

A POLITICAL NOVEL.

Mr. Morley Roberts Has Astonished Great Britain.

A GIFT BY RHODES

To a British Political Party Made the Subject of a Romance Which Contains a Good Deal of Solid and Awkward Truth.

Writing on November 10, Oliver Beresford, the London correspondent of the Boston Transcript, says:

A veritable bombshell has fallen in the midst of the broken camp of our Liberal party in the guise of a new novel by Mr. Morley Roberts. Lord Lintilhough, the book in question, is being thoroughly well advertised, but the end is not yet come. Morley Roberts has, before now, proved himself capable of much daring and has shown scanty respect for those who occupy the seats of the mighty, but Lord Lintilhough out-herods Herod and will probably bring serious consequences upon the head of his audacious author. The situation, in a nutshell, is this: In Lord Lintilhough one hears a great deal about certain persons named as "The Leader" and "John Midhurst," and Mr. Roberts makes no secret of the fact that the former personage represents, in this disguise, Mr. Cecil J. Rhodes, while John Midhurst stands for the late Mr. Schomburgk.

In the course of the tale we are very plainly told that Cecil Rhodes (alias "The Leader") at one time subsidized the Liberal party to the amount of £5,000, giving this sum of money on the understanding that they would practically abandon what is known as Little Englandism, and conform to his own wide views concerning the empire, especially in South Africa. In a letter which Morley Roberts recently sent to one of the morning papers he insists that his statement regarding this £5,000 is absolutely true, and goes on to say that it was not until Cecil J. Rhodes when the Liberal party broke faith with him and when they made capital out of abusing and maligning him.

I need not point out that this is a very serious statement, even though it was put forth through the medium of a "novel," how extremely serious it is has been proved by the universal comment it has aroused and by the furious anger it has stirred up in high quarters.

It is a well-known fact that in the heyday of poor Parnell's glory, Cecil Rhodes handed over a cheque for £10,000 to the Irish leader, making at that time much the same terms as those which he offered to him in the English Liberal party transaction. This subsidy to the Parnellites was never denied, but of course it is another matter to (practically) accuse the historical Liberal party of selling their vote on a given subject for £5,000! Few men understand the complex character of Cecil J. Rhodes so well as does Morley Roberts; witness his remarkable study of the big South African in the Colossus. But I fear that his hero went too far for Lord Lintilhough. In any way one looks at the story of that £5,000 is not a creditable one.

Nothing happens but the unexpected. This might be taken as the motto of Lord Salisbury's new cabinet. From a purely social point of view the appointment of Lord Lansdowne will follow closely every way desirable; but among serious politicians there is much shaking of wise heads and not a few grumbles. On one point, however, every one is agreed, and that is that Lady Lansdowne will be a "regular boom" at the foreign office, for she is grand dame to her very finger tips and thoroughly understands the delicate art of entertaining. Lady Salisbury never went in much for entertaining, and in her days there was nothing approaching that Lady Lansdowne will follow closely in the steps of that famous hostess, Lady Jersey. Whatever may be Lord Lansdowne's other qualifications, it must at least be conceded that he is quite a grand seigneur, and that his knowledge of the French language is exceptional; indeed, apropos of this, at one time Lord Salisbury, busy laughingly said that he was obliged to be his own foreign secretary, because only one member of his cabinet could speak French as she is "spoken in Paris," and that was Lord Lansdowne. The new foreign secretary is French on his mother's side, the latter being a daughter of General Planchet, one of Napoleon's officers, the same General Planchet who was the father of the famous Count Morny—Morny who made the coup d'etat, Morny the man of steel, the cold-blooded daredevil who was at one and the same time the bravest of men and the blackest of scoundrels.

Only a day or two ago a charming old lady, one of our Queen's most cherished intimates, told me that she was present at Lady Lansdowne's wedding, which took place at Westminster Abbey, and that the two great beauties present on that occasion were the Princess of Wales, who looked exquisitely lovely in a regal gown of ruby velvet, and the Duchess of Manchester, now the Duchess of Devonshire. Lady Lansdowne and her sister, Lady Blanford, were married on the same day, and their wedding created an immense sensation.

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POEMS OF TODAY.

Requiescat.

When our little day is done, When our lined sun is set, When the long night is begun, When our waking stars are met,

Thinking not on how we fell, Error wide or failure deep, When it is all over and well, Let us smile and go to sleep!

Wandering, mayhap, at the slot, Death had dropped to end the play; Marvelling that our hearts were hot Or beat feverly yesterday.

—New York Press.

Strength.

That I am strong, my friends, oh! pity me! Nor think me blessed that I can bear alone More than my share of burden without mean; More than your praise, I need your sympathy; I am in servitude, while you are free.

Who bids the useless hands to toil or crown? What hunter presses hard the broken wing? In your soft helplessness is liberty. And your gift of tears—the sweetest rest—For all life's woes, the stricken heart's outcry.

I may not voice the measure of my grief; I may not touch the right; I may not weep; Behind the sterile anguish of dry eyes.

—Juliet C. Isham in Harper's Bazar.

Dealing With Trouble.

He that buns round for trouble Wastes his time, the sages say, And suffers humbly, sadly, Stashed and bruised and beaten badly— Always loses in the fray.

He that runs away from trouble Must be ever on the go; He has never time for gaining, He is always on the wing.

He that holds his peace through trouble Finds his path, when he defeats it, Broad and smooth, the sages say.

—Chicago Times-Herald.

God's Smile.

When God upon our little world looks down, In His strenuous eyes so passing glad, So rapt with toys, the pen, the sword, the spear, Playing His game of fortune, fame or glory; Does He not smile, the patient One who keeps us gently in the onward way? Waiting, with kindly thought, the evening's when we shall tire of play?

And life's vast tragedies, His sins and woes, Are they not but as wounds that children feel, A tale told to the nursery belongs.

Of hurts left for his tender touch to heal? Does He not smile, the good God of us all, Knowing how sure his love is to prevail? Making things right when evening's shadows fall?

—St. Louis Republic.

Edwin Markham's Latest and Best Poem.

Edwin Markham contributes to the Christmas number of "Success" the most remarkable poem that he has written since "The Man With the Hoe." His new work is entitled "The Mighty Hundred Years."

All the vast, glimmering outlines of the Whole Swam the vision, shining, at one stroke, The ecstatic gravitation of the soul.

All things came circling in one cosmic dance, One motion after the other; Swung by one Law, one Purpose, one Ad- Serene and steadfast as the morning star.

Men trace the spacious orbits of the Law, And find it in their shelter and their friend; For there, behind its mystery and awe, Lies the sure hand pressing to a blessed end.

And so man pushes toward the Secret, Vast— To reach the storm of stars, skies upon skies; And down through circling atoms, nearing infinity.

The brink of things, beyond which Chaos lies, Yes, in the shaping of a grain of sand, He sees the law that made the spheres to spin; Stee atom-worlds spun by the Hidden Hand, To whirl about their small Alcione.

With splat of wizard Science on his eyes, And suggest on his arm, he probes through the dark, unfriendly skies; Or pushes back the low, unfriendly skies, To feel the wild of Saturn on his face.

He walks abroad upon the Zodiac, To weigh the world in balances, to fuse Suns in his crucible, and carry back The spectral music and the cosmic news.

AMOY, A CHINESE GIRL.

"Only a short time ago she had been the very light of the tea garden. No one could stand by the wild extravagance, yet graceful delicacy, of Amoy, and no voice was sweeter than hers; furthermore, she was wonderfully pretty, with her little pursed mouth, bright eyes and rich abundance of shiny hair; and besides being pretty and clever, Amoy was gentle, modest and good, so you will see that it was no wonder that she was the favorite of all the patrons of the house. Even the girls, who were usually so jealous when one was more popular than another, could not help liking Amoy."

For two years, though a Chinese girl, she had lived the public life of the geisha girl in Japan, laughing, dancing, singing for the entertainment of the guests; but this existence had not spoiled her in the slightest. But now all was different; for some months ever since the war had become thick with dark rumors of war—Amoy had been very unhappy. One day the manager had come into the tea garden, and to the great surprise of all the tea girls had spoken harshly to Amoy, whom he had always treated with great consideration. This was the day that the declaration of war against China, had been published on blood-red paper. From that day her life had become even more unhappy. Her employer had lost all his former cordiality of manner toward her, and the inmates of the house, the girls, even the very servants, had begun to despise her; for was she not of a nation at war with them, and who did she behoove them to hate? But even this was not all. To the sorrow that had resulted from her fall from favor was added the fact that the young man who had enlisted and the other ones were all too much occupied with the country's cause to find time for the distractions the tea-house offered. Mistakenly, the manager, was beginning to talk of discharging some of

the girls, and well Amoy knew that she would be among some of the first to go. Amoy was all alone in a quiet way back the province of Shantung, in China, she had a half-dozen little brothers and sisters and an old father and mother. His very early age she had gone out into the world and made her living with a troupe of Chinese jugglers and players who had come to Japan. Her unusual beauty had attracted the attention of a military, and she had covered his camp.

"The tea-house and garden adjoined, and, in fact, were connected by a public jirikasha stand, which was just outside the garden. At the back of the jirikasha stand was a large open shed, which served as a shelter during storms. In this shed, up one flight of stairs, was a large lumber room, a dull gloomy place, used for the storing of old goods, worn-out jirikasha, broken musical instruments and other plunder. Few were there who went, and Amoy would climb the rickety stairs, unless it was necessary to store away some useless trifle."

Amoy would come when her duties were over. In it was an old-fashioned jirikasha, which she had broken and its beautifully lacquered all cracked and blistered. This offered the soldier a safe retreat, however, and she would sway gently to and fro. Amoy would often climb into the jirikasha's heart, and there would brood bitterly over her unhappy lot.

The landlord of both the tea-house, managed by Mizutani, and the jirikasha stand, was Inouze Izuma, a young man said to be of considerable wealth. He was very much esteemed for his general good nature and kindness of heart. Few gave more freely to the war fund than he, and when the call for volunteers came from the government he was one of the first to offer himself. With scores of others, however, he was rejected for his general military service.

When the news of the slaking of the Kow-shing arrived, and drove the city mad with weeping, Amoy felt as if she were weeping alone. The old jirikasha rocked soothingly back and forth, and even while she gazed across her little head and seemed to spread a halo around it, she had not slept fifteen minutes before the door of the store-room was pushed open and Inouze and a stranger came into the place.

"I will show you the vehicle and you can see what repairs it needs," Inouze was saying. They moved over to a jirikasha that had met with an accident the previous day. The jirikasha was a very old one, and then suddenly broke off and stared with wide fascinating eyes at the sleeping girl.

Amoy had been in the jirikasha in the garden, but doubtless had never noticed her peculiar beauty, for he seldom went to the garden to sleep, and when he did, he would meet Inouze and the stranger in the garden. Now he stood beside Amoy, breathing very hard, and his eyes were staring and glowing the more they looked at her. They were very reluctantly, he turned them from her, and he ruminated his business hastily with the other man, after which they passed out together.

But soon Inouze came back to the store-room, and, crossing on tiptoe, stood for a long time by the sleeping girl, gazing at her with all his heart in his eyes. When she awoke he was still standing there, and she started up blushing, and looked very ashamed.

"Ah! I must ask your pardon," she said, and even her little ears tingled. Inouze did not answer. "I was very tired," the girl faltered, "and I had fallen asleep. I was very careful not to offend when she could avoid it."

"It is so comfortable to sleep here?" he asked, gently. "No, not so comfortable as in the house," she answered, "but I do not mean to sleep. I wished only to be alone."

"Ah! Why?" "You a Japanese and ask that?" "Yes," he answered; "I do not understand."

"I am not Japanese. Perhaps you do not know," she murmured, her head drooping. "Yes, you are Chinese." "Then—everybody in Japan hates me." "No, no—not everybody."

"I do not. I have seen you often, and I have never disliked you—never hated you. You are a very nice girl, and I am sure you are a very nice girl."

"I must go now," she said, jumping up nervously. "But why did you come here?" "To be sad, to weep, to break my heart alone," she answered, with a burst of passion.

"Ah, but it is pain more bearable alone?" "But me!" he exclaimed eagerly. "Let me share it with you?" "You are a Japanese, she said, quietly, and left him musing all alone in the semi-darkness.

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