest he came to magic was in the haunting and exquisite lines:

"The pale moon is setting beyond the white wave,
And Time is setting wi' me, O!"

While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An' getting fowt an' unco happy,
We think na on the langest Scott miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps an' styles,
That lie between us an' our hame,
Where sits our sulky, sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,

Certainly he has many charming and tender lovesongs—"Of a' the airts the wind can blaw," "O, my love's like red, red rose," and "Mary Morison which he ends with the very rare achievement of an epigrammatic form that does not spoil the beauty:

After comparing these two passages within a few lines of each other in the same poem, no one could doubt that the Burns who wrote the Burns

that the Burns who counts—the Burns who is the poet—is the Burns who is the chlam Englishman. If one had not the selection from Burns, the surest way to begin would be to cut out everything that is not English. We may be told that this would cut out the best of Burns. "To Mary in Heaven." Let them go, then; they are not the true Burns. They are not compare in passion or excitement to the "To Mary in Heaven," even with "Highland Mary." The poet is working in a material of which he is not master, and he is hampered by the fact that he is not a native speaker of the language. The result is that he uses which it was his destination to use. But it was not in depth of passion that he was greatest. It was in his fine feeling for the reality of the human condition, man, beast, and nature that he was first of our poets, and has remained unsurpassed even by Wordsworth. Some of his poems are so weak English that the throats have to gulp down the burnt porridge, and when in the fatality of the Auld Brig we came upon the line "The gillie jumps up at the purling mill," the gillie jumps up at the purling mill, and the purling mill is the burbling Jaberwock to come whirling past. But if we could drop out of the poem words borrowed from children, it would be a different poem.