

THE WORLD WELL LOST.

Story of a Love that Time and Change Did Not Lessen.

From the French of Guy de Maupassant.

It was tea time before the appearance of the lamps. The villa over-looked the sea, and the sun which had disappeared, had left its glassy surface shining like a burn-ished metal plate.

Far off to the right the jagged mountains lifted their black outlines against the pale purple of the west. We were talking of love, discussing the old subject, and saying again the things which we had already said so often.

"Can one remain in love several years in succession?" asked one of the group.

"Yes," maintained some.

"No," said others.

All of a sudden some one who had been listening and looking far away into the distance cried:

"Oh, see! What is it?"

On the horizon line, where sea and heavens meet, loomed up a confused gray mass.

Some one said: "It is Corsica. Two or three times a year it may be seen so when the air is perfectly clear and there is no fog."

There an old gentleman, who had been silent until then, said slowly: "I know a story of love, of true love that brought lasting happiness, which the sight of that island recalls as if it had come in answer to your questioning. Listen:

"Five years ago I was travelling in Corsica. This wild island is further away and less known in France than America, despite the fact that we can see it from our very shores as we have done to-day.

"Imagine a world which is still chaos; imagine ranges of mountains separated by narrow ravines filled with rushing torrents; no fertile plains, but rolling hills of granite and pine covered earth. It is a desert, lonely, uncultivated, although sometimes you can see a village, like a pile of rocks, perched on the summit of a mountain.

"There is no culture there, no industries, no art. Not a scrap of carved wood or a piece of sculptured stone. Face to face with Italy, where every palace is a masterpiece and where every metal and precious stone bears witness to man's genius, Corsica has remained exactly as in the first wild days.

"Each man lives in his rude house, indifferent to all that does not concern his bare existence and his family loads. They have retained vices and the virtues of savage races, they are violent, bloodthirsty, without a shadow of remorse, but they are likewise hospitable, generous and simple, opening their doors to the chance traveller and bestowing a faithful friendship in return for the slightest sign of sympathy.

"I had been wandering about the island for a month, feeling that I had reached the end of the world. No roads, no taverns, no inns.

"You follow mule paths up steep mountain sides to cottages that seem perched in midair. You knock and ask shelter for the night and something to live on until the morrow. In the morning you press your host's hand and he guides you as far as the outskirts of the village.

"One night, after ten hours walking, I came to a little cabin built quite alone in a narrow valley a league from the sea. The steep mountain sides, covered with brush and jagged piles of stones, shut in the valley like two sombre walls.

"There was a garden and a few vines around the tiny house and close by several large chestnut trees—enough to live on, and indeed quite a fortune for the barren land.

"In answer to my knock an old woman, exceptionally neat and clean, opened the door. The man, who was seated on a straw chair, rose as I entered and then sat down again without saying a word. But the wife said:

"Excuse him, he is deaf. He is 82 years old."

"She spoke the French of France. I was surprised.

"You were not born in Corsica?" I asked.

"No, we are from the Continent," she answered. "But we have lived here fifty years."

"A feeling of dismay and terror swept over me at the thought of those fifty years spent in this sombre valley, so far from the contact of other men and women. An old shepherd returned and we sat down at the bare table to eat a thick soup of potatoes, lard and cabbage boiled together, the only thing there was.

"When we had finished eating I went and sat down before the door, my heart filled with the melancholy of the mournful landscape. The old woman joined me and began to question me, stirred by that curiosity which lives in the most resigned souls.

"Are you from France?" she asked.

"Yes, travelling for pleasure."

"Do you come from Paris, perchance?"

"No, I am from Nancy," I replied.

"An intense emotion took possession of her. It was nothing I could see, I only felt it.

"She repeated, slowly: 'You are from Nancy?'"

"The man appeared in the doorway, impassive, like all the deaf."

"It does not matter; he cannot hear," she said. Presently she continued:

"Then you know many people at Nancy?"

"Why, yes, nearly every one."

"The De Saint Alliaze family?"

"Very well, they were friends of my father."

"What is your name?"

"I told her. She looked at me fixedly, and then said in a low voice full of memories:

"Yes, I remember perfectly; and the Brismares—that has become of them?"

"They are all dead."

"Ah! And the Sirmonts—do you know them?"

"Yes, the last of the family is a General."

"Then trembling with emotion, compelled by some overpowering need to confess and tell all, to talk of those things which she had kept shut in her heart until then, she said:

"Henry de Sirmont. I know him well. He is my brother."

"I looked at her keenly, surprised. Then suddenly I remembered.

"It had caused a good deal of scandal at the time among the nobility of Lorraine. A young girl, rich and beautiful, Suzanne de Sirmont, had run away with an under officer of the hussars in her father's regiment."

"He was a handsome fellow, the son of a peasant, but he knew how to wear his blue dolman well, this soldier who had captivated his Colonel's daughter. She had seen him, noticed him and fallen in love with him probably while the squadrons were marching by."

"But how she had talked with him, how they had met and learned to understand each other, how she had dared to tell him that she loved him—that was never known. Nothing had been divined nothing suspected."

"One evening when the soldier had finished his time, he disappeared with her. They were searched for, but nothing was ever heard of them. Finally her parents considered that she was dead."

"And I had found her thus, in this sinister valley."

"In my turn, I said."

"I remember. You are Mlle. Suzanne."

"She nodded her head for 'yes.' The tears were falling from her eyes. With a glance at the old man sitting at the door of the cabin, she said:

"That is he."

"And I understood that she loved him still, that her eyes were still filled with love's light."

"I asked:

"Have you been happy?"

"She replied in a voice which came straight from her heart:

"Yes, very happy. He has made me very happy. I have never regretted anything."

"I looked at her, sad, surprised, wondering at the mighty power of love. The rich young girl had gone away with the son of a peasant. She, too, had become a peasant woman."

"She had lived her life without charm, without luxury, without delicacies of any sort; she had learned to conform to simple ways. And she loved him still. She had become the wife of a rustic, in her cloth cap and coarse woollen skirt. She ate from an earthen dish on a wooden table and seated on a straw bottomed chair. She slept on a rough mattress at his side."

"She had thought of nothing but of him. She had never regretted her jewels nor her fine dresses nor any of the elegancies of life. She asked for nothing but him, and so long as he was there she desired nothing more."

"Still young, she had abandoned life and those who had cared for her and brought her up and loved her. Alone with him, she had come to this savage valley."

"And he had been everything for her, all that one desires, all that one

dreams, all that one waits and hopes for. He had filled her life with happiness.

"She could not have been more happy."

"And all night long, as I listened to the hoarse breathing of the old soldier, stretched on his low cot beside her, who had followed him so far, I wondered at this strange and simple adventure, at this happiness which was so complete and yet made of so very little."

"At sunrise I went away, after pressing the hands of that aged pair."

The story teller was silent. A woman spoke:

"All the same, her ideal was too easy; she was too simple, too primitive; she must have been a fool."

But another said slowly, in a low voice:

"What matter? She was happy."

Far away on the horizon Corsica was sinking into the night, slowly returning to the sea, blotting out her great shadow which had appeared before us as if to tell itself the story of the two humble lovers who were sheltered on her coast."

Convert of Real Presence.

Recently an old lady called on a Catholic missionary and told him the story of her conversion, substantially as follows:

I was reared a strict Protestant, in the city of Springfield, Illinois. One Sunday afternoon, when I was eleven years old, away back in the forties, I was passing the little shanty church in which the Catholics at that time worshipped. I had never been in a Catholic church, nor even knew a Catholic. But as I heard the music and singing I was moved interiorly to look in. That is all I did, I merely opened the door a little bit and looked in. At that very moment the priest was giving benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. All this was absolutely strange to me—the vested priest, the glitter of lights, the tinkling bell, the bowed and hushed congregation. I did not enter, but closed the door softly and went home. But a powerful influence had entered my soul, and I was drawn to the church the next Sunday afternoon. My first little visit had filled me with thoughts of God. Soon I went there every Sunday, having, after much pleading, obtained leave from my parents to do so.

But it happened just then that we started for California, across the plains and mountains, my father having caught the gold fever. And our family was of the Donner party that was snowed in near Lake Tahoe in the Sierra mountains. Many died of starvation and exposure, and such starvation to be the lot that awaited us all. Meanwhile I had come to the conviction that the Catholic religion was God's only true church. And in our wretched cabin at Donner lake, amid the dreadful storms of winter, I vowed to God that if I ever came through alive I would become a Catholic. And so I did. Providence sent us help, and when I reached

California, little girl as I was, I sought the first opportunity to be instructed and received into the church. I am a convert to the Real Presence.

Number of Strokes of a Brush in a Picture.

Some years ago, writes F. G., in Nature, I was painted by Graef, a well known German artist, when, finding it very tedious to sit doing nothing, I amused myself by counting the number of strokes per minute that he bestowed on the portrait. He was methodical, and it was easy to calculate their average number, and as I know only too well the hours, and therefore also the number of minutes, I sat to him, the product of the two numbers gave me what I wanted to learn. It was 20,000. A year and a half ago I was again painted by the late lamented artist, Charles Furse, whose method was totally different from that of Graef. He looked hard at me, mixing his colors the while, then, dashing at the portrait, made his daubs so fast that I had to estimate them rather than count them. Proceeding as before, the result, to my great surprise, was the same, 20,000.

The following point impressed me strongly. Graef had a humorous phrase for the very last stage of his portrait, which was "painting the buttons." "Thus," he said, "in five days' time I shall come to the buttons." Four days passed, and the hours and minutes of the last day, when he suddenly and joyfully exclaimed, "I have come to the buttons." I watched at first with amused surprise, followed by an admiration not far from awe. He poised his brush for a minute, made three rapid twists with it, and three well-painted buttons were thereby created. The rule of three seemed to show that if so much could be done with three strokes, what an enormous amount of skilled work must go to a portrait which required 20,000 of them. At the same time it made me wonder whether painters had mastered the art of getting the maximum result from their labor.

A traveler entered the dining-room of a leading hotel in Colorado Springs on Saturday, and after he was served with soup he drew a two-dollar bill from his pocket and showed it to the waiter, saying:

"Jim, I shall be here until next Wednesday night and then this will be yours."

"All right, sir, I'll take the best care of you, sure," replied the waiter.

And he did serve the traveller excellently. It happened that on Wednesday morning the traveller was hastily summoned to Denver and it was six weeks before he returned to the Colorado Springs hotel. Presently his former waiter, whom he had forgotten along with the incident, came up to him and said:

"Say, boss, please play that two-dollar trick on your new waiter, for he's de meanes' man what's in de whole house."

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YANKEE DOODLE! English, Irish and Foreign Airs.

William Grattan Flood Tells of Its Irish Origin. Although a half a dozen authors have dealt with the subject of "Yankee Doodle"—its etymology, early history and development as the national tune of America—not one of them has even hinted at the Irish origin of the "catchy" melody which was first heard in Albany one hundred and fifty years ago. Perhaps it is equally remarkable that the Irish origin of the "Constitution and the Guerriere," so popular in America in 1812, has not only been ignored but has been incorrectly claimed by Louis C. Elson as an adaptation of a "fine old English melody," whereas the tune was printed in Irish in 1775, and again in Brysson's "Curious Selection of Fifty Airs," in 1791. No apology is therefore, needed for the present article, in which I venture to vindicate Ireland's claim to a tune which, though "not a treasure of the highest value," as Hon. Stephen Salis-bury says, "is national property."

Dismissing as pure fiction the oft-repeated legends that would fain assign as Indian, Hungarian, Dutch, Persian, Lancastrian (Lancashire), or Norwegian to the silly words which were set to the melody, it may also be well to dismiss the theory that Oliver Cromwell was the original "Yankee Doodle," an absurdity that is best proved from the occurrence of the word "Macaroni," a term that only came in about the year 1750. Not less apocryphal is the theory that the song was evolved from "a popular ballad in the time of King Charles II," apropos of Lucy Locket and Kitty Fischer, a statement that can at once be disproved by the fact that Lucy Locket was one of the dramatic personae in the Beggar's Opera (1728) and that Kitty Fischer was a reigning trash in 1750. But, most extraordinary of all, the tune has been claimed as a Dutch folk-tune, a claim which has been justly regarded as more or less of a hoax. In this case it is not a little remarkable that an old seventeenth century Irish melody, "I am asleep and don't waken me," appears in a Dutch music book under the name of Madhya Buggevan, as if it were an ancient folk-tune of Holland?

It is not agreed that the word "Yankee" from being a cant word or a slang adjective to denote the superlative degree, e. g., a yankee team, a yankee horse, yankee rider, etc., expressive of excellence—and which term can be traced as far back as the year 1712—degenerated into a term of reproach or an anti-phrastic phrase, meaning a simple, awkward person, and ultimately was applied in general to New Englanders. And, just as the fabricators of Roundhead or a Restoration origin for the words of "Yankee Doodle" have been completely exposed even from internal evidence, so also the origin of the melody as English can be disproved by an investigation of facts. After disposing of the four English clauses to the national air, the writer concludes. And now to the Irish origin of the tune. The earliest printed version appears in a volume published at Glasgow in 1782. This volume is entitled "A Selection of Scotch,

English, Irish and Foreign Airs... Printed and sold by James Aird, and is Vol. I., containing 200 tunes. Although not dated, it certainly appeared in 1782, and was followed by five other volumes. It is a very interesting collection, and I find it especially so as containing the earliest "printed" versions of quite a dozen Irish airs. The very structure of this tune is seen to be decidedly Irish, and apart from any argument, intrinsic evidence should point out its Irish origin. Other airs of the same period, like "Ally Croker," "The Rakes of Mallow," "The Pretty Girl of Derby," have been claimed as English, though unquestionably Irish, and there is not a shadow of doubt as to the English annexation of numerous Irish airs of the Jacobite period. Even recent collections include "The Arcthusa" and "Nancy Dawson" as "old English airs," in sublime disregard of their unquestionable Irish origin. The printed version of Aird in 1782, antedates the "Two to One" (1784) version by two years, and is much nearer the Irish original, with strongly marked C natural (the so-called "flat seventh") so characteristic of seventeenth century Irish tunes in D major. However, the oldest form of the tune is also given here, as it appears in a MS. dated 1750, the authenticity of which is beyond question. The manuscript was written at different times between the years 1749 and 1750, and the owner's name is given, dated Dec. 1, 1750. Thus "Yankee Doodle" can rightly be claimed as a product of Ireland, and is an illustration of the vitality of Erin's folk-music. It is of interest to add that "Jefferson and Liberty," 1801, was originally set to Irish melody, but was afterwards, in 1813, adapted to the air of "Anacreeon in Heaven,"—an air that is now inseparably associated with Francis Scott Key's "Star Spangled Banner." In conclusion it may not be amiss to point out that President Roosevelt considers the melody of "Garryowen" as "one of the finest marching tunes in the world." This Irish melody is of about the same date as "Yankee Doodle," though the song was not written to it until 1774 or 1775, and it was printed with the music, by Heine of Dublin, in 1797—being subsequently utilized by Tom Moore in his "Irish Melodies."—The Dolphin.

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