

"DEVILED SAUSAGES"—SHORT STORY

By D. W. Higgins—Reproduced by Request

"O, I have passed a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days."
—Shakespeare.



In an earlier chapter of these chronicles allusion was made to the presence of a large number of Southerners who gathered at Victoria at the outbreak of the war between the North and South and formed a numerous colony for the dissemination of Southern ideas and the adoption of plans for the destruction of American commerce in the Pacific. Among the most energetic of these colonists were a Mr. and Mrs. Pusey, who were described in the "Sweet Marie" chapter as occupying rooms at the St. Nicholas Hotel, now the Savoy, where they entertained lavishly. All whom they welcomed were friendly to the cause of the South. Mrs. Pusey was certainly a charming hostess—she was about forty—large, tall, and handsome, and elegantly gowned. If the gems she wore on her fingers were real they were worth a goodly sum, while her solitaire earrings were large and apparently of the finest water. Her husband was a cipher, a lean, meek little man, with iron-gray hair and a slinking-in-the-wall manner. He was often snubbed by his overpowering wife and was forced to take a back seat whenever a discussion arose. I have seen Mrs. Pusey, to enforce an argument, bring down her jewelled hand with a resounding smack that caused the glasses to dance and the table to tremble beneath the weight of the blow, if not the weight of her intellect, while her opponents invariably yielded the point under discussion.

On one occasion two sweet young Southern girls paid Mrs. Pusey a visit. Their names were Elsie Reynolds and Mary Eccles. They were extremely pleasant in their manners, could sing and play well, and were good conversationalists. Their presence at the St. Nicholas caused quite a sensation among the young men who then resided in Victoria, and many were the plans adopted to secure introductions. It was given out that no Northerner need apply, and that any cards from gentlemen from the North would be promptly returned. There was no objection, however, to the subjects of Queen Victoria, even if they were imbued with Northern ideas, for it was hoped by Mrs. Pusey that the influence of the young ladies would be successfully exerted in bringing about a change of heart in the Britishers.

Now, among the many who called upon the girls was a Mr. Richard Lovell, who was supposed to be a Southern sympathizer, but who was really a spy of the United States government, detailed to watch the Southern colonists at Victoria. Lovell was received with enthusiasm by the unsuspecting girls and their friends, and presently he was to be seen escorting them along Government street, across the old James Bay bridge, and thence over the numerous trails that led to the park, dilating as he went upon the beauties of Beacon Hill and the grandeur of the scenery that captivates the senses of visitors to that charming spot. Some days passed before I found time to wait upon the young ladies, and when I did finally call I found the small reception room of the St. Nicholas more than comfortably filled with young men. Miss Reynolds, accompanied by her friend, was in the expiring notes of "Kathleen Mavourneen." To say that she sang well would be to award her scant praise. She sang the piece divinely, in a rich, clear, delightful soprano. The windows were open, for the night was warm, and her voice as it rose and fell on the evening air attracted and charmed many passers-by, who had congregated in front of the New England on the opposite side of the street, and who clapped enthusiastically when the song was ended.

When I was presented I was made at my ease instantly by the warmth of my reception and the gracious manner with which I was told, "I have heard of you often." "So glad you have called at last," "Feared that you would never come," etc., etc., until, my vanity having been plentifully administered to, I was invited to take a seat with the elect near the piano. Other songs followed. Miss Reynolds gave another solo, which having been applauded, she and Miss Eccles, accompanied by Mrs. Pusey, sang sweetly a duet which was then very popular: "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming." The company insisting upon an encore, the girls gave "Holy Mother, Guide His Footsteps," from Wallace's opera of "Mariana." It was a charming rendering of a beautiful vocal piece, and the skilful execution won the hearts of all present. I have in my possession the identical pieces of music from which they sang on that lovely evening, forty-one years ago. After the music Miss Eccles gave a recitation. It was something about a soldier's grave, but although it was very well done after the singing I had no ears for or sympathy with anything else. I just wanted to listen to more songs, but, of course, I said nothing and accepted everything with apparent satisfaction. After the recitation a waiter brought in a tray on which were cocoa and cake for the young ladies, and something stronger, with crackers, for the gentlemen and the mature ladies, of whom there were several present. I do not remember how it all came about, but before I left the room I had engaged the young ladies for a

walk to Beacon Hill on the following day and a theatrical performance in the evening.

The next morning about eight o'clock a knock at the door of my room aroused me from a sound sleep.

"Who's there?" I asked.

"Mrs. Pusey," I thought a low voice replied. I sprang out of my bed, threw a blanket about me, and opened the door just a little bit.

"What do you want?" I asked in as soft and gentle a tone as I could command.

"I want to come in," said the voice in a low tone.

"But you can't. I'm not dressed. Good gracious, what would people say? I can't let you in just now! Please go away for a little while."

"But," insisted the voice in a loud whisper, "I must come in."

"Dear lady," I began—"dear madam, you must not come in—it would be awful."

"Why," said the little voice, "Who do you think I am?"

"Are you not Mrs. Pusey?"

At this moment the little opening in the door was filled with the small shrinking figure of a man, and I now discovered that I had made a funny error. Instead of it being the overpowering Mrs. Pusey the small voice belonged to her tiny spouse. I was greatly relieved, and throwing the door open invited him to enter.

"I hear, er—er—er—" he began in a hesitating, stammering manner, "that you have made an engagement with one or both of the young ladies who are under our care?"

Having thus delivered himself he gazed at the ceiling and seemed to wish he was a mile or two away.

A vision of a suit for breach of promise floated before my eyes. Had I got drunk overnight and proposed to both girls and been accepted? With a feeling of great anxiety I asked, "What do you mean?"

"I er—er mean that I—that is, we—can't permit any such thing to be carried out. I—we object."

"Object to what?" I interrupted.

"Well we—er—er—object as strongly as we can to your proposal to—"

"My good sir," I cried, "I have not proposed to anyone! Are you mad, or am I? I wish you would stop stammering and tell me what you mean or leave the room."

"Well, if you will let me tell you, I will. We—that is, Mrs. Pusey, objects to your proposal to take the young ladies to the theatre without a er—er—er, you know. What do you call it?—er—chaperone."

"Oh," I said, much relieved. "Thank goodness it's no worse. What do you want me to do?"

"I think you had better call on Mrs. Pusey after breakfast," he said. "She arranges all such matters."

This I agreed to do. Ten o'clock found me tapping on the Pusey door. It was opened by a little colored girl, who, after admitting me, discreetly withdrew. After a few minutes' desultory conversation, the lady said:

"I have sent for you to suggest that as we are in an English country, where it is usual to have a chaperone accompany young ladies to places of amusement, I must decline to let my young ladies go to the theatre tonight unless there is a mature person to look after them."

"Very well," I replied, "suppose I ask Mr. Pusey to go with us?"

"No," she said, "he wouldn't do at all—he would be worse than no one. He's half blind, anyhow."

"Well, how would Mrs. Clinton (another guest at the hotel) answer?"

"Wha—at! A woman who has had three husbands and two of them living! A nice example for my dear girls. No, indeed!"

"How would Mrs. Jim Curtis, my best friend's wife, do?"

"Not at all. Her husband's against our cause."

"Well, then, tell me what I am to do. Would you act as chaperone?"

A pleasant look stole into the woman's face and displaced the severe, judicial aspect with which she had regarded me. She said: "It would be a great sacrifice on my part. Let me see. Have I any other engagements? Yes, several; but I must set them all aside for duty's sake. I will go, only do not keep me too late."

The girls and I had a delightful stroll to the

park and back to town. They were very engaging in their manners and were very sweet and intelligent, but could talk of little else than the war that was then raging between the North and the South; and no wonder, for Miss Reynolds had three brothers in the Southern army, and Miss Eccles's father's plantation had been destroyed and all the slaves freed by the Union army.

The company at the theatre was very inferior and there was not a redeeming feature in the play. When the curtain fell at eleven o'clock we walked towards the hotel. Our way led past two restaurants. Mrs. Pusey seized my arm with a firm clutch as if she imagined I was about to bolt; but she needn't have feared. I had no such intention, and like a brave little soldier I marched my contingent of ladies right into the first restaurant, and before they were well aware of my intention had ordered the best supper that could be had. I was afraid that Mrs. Pusey would object, but she didn't, and I am glad to say that she and all of us made a very hearty meal. I have reason to remember that one of the dishes was deviled sausages.

At the hotel I said good-night to the ladies and went to the newspaper office. Having performed certain duties there I returned to the hotel and sought my couch. I call to mind that a few days before I had bought Macaulay's History of England, and as I didn't feel disposed to slumber I read several chapters of that most engaging work. Finally I fell into the arms of the drowsy god. I might have been asleep an hour, perhaps less, when I was awakened by a fierce knocking at the door of my chamber.

"Who's there?" I cried.

"Get up; the hotel's all on fire," was the alarming reply.

I leaped out of bed. Through the transom I could see reflected a red gleam and there was much smoke in the room. I seized my clothes and rushed into the passage. It was filled with smoke, through which ever and anon a burst of flame forced its way, illumined the corridor for a moment, and then died off. I tried to find the stairs. I groped along the side of the passage, feeling the walls as I proceeded. The

walls were already hot. The air was suffocating, and I could scarcely breathe. I cried "Fire! Fire!" with difficulty. Presently I came to a door and pushed. It yielded and I fell into a room. I leaped to my feet and pressed towards a window. As I did so I saw a white figure lying on the floor. I stooped and felt with my hands in the semi-darkness and then—oh! horror!—I touched a human face. "My God!" I cried in agony. "Is this you, Elsie?" I had not dared to call Miss Reynolds by her Christian name before, and how I knew in the imperfect light that it was she who lay at my feet I was never able to say.

A voice in agonizing, stifling accents responded: "Yes. Oh, save me, save me!"

Evidently the girl had risen to fly, and, overpowered by the smoke, had fallen where I found her. I raised her in my arms. She was by no means a lightweight, but I was young and strong, and the excitement added to my strength. A fitful flash of light illumined the room for a moment and I saw that she was clad in her nightgown. Her face was pale as death and her long hair streamed over my chest. I staggered towards the door. The light failed me again, but I reached the door at last. The smoke was denser than before, but as it lifted occasionally I could see weird figures clad in white tottering along the corridor, apparently searching for something. All tried to articulate the one word, "Fire!" I passed into the corridor with my load and waited for another flash to illumine the hall before resuming my search for the stairs. At this moment a large figure loomed out of the gloom. It spoke to me. The voice was that of a woman, but it was deep and sepulchral.

"Drop her!" it said, "she's dead. Carry me out." Then I saw that the newcomer was Mrs. Pusey.

I obeyed. I cast the poor girl's body to the floor, upon which it fell with a crash, and seized the other woman. She was of huge weight, too big and heavy for me to lift. I did my best. I tried till my sinews cracked with the exertion, but she was like a mountain of lead. I could not budge her.

"I can't lift you," I told her at last; you're too old and fat."

"How dare you insult me!" she screamed. "If Mr. Pusey were here you should not dare call me old and fat. Take that!—and that!—and that!" She struck me three times across the face with the back of her jewelled hand. I felt the stones as they cut into my flesh and then the hot blood coursed down my face from the wounds she had made.

"Ha! ha!" she laughed insanely. "You think you're good-looking. You pride yourself on your manly beauty. Old and fat, am I? I've marked you for life. I've branded you, set my seal on you, and forever after you'll be referred to as the 'Scar-faced Man!'"

"Wretched woman," I cried with difficulty, "don't think you can treat me as you do your little Pusey. Give me that hand." I seized her hand in spite of her resistance, buried my teeth in it until they met and shook it as a dog would have shaken a bone, for I was beside myself with rage. "I'll eat you!" I cried. "I'll begin at your hand."

The woman was so frightened she fainted dead away. I dropped her and prepared to save myself by flight. I passed along the hall, as I went shouting "Fire! help! murder!" as loudly as the stifling smoke would permit. Presently I heard hoarse voices as if in response to my cries. Then there was borne to my ears the noise of many feet hurrying along the corridor. The footsteps stopped suddenly. "It's in here," I heard a man say. Then there came a crash as if something had given way—a rending of wood and iron. Next a bright light flashed in my eyes. I opened them wide, and wider still, for what I saw overwhelmed me with surprise. I was lying on my bed, and in the room were the night-watchman, the hotel proprietors and several male guests. Some bore lighted candles and others coal oil lamps. Two or three had sticks and others carried revolvers, while the porter had a pail of water prepared to dash it upon a conflagration. Near the door I saw the two young ladies and Mrs. Pusey in night attire, very pale and trembling, tip-toeing to look over the heads of the gentlemen, with alarm on their faces.

"Who saved me?" I asked.

"Saved you?" said the watchman. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself for makin' all this yere bobbery about nothin'. You don't want no savin'. You want a poundin'; that's what you want."

"Has not the hotel been on fire? and is not Elsie dead, and Mrs. Pusey, is she—?" I felt my face. There were no wounds there. "What does it all mean?" I asked.

"It means," said the watchman, "that there hasn't been no fire, and that you'll have to treat the 'ole 'ouse for 'avin' ad the nightmare."

The intruders turned away with expressions of disgust, and Dr. Powell, who had an office in the hotel and had been hastily summoned, came forward and felt my pulse. Next he raised one of my lids and looked long and anxiously into my eyes.

"Open your mouth," he said. "Wide, wider. Put out your tongue. Further! There, that'll do. What did you have for supper?"

"Deviled sausages," I replied.

"Humph!" said the Doctor. "Good-night," and he left me alone to my reflections.

Mr. Carnegie's Gospel of Wealth

Summary prepared under Mr. Carnegie's supervision for the press service of "Charities and The Commons," New York, from his article on "Wealth," originally published in the North American Review.

THE problem of our age is the proper administration of wealth, that the ties of brotherhood may still bind together the rich and the poor in harmonious relationship. The condition of affairs under which the best interests of the race have been promoted have inevitably given wealth to the comparative few. Individualism, private property, the law of accumulation, do perhaps sometimes operate unjustly or unequally, but they are, nevertheless, the highest results of human experience, the soil in which society, so far, has produced the best fruit. Accepting conditions as they exist the situation can be surveyed and pronounced good. What, then, is the proper mode of administering wealth after the laws upon which civilization is founded have thrown it into the hands of the few? It is of this great question that I believe I offer the true solution.

There are but three modes in which surplus wealth can be disposed of: It can be left to the families of the decedents; or it can be bequeathed for public uses; or finally it can be administered by its possessors during their lives. Under the first and second modes most of the wealth of the world that has reached the few has hitherto been applied. Let us in turn consider each of these modes. The first is the most injudicious. In monarchical countries, the estates and the greatest portion of the wealth are left to the first son, that the vanity of the parent may be gratified by the thought that his name and title are to descend unimpaired to succeeding generations. The condition of this class in Europe today teaches the failure of such hopes and ambitions. The successors have become impoverished through their follies, or from the fall in the value of land. Under republican institutions the division of property among children is much fairer; but the question which forces itself upon thoughtful men in all lands is, why should men leave great fortunes to their children? If this is done from affection, is it not misguided affection? Observation teaches that, generally speaking, it is not well for the children that they should be burdened. Neither is it well for the state. Beyond providing for the wife and daughters moderate sources of income, and very moderate allowances indeed, if any, for the sons, men may well hesitate; for it is no longer questionable that great sums bequeathed often work more for the injury than for the good of the recipients. Looking upon the usual results of the enormous sums conferred upon legatees, the thoughtful man must shortly say, "I would as soon leave to my son a curse as the almighty dollar," and admit to himself that it is not the welfare of the child-

ren; but family pride, which inspires these legacies.

As to the second mode, that of leaving wealth at death for public uses, it may be said that this is only a means for the disposal of wealth, provided a man is content to wait until he is dead before he becomes of much good in the world. Knowledge of the results of legacies bequeathed is not calculated to inspire the brightest hopes of much posthumous good being accomplished by them. The cases are not few in which the real object sought by the testator is thwarted. Men who leave vast sums in this way, may fairly be thought men who would not have left it at all had they been able to take it with them.

There remains then only one mode of using great fortunes; but in this we have the true antidote for the temporary unequal distribution of wealth, the reconciliation of the rich and the poor—a reign of harmony—another ideal, differing, indeed, from that of the communist in requiring only the further evolution of existing conditions, not the total overthrow of our civilization. It is founded upon the present most intense individualism, and the race is prepared to put it into practice by degrees whenever it pleases. Under its sway we shall have an ideal state, in which the surplus of the few will become, in the best sense, the property of the many, because administered for the common good; and this wealth, passing through the hands of the few, can be made a much more potent force for the elevation of our race than if distributed in small sums to the people themselves. Even the poorest can be made to see this, and to agree that great sums gathered by some of their fellow citizens and spent for public purposes, from which the masses reap the principal benefit, are more valuable to them than if scattered among themselves in trifling amounts through the course of many years.

This, then, is held to be the duty of the man of wealth: First, to set an example of modest, unostentatious living, shunning display or extravagance; to provide moderately for the legitimate wants of those dependent upon him; and, after doing so, to consider all surplus revenues which come to him simply as trust funds, which he is called upon to administer in the manner which in his judgment is best calculated to produce the most beneficial results for the community—the man of wealth thus becoming the mere trustee and agent for his poorer brethren, bringing to their service his superior wisdom, experience and ability to administer, doing for them better than they would or could do for themselves.

In bestowing charity, the main consideration should be to help those who will help themselves; to provide part of the means by which those who desire to improve may do so; to give to those who desire to rise the aids by which they may rise; to assist, but rarely or never to do all. Neither the individual

nor the race is improved by almsgiving. Those worthy of assistance, except in rare cases, seldom require assistance.

The rich man is thus almost restricted to following the examples of Peter Cooper, Enoch Pratt, of Baltimore; Mr. Pratt, of Brooklyn; Senator Stanford and others, who know that the best means of benefiting the community is to place within its reach the ladders upon which men are helped in body and mind; works of art, certain to give pleasure and improve the public taste; and public institutions of various kinds, which will improve the general conditions of the people; in this manner returning their surplus of wealth to the mass of their fellows in the forms best calculated to do them lasting good.

This is the problem of rich and poor to be solved. The laws of accumulation will be left free; the laws of distribution free. Individualism will continue, but the millionaire will be the trustee for the poor; entrusted for a season with a great part of the increased wealth of the community, but administering it for the community far better than it could or would have done for itself. The best minds will thus have reached a stage in the development of the race in which it is clearly seen that there is no mode of disposing of surplus wealth creditable to thoughtful and earnest men into whose hands it flows, save by using it year by year for the general good. This day already dawns. Men may die without incurring the pity of their fellows, still sharers in great business enterprises from which their capital cannot be or has not been withdrawn, and which is left chiefly at death for public uses, yet the day is not far distant when the man who dies, having neglected his duties to his fellows during life and leaving behind him millions of available wealth, which was free for him to administer during life, will pass away unwept, unhonored and unsung, no matter to what uses he leaves the dross which he cannot take with him. Of such as these the public verdict will then be: "The man who dies thus rich dies disgraced."

Such, in my opinion, is the true gospel concerning wealth, obedience to which is destined some day to solve the problem of the rich and the poor, and to bring, "Peace on Earth; Among Men Good Will."

A novel apparatus to enable a person to study the internal structure of his own eye is the device of a French oculist, Dr. Fortin. The light of a mercury vapor tube is reflected by a highly polished mirror through two thicknesses of blue glass to a lens, and this concentrates the ray upon the eye. From a suitable point behind the lens the observer sees the circulation of the blood in the minute vessels of the eye with other details. When a card pierced with a pinhole is moved rapidly to and fro in front of the eye the focus, a little depression at the most sensitive part of the retina, is made visible.