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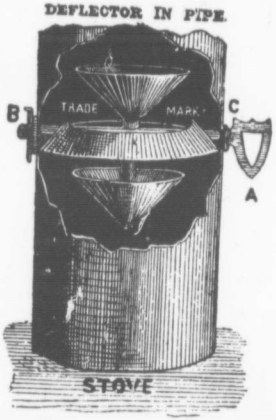

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"A TRICK AT CARDS," BY F. E. BARTIER.

THE LOUNGER.

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WOMAN IN FICTION.

By Mary L. Campbell.

FROM the beginning Desdemona has our sympathy. Even in her infatuation for Othello which she takes so little pains to conceal, we are more inclined to censure Othello for revealing her confidence than to accuse her of unwomanliness. His blind trust in the false Iago, and his stupidity in so easily allowing himself to be duped, very much detract from the character of the hero.

The Lady Helen, whose virtues won the affections of her fellow women and commanded the admiration of princes, governed by her love for Bertram, exerted every means in her power to procure him for her husband, even resorting to strategy to gain his love. In Portia we have a delightful picture of the wholesome woman, gay, sportive, warm hearted, and withal clever and quick witted.

In summing up the characteristics of these women we find that they have many good qualities in common, with an offsetting of a few of those petty foibles which are supposed to be peculiar to the sex.

In general terms then, according to so great an authority as Shakespeare, women are naturally affectionate, fervent and self-sacrificing in love, confiding, and forgiving to those they love.

LUCIANA—Alas poor women! make us but believe
Being compact of credit, that you love us;
Though others have the arm show us the sleeve;
We in your motion turn and you may move us.
(Comedy of Errors)

DESDEMONA—And his unkindness may defeat my life
But never taint my love. (Othello.)

Women are constant, and brave in emergency no matter how timid in small affairs. They have a reserve force to be drawn upon when the occasion demands it, though they show reluctance to rely upon this force. It is more often brought out by calamity theatening those they love than by danger to themselves. As they are persistent in small things so are they persevering in great ones. They are sometimes capricious and exacting, and are apt to feign a scorn they do not feel, and, wavering between the assumed part and the real emotion, to seem to act inconsistently. Witness Julia in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona;" her conduct with the maid who presents her lover's letter.

JULIA—"This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil with a protestation! (tears the letter)
Go, get you gone and let the papers lie:
You would be fingering them to anger me."

LUCETTA—"She makes it strange! but she would be best pleased
To be so angered with another letter." (exit)

JULIA—"Nay would I were so angered with the same!
O, hateful hands to tear such loving words!"

Women who would scorn to lie, sometimes prevaricate, as did Desdemona when

questioned by her lord about the handkerchief. In other words, in a good cause, they are sometimes apt to employ not strictly legitimate means, regarding more the greater principals at stake.

Finally, they are capable of rising above all those petty foibles which are but the play upon the rippling surface which hides the stronger current beneath, and of showing a brave front in the face of misfortunes before which men would quail, were it not for the encouragement and support of women.

Women are more constant than men.

> DUKE.—"Too old by heaven! Let still the woman take
> An elder than herself! So wears she to him.
> So sways she level in her husband's heart.
> For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
> Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm
> More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won
> Than woman's are. (Twelfth night.)

As for woman's weakness, if it be a fault, Shakespeare makes it not the greatest.

> Viola—"How easy is it for the proper false
> In woman's waxen hearts to set their forms.
> Alas, our frailty is the cause not we;
> For, such as we are made, of such we be."

It is interesting to notice how this estimate of woman's character has been adhered to by the great novelists of our language. Shakespeare does not lay any stress upon the vices of vanity and frivolity as being the chief characteristics of the sex, though he does show in certain women a natural desire to please, to appear to the best advantage, especially in the presence of their lovers, which characteristic indeed, is not entirely wanting in the other sex. There is not found in Shakespeare's women that morbid self analysis which distinguishes some of the womne of modern fiction. A woman's motives are generally of a very simple elementary character. It is not the abnormal that attracts the greatest minds, and what is abnormal in literature is apt to be ephemeral. Its influence no matter how universally felt at the time, is not likely to be permanent.

In the drama more than in the novel, exaggerated types and striking contrasts are perhaps necessary from a dramatic, if not from an artistic standpoint. The novel is in no sense restricted by any such requirement.

Though many authors have painted bad women in as strong colors as Shakespeare has used, most of them have allowed the worst women of their creation some little touches of humanity or womanly nature. Sir Walter Scott found it almost impossible to depict a woman as utterly depraved and devoid of all womanly instincts. Even the woman, Meg Murdockson (in The Heart of Midlothian) showed some distorted semblance of maternal feeling for her crazy daughter, and even for the foster child she had held to her breast, although for his treatment of her daughter she had sworn to be revenged upon him.

> "I have nursed him at this withered breast" answered the old woman folding her hands on her bosom as if pressing an infant to it "and though he has proved an adder to me—though he has been the destruction of me and mine—though he has made me company for the devil and food for hell, if there be such a place, yet I cannot take his life!—No I cannot," she continued with an appearance of rage against herself; "I have thought of it, I have tried it, but, Francis Levitt, I canna gang through wi' it—Na, na, he was the first bairn I ever nursed, ill I had been, and man can never ken what woman feels for the bairn she has held first to her bosom."

A certain glamour of romance hangs over all of Scott's women, but on the whole they are very true to life. Though Scott got much of his inspiration from the study of history and romance, he took his models from the life about him.

Of the two women, Jeanie and Effie Deans, perhaps the most remarkable and yet realistic of his female characters, it is difficult to say which is the more natural. If it were not that the elder sister, Jeanie, was drawn from an actual character, and that the incidents of her refusal to give false testimony in her sister's favor, and her subsequent journey to London to secure the pardon, were real facts from the life of the woman who was the original of the fictitious, Jeanie Deans, we would be inclined to think the character overdrawn. It requires a sympathetic knowledge of the Scottish character and of the religion which is a

part of the nature of such people as David Deans and his daughter, to thoroughly appreciate their conduct under such circumstances. One is tempted to cry out against the obstinacy of Jeanie, when even the father, David Deans weakened, and argued for this false testimony. The picture of the old man at this crisis, having brought himself to make this indirect appeal, is extremely touching, and a startling light is thrown upon the character of Jeanie.

"David Deans paused; for, still applying her speech to his preconceived difficulties, it seemed to him as if she, a woman, and a sister, was scarce entitled to be scrupulous upon this occasion where he a man, exercised in the testimonies of that testifying period, had given indirect countenance to her following what must have been the natural dictates of her own feelings."

free from the little weakness of prevarication when, off her guard, is shown by her answer, "I dinna ken," to the pursuers of Robertson when they enquired of her where he had gone. Scott finds it necessaro to apologize for this little defection, as he does in another instance when the meddlesome Mr. Saddletree inquires as to her business with Butler.

"I had a message from my father to Mr. Butler," said Jeanie with embarrassment; but instantly feeling ashamed of the fiction to which she had resorted, for her love of and veneration for truth was almost Quaker like, she corrected herself—"That is to say I wanted to speak with Mr. Butler about some business of my father's and puir Effie's."

The author acknowledges that Jeanie was not without appreciation of the advant-

Jeanie Deans' Cottage.

It is a fact often proved that women will die for their religious principles, and no doubt Jeanie would have substituted her life for the one that was forfeited. She says to Effie's lover.

"I wad ware the best blood in my body to keep her scaithless, but I cannot change right into wrong or make that true which is false."

That this woman, so firm of purpose, and dauntless in her integrity, was not entirely

ages offered her in the world's gear which the Laird displayed to her vision as the price of her hand in marriage, and later on when Jeanie Deans had become the prosperous and honored wife of her old lover, Reuben Butler, she had some difficulty in restraining a feeling akin to jealous resentment of the patronage of the younger sister who had now become a great lady.

These little side lights upon the character of Jeanie, together with her affectionate nature and the unaffected simplicity of her demeanor, bring us into closer sympathy with a nature which might, without these qualities, seem too austere.

Perhaps the character of Effie, that frail child of erring humanity, has been portrayed by the author with the more loving touch. Here is his description of the village girl before her great trouble.

"The lads of the neighboring suburb who held their evening rendezvous for putting the stone, casting the hammer, playing at long bowls and other athletic exercises, watched the motions of Effie Deans and contended with each other which should have the good fortune to attract her attention. Even the rigid Presbyterians of her father's persuasion who held each indulgence of the eye and sense to be a snare at least, if not a crime, were surprised into a moment's delight while gazing on a creature so exquisite—instantly checked by a sigh reproaching at once their own weakness, and mourning that a creature so fair should share in the common and hereditary guilt and imperfection of our nature. She was currently entitled the Lily of St. Leonard's, a name which she deserved as much by her guileless purity of thought, speech and action as by her uncommon loveliness of face and person. * * * With all the innocence and goodness of disposition therefore, which we have described, the Lily of St. Leonard's possessed a little fund of self conceit and obstinacy, and some, warmth and irritability of temper, partly natural perhaps, but certainly much increased by the unrestrained freedom of her childhood."

Effie Deans.

In adversity, a deeper note in the girl's character is struck. When she is in prison and the doors are burst open, her lover urges her to escape.

The girl gazed after him for a moment, and then faintly muttering "Better tyne life since tint is gudg fame" She sunk her head upon her hand and remained motionless, seemingly unconscious as a statue, of the noise and tumult which passed around her."

There is one scene between the two sisters which throws the best light upon the character of both. It is too long to quote in full. Jeanie expostulates with Effie for being late from home and Effie responds impatiently, and retaliates by singing snatches of songs suggesting in a taunting fashion Jeanie's lovers, the Laird and Ruben Butler.

"Effie (says Jeanie) if ye will learn tule sangs ye might make a knider use of them."

"And so I might" Jeanie, continued the girl clinging to her sister's neck, "and I wish I had never learned ane o' them, and I wish we had never come here—and I wish my tongue had been blistered or I had vexed ye."

Afterwards when Jeanie visits Effie in prison, Effie, spent by grief and confinement, gives way to her petulance.

"'What signifies coming to grief o'er me,' said poor Effie "when you have killed me, when a word of your mouth would have saved me—killed me when I am an innocent creature, innocent of that guilt at least,

and me that wad hae ‚ared body and soul to save your litttle finger from being hurt."

Previously, she had spoken in a different mood.

"'No, Jeanie" replied her sister after an effort, "I am better minded now. At my best I was never half sae guid as ye were, an what for suld ye begin to make yoursel waur to save me now that I am no worth saving," "God knows that in my sober mind I wudna wuss ony living creature to do a wrang thing to save my life."

All through her wayward life her affection for her father and her sister, and last but not least, her lover, remains undiminished, even in the hour of greatest trial, when not one of them seems willing to make the sacrifice which will save her life.

Towards the end of the story the development of Effie's character, in its weakness, and strength, comes out in relation to the false position which her exalted station places her in. Her constant fear of exposure, of wounding her husband's pride tends to destroy her happiness in any successful denouement of her troublous life. She is unhappy in the possession of everything that heart could desire of the world's good. She is continually straining every nerve to fit herself for and to shine in the position she has attained, while her heart remains unsatisfied.

Scott has great faith in the noble qualities of woman. Of one man he says "for like all rogues, he was a great calumniator of the fair sex."

From the study of this one romance, "The Heart of Midlothian," which is perhaps, one of his best for character study, we draw much the same general conclusions regarding woman's character that we draw from a closer study of Shakespeare.

In Mrs. Saddletree we have an illustration of woman's generous advocacy of her own sex.

Amy Robesbart is also a good type, though not so realistic as Jeanie and Effie Deans.

In Kennilworth occurs a sentence which is very suggestive of a certain phase of woman's character.

"And so terminated this celebrated audience in which, as throughout her life, Elizabeth united the occasional caprice of the sex with that sense and sound policy, in which neither man nor woman ever excelled her."

I am not sure that it is fair to hazard the supposition that Thackeray must have known some very good women, for fear the suggestion should seem to imply that such women are not common. We would rather say that to this author has been given a keen insight into human nature and a rare appreciation of the qualities that go to make a good woman "the loveliest flower" (in his own words) "that blooms under heaven."

"That even a woman should be faultless however," he tells us, "is an arrangement not permitted by nature, which assigns to us mental defects as it awards us headache, illness or death; without which the scheme of the world could not be carried on, nay, some of the best qualities of mankind could not be brought into exercise.

In the portrait of one woman in particular, the Countess of Esmond, Thackeray has excelled. There is perhaps too much of the sentimental in the picture, but this is a feature of both Dickens and Thackeray's works, which is more a mannerism of the time than a distinctive characteristic of those authors. Addison and Steele both show more of that labored sentimentality which is expressed in very long sentences adorned by the abundant use of a certain class of adjectives. There is perhaps more power of homely pathos and passion in Scott's simple direct narrative style, something of the spirit of the martial verse of the latter author.

The character and life of the Countess of Esmond is sufficiently realistic to be typical of at least a few women who have lived and are still living out their quiet lives. The young girl who loves with all the enthusiastic fervor of youth and innocence, her handsome good-natured husband who, while he loves his wife, is not quite capable of the same sort of affection—cannot quite reconcile himself to an interminable round of domestic bliss, but frets for a more active life, is not an isolated case. The man realizes his own shortcomings and appreciates the difference between himself and his wife long before she realizes that after all, her idol is of clay. This consciousness makes him sulky and constrained in her presence, and suspicious of her judgment of him, while on the other hand the wife does not understand what has come between them.

This is Thackeray's description of the situation.

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"IMOGEN," AS REPRESENTED BY JULIA MARLOWE."

"Much of the quarrels and hatred which arise between married people come, in my mind, from the husband's rage and revolt at discovering that his slave and bedfellow, who is to minister to all his wishes and is church-sworn to honor and obey him, is his superior and that he and not she ought to be the subordinate of the twain; and in their controversies, I think lay the cause of my lord's anger against his lady. When he left her she began to think for herself and thoughts were not in his favor. After the illumination when the love-lamp is put out that anon we spoke of, and by the common daylight we look at the picture, what a daub it looks, what a clumsy effigy! How many men and wives come to this knowledge, think you? And if it be painful to a woman to find herself mated to a boor, and ordered to love and honor a dullard; it is worse still for the man himself perhaps, whenever in his dim comprehension the idea that his slave and drudge yonder is, in truth, his superior, that the woman who does his bidding and submits to his humor should be his lord! that she can think a thousand things beyond the power of his muddled brain; and that in

"Juliet," as represented by Julia Marlowe.

yonder head on the pillow opposite to him lie a thousand feelings, mysteries of thought, latent scorns, and rebellions whereof he only dimly perceives the existence as they look furtively from her eyes, treasures of love doomed to perish without a hand to gather them; sweet fancies and images of beauty that would grow and unfold themselves into flower; bright wit that would shine like diamonds could it be brought into the sun, and the tyrant in possession crushes the outbreak of all these, drives them back like slaves into the dungeon and darkness, and chafes without, that his prisoner is rebellious and his sworn subject undutiful and refractory. So the lamp was out in Castlewood Hall, and the Lord and Lady saw each other as they were. With her illness and loss of beauty my lord's fire for his wife disappeared: with his selfishness and unfaithfulness, her foolish fiction of love and reverence was rent away.

Lord Castlewood says to Henry Esmond, speaking of his wife, under the excitement of his passion of jealousy and rage at the man who had presumed to offer attentions

to his wife, attentions which she was not aware of:

"Do you fancy I think that she would go astray? No she hasn't passion enough for that. She neither sins nor forgives, I know her temper, and now I've lost her, by heaven I love her ten thousand times more than I ever did."

Beatrix says of her mother Lady Esmond, "She is jealous, all women are."

Of the same woman Thackeray said "Among other feminine qualities she had that of being a perfect dissembler. Upon this last quality of woman's which all authors agree in assigning to the sex it seems a certain light is thrown by W. D. Howells in "The Lady of the Aroostook," He says:—

Rosalin in "As You Like It."

"One of the negative advantages of the negative part assigned to women in life is that they are seldom forced to commit themselves. They can if they choose remain perfectly passive while a great many things take place with regard to them. They need not account for what they do not do. From time to time a man must show his hand, but, save for one supreme exigency a woman need never show hers. She moves in mystery as long as she likes; and mere reticence in her, if she is young and fair, interprets itself as good sense and good taste.

The question is whether this quality of dissembling is constitutional or the result of circumstances. Also it is not quite sure though a woman need not show her hand, she is not liable to do so.

Speaking of Lady Esmond though, is not her case an unusual one for the present time at least?

Fortunately it is not the fashion to-day for women to marry so early (sixteen). Most women who marry to-day, have arrived at an age at which they have acquired a certain amount of the common sense which is natural to the sex. I do not mean to say that most women would have refrained from such a marriage upon principles of prudence, but that most women would have more approximately sounded the depths of the man's nature at an earlier period in the story, have partly seen his faults, formed perhaps, a vague suspicion of his vices, and alas! have married him in spite of all, and have begun that subtle martyrdom to which they had rashly devoted their lives, in the first years of wedded life. Generally the woman hopes to reform the man, or to so monopolize his time and thoughts with herself that he will become what she would wish him to be. Sometimes she partly succeeds, ignores her failures, and there is a modicum of domestic bliss. But it is a losing game. The chances are uneven and the woman either strives to blind herself to the man's defects and make the best of him, loving him still, because she will not allow herself to believe that she has made a mistake which stamps her life, her very existence, as a failure, an empty husk, a bunch of

withered leaves, a handful of blown sand, for:

> "Man's love is a thing apart
> 'Tis woman's whole existence (Byron)

still clinging to her poor tawdry—idol is not the word; or she gives up the struggle and devotes her life to her children. God help and protect the woman who has no children to live for—!

Thackeray's sentimentalism is relieved by the vein of pleasantry which runs through it. There is something of the same strain in Dickens, with a keener note of pathos under it all, but in Thackeray the effect is to make the whole more natural and realistic, while in Dickens the tendency is towards the grotesque, and the quality is transferred to the subject, which in Thackeray is rather the author's mode of expression who would not have life taken too seriously. In "Vanity Fair" this characteristic of the author has more of the quality of cynicism, and here he seems occassionally to strike a false note. Becky Sharpe is more a very clever creation of Thackeray's than a real woman, though at times, especially in the first chapters, in which the character is developed with the causes and circumstances which influenced this development, the drawing is powerful and true, and the portrait vivid and significant. Nevertheless Becky Sharpe is not a typical woman, any more than certain women of Wilkie Collins' portraiture.

Mrs. Pendennis is a delightful study in Thackeray's best style, of a good, wholesome woman, not too clever, but with sufficent good sense and a large share of that natural dignity and purity of character which makes a woman slow to suspect evil, and also makes her feel sufficiently secure in herself to be tolerant of the weakness of others. Only upon the side where her affections were enlisted was she apt to be unjust.

"Mrs. Pendennis had that vice of pride which did not vest itself, so much in her own person, as in that of her family. She spoke about Mr. Pendennis, a worthy little gentleman enough but there are others as good as he with an awful reverence as if he had been the Pope of Rome on his throne and she a Cardinal kneeling at his feet, and giving him incense. The Major she held to be a sort of Bayard among Majors; and as for her son Arthur, she worshipped that youth with an ardor which the young scape-grace accepted almost as coolly as the statue of the Saint in St. Peter's receives the rapturous osculations which the faithful deliver his toe."

Who does not know just such women? Her attitude towards Fanny is very natural as is that of Laura who is perhaps the stronger character of the two whose lives were devoted to this recreant Pen, as other good women's lives have been devoted to a less worthy object out of whom they have at last by sheer persistence of faith and effectionate endeavor succeeded in shaping a man somewhat similar to the ideal one so lovingly cherished. There are women to whose influence a man must in time yield at least a certain amount of submission. The influence may lose its hold for a time but it will not be entirely forgotten and sooner or later there will come a time when the man will tacitly acknowledge and yield to the benign power, which has always reached out to encompass his life.

There is a quality in Dickens' work which is entirely his own. It is not the romance of Scott nor the realism of Thackeray, but something akin to both, which, in carrying realism to an exaggerated extent, removes it beyond the realm of the realistic, if we may be allowed to make use of a paradox. His characters are surrounded by a mystical, hazy atmosphere like that of a dream, in which they seem to be constantly changing their relative proportions as the fitful dream-light, now dim and ghostly, now roseate, or grey, chill, and lowering, now bright cheerful and exhilarating illumines their faces. This atmospheric light casts a glamour over common things and they assume fantastic forms which seem real enough while the dream lasts, but leave with us after all, a hazy idea of something that appeals to the heart or to the senses rather than to the intellect.

Dickens had in mind always, as the key note of his work, certain institutions and conditions. His characters were to some extent always subordinate or subservient to a certain fixed idea in the author's mind so that they have something artificial in their make-up in which the fantastic and idealistic elements assume disproportionate value, that is, from a realistic standpoint. We do not attempt to compare him unfavorably with either Scott or Thackeray

from a purely literary point of view. There is in his work something of the charm of both these writers, enhanced by an added magical quality of his own.

Of Dickens' women one retains a fantastic idea, a subtle heart pang or an ideal picture in which we somewhat wistfully search for qualities more human or less angelic. These an occasional flash light reveals, but the impression is not lasting.

Among the many women of Dickens' portraiture whose individuality has left its trace upon mind and heart it is difficult to select one as typical. Each seems to be the embodiment of some one dominant characteristic rather than a complex human individuality.

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"THE PROPOSAL," BY EUGENE VON BLAAS.

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"THE FERRYMAN'S DAUGHTER," BY L. EMILE ADAN.

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"THE FIANCEE," BY E. BISSON.

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"RETURN OF THE VINTAGERS," BY L. EMILE ADAN.

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CHAPTER VII.

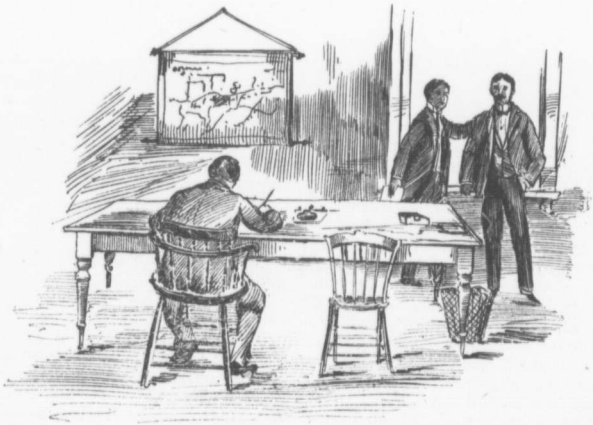
IN WHICH JOHN REGINALD BEGINS LIFE IN THE CITY.

John Reginald began his official life the very next morning. The Secretary introduced him to the Under Secretary who passed him on to the chief clerk by whom he was placed at a desk in an office with two others, and given some documents to copy. The work was simple, a good legible hand being all that was necessary, and as John possessed this, he performed his task in a very satisfactory manner, and so quickly that he was soon without anything to do.

While John was at work his two companions stood by the window farthest from him, discussing him in low tones.

"He's quite a curiosity," said one. "His clothes don't fit, and I'll venture the opinion that his mother cut his hair. It is dead certain that she did up his linen."

This young gentleman was one of the swells of the department, and always judged men by their clothes. There is a certain style about the Canadian service that is unique—so much so that any person at all familiar with it can pick out its members anywhere among the million. This peculiarity is to be found in their trousers. From



They stood by the window discussing him.

constant sitting they take on a curve that is unlike any other curve in or about the human form, outside the service. It starts at the waist, and runs down the front of the leg with an outward tendency to knee, where it becomes the conventional bag, much magnified; thence, as conveyancers say in deeds, downwards, with an inward tendency to the ankle. This gives the leg a most peculiar shape that I have sought in vain among other people. Then there is also a bag at the seat of the same garment, but this is not peculiar to the service. Schoolmasters have been afflicted with it for ages past. Notwitnstanding that their clothes are made by the best tailors and cut in the latest style, the inevitable curve is there, which gives reason for the belief that the defect is in the leg itself. With coats it is different, for coats, cuffs and hats can be removed, and an office coat donned; but it is not convenient (especially as there are a large number of female clerks employed in the same offices) for the service to whip off its trousers upon entering. Hence, it is not by their fruits, but by their trousers that ye may know them.

"He's not a beauty—that's a fact," said the other, "but time will mend all that, and for the sake of appearance, seeing that he is to share this office with us, we will have to take him in hand and spruce him up a bit. Besides, his dad must have a big 'pull' to get him in at all after what happened yesterday."

"'Pull,' is it? I should say he had a 'pull'—'pull' like a—like a country barber, and that goes to the roots of things, you know," said the swell, who thought himself quite a bit of a wit. "I wish I had half his 'pull' and I'd get my promotion before Christmas."

"Why, Mac, you ought not to complain. Your uncle is a Senator, and that ought to be 'pull' enough for you."

"And so is my aunt an old maid! A Senator how are you—an old woman, a dead politician, a has-been, a decrepit old gentleman, very childish, very effeminate, very useless—with one leg in the grave and the other in his coffin—a lot of dead meat—very dead meat. A Senator, bah! A Senator has lots of drag, but devlish little 'pull',—devlish little. Now, if he were a priest, like your brother, there would be some sense, and a huge 'pull' in it—or a bishop, with a whole diocese to dictate to—heavens! would'nt I go up like a rocket! Up—nothing short of Under Secretary for me. But all I have is my old uncle, Senator Drybones."

"A priest," said Fred, "are you mad enough to think a priest is a help? Why, Mac, look around you. Where is there a priest's brother that ever amounts to anything? Did you ever know one that was rich, or independent, or anything but the brother of Father so-and-so, a sort of needy individual that is under numerous obligations to his clerical relative and under his thumb as well. Don't talk to me of priests!"

Poor fellows! it was sad to hear them bewail their misfortuue, the lack of powerful relatives. This is another peculiarity of the public service—it robs a man of his manhood, his self-reliance, his self-respect, and makes him a poor, fawning, bowing, scraping creature, always running after power and plucking it by the coat tail. What would they not do for a "pull," and how they envied anyone who had it, envied and feared him. And although John Reginald was just then, blissfully unconscious of it, he was the object of a great deal of envy, a good deal of fear, and a vast amount of curiosity. There were two things which John Reginald possessed that were sure to make him respected in the service—these were his personal prowess, a thing quite unusual there, and his 'pull.'

"I wonder what his 'pull' consists of," said Mac, coming back to our hero.

"Of his old man principally I guess," said Fred.

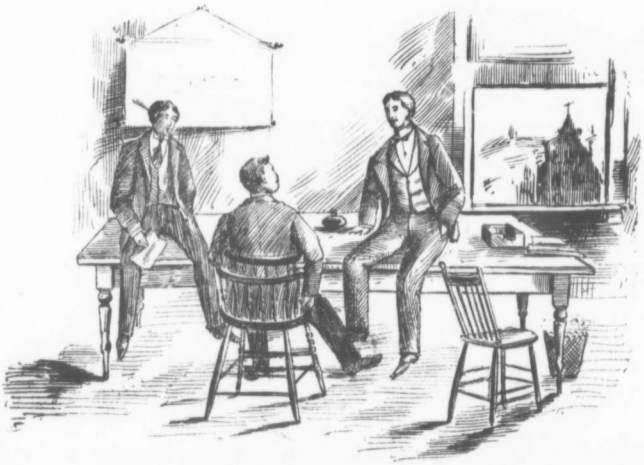
"You would not think it of the old gent," said Mac.

"That is just the kind, however," said Fred. "These old duffers are often blood relations of half a county, and have mortgages on the property of the other half, so that they carry the constituency around in their vest pockets, and you know what that means."

"I know very well what it means," said Mac with a tinge of envy. "It means 'pull' and 'pull' means promotion, and promotion means cash and cash is the equivalent of a jolly good time, and that is about all we poor devils have to live

for, or care for, or give a hang for. I wish my old uncle, the senator, were a consignee in my vest pocket and I'd turn him into cash in a twinkle and raise row enough with the proceeds to make his old bones rattle!"

"Bravo, Mac, bravo! You're a trump—one of the right sort" cried Fred slapping his friend approvingly on the back. "Make his old bones rattle! That's sublime, damme but it is the best thing I've heard in a year! And to think that that young duffer there, who, I wager, would go under the table before the third round, has it all in his own hands if he works his governor's 'pull.' It's a crying shame to think a rich thing like that will fall to a duffer that don't know how to use it. Well, there is one consolation, we can train him—and we will."



They began their lessons.

Alas! poor Jack. This is a sad business for you. You'll have a pair of teachers who'll make a man of you—a man that your mother will blush for, or I'm no prophet.

"Yes," said Mac, "we'll train him. He's young and tender, and easily bent, or I'm no judge. Let's begin at once, for see, the duffer has waded through that pile of work in half an hour that would have lasted one of us the whole day. He wants training, that's evident.'

John Reginald was unconscious of the kindly interest that was being taken in him—the kind of kindly interest a cat takes in a mouse. He applied himself so closely to his task that he saw nothing of his surroundings. A shy glance around the room when he was first taken into it, revealed three desks, a bare floor, a pile of dusty papers, a fireplace, two windows, a letter press, and a washbasin, partly hidden by a screen across the corner. There was nothing about the place to impress him with the dignity of the public service of which his father talked so much. Now that his task was done, however, he leaned back in his none too comfortable chair, and looked out through the north window, through which he caught a glimse of one corner of the senate, a partial view of the library, and in the distant back-ground his native hills, along the tops of which rolled dark, heavy, mist-laiden clouds, loomed up, silent and ominous. The sight of them filled him with a longing for home and for Kate, sweet Kate! But John was not left alone with his thoughts long. McGregor

the swell, and Weston, the exquisite,—they were both exquisite, or thought themselves so, for that matter—came over and joined him. Mac perched himself on one end of the desk, and Fred took possession of the other. Thus, with John Reginald, looking very shy, almost frightened in fact, between them, they began their lessons.

"Well, old fellow," said Mac in a free and easy tone, "there is no use standing on ceremony here. You are to be one of us, and you might as well get into the swim at once. Just let Fred and I take you in hand and we'll show you around in no time. I was born and reared on a farm myself (this was a lie, but it had a good effect) and I understand how it is. A fellow is naturally a little shy when he comes to town first, and needs a little toning up. You must not be offended at my frankness you know, old fellow, because it is all for your good. I know when I came in first I felt mighty green, and would have been delighted to have found a friend who knew the ropes, and would show them to me. But I didn't have any such luck, and I often got tripped up. Just put yourself in our care and you'll know it all in a month. What do you say?"

John Reginald did not know what to say. He felt flattered at the friendship he had so quickly won, and he wondered if he would ever be a man like McGregor. Heaven help him! that was the last thing in the world an honest man would wish to be. A man like McGregor—but then he did not know what kind of man McGregor was. Mac, no one ever though of calling him anything else, was nearly thirty. He was a rather fine looking man too, well built, except for the official curve in the legs—and would have been decidedly handsome but for the blur dissipation had spread over his countenance. He had sown lots of wild oats in his time and was still sowing it—the kind that takes root, grows up and bears fruit—the wild oats that runs to seed first and to the devil after. And John Reginald longed to be a man like McGregor—John Reginald, whose greatest sin so far had been the breaking of the breast-bone of an old hen that it might be passed off for a chicken. Ah, John, if your mother only knew your present danger, the old buckboard would be coming after you, and you would be taken back home to grow up a respectable, even though a shiftless farmer—and you would take Kate to wife and she would live and die an honest woman, but—well your mother does not know—you do not know yourself—and so your fate is sealed and God only knows how it will all end.

"Well," said McGregor, "will you do it?"

"Yes," said John "I feel mighty green, whether I look that way or not, and I want to get over it as fast as I can. I will be ever so glad if you fellows will post me."

"Now you're talking like a sensible chap," said Fred, "and if you will just follow our advice we will make a man of you. We are going to be chums, you know, because we are going to work in the same office here, and will have to be together all the time. That's why we take an interest in you, and, if I do say it myself, there are not many fellows in the service who would care a hang for you; are there, Mac?"

"Not many, Fred, that's a fact, and perhaps we wouldn't either if we had not come from farms ourselves and knew how it felt," and he winked knowingly at Fred.

And so it was settled, and John Reginald was immensely happy on that account. The first thing his teachers or trainers undertook was his removal from the Farmers' Rest, where he had taken a room, to the more fashionable boarding house where they lived themselves. The next thing was to take him to a first-class tailor and have him measured for a new suit—one of the very latest, and exactly like the one Mac himself had on. As soon as the new outfit was ready they would begin to introduce him; but for the present they thought he had better not go out any more than he could help. First impressions were lasting, and sometimes they were not pleasant.

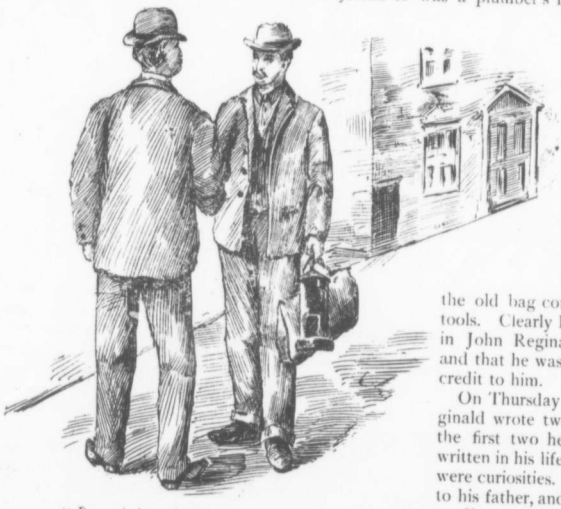
John Reginald submitted to everything without a murmur. He put himself absolutely under the control of his two friends, and did whatever they told him to do. So John kept to his room religiously, only appearing on the streets when going to and from his office, and then he took the shortest cuts, and walked as fast as he could.

On one of these occasions, however, he encountered Bill Smith. Bill stopped and shook hands with him.

"I'm mightily glad to see you, Jack," he said. "How do you like it in town? I heard about you getting a place in the government."

"I like it first rate," John replied. "It's tony, you know, and it ain't everyone who can get in. You've got to have a 'pull' you know."

Bill did not say anything, but he smiled in a way John Reginald did not altogether like.



"I'm mighty glad to see you, Jack."

"How did you leave everyone at home, Jack?" Bill asked.

"Oh, they're all about as usual. How are you making it go, Bill?"

"Not too bad at all for a start," said Bill. "I get plenty to eat and lots to do, and that's about all any man wants."

"Some people are satisfied with it," said John, and then they parted each going his own way.

"I must keep out of Bill's way," thought John Reginald, as he walked along. "He's not in my class here any more than he was at home, and it won't pay to have any truck with him. Mac and Fred would be against it, I know. Why, Bill's clothes and hands are dirty, and he's carrying an old bag and some sort of an old pot that don't look decent," and John strutted along with a high head.

His description of Bill was not far wrong, for Bill was just returning to the works after completing a job of wiring a house for electric lighting. He wore a pair of duck over-alls, that were very greesy, and his hands were soiled. The "pot" John objected to was a plumber's furnace, and the old bag contained his tools. Clearly Bill was not in John Reginald's class, and that he was not was a credit to him.

On Thursday John Reginald wrote two letters—the first two he had ever written in his life, and they were curiosities. One was to his father, and the other to Kate, and they were written on the official paper of the department, that had a blue coat of arms at the top, and looked very imposing. The first letter read:

"Dear Dad—I take my pen in hand to write you these few lines hoping that they will find you well as they leave me at present."

Having begun his epistle in this original and touching style, John laid down his pen and scratched his head, at a loss for something else to say. After several minutes spent in this way, he took up his pen again and continued:

"The lads in the office are using me white, Dad—both of them. Mac—that's McGregor—and

Fred, that's Weston, they are the fellows who work with me, are fixing me up, getting me into shape. They are going to show me the ropes, and give me a knock down to everyone. They took me from the Farmer's Rest, it ain't swell enough for the service, you know, and got me a room in the house where they stop. And then Mac went with me to a tailor and ordered me a swell suit just like his own. I havn't the money to pay for it, but he says I can stand the duffer off, and anyway it's the fashion to be in debt to the tailor. So I'm going to go in debt, and into everything else they tell me. They are two jolly fellows and they are making the world of me. And I say, Dad, tell mother to make me some nightshirts like her own to sleep in. They are all the rage here at present.

"My love to everyone, and so no more at present from your son

"John Reginald Jenkins."

When Farmer Jenkins, who could not read himself, brought this letter home from the post office, he had his second eldest son, named Patrick William Henry, who was in the fourth reader at school, and could read handwriting with a good deal of spelling, declaim it for the benefit of the whole family. Mrs. Jenkins listened to the reading of John's letter with a troubled look on her motherly countenance. That it did not please her was quite evident, and when it was finished, she put her thoughts into words.

"I don't keer fer that, Dad," she said. "It don't seem as all was right no how. I'm dreadfully afeard that our Jack be agoin' ter go ter the bad in town."

"Why, mother, what be the matter with it? Jack writes like a gentleman, blamed if he don't."

"Ay, Dad; but I don't keer fer his agoin' into debt, an' a gettin' of clothes he can't pay fer. That ain't honest, Dad."

"Consarn it, mother, the lad has got ter have clothes. He ain't agoin' ter look like a ditch-digger, when he's among gentlemen."

"But, Dad, his duds were allers better nor any of us had, an 'it 'pears ter me they ware good enough fer anyone. An' then he's left the Farmers Rest, as was allers good enough fer his Dad an' mam when they was ter town. It be jest what I was afeard of; he be flyin' high.

"He be bound ter do it, woman, he be a Jenkins, an' the Jenkinses allers keep their noses in the air.

"An', Dad," continued the mother, "I don't like them friends of hissen. They'll lead him inter mischief. What might the ropes be that they air agoin' ter show him?"

"The ropes air a new kind of a game, I expect, that they play atween times there."

"An' then them nightshirts! Lor sakes! ter think on a son o' mine amakin' a girl o' hisself." This was said with great contempt.

"That do sound a kind o' quare," said Jenkins, who had no patience with anything that was not manly, "but, I expect, its all right somehow, or Jack would'nt be doin' it. Jack's a Jenkins, an' that be enough."

"Ay, but them nightshirts, Dad." said Mrs. Jenkins, who meant to drive home the one doubt the father had. "It don't seem right fer Jack to be gettin' into girl's clothes; now do it?"

"It don't, mother, that's a fact, an' I'll talk ter him about it."

A night-shirt was something Jenkins had never worn himself, and he could not understand any man sleeping in one. He had often slept with his socks and trousers on, but never in a woman's night clothes, as he was pleased to call them. The fact that John Reginald wanted an outfit of this kind, made his father feel anxious about him.

In most country places in Canada the use of the nightshirt for men is unknown —despised in fact. Only a few men, and they of the very best families, ever use the nightshirt, and they are looked down upon by the rest of the community on that account. I mention this fact to help the refined reader, who, I hope, indulges in the weakness of nightshirts, to understand why Farmer Jenkins felt so strongly on the subject and feared, that, indeed his son was in danger of losing his manhood, if some greater danger did not threaten him.

So much for John Reginald's letter to his father, and the interesting discussion that arose out of it.

His other letter was an even more brilliant effort, but as I have already drawn the veil over his love scenes I will not lay bare the secret out-pourings of his smitten heart; and be it known, that many a wiser man than John Reginald has, under similar circumstances, written things in secret that he would blush to see in print. To Kate, however, it sounded very fine, and her dear, simple, loving heart thrilled with delight

as she poured over the closely written pages.

On Saturday John Reginald's new outfit was ready. He paid the tailor ten dollars on account and stood him off for the balance. On Sunday he got into his new suit, and, it must be confessed, it effected a vast improvement in his appearance. In fact he cut quite a figure, and out-shone both Fred and Mac. He was free from the traces of dissipation, the indellible lines with which the devil marks his own, that disfigured them and besides he had not as yet acquired the official curve. In the afternoon they took him out for a walk. They did Parliament Hill, which owing to its being an unusally bright and warm afternoon for the season, was thronged with all classes of people. As they pushed their way through these, they attracted a good deal of attention, and more than one pretty girl cast sheep's eyes at John Reginald.

After they had walked around for half an hour, they met three young ladies with whom Mac and Fred seemed to be on terms of familiarity. During their half hour's walk they had met scores of people, both men and women, to whom John's two companions bowed in a friendly manner; but it was not until they encountered the three young ladies that they stopped to speak to anyone. John Reginald was duly presented, and after making three awkward bows, and a few more awkward remarks, found himself left alone with a little blue-eyed butterfly of fashion, his companions having paired off with her friends and moved on in advance.

John was greatly embarrassed. He changed all the colors of the rainbow, and went hot and cold by turns. Had his friends deserted him in the midst of some great peril, he could not have cursed them more bitterly or thought them meaner or more cowardly. It was a dastardly act, and he would live to repay them. What would he say if he had known that it had all been arranged in advance? While John Reginald was going through his silent emotions, doing his mental swearing, and making his mental vows, the blue-eyed butterfly was regarding him with a mischievous smile playing about the corners of her cherry-ripe mouth.

Mabel or "May" Christian (here you will remark, as I proceed, was proof, if proof were wanting, for Shakespeare's assertion that there is nothing in a name) was an uncommonly clever girl, as well as being a more than ordinarily handsome one.

In the brief space while John Reginald was doing his swearing, she took his measure. She saw that he was a green, untutored youth from the country—one she judged, on whom an impression could be easiiy made; and so, giving the lie to her name, she resolved to flirt with him. Besides John was good looking, and she had heard that his father was wealthy and had a tremendous "pull" with the government, and as May's father was himself a member of the service, she had a full appreciation of, and a due respect for "pull;" so that, after all, she may have had deeper designs on John Reginald, than she would acknowledge, even to herself, just then. At any rate she resolved to be agreeable.

"Had we not better move on, Mr. Jenkins?" she said.

John started as though he had been called out of his name. He was not used to being "Mistered."

"I suppose so," he said.

"You have not been long in town, have you, Mr. Jenkins?" she went on.

John wondered if she came to that conclusion by reason of his greenness.

"Only a week," he said.

"You are in the service? are'nt you?"

She knew he was, but she had to talk about something and John did not seem inclined to help her out either. At any rate his answers were very brief. To her last question he simply answered:

"Yes."

"Let me see, I think Mr. McGregor told me the other evening when he was speaking about you, that you came from somewhere in Ottawa county."

She was leading him cleverly to his own ground, in the hope that he would be more at his ease there.

"Yes; that's my county," he said. "I live near N——."

"Ah, indeed," said May, affecting a a little please surprise, "how funny. I am just back from there myself. I have a friend in N——, a Miss Pierson—perhaps you know her?"

"That's Hiram's sister, Hatty, I suppose," said John.

"Yes; the very one, and a nice girl she is too. And, by the way, now that I think of it, I've heard your name mentioned there or at least your father's. Doesn't your father own a railroad?"

"No; Dad, hasn't got any railroad."

"Well, I must have been mistaken; but I thought I heard them speak of a Jenkins who owned a railroad, or managed one or something of that sort. Of course, I don't know much about it, but I am sure I heard some talk of a road they called Jenkin's railway."

"Oh, that's the road Dad got the government to build through the county, so they called it after him; but he don't own it."

"Ah, that's it. And then I heard of another Jenkins, who was considered quite a swell, and who it was said was going to marry a Miss Taylor, a very pretty girl, and the belle of the neighborhood. Hatty Pierson told me her brother Hiram was badly smitten, but that the Jenkins fellow had cut him out, and that he was feeling pretty sore over it. I suppose he is a relative of yours."

Jack and May.

"Yes." said John who was blushing up to the roots of his hair, and was so confused that he hardly knew what he was saying.

"A brother of yours, is he?" asked May her eyes twinkling with merriment.

"N—n—not exactly," stuttered poor John.

"A cousin, then?"

"N—n—not that either?"

"An uncle—he must be an uncle,' for that exhausts the list of eligible male relations."

"N—n—n—not an uncle, either," said John, and his expression was painful to witness.

"Why, you astonish me," said May. "What in the world could he be to you if not brother, cousin or uncle; surely a grandfather would be too old, and a nephew too young."

"My grandfathers are both dead, and I have no nephew," said John.

"Why, Mr. Jenkins, this is most wonderful!" cried May, with well-feigned astonishment. "Whatever in the world can this strange being be to you?"

John finding himself fenced in on all sides and having a direct question to face, screwed up his courage for once and answered like—a Jenkins.

"Who in thunder could it be but myself!"

"Oh, my!" cried May, "and so you are engaged to be married. How very interesting, Mr. Jenkins!"

Truth to tell, John Reginald thought it anything but interesting just then. He would, he thought, much sooner have been dead and buried.

"I suppose," went on Miss Christian, for once living up to her name in an effort to help John over his confusion. "I suppose we poor girls will not get a bit of good out of you—you will always be dreaming of your dark-eyed Kate—I think her name is Kate, if I remember rightly."

"I—I don't know," said John, and then with a heroic effort to change the conversation. "I've heard about you too Miss Christian."

"Nothing bad, I hope," said May in a careless manner, although she felt her color rise when she thought of certain flirtations, harmless ones of course, that she had indulged in in N——.

"Oh, no, nothing bad," said John, "but

something interesting. You remember Simon Kelly, and Tom Preston, and Jim Caldwell, and Mat Henry and Fred Thompson and—"

"Oh yes," interrupted May, "I knew quite a lot of people, and as I have been home only two weeks of course, I haven't forgotten any of them yet."

"Of course not," said John, "and if all I've heard is true, they won't forget you for a long time—they don't talk about anyone else up there now, and I'm told that they all envy Kelly."

John looked knowing, and May pressed him for an explanation.

"Why envy the Kelly fellow?" she asked. "I'm sure I met a dozen nicer ones."

"It appears they think you thought differently when you were there, and that you gave him hopes."

"How rediculous!" cried May, breaking out into a silvery peal of laughter, not very loud, but very sweet—John thought.

"He had nice horses," May went on, "and I did adore them!"

"It was the horses then?" said John.

"Of course," said May.

It was John's turn to laugh, and laugh he did with a vim.

"Great thunder!" he cried, "if Kelly only knew that!"

And then May laughed, that cunning little laugh a flirt indulges in when she thinks she has done something cute.

After that they found lots to talk about, and John was more at his ease. Of course he was as yet, no match for May, who was a brilliant little chatterbox. She smiled at him sweetly, and told him how anxious she had been to meet him, after hearing about the manner in which he and his father had settled accounts with a policeman and a messenger.

"And did you hear that?" asked John.

"How very innocent of you. Why don't you know the whole town has heard it? Did you not see the account of it in the papers?"

"In the papers!" said John amazed.

"Yes; didn't you read it?"

"No, I did not. I didn't think they put little things like that in the paper."

"Little things—surely you don't call that a little thing?"

"Why, yes, I do! There was no blood spilled, and no bones broken," said John.

"Gracious, Mr. Jenkins, you frighten me! you don't mean to say that you ever drew the blood or broke the bones of a fellow being?"

May looked up to John with big wondering eyes, and this time she really felt all that she looked. Her acquaintance being principally among the gentlemen of the service, with the officially curved legs, and effeminate manners—mild, harmless creatures, who swore very little oaths when they were angry, and never thought of doing anything more heroic; it is not surprising that she looked upon John as some strange being from another world—a brave knight of the chevalric age, who went around doing deeds of daring that the ladies might adore him. John was quick enough to catch this expression, and clever enough to follow up his advantage.

"Well, you know, Miss Christian, things are different where I was reared. A man has to do lots of things in the country that you don't think of in town. Now it would have done you good to see Dad whip six or seven fellows every night during the elections—fellows on the other side who wouldn't keep quiet, you know."

"How awful, Mr. Jenkins," said May. "Your father must be a terrible man."

"Well he's getting a little old now; but when he was younger there wasn't a man in the county to match him. And my grandfather too," said John. "in his day he was the best man in the county, and he kept the honor in the family until my father was old enough to take his place."

"And who will take your father's place?" asked May evincing a deep interest.

"If I had'nt come to town, I would, but now it will be my brother, who's two years younger than I am," said John, drawing himself up with the air of one who felt that he could have sustained the honor of the famlly had the task fallen to his lot.

By this time they had gone twice round the buildings, and now their friends were waiting for them to come up.

"We are going home now," said Mac. "I suppose you will see Miss Christian home, Jenkins. You two seem to be getting on famously for new acquaintances."

"You'd think they had known each other all their lives, as the story writers say, now would'nt you?" put in Miss Patton, Mac's companion.

"Come, now, that will do," said Miss Christian. "Mr. Jenkins and I understand each other perfectly. You know I have been visiting near his home, and we have found lots to gossip about."

"Oh that's splendid," cried both of the other young ladies. "You'll tell us how she behaved herself up there; now won't you, Mr. Jenkins?"

"I don't know as that would be fair," said John.

"Oh, ho! Then there is something worth knowing, eh?" said Miss Patton. "Well, we will have to have it at any cost."

"Mr. Jenkins cannot refuse us, I am sure he cannot," said Miss Austin, looking at John Reginald with a most beseeching pair of eyes—pretty eyes under ordinary circumstances, but that were almost irresistible when she chose to make them so.

"Here, here, young ladies," said Fred, coming to John's assistance. "This will never do. It isn't fair to tie Mr. Jenkins up that way on first acquaintance, when he can hardly feel at liberty to refuse you anything,"

"That's just what I say," put in May, "and I won't have it."

Then there was a general laugh at May's expense, and it became a settled matter that John Reginald was into her secrets to an extent she would not care to have known and John was straightway invested with an interest for Misses Patton and Austin.

At the main entrance to the parliamentary grounds, toward which they had been walking during this by-play, the three couples separated, each going in a different direction, the young ladies, as it happened, living in different parts of the city. It was a good half hour's walk to Miss Christian's home, and May made the most of it. She exacted a solemn promise from John Reginald that he would not, under any circumstances, breathe a word of her flirtations in N—, and in return she agreed never even to whisper a hint of his engagement, which was taking a good deal upon herself. And so it fell out that John and May entered into a solemn compact, and you, of experience, know what a dangerous thing that is to enter into with an unmarried woman—or a married one either for that matter.

When they got to May's home, they found her father seated on the verandah, so May introduced John, and Mr. Christian, being anxious to make the acquaintance of a new man in the service, whose huge "pull" had been the talk of the offices for nearly a week, insisted on John Reginald remaining for dinner. So John remained, and after dinner they went into the parlor, and May played a lot of sacred music for him, and talked to him in the most bewitching manner between times, always smiling, a sweet little smile, and looking so cute that his head was completely turned.

It was after ten o'clock when he took his leave, and nearly eleven when he got to the boarding house, where he found Fred and Mac wondering what in the world had become of him.

"Well, Jenkins," said Mac, "where the deuce have you been? Did you get lost or what?"

"Not much," said Jenkins, in a superior kind of way, for he was feeling greatly elated. "Miss Christian's Dad asked me to have dinner with him, and so I stayed, and then we went into the parlor and had some music and a lot of chat."

"The devil, you did!" said Mac. "Look here, Jenkins, you're going on swimmingly. You've made a success of it the first day—a decided success, old fellow. May is one of the sweetest girls in the town, and I can tell you it is not everyone papa Christian asks to dinner. You've made a hit, and no mistake."

(To be continued.)

THE busy harvest time is over. The great barns are full to overflowing. The fields brown and bare and blackening with every night's frost, no longer possess the charm that spring and summer lent them. The hurry and the rush of harvest is all past. The corn has been gathered and brought to the barn and now stands in great sheaves or bundles, along the barn floor, ready for the fun and jollity of husking; for no one in any really sociable neighborhood, would think for a moment of husking his corn alone. Invitations have been sent to the dozen or so nearest neighbors, and an era of preparation is inaugurated in both house and barn. Lanterns are hung about, that the scene may be properly illuminated. Three or four are generally considered sufficiently powerful to dispell the gloom and shadow of the largest farm on such occasions. In fact experience has taught that a greater number of lights is not taken as a manifestation of very good taste. A litter of clean straw is spread upon the floor between the two rows of corn sheaves. Seats of course are not needed. Cakes of many kinds, pies (apple and pumpkin predominate, though some very stylish people affect the lemon now-a-days), tarts of every description and consistency, occupy the time and interest of the female portion of the household for days in advance. An especially good barrel of cider is tapped by the head of the house and a bushel-basket of choice apples placed in a convenient place, for he recognizes to the full, the severe test to which his hospitality is to be subjected, and resolves to be out-done by no one in that respect. So much done, he begins to feel that everything is ready, and though inwardly as much pleased as his youngest son yet is often heard to express the wish that "the thing was over" and to mildly revile the custom that forced such an affair upon him.

There is just one more preparation to be made. That, however, is left to the younger members of the family. Accordingly the day or so before the bee, the neighborhood fiddler receives an invitation to be present and is strictly and needlessly enjoined to bring with him his instrument, which in some cases of which we know, was of the performers own handiwork.

That youngest son spoken of just now has, of course, an absorbing interest in all the preparations. He does not work much but has a good deal to say about things in general, and has quite frequently to be ordered out of the way by his older relatives. He anticipates quite a good time. He has invited a few of his special friends and intends to leave nothing undone in the way of entertaining them. He has already found out the best cakes, decided upon a good place in which to keep his tarts, has secreted a basket of the choicest apples, and is watching for an opportunity to draw off a pail of cider, over the distribution of which to preside. All this he imagines is unknown to others especially his father. But that father was Tom's age once and tells Tom's mother how he used to do the same things, and even ventures to guess where Tom's treasures might be found, though he would not disturb them for the world.

Of course Tom's party consists entirely of boys. He despises girls. They are

necessary he supposes, but he believes he could have fashioned a world complete without them. They throw a ball as if their arms were lacrosse sticks, can't run very well, can't climb trees decently, don't know how to bait a fish hook, laugh too easily and cry upon too slight a provocation. Tom has no use for them.

He supposes his mother was a girl once, but is awfully glad she grew up before he was born. He cannot understand why the bigger boys always want to be with the girls. He never will, and frequently he gets into trouble with the elder brothers by too pertinent questions, thereanent.

So Tom has no girls. The boys are all a good deal like himself and from well known similarity of tastes and powers of enjoyment he assures himself and them of a good time.

The evening at length arrives and with it the young people who have been invited, all bringing excuses from older people who are never supposed to come. They come early, for there is work to be done before the fun begins, and they want the fun to begin as early as possible. They are not conventional enough to care about being a little early. Knot by knot, pair by pair, they come representing every variety of disposition and character. But the predominant characteristics just now are those of fun and good-nature, great and overflowing. Not particularly modulated their voices nor delicately regulated their laughter nor in the very best taste their dress, perhaps, but human nature is at its best and they may all be taken for just what they seem.

Scattered in groups over the barn floor, almost hidden among the untied cornstalks, may be seen the workers all merrily searching out and stripping off their husks, the great yellow ears of corn, all merrily laughing and talking, all merrily intent upon playing off practical jokes, that from their age and frequent recurrence are never misunderstood. Rosy cheeks, flashing eyes, glistening teeth and buxom figures on the one hand, with sturdy, deep-chested frames, dark, tanned faces and brawny arms and legs on the other, all decked in all the simple finery within reach, all seen in a dim light that shows its greatest power in in the production of the most grotesque shadows, give piquancy and charm—I had almost said relief—to work so usually associated with ungainly figures, coarse manners, boorish appearance and general earthiness.

Merry the sound of their voices and merry the sound of the laughter as it echoes up among the rafters, the deep bass of the heavy chested young giant perfectly blending with the treble of the very composed young lady who is daring him to claim his reward for finding the mysterious red ear of corn.

But all the while goes on the work. Higher and higher grows the golden heap in the corn crib and, fewer and fewer the number of sheaves that lined the barn at beginning. At least all is husked, and the real intent and pupose of the gathering is made apparent by a cleaning up of the litter on the floor, supervised by the young ladies; while the real labor is performed by the hands more willing than dexterous in the use of the broom. The floor is cleaned. Blocks of wood are carried in and set on end along the sides. Planks are placed upon them to serve as seats. Then come plates piled high with cakes and huge pieces of pie and delicious looking tarts, carried by the young men who in a house would consider such a course of proceedure as being exceedingly *infra dig*. Baskets heaped with rich red apples are carried round, and the old gentleman begins his march around the room with a drinking cup and pail of cider.

In one corner Tom has gathered his group and is doing his best to improve the reputation of the family for hospitality. He and his friends have done no work. They were above that. They have merely honored the gathering with their presence in order to enjoy themselves and indulge a propensity for criticism natural at fifteen years of age. Tom has been particularly amused with the efforts of his eighteen-year-old brother to take his place among the older workers. Hitherto he has been of Tom's clique; but a certain pair of bright, blue eyes have been working mischief, and now he must needs with fear and trembling and inward shrinking, mingle in a society to which he is little accustomed and for which he has been known to manifest an aversion.

Tom has asked him several times in a

THE DANCE.

stage whisper how he liked it and has received in reply such a look of conscious idiocy, as was no true measure of that eighteen-year-old mind; but rather of certain uncontrolled (because unusual) surges of blood from a heart awakening to a new life under a new impulse. Tom in a blind way sees all this, but has no sympathy with it and so regards it as legitimate game for himself and party. Moreover his brother's defection from his party deserves some punishment. The young lady with the blue eyes sees the change too, and rather enjoys it, though Tom's remarks do draw to her a good deal of attention from the others. Tom frequently in a loud voice prophesies that his brother is going to blush; and it is very wonderful how often his prophecies are verified. Another way in in which he amuses his friends is by imparting to them in a loud whisper, the information that he intends telling his mother in the morning how his brother has behaved himself overnight and he makes no doubt, but the brother will be duly punished. A period is put to this, however, by an apple hitting Tom on the back of the head, and while he is busy pouring forth his wrath and rubbing the sore spot, the party seeks other amusement.

The fiddler is mounted on a high seat and partners are called forth for the hilarious old contra dances that still hold their place where gregariousness has not been all conventionalized and cultivated out of man. Mighty selfish look these dances, where each pair, a little world of motion in themselves, having neither eyes nor ears for anything or anyone but themselves, pivot and corkscrew from one end of a room to another. Give me rather the old reel or quadrille, when a choice few may prove the truth of the saying "the more, the merrier."

Well here it is to our wish. The fiddler has tuned up his instrument and performed his regulation flourish. The proper person has signified his willingness to act as prompter, and all is in readiness for the dance. To the inspiring strains of some time-honored piece of rythmic livliness, they bow to each other, circle, swing, promenade and go through the several figures with all the grace and agility that health, strength and vivacity can give. Faster and faster grows the music, but time is kept through all. Louder grows the laughter over each mistake made by the novices, who perform with greater determination than success. Redder grow the cheeks and brighter the eyes, until, at last, with a fury only to be inspired by a violin, they race, run and scamper through a last figure or two interspersed with much step-dancing and swinging, and sink in delightful exhaustion into their seats, to be succeeded by others who have been impatiently waiting their turn. And so it goes, till the yellowish hue of light from the lanterns, tells that through the gay mists of the autumn morning, another light is trying to pierce, Then they line up on either side, often soberly enough after the night's fun, for the stately old Sir Roger de Coverley that must close every dance. Then through the mists in knots as they came (though the knots are not always composed as at coming) they go.

Tom asks his brother if he is not going to see blue-eyes home, and thereby frightens him from doing the very thing he has been all night counting upon. So blue-eyes goes home with her brother. Tom creeps off to bed to dream of the great good time he has had. The now useless lanterns are extinguished, and soon where all, a little since, was fast and furious fun, quiet reigns and the revel is over.

THE KEYNOTE.

By Kathleen R. Wheeler.

From out this chaos of discordant life,
A wiser hand than yours or mine.
Has struck the keynote for all time and age of love divine.
And through the darkest denseness of the night
And while we may not, cannot understand.
We still may hear, if we but list, the tune
Played by this tender hand.
The tune of Peace, while all seems
Strife and wrong,
And death and ill.
The tune of Rest, while work, and want, and woe
Surround us still.
And if we hear, we have heard everything
The one sweet tune, which men and angels sing.

THE ISLAND OF GRAND MANAN.

IN addition to its important position at the mouth of the Bay of Fundy, and its many other natural advantages, both of resources and scenery, there is much historic interest attached to the Island of Grand Manan. Nearly three centuries ago Champlain, while sailing up the Bay of Fundy discovered the island and anchored near the Southern Head. In the year, 1842 the ruins of a large anchor were found by Mr. Walter B. McLaughlin which are supposed to have been left by this explorer. The anchor, judging by its bulk must have weighed about 14 cwt, and it is now reduced by time, rust and the action of the sea, to about 300 lbs, so that it is not unreasonable to suppose that it had lain for over two centuries in the position in which is was found.

There are of course, as is the case with other similarly situated islands, many legends and traditions about its being the rendezvous of pirated crews which may or may not be without foundation. It certainly must have been, with its iron sea wall, its harbors and secluded retreats, an admirable haven of refuge for such lawless bands and though the "buried treasure" has not yet been unearthed, the fact does not detract from the halo of romance which hangs over the island.

Although, from time to time explorers of the Bay of Fundy had visited the island, it seems to have been left in possession of the Passamaquoddy Indians until about the year 1776 when a white family by the name of Bonny came over from the mainland of New Brunswick and settled near Grand Harbor. The place where they lived is called Bonny's bay to this day. But they were not allowed to remain long in possession of their home but were forced to leave at the time of the American Revolution by the Passamaquoddy Indians, who were then allied to the American cause. Subsequently Grand Manan was the home of several noted loyalist families such as those of Moses Gerrich, Thomas Ross and William Cheney as well as the Bonny's, who afterwards returned and were soon followed by numerous families whose descendents are still to be found on the island. The Gubtarils, Daggetts, Smalls, Wormells, Ingersols, Bencrofts, Wrosters, Ignalls and others were all Royalist families who left the States to make their homes on British soil and this island must have seemed to them a secure haven, its isolated position and its threatening sea walls, cliffs, and treacherous rocks lurking beneath its surrounding waters offering little encouragement for molestation.

But it is not to be supposed that such an enviable retreat remained entirely in the possession of those brave patriots. There were also fugitives from justice who found refuge and security at least for a time upon the island. A man named Wheeler, one of a gang of counterfeiters from Devils Head on the St. Croix river settled at what is called Seal cove. So for those who came to the island seemed to be satisfied to find their home, and security for themselves and their families, but about the year 1800, Doctor John Faxon came and settled at Seal cove. He first realised the unusual resources of the island, and under his influence, life and progress received its first real impetus. His first important achievement, was the opening of a passage through the sea wall into the cove, and thus was obtained a convenient and secure harbor for the small vessels and boats owned by the residents of the island. In 1811 Dr. Faxon had launched the first and only full rigged ship ever built on the island of Grand Manan. Subsequently a great many fine brigs and schooners were built there, among them the Anglo American a vessel of over two hundred tons, which was

reputed to be the fastest sailing vessel along the coast of Maine and New Brunswick. When war was declared in 1812, Dr. Faxon left Grand Manan for the States and never returned. The island then became a refuge and rendezvous for privateers and piratical crafts, and there were exciting times for the islanders, who maintained their loyalty and bravely held their own.

A noted loyalist, a discharged soldier of the Royal Artillery Service at Halifax, N. S., was Daniel McLaughlin, who settled in Grand Manan in 1829. One of his sons is now keeper of Gannet Rock Light.

The Island of Grand Manan is a famous place for grazing sheep and cattle, the grass and seaweed giving them abundant and nutritious pasture. They have become goat-like in their sure-footedness in climbing the cliffs in quest of the sea-weed, and they know every sheltered nook on the island. Even in winter there is food for them on the rocks at low tide. Never were sheep better housed or fed in all seasons, and that with but little care from their owners.

Water-fowl and land-birds are numerous on the island. The myriads of sea gulls show a remarkable instance of instinct or wisdom. They have learned to build their nests in the trees, contrary to all habits and traditions of web-footed fowl. This is not the only instance of birds adapting their habits to circumstances of civilization, but this expedient of placing their young out of the reach of the rapacity and cruelty of man is remarkable because in direct opposition to the natural instincts of the water fowl.

One of the most important points is Gannet Rock upon which the Gannet Rock light now stands. Near it are the treacherous shoals and ledges upon which many a noble ship has met its destruction. The light house was built in 1831.

Grand Harbor also affords excellent accommodation, and there is a large lobster factory which turns out over 125,000 lbs. of canned lobsters in a season. At Wood-

A Fisher Boy of Grand Manan.

ward's Cove is a large store, a fine wharf and a cooper shop. Here, in 1867, a whale which had followed a shoal of herring into a brush of weir, was captured and converted into merchandise.

There are churches, schools and a Mormam tempie on the island. At North Head is the Swallow-Tail Light House and the

General Post Office, besides quite a settlement of dwelling houses, stores, churches, &c. Here is Eel Brook, noted for its copper ore, as also for some of the most disastrous shipwrecks which have occurred on the Atlantic sea coast.

The following is an account of two wrecks taken from a pamphlet by J. G. Lorimer, giving the description and history of the Island of Grand Manan.

The *Lord Ashburton* sailed from Toulon, France, in ballast, on the 17th of November, A.D. 1856, bound for St. John, N. B. Nothing unusual occured during the voyage across the Atlantic. The ship made Cape Sable in the afternoon of Christmas-day, December 25th, and in due time entered the Bay of Fundy, and sighted Grand Manan; but encountering head winds, fierce and continuous, was forced to put to sea. Three times successively this doomed ship sighted the island, and by adverse, furious gales compelled to turn her lofty prow away from her destined port—that port which she was never to enter! Battling with the storms of winter in the Bay of Fundy, the persevering mariners, with courage characteristic of the sailor accustomed to the perils of the sea, which proves how use doth breed a habit in a man, continued to urge on the *Lord Ashburton* despite the raging waves, tempestuous winds, and gathering ice on deck and rigging, towards their anxiously desired port, St. John harbor.

Hope grew strong in the breasts of Captain Creary and his men as they sighted Partridge Island light, at the entrance of the long-sought harbor, on the Saturday night of the 17th of January, A. D. 1857—just two months since the ship sailed from sunny France, with full flowing top sails, for New Brunswick. On the night o the 17th of January, 1857, the wind blew a gale from the north-east, attended with a heavy snow and a tremendous sea—making up in all what is generally termed and so well known, "a violent north-east snowstorm." That is sufficient; it tells its own story, it conveys its own interpretation, and can be easily defined by dwellers on the land; but, alas! how much more so by those who go down to the sea in ships, who do business on the great waters—by those on board a vessel in the Bay of Fundy, or anywhere on the North American Coast, at night! The night under consideration found the *Lord Ashburton* in sight of Partridge Island; but to get within the offing or approach nearer, was impossible. Under dire necessity, the ship was hove to, hoping that daylight, the light of the coming Sabbath morn, would bring with it a cessation of the raging storm. Delusive hope! Daylight came, but no abatement.

Porpoise Hunters of Grand Manan.

It was about an hour after midnight, on that eventful Sabbath night, the 18th of January, that the *Lord Ashburton* rushed on impetuously towards the frowning cliff of rocks, near Eel Brook, at the northern end of Grand Manan, the summit of the cliff high above the lofty top-gallant masts, and looking down as if with grim visage upon the awful sight below! The ship speeding on to certain destruction, the seething waters all around

her, struck the rocks abreast her fore-chains! Captain Creary, taking in the inevitable, at once cried out: "My God, my God, we are all gone!" The chief officers gave orders to get out the boats —futile orders, no human being could obey them; for

"Striking the rocks, the storm confirmed its power,
And soon the whitened waves flung bodies on the shore."

Now came in terrible earnestness a battle for life. Hitherto, strong active men, now staggered and reeled like helpless children. The ship listed off shore, the foremast and mainmast went by the board—the mizenmast soon followed—the crew and officers gathered aft on the starboard quarter; and it was at this awful juncture that

North Head and Amethyst Rock.

Death began his dread work in earnest. Yes, yes; it was then that—

"The wild confusion in this fearful storm,
And groans of men, was death in dreadful form,"

—the captain and his officers and many of the crew being swept off by the dark, mounting, rolling waves into the merciless sea! Ten of the crew, including ship's steward, flung themselves into the mad waves next the shore, and partly under the lee of the ship's quarter. Some got on fragments of the broken ship; others, attempting to gain the beach by swimming as best they could, although every heaving sea broke over them with overwhelming force. One of the ten who thus fought for life against death in the raging waves was John Lawson, and desperate were his struggles and efforts for existence.

Amidst the howlings of the tempest, the roaring of the waves, and the wild shrieks and shouts of drowning and mangled shipmates, he struggled on; sometimes nearing the shore and again carried back by the undertow. At length, when almost overpowered, his strength just gone, his feet touched land! It was then about two hours flood tide, and gaining a footing, he had just got out of tide's way, when he fell exhausted on the beach! Unable to stand, he got upon his hands and knees, and endeavored to get further up the beach; but being too much exhausted for that, and feeling the rising tide beginning to wash up to him, he called aloud for help: and strange to say, in this his almost helpless extremity, one of his shipmates who had reached the shore in stronger condition than he, heard his cries, and coming to him, helped him to stand, and assisted him to the base of the cliff, where he remained till daylight, the waves at high water washing up to his waist. While struggling in the sea to reach shore, he lost both boots, and the sharp rocks on shore soon tore the stockings from his feet; and thus he stood for hours barefooted among the icy rocks. A few short hours more in that situation, and he must die. Another strong effort, strong in his weakness, must again be made for life. Clambering up the precipitous breast of rugged rocks before

him is now the only alternative. With the effort he succeeded, and on reaching the summit a dreary prospect presented itself. No dwelling in sight, no road to guide to a hospitable roof; with frozen feet, and now all alone, a dreary wild of rocks and snow and stunted trees before and all around him, it only remained for him to learn "what prodigies can power divine make man perform," and so in his exhausted and perilous condition, he proceeded on, as best he could, knowing not whither, until he saw a building in the distance. Making for it, it proved to be an old barn at Long's Eddy, containing hay. (There is now a fog-whistle erected near the spot where the barn then stood.) This poor shelter he reached and entered—anticipating there to die! But God had decreed otherwise. Close on his barefooted tracks in the snow, followed a fellow-creature to save him—the same person now in charge of the fog-whistle—who on entering the barn beheld poor Lawson, and soon he was conducted from the cold to a warm little cottage, occupied by a kind-hearted old couple, Mr. Bennett and his wife, where he was kept until next day, then removed to the residence of Mr. William Kendrick, of Whale Cove, receiving every possible care and attention under the circumstances.

Early in February following, Lawson, with six others, his rescued shipmates, were taken to the Marine Hospital at St. John. There he remained for five years and three months, having both feet partly amputated by Dr. Boyd. On leaving his hospital home, he remained in the City of St. John about three years; but feeling a very strong desire to re-visit the Island of Grand Manan, where he had suffered so much and where he had experienced so much of God's goodness, he yielded to the strong desire and came to the island.

Of the ten seamen who reached the beach, seven perished by the intensity of the cold, superinduced by their previous exertions among the breaking waves.

In the graveyard at North Head, a long, lettered board reads: "Here lie the remains of 21 seamen of the ship *Lord Ashburton*, drowned 19th Jan., 1857.

The loss of the *Sarah Sloane* and terrible loss of life with it, although far below that of the ship *Lord Ashburton*, in tonnage, and in number of men, far exceeded that dreadful wreck in its wholesale slaughter. Strange, that two great disasters should have occurred at almost the very same point of rocks—the distance of the wreck of the *Sarah Sloane* being but a few rods from where the *Lord Ashburton* met her doom.

Of all the hapless crew, but *one*, a young mulatto, a native of Baltimore, U. S., was left to tell the tale of woe! His name was Charles Turner. Turner's endurance of suffering was remarkable. How he lived through that fierce storm and the piercing cold, is only known to Him whose providence sustained him. The young mulatto was conveyed to Capt. Eben Gaskill's residence, where he received every attention and comfort that could be administered under the circumstances. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon of the 12th of March, 1872, that the *Sarah Sloane*, Capt. Sloane, master, left St. John Harbour, bound for Cardenas, with a load of shooks and hay. The crew consisted of eight souls all told. By six o'clock that same evening, not one was living but the young mulatto!

With but one or two exceptions, the bodies were so mangled as rendered the sight the most horrible and sickening. The bodies, literally cut and ground into pieces by the action of the *debris* of the wreck and the action of the waves among the sharp rocks common to that part of the shore.

Eel Brook Cove is one of the most picturesque points on the Island where all is picturesque on a grand scale. The tides in the Bay of Fundy rise to a height of 60 feet and there is at times a tremendous sea, of which the waves make a grand and awe-inspiring spectacle. At the north is a great rock which has the appearance of a human head with a cowl. This rock is called Bishop's Head and another at the south of the Island looks like the figure of a woman and is called Old Maid's Head. There are great unexplored resources on the Island in addition to the wealth of its waters in fish and the shoals of porpoises which haunt its vicinity.

The grand scenery and the healthful climate make the Island a desirable summer resort—which people are begining to discover and to enjoy in a quiet way which is perhaps the most enjoyable, and there are no doubt those who will look regretfully to the past, when the influx of summer visitors shall have changed the character and aspect of this unique and picturesque, sea-girt, rock-walled retreat.

GRAND MANAN.

By H. L. Spencer.

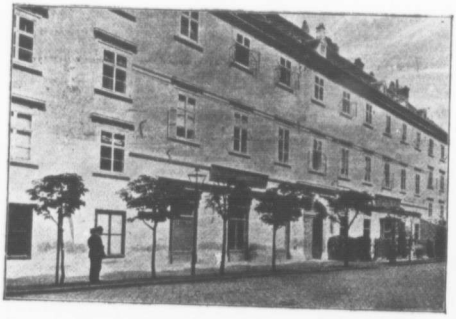
["The purple cliffs of Grand Manan," says a historian, "have undergone no change in their appearance or formation since they were known to civilization."]

We have watched the stars for hundreds of years,
And we are as young to-day
As when, unvexed by doubts or fears,
Champlain sailed up the bay.
Champlain is dust and his sword is rust,
And gone are the men of his time,
Like the breath of a breeze in the whispering trees,
Or a poet's idle ryhme.

We have seen the ships sail in and out
At midnight and at noon:
We have heard the drowning sailor's shout,
And the Fisherman's merry tune:
The Fishermen: lo, they come and go
And others their places fill,
But despite the rage of storm or age
We are firm and youthful still.

And what are ye, who boast of power,
And live as if life could last?—
The playthings of a single hour—
A drop in the ocean vast!
While we, o'er the sea eternally
Look out with tireless eyes:—
To us an age is but as a page is
In the book of centuries.

A SKETCH of the life and achievements of Ludwig Van Beethoven, might, with the name changed, pass for that of many another man of genius. He was born in poverty, hampered by lack of education, passed his youth in a constant struggle, had disappointment to meet, sorrow to weigh down his spirits, and a passion for his loved profession, that kept him toiling constantly to gratify it. He came of a musical family. The taste and the influence of generations were centered in him, and on him were placed all the burdens and all the sorrows to which true genius is heir. His father, Johann Beethoven, was a court singer to the Elector of Cologne at Bonn; and his mother was Maria Magdalena Kewerich, the widow of Johann Laym, a valet. She was the daughter of a head cook, nineteen, comely, slender, soft-hearted. Old Ludwig, our subject's grandfather, objected to the match on account of the low social position of the woman. Ludwig, the great composer, was baptised December 17, 1770, and was probably born the day before the baptism.



The "Schwarz-Spannier" House, in Vienna, in which Beethoven died

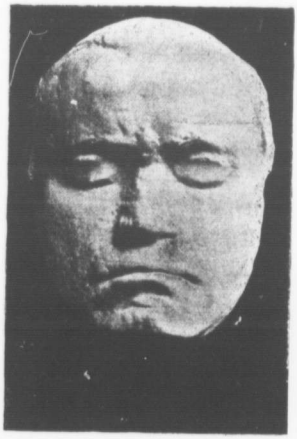
It was his father who first taught Ludwig the rudiments of his art. When the boy was hardly four years old, he was obliged to practice for hours on the pianoforte, and was often urged by blows. His next teacher was the tenor of a strolling company, named Tobias Pfeiffer, who was a good musician, but a confirmed drunkard. Our subject's father, Johann, was quite his equal in this respect, and they would spend hours in a tavern together drinking and making merry. Suddenly Pfeiffer would remember that his pupil had received no lesson that day, and would return home, drag him from his bed, and keep him at the instrument until daybreak. On other occasions he would be locked in a room with his violin and kept there until he had finished the daily allotted task.

His education, outside of music, received scant attention. He attended the primary school, where he learned to read, write and reckon. When he had accomplished this much, his father declared his scholastic education was finished, and took him from school before he was thirteen. In later life this limited education was a constant mortification to the great composer, and no doubt strongly influenced his character. He spelled atrociously, he was never sure of the proper expression, and the washerwoman disputed angrily his addition and subtraction.

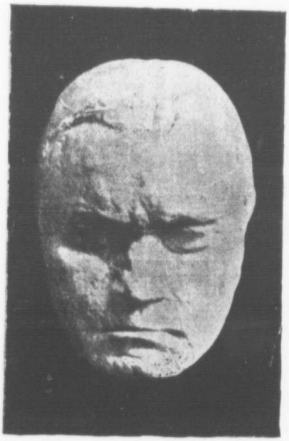
In 1773 old Ludwig, the grandfather, died, and poverty entered the house. The second-hand buyer became the warm friend of the family, and the household furniture fed Johann's appetite. Beethoven's patient mother was always sewing and mending, and the baker at last was paid. Meanwhile, Johann meditated over his cups the possibility of fortune gained by his son. Pfeiffer left Bonn, and the boy took a few gratuitous lessons of Van den Eden. The teacher was old and infirm and Neefe, who succeeded Van den Eden, took charge of Ludwig and gave him his first instruction in composition. Neefe was an excellent musician, and recognized at once the genius of his young pupil. Neefe has left on record a description of Ludwig at the age of eleven. According to him, Beethoven played the pianoforte with "energetic skill." "To encourage him he had nine variations which the child wrote on a march theme engraved at Mannheim. This young genius deserves a subsidy that he may travel. If he goes on as he has begun, he will certainly be a second Mozart." Years after Beethoven acknowledged gladly his many obligations to this master. In 1782 Neefe went to Munster for a visit, and Ludwig, then eleven years and a half old, took his place at the organ. In the following year he was promoted to the position of *Maestro al Cembalo*, i. e. he assisted at operatic rehearsals and played the pianoforte at the performances. At this period of his life he is described as somber and melancholy. He did not enter into the sports of his age. Once a year he assisted in the celebration of the birthday of his mother.

In 1783, Beethoven published the first three sonatas, dedicated to the Elector. A year after he was named second organist, "without appointments," and a year later he was awarded a salary of $60 a year. At the installation of the new Elector in 1785, the boy, in court dress, with sword at his side, was permitted to kiss the hands of his august master.

In 1789 he went to Vienna. The Elector probably paid the expense and gave him a letter to Mozart. This great composer was apt to look askew at infant phenomenon. He listened at first impatiently to the playing of Beethoven, but when the latter invented a fantasia on a given theme,



Life Mask of Beethoven, taken in 1812.



Death Mask of Beethoven taken in 1827

Mozart said to his hearers, "Pay attention to this youngster; he will make a noise in the world one of these days." He gave the boy a few lessons. His stay was cut short by the lack of money and the news that his mother was dying.

In 1792, Haydn, the great brother composer, passed through Bonn, and praised a cantata by Beethoven, and in November of the same year Ludwig left Bonn forever. The Elector, realizing the extent of his genius, gave him a small pension. His many friends bade him a warm God-speed, and Count Waldstein, in a letter, prayed him to receive "through unbroken industry, from the hands of Haydn, the spirit of Mozart."

Nearly twenty-two, he was known chiefly by the remarkable facility of his extempore playing, and the record of his composition during the Bonn period is insignificant. At the age of twenty-three, Mozart was famous as a writer of operas, symphonies, cantatas, and masses, and his pieces were in number about three hundred. On his arrival at Vienna he bought clothing and took dancing lessons, that he might be an acceptable guest in houses to which he was recommended by Count Waldstein. He never was able to dance, by the way, for he could not keep step to the music.

The 12th of December, he recorded the fact that he had only about $35. The Elector, fearing hard times, did not fulfil his first promises. Beethoven took a garret, and afterwards moved to a room on the ground floor in a printer's house in the Alservorstadt; there he began a student life of three years. He took lessons of Haydn: and although they drank coffee and chocolate at Beethoven's expense the lessons were unsatisfactory. Haydn looked on the pupil as a musical atheist, who had not the fear of Fux before his eyes, and the pupil thought that Haydn was not diligent and that he did not correct carefully his mistakes. "It is true he gave me lessons," he once said to Ries, "but he taught me nothing." Then he took secretly lessons of Schenk, and when Haydn went to London in 1794, he put himself under the rigid disciplinarian, Albrechtsberger. He studied with Salieri the art of writing for the voice and the stage. He also took lessons on the viola, violin, violoncello, clarinet and horn. There were a few

Beethoven's Birthplace in Bonn.

exceptions, but Beethoven was unpopular with his masters. They considered him obstinate and arrogant. Haydn spoke of him as "the great mogul." Albrechtsberger once said: "He has learned nothing, and will never do anything in decent style." Nor was Beethoven's continual "I say it is right" calculated to win the affection of his masters.

Meanwhile Beethoven made influential

friends. Vienna at that time numbered about 250,000 inhabitants. The life was gay, even frivolous. Reichardt considered the city a most agreeable dwelling place for musicians.

"You find there a rich, educated, and hospitable aristocracy, devoted to music; the middle class is wealthy and intelligent; and the common people, jolly and good-natured, have always a song in the mouth."

Prince Lichnowsky and his wife were two of Beethoven's warmest friends. They saw in Haydn's pupil, a possible successor to Mozart, whose death they mourned, and they took him to their house and humored and petted him to such an extent that he said of the princess: "She would have put me in a glass case that no evil might come nigh me."

The noblewomen of Vienna were fond of Beethoven; to say they adored him would not be extravagant. They went to his lodgings or they received him in their palaces. Even his rudeness fascinated them; they forgave him if he roared angrily at a lesson, or tore the music in pieces; they were not offended if he used the snuffers as a tooth-pick. He, too, was constantly in love. "Oh God! let me at last find her who is destined to be mine, and who shall strenghten me in virtue," was his constant prayer. Wegler says, that Beethoven fancied himself a lovelace and irresistable. He paraded his attachments in dedications. There were Countesses, Baronesses and scores of lesser ladies whom he professed to love, and he imagined they were all madly in love with him. Indeed, to tell the story of all his loves would require more space than is allotted to this article, even though it were devoted solely to that subject.

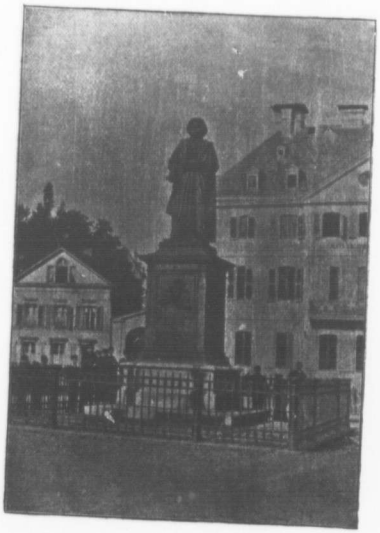
Let us, then, return to his music. In 1795, he published his first three pianoforte trios, on which he realized $400, a respectable sum at that time, especially for the early works of a young man. In 1805 the manager of the *An der Wien* made him an offer for an opera, and "Leonora" was the result. It was produced and proved a failure. In 1807 the "Appassionata" sonata and the thirty-two variations were published. Then followed numerous publications; but it was in September, 1814, that he scored the greatest triumph of his life, when six thousand people waxed enthusiastic at a concert given by him in the Redouten-Saal. There were royal and celebrated visitors drawn to Vienna by the Congress. Beethoven wrote a cantata for the event. "*Der Glorreiche Augenblick*" ("The Glorious Moment.") a work unworthy of his reputation. He was made an honorary member of the Academies of London, Paris, Stockholm and Amsterdam. Vienna gave him the freedom of the city. He was courted in the drawing-rooms of

Bust of Beethoven.

the great, and the Empress Elizabeth of Russia made him a present of about $4,600.

His last great public triumph was scored on May 7th, 1824, when his solemn Mass and ninth Symphony were produced. The theatre was crowded, with the exception of the Imperial box; no one of the Imperial family was present, no one sent a ducat to the composer. The public enthusiasm was extraordinary. As Beethoven could not hear the plaudits, Caroline Ungher took him by the shoulders and turned him about that he might see the waving of hats and the beating together of hands. He bowed,

and then the storm of applause was doubled. After the expenses of the concert were paid there were about $200 left for Beethoven. A repetition of the concert proved a failure. In December 1826 he was stricken down with his last illness. He had dismissed rudely two eminent physicians who had treated him for a former illness, and they would not again attend him. His nephew, who was charged with the errand of finding a physician, played billiards and forgot the condition of his uncle, so that two days went by without medical assistance. Soon dropsy declared itself. He was tapped, and during the operation he said, "I would rather see water flow from my belly than from my pen." In February he was tapped for the fourth time; his aristocratic friends were forgetful of him, and even the Archduke Rudolph, his erstwhile admirer, did not interest himself by cheap inquiry. On the 23rd, he made with his own hand a codicil to his will; on the 24th, the last sacraments of the Roman Catholic church were administered, and for two days he wrestled with death, finally giving up the ghost on the 26th. His sufferings were atrocious; the final agony was terrible. Just as he was delivered from his earthly ill, a tempest, a great storm of hail and snow, burst over the roofs of Vienna. There was a dazzling flash of lightning; and the roaring thunder roused Beethoven. He pulled himself up in his bed, shook his fist at the sky, and fell back dead.



Beethoven's Monument in Bonn.

Beethoven's whole life was embittered by a sad malady that first showed itself in 1798—the loss of his hearing, the most serious physical loss a great musician could suffer. It debarred him from hearing his own unequalled compositions, over which the world ran wild, and, it caused his own playing toward the close of his life, to become so atrocious that no one would listen to him.

Beethoven was below middle height, not more than five feet five inches; he was broad-shouldered, sturdy, with legs like columns. His movements were without grace, and he was so awkward with his hands that he dropped everything he took into them. The skirts of his coat were always heavy laden: there would be within them an ear trumpet, a carpenter's pencil, a stitched book for use in his written conversation, a thick blank book in quarto form, in which he jotted down vagrant thoughts and musical ideas. A pocket-handkerchief would hang down to the calves of his legs, and the pockets bulged until they showed the lining. He would walk in deep meditation; talk with himself; at times make extravagant gestures. He was simple in certain ways, easily gulled, and so absent-minded that he once forgot he was the owner of a horse.

His character was a strange mixture of greatness and triviality. The influence of heredity, the early unfortunate surroundings, the physical infirmity, the natural impatience of a man whose head was in the clouds with the petty cares of daily life:—all these unfitted him for social intercourse with the gallant world in which he was, however, a welcome guest.

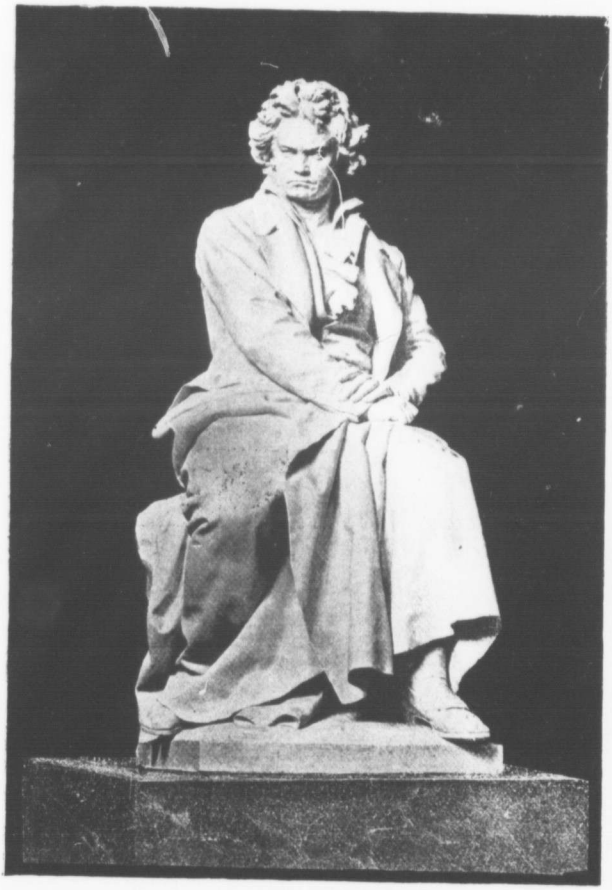
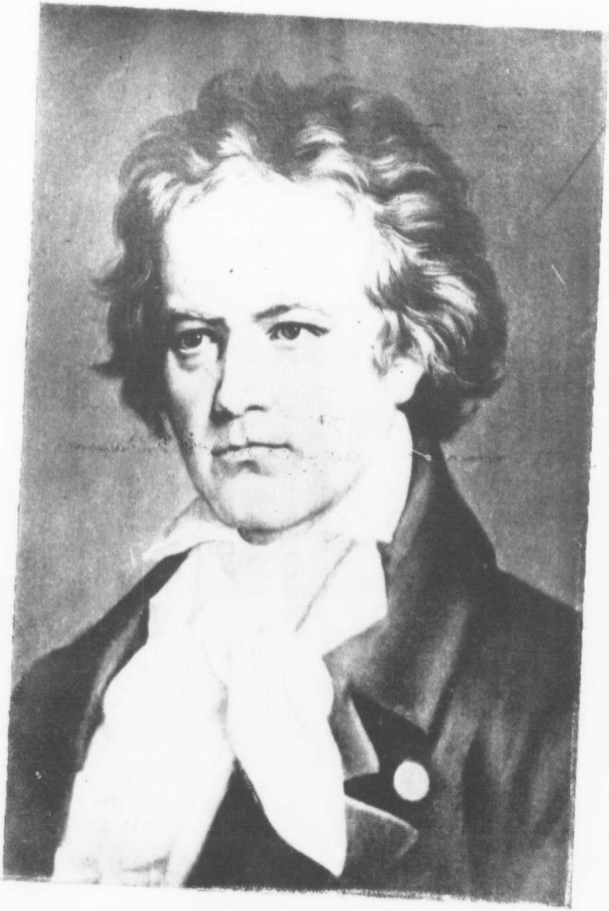


FIGURE OF BEETHOVEN ON VIENNA MONUMENT.



LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

JIM.

I aint much onto the hero kind,
Muscular fellows slick of limb,
Herc'les, John L., Texas Tim,
An' that bible feller who went it blind;
Who succors poor kids afore they kin swim;
An' saves young gals, makin' the hull world sweat,
A doin' of deeds as never was bet;
I aint much onto that kind, I say,
Read inter the papers ever' day,
A scootin' engin's an' runnin', the bar,
But way back in the sixtys thar,
I knowed a dog whose name wus Jim.

Not much of a stylish dog to see,
None o'yer criscrass highbred kind,
Prize tickets wan't in it for sech as him;
Like any other orn'ary cuss,
He couldn't a told who his parents wus,
His manners wus short an' his speech wus gruff:
But if ever a dog wus the genywine stuff,
That dog wus Jim.

Praps I aint fair ter them as size
Dogs up like folks by their famerly ties,
Bnt if that's so, then all I kin say
Is Jim's unknown folks must a been erway
Up mor'n a hundred thousand jogs
In the dog-gone 'ristocracy uv dogs.

Terbaccer? Stranger? No use fer the weed?
Curis now, but jes' like Jim.
He'd do most things as ever was seed,
But chaw terbaccer; but then you see,
We all hes our failin's ginerally;
An' this wus the only fault serciety
Could a found in him.

We lived 'way out in the woods them days,
Where there wan't no other folks erbout,
Where all we got we had ter raise,
Er shoot, er manage ter do without.
An' all the folks eround, yer see,
Wus jes' the cattle an' Jim an' me.

Talk o' yer bloomin' loneliness,
Nothin' lonesome out thar fer us,
With th' sky an' miles o' whisperin' trees,
An' the anymiles an' birds an' bees,
An' lots ter think uv, an' lots ter do;
An' Jim he jes' know'd it as well as you.

Never a skulk, er never a whine,
He did his work es I did mine,
An' it did me good at the comin' o' dark,
Ter hear his chipper encouragin' bark,
Through the woods an' out o' the gloam,
At evenin', bringin' the cattle home.

Talk o' yer bloomin' serciety talk,
An' th' pleasures o' chat; et wan't a chalk
Ter the genywine feelin' o' company
That I wus ter Jim an' Jim wus ter me,
When after supper with nothin' ter tire,
A smokin' our pipes afore the fire.
Least me a smokin' an' as fer Jim,
He looked th' pleasure it wus ter him.
A livin' his life like a genywine pome,
Engyin' all th' pleasures of home.
Fer if ever a livin' sufferin' soul
Took in this life es a blossomin whole,
A drinkin', its 'jyment chuck ter th' brim,
That feller wus Jim.

Wall all things onter this arth mus' change,
Er things ud be ever the same as they wus,
An' in the course uv things taint strange
Considerable change should come ter us;
'Twas arly in Spring I brought home Sal,
An' th' fust thing we knowd a pert little gal
Wus a suckin' her thum's an' hollerin' like mad,
An' makin' things generally hot fer her dad,

So yer see I dont know how it came,
Er how it happened, er who was ter blame,
Whether 'twas me er whether 'twas him,
But my mind run considerable less on Jim.
Praps it wus I wus away erlot,
An' my mind on worry an' care wus sot,
But once in a while when work wus slack,
An' I'd sit an' let old times come back,
I noticed it seemed ter work on him,
An' often he'd linger about the place,
A 'proachful look on his poor brute face,
As much es ter say "Look, you an' me,
"We aint jes' th' same es we used ter be."
Golly: my eyes get kinder' dim,
A thinkin' on Jim.

At last, an' praps 'twas hardly right,
I took ter leavin' him out at night,
An' thought I'd teach him to kinder' larn
Ter stay at nights an' watch in th' barn;
An' I know'd if even a cow 'ud low,
Or a colt ud whinny, Jim ud know.
Fer he never slouched an' he never lied,
I reckon it wan't in his har or hide.
Wall, whar is he now, an' what ud he do?

Ef yer listen a spell I'll tell it to you.
Fer my thoughts get rattled an' m' eyes get dim
A talkin' o' him.
The winter wus terrible hard that year
The snow wus deep and the fodder wus dear,
An' th, cold so nippin' it almost froze
A feller walkin' about in his clothes.
A' we in th' house and Jin in th' barn,
Had all we could hustle to keep ourselves warm.

How it did happen I never kin tell,
I 'woke one night from a dream uv hell,
An' thar was Jim with a dreadful wet coat,
A howlin' and grippin' me by th' throat,
A doin' his best to get me 'woke,
While th' bedroom window was smashed an' broke,
An' the room was swimmin' in flame and smoke.

Ter live wus ter act. How I got out er thar,
I never kin tell ter this hour, I swar,
Woke th' whole famerly; not a skin
Scorched, 'fore the roof an' th' walls fell in,
Cept only Jim. God knows however,
He got out o' that thar barn so clever,
An' busted that winder ter wa'ken me:—
Talk o' yer heros uv victory:
None o' yer high flown gentlemen,
Did a bigger deed than Jim did then,
Cept stead o' aspreadin' hisself aroun'
An' coverin' a thousan' miles o' groun'
An' pesterin' ever' blessed one,
Sayin', "Whar's that medal fer th' deed I done,"
He simply died thar; jes' like him;
Fer a modest retirin' dog wus Jim.

An' when in th' meetin' after prars,
An' the hymn is sung, an' the parson tells
Of them high-sounden' awful swells
Of hero's as dwells among the stars,
Who've earned thar pass on th' golden k'yars;
An' the wimmin folks weeps; jes' after th' hymn,
I shets my eyes an' I thinks on Jim.

—*Anthony Barritt.*

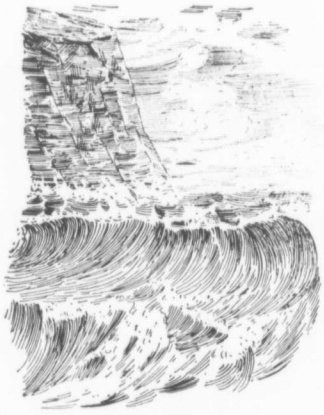
MELANCHOLY.

By Beaumont and Fletcher.

Hence, all you vain delights
  As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly!
There's not in this life sweet,
  If men were wise to see't,
But only melancholy!

Welcome, folded arms and fixed eyes,
  A sigh that piercing mortifies,
A look that's fasten'd to the ground,
A tongue chain'd up, without a sound!

Fountain heads, and pathless groves,
  Places where pale passion loves,
Moonlight walks, where all the fowls
  Are warmly hous'd, save bats and owls!
A midnight bell, a parting groan!
  These are the sounds we feed upon;
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley:
  Nothing's so dainty-sweet as lovely melancholy.



EVA VON TROTTA.

BY Thelma Vernon

ON one of the border mountains, on the western slopes of the Harz, in gloomy desolation, rise the grey ruins of the old Schloss Staufenburg, which still remind us of a most romantic though sad history.

Home-like, and at the same time sublime silent and solitary, must have been this now destroyed seat of Kaisers and princes in the mysterious middle ages. Its position is fascinating, surrounded on three sides by high wooded mountains with a wide view open to the south, which was then probably shut out by the primeval dense forest, now, however, extending over the little mining town of Gittelde and the picturesque mountain landscape to Osterode and the high seated Schloss Herzberg. The magic of this picture is greatly enhanced by the soft lights of sun-set, and the dim mists, which like a floating veil half hide its beauties, and fill the excited fancy with a mysterious presage of that poetic something we call the past.

The mountain—on which decaying bits of walls, where, until a few years ago, a strong square tower eight feet in height, with openings here and there, looked solemnly down on the vale—is cut off sharp, on the east, west and south sides from its wooded brethren that rise high above it, only on the north side sloping gradually to its base; and it is here on this side one climbs to the spot where Kaiser Henry the Vohler, or Fowler, had a decoy for birds. The halls trodden by royalty, the boudoirs where beauty ruled eight hundred years ago, are fallen into green ruin; the death-owl hoots, and bats and lizards house among their overgrown stones. The Harz forests with their rich stores of game attracted not seldom, the hunt-loving princes of Brunswick to their deep shades and horn and hound and the wild ho! ho! hio! hi! of the hunter were heard over mountain and vale.

Oblivion at last sits green a couple of centuries in this solitude, till it is chosen as the hiding place of a sinful love, and wild tales came to be told among the simple mountaineers of a White lady who haunted the castle.

On the grey stone balcony stood one summer day in 1537, two persons in close conversation. The lady arrayed in white, was of remarkable and striking beauty. A tall form of the most perfect symmetry, brilliant white complexion, cheeks of a delicate rose, very large jet black eyes, dark brown hair falling in luxuriant natural curls and a dainty hand and foot, made her the delight of every eye that looked upon her.

Her companion, Duke Henry the Younger of Brunswick-Luneburg-Wolfenbuttel, clasped one of her tiny hands glittering with diamonds, in his own, stroked her magnificent hair, and gazed into her face with silent rapture.

It was nearly five o'clock in the afternoon, and the coffee table, according to German custom at this hour stood in the garden below, draped in white, a silver coffee service glittered on the table, fragrant mountain strawberries lent a rich bit of coloring, and by one cup lay a spray of white roses.

The broken fountain suggested a feeling of loneliness, and the high old grey stone walls enclosing the castle shut it out or in from the world beyond, and all the events now transpiring behind them were a profound secret. The white robed figure was literally dead and buried to the world, which had "assisted" at her funeral.

"Oh, Henry!" exclaimed Eva von Trotta, for the youthful form belonged to no other than this fair Rosamond of Germany, "you strive to comfort me, but in

vain, all your words of kindness and passionate love cannot crush the worm that is gnawing at the thread of my life, cannot silence the voice of conscience. I must open my heart to you to-day, for every visit you make me here I tremble to think may be the last. And yet it is all wrong, all wrong, Henry, every visit, every gift from your dear hand is a sin against the good and noble-minded Duchess once my motherly friend, a sin against your lawful children."

"Dear Eva," said Henry interrupting her, "our children are lawful, I gave you my left hand at the alter, the wedding-ring and its diamond keeper glitter on this little hand I hold in mine. The church has consecrated our union."

"That is only a hollow pretence. I see it now, look at this beautiful prayer-book in gold and precious stones, and the Bible with my name in gold on its cover," she continued, pointing to a small table where they lay.

"They were among your gifts on our—our—our marriage day. I come and sit here when alone, when I can look out on the mountains and read them and seek consolation, but find none. They are a silent reproach to me. You have no right to give them nor I to take them. And in my Bible (Eva was a Protestant) I opened yesterday at St. Paul's words: 'the husband of one wife:' they pierced like daggers to my heart. Henry, Henry, I ought to flee this spot, and never see you more; and yet I cannot. I should die if I did not see your dear face sometimes, and hear you."

"My darling Eva, put away those harrowing thoughts; they are shortening your precious life."

"Oh! why did we meet? or meeting, why was it not earlier, when our love had been no sin? When I recall the affection and confidence of the Duchess, and reflect on my base, false friendship, my face burns with pain and shame. The world would curse me; she would too, if she knew. The watch I wear, that you gave me the last morning when I was on duty as lady-in-waiting, reminds me of the flight in time, and the unceasing approach of a coming judgment. I never look upon it without a throb of bitter anguish. 'Nothing that loveth or maketh a lie shall enter Heaven'—and my life is a lie. Oh,

Stormed over the Drawbridge.

Henry! I shall perish eternally, and my noble boy will grow up to curse my memory;" and leaning her head on Henry's breast, she wept bitterly.

Probably Henry's own reflections were not of the most agreeable and consoling character, as he was thus compelled to recall his injustice and sin, in his neglect of the Duchess. He gave, however, no expression to his misgivings, but only said pointing to the coffee-table:—"Let us think of this no more; dry up these childish tears, and let us go down—come, dear."

"My tears are not childish, Henry, only useless but the world will discover our dreadful secret, the Duchess and her powerful father will complain to Kaiser and Pope, your visits will be forbidden—and what will become of me and my boy?"

"Eva, I will do what I before proposed before you came here. I will seek a divorce from the Duchess, and we will be married in the face of the empire, and your boy, my favorite son, shall be my heir to the ducal throne."

"God forbid!" cried Eva in wild excitment, clasping her hands and looking up to Heaven, in which attitude she presented such an enchanting grace and beauty that Henry caught her in his arms and covered her hair and face with kisses, calling her by every endearing name he could think of.

"No Henry; never, never will I be guilty of such a gigantic wrong. My son shall never be your heir, shall never supplant your first born son and lawful heir. My noble Eithel is noble in character as in name; he would never consent any more than I. But I live in constant terror of discovery."

"Do not fear that, my darling; every servant here is bound by a solemn oath. Your faithful servant Madga is the only one who is permitted to leave the castle, and she does so in the deepest disguise. The Priest at Gandersheim who united us at the convent alter is bound by his priestly vows, and the heavy bribe I gave him, to silence. The Abbess, too, who managed the details of your funeral, and the artistic priest who made your wax effigy and the plague-spots with ink on your white face and hands, are both bound by the most solemn oaths. None of these will ever betray us, and no one else knows our secret, we are safe."

Henry was right. Though this relation continued seven years, and ended only through Eva's death, no one discovered the secret; he himself revealed it in his partial love for her only son, whom he sought to make his heir. But the lovers little imagined that one person knew Eva was not lying in the damp vaults of the convent, and that they would be at the mercy of this discoverer.

Their conversation was interrupted by the entrance of the little Eithel, a princely boy, who inherited his mother's striking beauty, his long brown curls falling over his shoulders.

"Come mother, coffee is ready and I have put some white roses for you and Babette has brought you some mountain strawberries, come papa," and the little fellow put up his mouth for a kiss. The mother stooped down and covered his face with passionate kisses, and Henry springing forward enclosed them both in a tender embrace.

Behind came nurse Gretchen in snowy cap and apron, with a lovely babe in her arms, and both parents sprang forward as if each would be the first to seize the child. To a stranger who had not been behind the scenes, it was an innocent and pure family scene, betraying nothing of the wrong and bitterness these relations had caused. To explain further, we must go back in our history to Eva's childhood, and her introduction to the Court of Henry the Younger, Duke of Brunswick, and his Duchess Maria von Wurtemberg.

A lovely spring morning dawned joyously over the castle of the Marshal Adam von Trotta of Bradenburg, but sorrow housed within it for the lady of the castle must die. The invalid reclined on a huge old-fashioned sofa, propped up with silken cushions, surrounded by her husband, her two sons and her young and only daughter Eva. It was a large and richly furnished chamber, hung with rare paintings, but the most charming pictures of all were the views its windows commanded. The dying mother kissed and dismissed her children knowing it was for the last time. The manly youths kissed the mother's emaciated hand and silently retired, but Eva flung

herself sobbing on her breast and refused to be comforted. At last the Marshal led her from the room.

"We are alone for the last time," said the invalid, as the Marshal returned, puting her hand in his. "Move me nearer the window, that I may look once more on the park I love so well." After a pause she exclaimed. "My poor motherless Eva! I can leave my sons with more resignation for they are noble youths, and able to fight the world's battle; but Eva has the dangerous gift of an unusual beauty, and the world is full of snares and traps for such as she promises to be."

"She is your image when I brought you home a young wife. She has your eyes, your brown curls, now touched with grey, and to me dearer than ever; in her I shall see your face and form every hour," said the marshal.

"Nurse Madga has promised me never to leave her, and her foster-sister, Alice, who is strongly attached to her will be of great assistance in watching over her as they both grow older. Keep Eva with you as long as you can, but in the event of a campaign send her to your brother." The speaker exhausted sank into a peaceful slumber, and when the setting sun illumiated the chamber, its golden beams fell upon the face of death. They laid the mother in the old family vault; husband and children brought roses for her coffin and left her to her cold repose. The Marshal did as his dying wife had counselled, and kept Eva in the parental castle till her sixteenth summer. The bud had blossomed into a wonderful flower, the pride of the desolate father's heart. But the time had arrived when the soldier must go forth to battle, and Eva is sent to her Aunt and Uncle for a visit of indefinite length. At this period, undecided as to Eva's home, and depressed with fears and anxieties regarding her future, business calls the Marshal to the Court of Brunswick, then held in the ancient castle of Wolfenbuttel, and this visit is destined to decide the fate of Eva.

"I *do love you, Henry.*"

The piety and amiability of the Duchess Maria made such a deep impression on the mind of the soldier, that he entreated her to become the guardian of his motherless daughter. Her *transparency* consented, and Eva became the first lady-in-waiting to the Duchess. Little did the father imagine he was thrusting his child into a wolfe's den, for a worse example of a false and neglectful husband than Henry the Younger of Brunswick-Wolfenbuttle, it were not easy to find. Henry was a handsome man of fiery temper and hot blood, loved both chase and fight, possessed more physical strength and beauty than mind or virture. He had no sympathy for Church or prayers, neglected his pale youthful wife, seldom visiting the wing of the gloomy old castle she occupied except when etiquette demanded.

In this deplorable state of things Eva von Trotta appeared at Court. She stood in the court-yard by her father's war horse to take leave of him, promised to be good, which promise she fully intended to keep; the stern old soldier kissed her, sprang on his horse, brushed away a tear, stormed over the drawbridge, and never saw his fair chiid again. Suddenly it began to be reported at Court that Henry had bridged over the cleft between himself and his high-born wife. He was seen every evening at her side in the stone balcony, whence they could look down into the courtyard and witness the drilling of steeds, and his attentions were most edifying to witness; while the new maid of honor, Eva, stood behind the seat of her ducal mistress a picture of bewildering loveliness.

But the Court did not permit itself long to be deceived by the royal hypocrite. It was not the pale pious Duchess who had so suddenly fascinated Henry, but the maid of honor, in whose black eyes Henry's brown ones looked so willingly. It soon became perfectly well known to Henry when Eva was on duty in the antechamber of the Duchess, and half hidden by the heavy hangings of the deep windows, he chatted with her by the hour, and no favorite maid dared tell her royal mistress who entertained the lady-in-waiting while she sat alone. At last one day, the Mistress of the Robes, who had more than once reproved Eva for frivolity and whose curiosity had got the better of her dignity, listened and heard Henry ask Eva to meet him in the evening at ten o'clock in the linden allee for a walk to the end of the arbour, and the thoughtless girl consented. At the same time Henry presented her with a watch and his portrait. Horrified she at once informed the Duchess of this proposed rendezvous, and persuaded her to accompany her in disguise to the arbour at the appointed hour, where concealed behind the thick foliage she might learn what was best to be done. Later on the same day Eva sat alone in her boudoir gazing at the portrait, an exquisite enamel set in diamonds. It was a beautiful chamber adorned with frescoes and paintings, mirrors, panellings, books and flowers. Opposite where Eva was sitting hung a life-size portrait of Duke Henry the Lion in tapestry. The old nurse Madga had just left her beloved young mistress, and Eva held the watch and portrait in her hand while a tumult of emotions, shook her heart.

She was interrupted by a knock, and slipped them hastily out of sight. It was her foster-sister Alice, who was her favorite maid.

"Why do you disturb me at this hour, Alice?" inquired her mistress, who struggled to conceal her emotion. "You know I am in the habit of spending this hour alone."

"Pardon, gracious lady, but I have something to tell you which admits of no delay," replied Alice who had caught a glimpse of the portrait and noticed the agitation of her mistress. "I wish to leave the Court, it is my wish to enter the convent of Galdersheim. I intend to become a nun."

"Become a nun! When did that insane idea enter your head?" cried Eva.

"I am weary of the Court. I am unhappy here. Let me go." Alice did not tell her of the Court gossip she had overheard, and that grief and pain drove her to the convent.

"Madge will not leave me, Alice; why will you? Stay with me. You knew my dear mamma; you are nearly of my own age; I should miss you so sadly."

"No, I have determined to take the veil; it is my calling. Let me go." Eva, sighed, and replied, rising and laying her hand on Alice's shoulder, at the same time glancing nervously at the portrait of Henry the Lion, "I am not happy here either, dear Alice. Oh! I wish I had never left my uncle's castle and the protection of my brothers. Why was I doomed to lose my mother? you seem to me more like a friend than a servant, Alice; how can I do without you, my foster-sister?" Again Eva paused and listened. Suddenly the portrait of Henry the Lion advance into the room, and Duke Henry stood in the opening it had left in the wall. Eva flushed, turned pale, and stood in confusion, while Alice looked on in bewilderment, amazement. But Henry said carelessly, "The Duchess is coming, Fraulein von Trotta; I am only a minute in advance."

Alice saluted and retired, muttering to herself, "It is true then, and worse than I thought. A secret door. And what does that portrait mean? I wonder if mother knows all this." The following day Alice departed for the convent.

The castle clock was ringing ten when two muffled figures stole through a postern gate of the garden wall into the park, and concealed by the darkness, hastened through by-paths to the lime-tree arbour. Here they waited some time, when at last steps and voices were heard approaching through the lime-tree avenue.

Eva was saying, "Do not ask me to stay at Court, Henry, I cannot, I must go at once. The courtiers are talking; Alice insists on leaving me. I know it is out of sorrow she condemns me who am so far innocent. Think of my youth, I am only

sixteen; my mother dead, my father absent. Oh, I cannot deceive the Duchess, she has been so kind and so good to me; I shall return your presents which I should never have accepted and go back to my uncle's little castle."

"And forsake me and leave me to loneliness and wretchedness? Oh, Eva! pity me and remain."

"And bring disgrace and misery and ruin upon you and myself and anguish to the Duchess? Maria's royal father is all

such a shameful conversation must I listen between her and my husband. But I have the power to punish you both and I will use it." And the Duchess and her attendant disappeared in the darkness.

The storm had broken upon them. The two figures stood in the arbour, motionless as marble, while Maria hastened to send messengers immediately to her father and other princes acquainting them of Henry's perfidy. But Eva at bay seemed suddenly to have changed her character. She for-

"Who are you?"

powerful with the Kaiser, who would betray you to the Pope, and you would be excommunicated. I do love you, Henry, but it is too late. If we had met earlier we might have belonged to each other. I would live shut out from the world forever, for you, and you alone, and safe from disturbance and discovery, would be happy."

"How very noble and self-sacrificing we would be!" exclaimed the Duchess, coming forward from her concealment. "And such is my reward for my affection bestowed upon a motherless maiden! To

got her former scruples and with a single move checkmated her rival, but at what a cost! She proposed perhaps the most extraordinary plan that ever entered a human brain, and all the more astounding as coming from a girl of sixteen.

"What is to become of me?" at last exclaimed Eva, starting from the stupor of terror the sudden appearance of the Duchess had caused. "There is not a place where I can go where disgrace and shame will not follow me."

"I will seek a divorce, declare the

children of the Duchess illegitimate, and we will be married."

"Under the ban of the Kasier and the Pope!" cried Eva ringing her hands in despair. After a pause in which she remained buried in thought, Eva resumed, "I have a plan, Henry, but the world shall know nothing of our secret. You shall give me your left hand, but I *must* die, I mean *seem* to. I shall resign my office at court and return to my uncle's. On the journey I will be attacked with the plague in the convent of Gandersheim and die in a few hours; and then there must be a public funeral; the world and the court shall see me buried. I leave the carrying out of the details to you. Leave Wolfenbuttel on some excuse and in your absence I will retire. Dead to the world I will live only for you."

Henry, enraptured, caught her in his arms. "My darling Eva, will you indeed do this! Oh! then I am happy and can defy the world. Here is the seal of our bond," and he placed a diamond ring on her finger.

They walked arm in arm under the silent lindens back to the castle. The moon had risen, and bathed the night in her mystic light; the stars looked mournfully down on the betrayed maiden. Was there no hand to save her from this ruinous step, no voice to warn the betrayer of his sin?

The following day, after a stormy scene between the Duke and Duchess, Henry left the castle to attend to business, as he said, and on his return found the new maid of honor had resigned her office and left the court.

The Capuchin convent of Gandersheim situated in the Duchy of Brunswick, on the river Gande, enjoyed an equal rank with the abbeys of Drubeck and Quedlinburg. The Abbesses of these three mitred convents had a seat and vote in the Reichstag, and during the earliest period of their existence the Abbesses were of the royal blood, and only princesses and daughters of the nobility were admitted into their sacred retirement. To this ancient convent I must beg my readers to accompany me.

It is midnight. Before the convent altar stands a bridal pair. The bridegroom places the nuptial ring on the bride's hand; kneeling they receive the priest's blessing, the young wife rises Frau von Kirchberg, and after remaining some days in concealment in the convent, she escapes in the disguise of a monk to Schloss Staufenburg.

Meanwhile tidings reach the Court at Wolfenbuttel that the retired Court lady, Eva, has been attacked with a virulent plague on her homeward journey and has expired after a painful illness of a few hours. The Court is aghast at the news; Henry retires to his private apartments. Duchess Maria, softened to hear of Eva's death, sends members of her court to attend her funeral.

And now we have the second act of the drama in old Gandersheim.

The convent church is brilliant with a thousand tapers; high on a rich catafalque before the great alter stands Eva's coffin in a blaze of light. The face of the dead is of wondrous beauty, the long brown curls fall over the breast, the small white hands, marked with plague-spots, are crossed above the still cold heart. The nuns, the Abbess at their head, chant the mournful dirge, and the organ weeps and wails as if it were the very soul of sorrow. The courtiers wear the deepest black, and are completely overwhelmed with the awful solemnity of the scene. Through all the ceremony the novice, Alice, seems like one in a dream. The suddeness of the thing is to her incomprehensible; only a few days ago she took leave of her foster-sister, and now she gazes on the dead. Finally the coffin is lowered; they are about to close it for ever, when Alice, before the Abbess or the two priests, who alone knew the truth, could prevent her, rushes forward with a cry of agony and kisses the cold hands in her sorrow. Suddenly she discovers they are only wax. Conscious of the danger to herself if she betrays her discovery, she weeps and sobs louder than ever, and must be almost forcibly removed. They bear the coffin to the convent vaults, the courtiers return to Court to picture the marveleous beauty of the departed Eva to the Duke and Duchess. In the meantime the novice Alice is no novice. She ponders over the matter in secret.

"Eva is not dead" she reflects. "Where can she be? What can it all mean? I will find her if I have to walk every inch of the

Harz mountains. Iwill disguise myself as an old woman, a seller of lace; thus I can gain admittance everywhere. But I must get away from here without exciting suspicion."

As the result of these soliloquies, Alice informed the Abbess she would relinquish her plan of being a nun, at least for the present, and go to her mother, who must be in great distress at the sudden loss of her nursling. But on her arrival at the castle of Wolfenbuttle, Madga had disappeared, no one knew what had become of her. For a period of four years ,Alice, disguised in a grey wig, with an artificial hump on her back, sought Eva, wandering from castle to castle, from town to town through the mountains, but without discovering the faintest trace of Eva or nurse Madga.

The princes of the House of Brunswick were, as I said before, passionate lovers of the chase, and Henry the Younger was no exception to his race. But suddenly this penchant increased to such an extent that his time was almost absorbed with this pastime. He began to be absent weeks and even months in his favorite Harz. At length these long absences excited the suspicions of the Court and the Duchess. Tales came to their ears of a lady in white who had been seen at the deserted old Staufenburg. Spies were sent out several times to watch the castle but no discovery was made. Eva remained dead to the world. Alice, who heard these reports, knowing what others did not, that Eva was not in the vaults of the convent, resolved to make a visit to Staufenburg thinking it very likely the reports of the lady in white were not simple mountain tales but had some truth in them. This she felt to be all the more probable since in all her ramblings from town to castle no trace of the lost girl could be found.

Accordingly, Alice made her way to Staufenburg and after watching from the thick woods three days she saw her mother, Madga, issue from a small door in the outer walls, so hidden by trees and underbrush as to be unseen when shut.

Alice hastened to meet her, secure in her disguise, and told her she had a special message from the Master to the Lady Eva, and must speak with her alone.

Madga, terrified, exclaimed, "Who are you? What do you mean by the Lady Eva?"

"I am one who knows all the secret and that the beautiful maid of honor, Eva von Trotta, does not lie in her coffin. Better if she did. But my message is pressing, and admits of no delay. My orders are to deliver it to the lady alone. Admit me here and leave the door unlocked that I may let myself out again."

Madga stared at the old hump-back woman and her basket and hesitated; but seeing that she knew her secret, at last concluded all was right.

"Follow me," she said; and opening the postern door and pointing out to her an outer flight of stone steps leading down to a garden, continued, "mount those steps leading to the balcony. You will find the lady you seek in her boudoir, which you enter from that open door; she is alone. I will wait for you here, for I dare not leave the gate open. It might be discovered, for I have seen people prowling about here a good deal of late."

Alice did as directed. Arrived on the balcony she paused and gazed on the passive figure half reclining in a fauteil in full view of the mountains. Eva was now in her twenty-first year, and lovelier than ever. Her face and hands were so white as to seem almost transparent; her curls fell in rich masses over her white silk robe; her black eyes had a strange far-away look in them that struck Alice to the heart. Suddenly Eva became aware of the presence of a stranger, started out of her pensive reverie and exclaimed, "Who are you? How did you get into the garden?"

"I met a servant at the postern gate in the wall and told her I had a special message for you," said Alice in a strained voice.

"From Henry? Then you know all! Quick! quick! What is it? Why are you so long? Speak. I will reward you richly if you bring me good news from Henry."

"I do not bring you a message from Henry of Brunswick, but from God," said Alice slowly. "Leave this castle, forget Henry, return to the path of duty and virtue, and seek forgiveness."

"Who are you? If the Duke did not send you, who did? Oh! I am betrayed!

Madge! Madge! What have you done?" Cried the terrified Eva springing up.

"Do not fear, White lady of the Stanfenburg, I will not betray you. I have sought you four long years because I love you and would save you from a life-long wretchedness. I was at your imagined funeral, and discovered the farce, but no one knows of my discovery. Why do I come? Because you are in danger. The Duchess has spies; stories of a White Lady in the Staufenburg are come even to the Court; the Duke's long absences excite suspicion, he is watched. Think of the storm that will burst upon you both if you are discovered. Leave here before it is too late. You do not know me, how could you? My own mother did not recognize me," and Alice threw off hump and wig and stood before Eva a tall girl nearly her own age.

"Alice!" cried Eva, rushing to her and catching her in her arms. "I thought you were a nun in the convent, you are come to stay with me. Oh! say you will come to stay."

"No, I will not stay. I have sought you all this time to warn and save you, if you will give up Henry and leave this den of sin, I will follow you wherever you go. Oh! what words can I use to induce you to leave here? Eva! Eva! it is your truest friend who entreats you. Henry is your worst enemy; he has trodden your honor and name in the dust, but you consented, and destroyed what you might have been forever. But repentance is left, and there is all eternity to come. How can you stand before God? how dare you pray? You desecrated the holiest; virtue and innocence you have made the tools of vice; you have stolen the monstrance from the altar; you swore a false oath before the altar of the highest. Talk of a left-handed marriage. It is an insult to Heaven's laws.

"Be merciful, Alice."

Eva! Eva! once my pure and dear playmate, the darling of your dead mother's heart, come away with me now. No one is here to betray our flight, we will go to some distant land and I will stay with you as long as we both live. Follow your true friend. It is the voice of Heaven you hear. Forget the unworthy murderer of your youth and purity."

Eva trembled and turned pale. "What would become of my children?" she cried ringing her hands in anguish.

"Children! Have you children?"

"Yes, three. See that is my noble Eitel with the long brown curls playing in the garden. Oh I cannot leave this place, I cannot! I cannot! I love Henry, for him I have robbed the Duchess of her husband, deceived my brave father, and my brothers, desecrated God's altar, sacrificed life, youth, honor and happiness; I live only for him, I cannot deceive him, cannot atone for one sin with another."

"I must save you then by telling your brothers where you are. They will punish the vile Henry before the whole German Empire," and Alice released Eva's hand and turned to go.

With a scream, Eva sprang forward, threw herself down before Alice, and cried,

"Be merciful, Alice, have pity on my misery; God is merciful. Do not you be cruel. Do not betray me. I am crushed and bruised, the peace of my mind and heart is destroyed. I could not be more wretched. What good would it do to betray me? And in betraying Henry, you destroy me, rob me of the only protection I can ever hope to enjoy. Madga is a mother to my children as she was to me. She would not betray me."

"My mother was your nurse, hence has a mother's feelings for you. I will not stay here. If I should meet Henry, I should forget all respect for his person as Duke, and give him a piece of my mind. I will keep your secret but I warn you of a coming danger. God help you. I will not betray you." And hastily assuming her disguise, for footsteps were heard approaching, she hurried away.

Three years passed away after this interview, and Eva remained securely hidden; but Henry's absences grew longer and more frequent, and at last one of the courtiers resolved to penetrate the mystery. He followed Henry to the Staufenburg, watching four whole days in the thick woods, and the evening of the fourth day, to his utter amazement, recognized Eva von Trotta in the stone balcony by Henry's side. The secret was out. He hastened to the Duchess and told her what he had seen. Maria sent authorized messengers to the convent at Gandershime, the coffin bearing Eva's name was opened and lo: a wooden figure with wax mask and hands! The Duchess communicated this discovery to the King of Wurtemburg, her father, letters of reproof are sent to Henry from him and the Kaiser, and the Pope threatened him with excommunication. Henry hastened to Eva with the dreadful news; but Alice had been before him, and Eva was prepared with another plan. "Tell them to search the Staufenburg and they will discover their mistake. Tell them I am dead, it is true. Madga shall take the children to Kirchberg with Alice's aid and every trace of my having been here will vanish. I have a secure hiding place."

"Where Eva?"

"You shall know to-morrow on your return from Court, Henry." Then she took an affectionate and reluctant leave of him, calling him back two or three times before she could let him go. Then she sent for her children, wept over them, gave her directions to Madga and Alice, cut off Eitel's long curls that he might not be recognized, his resemblance to her with his long hair being so striking. After she had dismissed them she returned to her boudoir and wrote a note to Henry. Then she took a small flask, poured the contents into a glass of water, and reclining on her fauteuil, drank it.

Henry on his return the following morning, hastened to Eva's boudoir, seeing her seated and not springing up to welcome him, he supposed she had fallen asleep,—and so she had; but the sight of her face revealed the dreadful truth, she had taken poison. The empty flask lay on her writing-table, near it was a note addressed to himself. It only contained a few words:—

"I told you, my beloved Henry, I had a secure hiding-place, the grave. Tell them I am dead, they cannot follow me where I am going. I would not bring ruin on you. Oh, Henry! be good to my children and never attempt to make Eitel your heir. My sin was in loving you. Farewell.

"Yours in death, "EVA".

Duke Henry had the broken-hearted girl only twenty-three, buried in the garden of the Staufenburg, returned to the Court and insisted on a search of the castle. Of course they discovered nothing and the mystery was still impenetrable. The Duchess Maria died a few months after her rival and nothing was ever known of the well guarded secret until Henry himself betrayed it in his partiality for his favorite son Eitel, Eva's only son and eldest child. The Duke besought the Pope to make him his heir and His Holiness consented, but Eitel proved himself, as his mother had said, noble in character as in name. He refused his consent to this injustice and lived in retirement on the estate, Kirchburg, which the Duke had given him, the name of which Eva's children bore. The learned Duke Henry Julius the Duchess' son, never forgot the refusal of his noble illegitimate brother to deprive him of his birth-right, and ever remained his warm friend.

AUTUMN.

By Edwin Reardon,

When the chilly dusk of the autumn eve
  Has stolen over the fretful earth,
And weary day, with its many cares,
  To peaceful night has given birth,

Then facing the fire I like to sit—
  To sit and dream in the dying day;
Musing alone on the things of life,
  And times which have passed away

Of men and things whose time is past,
  And those whose day is yet to be;
While the kitten, knowing naught of these,
  Sleeps silently upon my knee.

And thus, in pleasant reverie,
  The quiet evenings pass away;
And restless worry banished far,
  I rest me for the morrow's fray.

A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

By Donnachadh.

"COME on Newman," said my friend and neighbor, Dickson as he placed his cue in the rack, "it's time we were home." "Well," replied I, "there is no need for hurry, nor for excuses, when we do arrive home, for by this time our wives have reached their destination, so let's have another game and another whisky and soda." "Well, well," said Dickson, resignedly, "I suppose we may consider ourselves boys again," and so saying, he took down and chalked his cue.

Our wives had gone down to the seaside together, where Dickson and I were to join them a week later. I had shut up my house altogether and intended sleeping at Dickson's for the week, "just to revive old days," my friend remarked, for in our bachelor days we had boarded together.

The mosquito alighted on his nose.

The game being finished and also the whisky and soda, we set forth. With commendable wisdom we decided to walk—that is, after we discovered that the street cars had stopped for the night. Arm in arm we strode along, pouring into each other's willing ears tales of our private joys and sorrows. Ah, Yes! the wheels of sympathy and goodfellowship connot have a better lubricant than soda water—with something in it. At length we reached the house, and Dickson remarked, as he felt in his pocket for the key, that he was glad because he was so sleepy. Suddenly, the expressive words, "Confound it," rang clear in the stilly night. Now, when Dickson said "Confound it," I knew by experience that 'it' deserved the epithet. "What's the matter, old boy?" said I, "Have you lost your watch or your purse or your—"

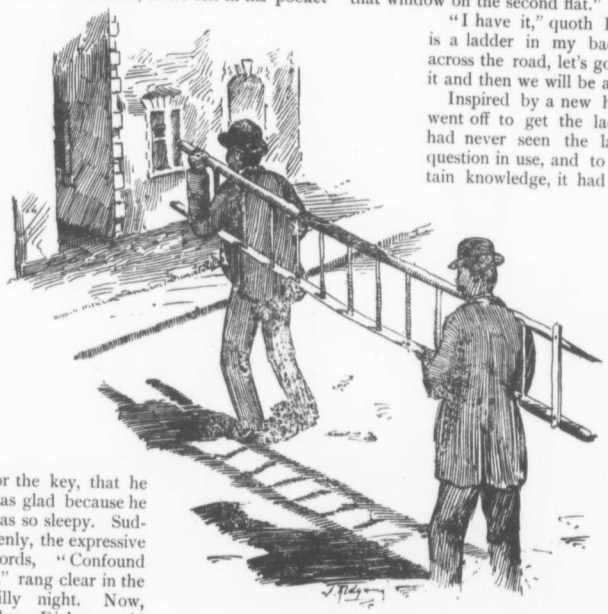
"Grandmother," interposed he, impatiently; "No, Confound it, I've lost none of these, but I haven't got the key, for my wife forgot to give it to me before she left."

We stared at each other for a minute, absorbing ideas, and then I ventured to remark that possibly we might get in at one of the windows. "Yes," agreed Dickson, dubiously surveying his somewhat extensive vest, "Perhaps we might." Armed with a long stick, we circumnavigated the house three times—the unnecessary twice being to satisfy the doubtful Dickson that all the windows were locked.

"Ah," said he, looking upwards, "I know I could get in if I only could get up to that window on the second flat."

"I have it," quoth I, "There is a ladder in my back yard, across the road, let's go and get it and then we will be all right."

Inspired by a new hope, we went off to get the ladder. I had never seen the ladder in question in use, and to my certain knowledge, it had hung in the same position for six years, but I kept these reflections to myself and inwardly resolved that I would hold the ladder at the foot while Dickson ascended. To my relief, it refused to fall to pieces when we carried it over, and after a little manoeuvering we succeeded in placing it in the proper position to get at the window. "Now you go ahead, Dickson," said I, "You know how the



The ladder held together.

window works, and I'll hold the ladder steady."

"Certainly," said he, rolling up his pants at the bottom, and moistening his hands in the manner of the British workman, "Certainly, here goes." I trembled as I saw the rungs bend beneath his weight, and, my conscience failing me, was about to call him down, when snap went one of

Snap! went the rung.

the rungs about twelve feet from the ground and——I shut my eyes, but hearing no dull, heavy thud, I presently opened them to find my friend firmly stuck between the rungs, his feet dangling in the air and his hands wildly grasping the ladder. His capacious paunch had saved—Yes; saved him from a fall, but how was he to be extricated?

That pressing problem had also occurred to him, for he exclaimed, I thought, with unnecessary warmth, "What in thunder are you thinking about? Get me out of this."

How to get him down was just what I was thinking about, but unluckily no solution would present itself, for I could not get beyond the belief that should I loose hold of the end of the ladder, that composition of rotten lumber would give way and my friend would get down quicker than he wanted.

But a solution was at hand, for just then we heard the heavy tread of a policeman. His gait, however, considerably quickened when he caught sight of us and soon he was upon the scene. "Now, then, what's your little game?" said he, stretching his long arms upwards and grasping the suspended Dickson by the ankles, bringing him down much as a washerwoman would a pair of pants. I was beginning an elaborate explanation, when he cut me short by gripping me by the collar with one hand and similarly treating Dickson with the other. "Come on" said he, "I'll lodge you for the night and save you further bother." In vain I protested, in vain Dickson, now foaming at the mouth, kicked and shouted; the muscular bobby silently walked us on. The night was hot and the mosquitoes had been troublesome, but never before—nor after—had I occasion to bless a mosquito as I blessed a full grown specimen that alighted on that policeman's nose. His was a nose of the strawberry type, rich and succulent from a mosquito's point of view. He shook his head vigorously, but he could not shake it off, and I felt his grasp loosen from my collar and saw his hand ascend to his itching proboscis. My chance had come, and quick as thought I bolted. Dragging Dickson after him, he gave chase, but I soon showed him I could run. On and on I ran, until, looking back, I could see no sign of them, and then the question presented itself, where was I run-

ning to, what was I to do? However, help was nearer at hand than I anticipated for shortly afterwards whom should I meet but my friend, Alderman McNab. Here, at last, was the means of release for my unhappy friend, and joyfully I accosted him and told him the story. How he laughed. It was with difficulty that I could get him to realize that it was beyond a joke and that probably Dickson was in a fit by this time. Then he wakened up and we hurried to the police station. By this time they had arrived and we found Dickson purple in the face with his exertion to prove his innocence.

However, the advent of Alderman McNab put a different complexion upon the case, and in less than two minutes we were free men. I confess it was with satisfaction that I observed our captor's inflamed beak, and, in bidding him a polite good-night, I suggested a poultice for his injured organ.

The genial alderman, would not hear of our again renewing our operations, but insisted on our spending the night with him, which we were glad to do.

OLD FATHER TIME.

By G. McElhinney.

(With certain acknowledgments to Chas. G. D. Roberts,)

Old Father Time must be getting pretty gray
  Yet his vigor has not suffered in the least,
He tackles every contract in the grim old-fashioned way
  That he did when he first came from the East.

You must know Father Time started out to wear and tear
  On the Oriental nations long ago,
He finished them up roundly and still had strength to spare,
  To bury them deep in the earth below.

His peculiar ways of working are a terror to the earth.
  He is never in a hurry in the chase,
It is no concern of his what his victim may be worth
  Or his estimated value to the race.

He can tumble, he can bleach everything is in his reach
  Whether wood or stone or palpitating flesh,
He canto pride and arrogance a useful lesson teach—
  All exis.ence must be sifted through his mesh.

With the forces of construction he will ever be at war,
  He must triumph over every living soul;
'Tis the fresh and new and strange that he ever does abhor
  For an infinite dead level is his goal.

Egypt, Babylon and Greece felt his heavy footsteps fall,
  And beneath them tumbled meanly into dust.
Over Turkey, Spain and Italy, he hovers like a pall,
  E'en the crown of haughty Britain shall he rust.

Old Father Time must be getting pretty gray
  Yet his vigor shall not suffer in the least,
He will tackle every contract in the grim old-fashioned way,
  Till, himself, and space and being shall have ceased.

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