

he not only drew from the life, but had the artist's instinct of selection, through which he knew the combinations of natural effects most likely to emphasize his point. We cannot pretend to speak of these great novels in detail, nor does it seem necessary; they are as familiar to all persons of cultivation as the books of George Eliot, Victor Hugo, Thackeray, or any of Turgeneff's strongest contemporaries. And they are fairly to be ranked with the works of these masters.

A very different type of writer was Henri Conscience, the Flemish author, who died within a week of the Russian novelist. Conscience was a foremost example of the romantic school in fiction. His earliest books have much the same kind of flavor as the "Waverley" novels; nor did he in middle and later life lose any of the enthusiasm of youth. He was one of the most prolific authors on record, the number of his books exceeding one hundred; but the buoyancy of this whole list of writings knows no break. He had intense sorrows and sufferings, notably in the simultaneous deaths of a son and daughter to whom he was intensely devoted, and in grievous pain through cancer, to which he was a martyr in the last years of his life; but his sweetness of temper and elevation of spirit never knew change. It was a career to be remembered,—possibly the life may be called finer than the books; but the best of Conscience's novels are masterly in their way and have become standard works in Belgium. It is somewhat surprising that so little comparatively is known of him in English. He has been widely translated into French and other European languages, and it might be thought that our people, who relish the works of Auerbach, whom Conscience strikingly resembles in his devotion to country life and rural character, would long since have made a closer acquaintance with the author of "The Couscript" and "Golden Adel." Perhaps this more intimate knowledge may yet come, for it will be long before the tide of time sweeps out of memory these pure and elevated books.

### BABY MULANEY'S MISSION.

The Mulaneys commenced with a battered-up old grandfather who possessed a disastrous talent for getting into trouble and staying there, and ended with a crumb of a baby whose name had been twisted by some inconceivable process from John Patrick Michael into Tim. He was such a skimp baby that nature must have patched him up out of the cuttings and scrapings of luckier patterns, and falling short of sight, had made it up to him in gloriously big slate-gray eyes that, like the stone gods of Israel, "opened wide but could not see."

There was a widow and some odds and ends of children wedged in between the two, and all lived together in a stuffy little house that was as like as peas to the mob of other stuffy houses that disgraced both sides of the street—only it wasn't a street, after all, but an alley, choked up with want and flavored with babies; with a red lamp swung out at one corner where the beer-shop stood, and a dismal little Indian up-holding with its one foot (the other might have been in its grave for all Slum Alley knew or bothered) the cigar-store interests at the other.

Grandfather Mulaney owned a cow that came as near his ideal as any cow could that gave milk instead of whiskey, and he divided his time impartially between it and those patriotic meetings the Alleyites devoted to poor Ireland and worse potent. Then there was a pig—two pigs—tucked under the woodshed, that squealed and scuffled and grunted, and a straddling rooster that cackled, regardless of sex, and a cat that mewed, and a dog that whined—and then, by way of rivalry, the odds and ends of Mulaneys, who squealed and shuffled and cackled and whined worse than them all put together.

Mother Mulaney was one of those misery-ridden widows the world knows by heart—a woman who laundered her life away with all the odds and ends tugging at her garters—all save Kitty, who even resented the figurative apron-strings now that she had asserted her superiority to them by standing in a store up-town.

Pretty Kitty! Her eyes were Irish blue, her hair was Irish black, her heart—but all Slum Alley stoutly denied that Kate Mulaney had one. She was tall and straight as a poplar sapling, was Kitty, and she had a trick of lifting her eyebrows at her neighbors, which was rather superb, but pretty conclusive evidence that the diagnosis of Slum Alley was correct.

How she had managed to grow up under such cramped circumstances, or how the beauty her mother had left behind her in the peat bogs of Ireland along with her youth had found such a glorious resurrection in her face, never puzzled the brain of Miss Kitty Mulaney—she was tall, and there were the Irish eyes and the clouds of black hair tantalizing her from the cracked bit mirror day after day, till her vanity bled at the idea of wasting so much sweetness on two old people and a gang of noisy cubs—for there was enough of Grandfather Mulaney's blood rioting through her veins to warrant that young person in calling a spade a spade.

It was no crime, surely, to rebel against the fate that had cast her among them like a jewel in a dust heap, but if it had been ranker treason Miss Mulaney would have gone on rebelling all the same. Slum Alley was good enough, perhaps, for her moldy old grandfather and those who knuckle-bones of children, but fate should have remembered that *she* was Kitty Mulaney,

and cut her cloth accordingly. She loved her mother, of course, but deep down in her heart (for she really had one, though it was so cramped and stifled under its heaps of vanity and ruinous pride that Slum Alley might well be forgiven its doubts) she knew she was ashamed of the toil-stained face and naked brogue, and she never meant to forgive her father for dying as poor as he did.

Those other girls at the shop could have their evenings to themselves, with a trip now and then to the theatre, and friends they were not ashamed to own, while she—*she*—must trudge home to bare floors and sud-stained walls, to coarse fare heaped on cloudy dishes, with the odds and ends squealing and scuffling about her while she ate it, and Baby Tim actually squirming up in her lap from under the table to coil his wizen little arms around her dainty waist.

She was tired, of course, and there was little exhilaration in kissing a scrap of a face that was brown with freckles, black with dirt and generally blue with bruises—so Miss Mulaney never did it—and the child, whose love for his eldest sister, like the brilliant red flower of the cactus, was the one passion of his thorny little life, would accept his defeat with something shining in his sightless eyes that ought to have brought tears to her own, and go scuttling about the floor squealing worse than ever. It counted for little that the sud-stains meant so much of her mother's strength, or that the odds and ends ranked her next to the smoky little Virgin on the mantel; she only knew that she was spending her youth with neither pleasure nor profit, that Tim's adoration was the torment of her life, and that Grandfather Mulaney's playing fast and loose with the proprietor of the red lamp at one corner of the Alley and the savage at the other, getting his drinks and smoke free and welcome in change for the hopes, so lavishly given in pay, was nearly driving her frantic, as if she would ever, ever—

"Av coarse not, jewil," chuckled the dilapidated old villain; "sure, it's choosin' twist the byes would spile me intoirly."

That ended everything. For years she had been plotting and planning to get rid of it all, the poverty and dirt and disgrace of Slum Alley, and now her grandfather had opened a way with a wide gate and an easy road, and so Kitty stalked off dead-white with rage and engaged board with her friend, the Lace Counter, a big, showy girl with black eyes and yellow hair, whose mother let lodgings in a shabby-genteel house up-town.

"Of course I didn't want to leave you, mother," Kitty managed to explain, and she had the grace to lower her eyes as she did it, "but madam complains so of the distance."

It was a comforting falsehood, for the faded blue in the poor creature's eyes leaped into sudden, smiling life.

"Yis, darlint, an' it's wrong yez are intoirly. Sez I to yez grandfather the mornin' Kitty Mulaney's niver the gurrel to forsake the mother that borned her, sez I, an' sure it's home the child will be after comin' the Saturday noights to kape the babby from frettin', Mr. Mulaney; moind that, sez I."

"Yes, certainly—but indeed, mother, you should not let Tim go on so," with an impatient shove that freed her ruffles from his baby clasp. "I can't come in the house but what he sticks to me like a burr—selfish little ruffian!"

Tim accepted his usual rebuke with solemn eyes and quivering lips till Miss Mulaney had given her mother a gingerly kiss and each of the odds and ends its sparse duplicate; then sidling up to her departing skirts, clutched them recklessly and said, with a wheedling ring in his baby voice:

"Kitty, does yez want Tim's 'ittle pig?"

Heavens, no! Miss Mulaney had seen quite enough of pigs to last her a lifetime; so shaking the dust of Slum Alley from her dainty feet, she went away to commence a new life in a caddy under the eaves of a house that boasted of a barn, of a parlor strung around with cheap art in tarnished frames, cheap carpets, cheap chairs and a time-blurred glass over the mantel—cheap, yes, but it meant Oriental elegance to the pleasure-cheated girl, and so for a month or more she sold gloves and matched ribbons with a self-approving smile.

In the meantime something had happened. It is not often that Fate drives to the door of impoverished beauty behind two cloud-gray horses with long drab tails; but romantic things do happen sometimes, even outside of story-books, and so, when Dr. Jones stepped in the shabby-genteel house to feel a sick lodger's pulse, and stepping out again stepped right into the brilliant focus of two Irish blue eyes shining in the doorway, Fate stepped in herself and managed the rest after the most approved of modern fashions that begins with the orthodox introduction and winds up with a ring.

Then some remorseful memory startled the girl's conscience, and nerved her to a dutiful visit home, and the way had never seemed so long nor the place so shameless as that Summer evening, after reveling in the respectability of a life up-town.

Grandfather Mulaney was suffering from the effects of an understanding between the two corners; the children were laid up—or down, rather, on flabby pallets—with the mumps, and in the middle of it all—the miserable poverty and dirt—there sat Mother Mulaney, with Baby Tim stretched like a burning coal across her tired lap.

"Shpake low, mavourneen," whispered the poor creature, wiping the tears from her face

with a forlornness that went to Kitty's heart—and staid there. "Oh, but it's the favor that's scorehin' his wee arrums! Do ye look at thim—an' he's always as fat as a mole; sure it's cryin' he's been after yez; that bad, the doctor said I'd best send yer a message, but I moinded yez promised to come, an' yez dead broke me heart along wid yer own word—there, hist now, Tim, darlint; do yez be slapin' not to know she's home at last to stay!"

"Don't wake him, mother," she cried, hastily and remorsefully as well; "and it will be quite impossible for me to stay to-night; indeed—I—" she could not plead so trifling an excuse as an expected visit from the hero her mother had never heard of; so, emptying quite half of the silver coins from her purse into her hand, went on, hurriedly: "But I will come to-morrow, indeed; and here, mother, you will need this for the doctor."

"Shure, it's the comfort yez are when yez do come, mavourneen; but the doctor, St. Patrick's blessin' be wid him, he won't take a red cent from the likes of me, a poor widdy woman with her arrums full o' trouble, but I'll kape it for the mixthur the children do be takin' all around; wirra, to look at thim, with bumps as big as petaties; an' how daft the babby *will* be when he finds you've been and left him."

"But I *will* come to-morrow, indeed," she insisted, as she rose from her knees beside the unconscious child, "and see, I'll put this bright, new penny in his hand to keep him company until I come; and, mother—"

She tried to fashion some plea for deserting them all, but it stuck crosswise in her throat; so, kissing her mother's quivering lips, and allowing the odds and ends to worship her to their hearts' content for five delightful minutes, went home quietly, at last, carrying a sore conscience with her to her caddy under the eaves. Yes, it was cruel to leave her mother in her hour of need; it was worse than *crue* to stay away from Baby Tim; but what if she should catch that dreadful fever, and it should feed upon her beauty like a worm that eats up the blush of a rose

No, Miss Mulaney could not afford to bankrupt her future, even for Baby Tim!

If only she could keep him out of her mind! She hated ugly children, and Tim's small, wan face, capped with whitish hair, was not lovable to think of; but there it staid, between her and the trees, between her and the shop windows, between her and the glass, while she dressed for the evening—even between her lover and herself, as they chatted in the twilight of the dingy parlor she had chosen to make her home.

She had never been so fond of the child, she told herself, as she sat there—but what would he think of them all, from Grandfather Mulaney down—he with his pride and grand manners—all the weakness in the girl's heart rebelled at the confession of her part and parcel in Slum Alley and the old life. She could not tell him, and she would not.

And then a woman's shabby outline darkened the doorway—a woman with sobs in her voice and a naked brogue on her tongue—and the woman was Mother Mulaney!

"Doctor! It's me little byie that's dyin' an' me a thraipsin to yer office when the gurrel av yez sint me here. Praise the howly Patrick, I've found yez!"

At the first word the girl crouched behind the avalanche of soiled lace that tumbled over the window, and remained there till both voices were lost in the sounds of the night. Dying, and she had let her mother go without a word! The twilight blackened, and Kitty Mulaney, crouched behind the curtain, fought as hard a battle as he fights who wins a fortune for his pains. Every unkind word she had ever given the child cut and stung her as only remorse knows how to cut and sting, and now he might be dying even.

The fear of that carried her out of the house, down the streets, through courts and over crossings, till it brought her, panting, at last to Slum Alley and the home that, God helping her, she never again would leave.

And when she saw it lying there, a tiny white thing, with a bright, new penny between the fingers that lay like white blossoms on its heart, perhaps Baby Mulaney, looking down upon her from an unknown Somewhere, called upon her Master to witness that he had not died in vain.

And the doctor! Why, what could he do but forgive her weakness in the name of—Baby Mulaney!

### FOOT NOTES.

There is mischief intended to be made at the expense of the Lords, as a document in course of preparation, which will give a return of the Bills passed by the Commons and thrown out by the Lords, and vice versa. Of course, the first division will be the largest, inasmuch as more measures begin their career in the Lower House than in the Upper. It will not be honestly said till what time of the year the Lords had to wait for the Bills the Commons had kept in their House haggling over and tinkering.

The London *Lancet* in a late number calls attention to the necessity of guarding against overwork in the education of children, and declares that no growing child should be kept longer than half, or, at most, three-quarters of an hour at one task, or even in the same description of work. This is about as long as the attention of young children can be steadily directed to one and the same subject. A teacher who can fix and hold their attention for such a length of time may well be satisfied. To persist

in his efforts after their attention begins to flag has a tendency to weaken the faculty rather than to strengthen it. The pupils should be allowed to find relief in some other study.

**SEX IN WORK.**—With that charming inconsequence which distinguishes so much reasoning upon this general subject, some stalwart defender of "the natural sphere of woman" may perhaps conclude that an employment which is of no sex is not "womanly" or "feminine." He is a little late. George Herbert's familiar line disposes of the matter:

"Who sweeps a room as for thy laws  
Makes that and the action fine."

Or the old adage, what man has done man may do, may be paraphrased, what woman can do woman may do. Exceptional acts, like Mrs. Patton's steering the ship, will be infrequent. But all the employments developed by modern invention and by the greater perfection of machinery will be more and more open to women, not, however, as women, but as skilled and diligent laborers.

DURING the forthcoming international exhibition to be held at Nice, M. Tosselli will exhibit a submarine observatory of which the following description is given in *Engineering*: "It is made of steel and bronze to enable it to resist the pressure of water at a depth of one hundred and twenty metres,—nearly one hundred pounds to the square inch. The vessel is divided into three compartments, the upper for the commander, to enable him to direct the observatory and give explanations to the passengers, who to the number of eight occupy the middle compartment. They have under their feet a glass plate enabling them to see the bottom, with its corals, fishes, grass, etc. The third compartment contains the buoyant chamber, and can be regulated at will. As the sea is dark at the depth of seventy metres, the observatory is to be lighted by electricity, and a telephone communicates with the surface."

### VARIETIES.

In Charlotte Bronte's own town no public monument of any kind has been reared to her memory. A small brass plate set in the pavement of Haworth Church (which it appears was the gift of a stranger) alone commemorates in that town the existence of the gifted woman who lived and wrote and made her fame in the narrow limits of Haworth parsonage. The wealth of the district suffices to put up countless Methodist chapels, but not to erect a monument to her who has made Haworth famous, and has turned this village among the Yorkshire hills into a pilgrim shrine to be sought by all lovers of English literature from both sides of the sea.

NOTICE of civil marriage has just been announced in Dresden between Madame Sembrich, of the Royal Italian Opera, and Professor Wilhelm Stenzel. The circumstances are rather romantic. Madame Sembrich was a poor Gallician girl, earning about four shillings a day by teaching violin playing, when she was sent by a patron of music to the Conservatoire of Lemberg to study under Stenzel, who was a pupil of Chopin. Stenzel befriended the young girl, and at his own expense sent her to Vienna to study the piano under Epstein and Liszt, and subsequently to Milan, to study singing under Lamperte. Madame Sembrich has now become a great prima donna, and has returned the kindness of her benefactor by marrying him.

A RECENT observation of the sun showed that his golden face is disfigured at present by three huge spots, one in the southern and two in the northern hemisphere. The largest spot covered a space of at least a twentieth of the sun's diameter, which translated into figures is about forty-four thousand miles. Imagination fails to give an idea of a huge cavity or raging cyclone on such a gigantic scale. The earth could be tossed into the seething vortex like a ball into a pond. The four inner planets, Mercury, Venus, the Earth and Mars, transfused into one mass, would not half fill the chasm, if its depth be in proportion to its external dimensions. Even the giant Neptune, the third planet in size of the solar family, measured side by side with enormous sun cavern, would not equal its diameter by thousands of miles. Immense as was the size of this sun spot, it has been greatly exceeded by several that have been observed during the past year. The second spot was nearly as large as the first, and the third was by no means insignificant.

Wonderful and mysterious curative power is developed which is so varied in its operations that no disease or ill health can possibly exist or resist its power, and yet it is

Harmless for the most frail woman, weakest invalid or smallest child to use.

"Patients  
Almost dead or nearly dying"

For years, and given up by physicians of Bright's and other kidney diseases, liver complaints, severe coughs called consumption, have been cured.

Women gone nearly crazy!  
From agony of neuralgia, nervousness, wakefulness and various diseases peculiar to women.  
People drawn out of shape from excruciating pangs of Rheumatism.

Inflammatory and chronic, or suffering from scrofula!

Erysipelas!  
Salt Rheum, blood poisoning, dyspepsia, indigestion, and in fact almost all diseases frail

Nature is heir to  
Have been cured by Hop Bitters, proof of which can be found in every neighborhood in the known world.