

A GREAT SERIAL THIS WEEK SHIRLEY GARSTONE BY ELIZA ARCHARD.

The Saturday Gazette.

PART V LIFE IN ST. JOHN THIS WEEK.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1888.

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MAX O'RELL.

THE FAMOUS AUTHOR TALKS TO A GAZETTE REPORTER, and Tells Him the Story of His Life.

"Good morning, Mr. Ivory." "Good morning, Max." That's the way the GAZETTE meets our distinguished visitors.

M. Paul Blouet, Rider Haggard and Dr. Gunther, have been wonderfully fortunate in the world of letters, gaining fame and competence in a day, while Goldsmith, and Johnson, and Chatterton, and Savage, and hundreds of their cotemporaries were intimate with prisons and poverty all their lives; but they laughed meanwhile, as they could well afford to, at the aristocracy of gold.

"Good morning, Mr. Ivory." "Good morning, Max." M. Paul Blouet, known by the world as Max O'Rell, reminds me, in his stature, manner and speech, of Count de Bary, and is, as we form our opinions from outward appearances, one of the happiest of men.

Said he, "I suppose you want I should talk to you, and I'll talk to you as I have talked to no other man in America."

The reporter was pleased, for it is rare that any distinguished foreigner that visits this continent is not squeezed, as you would squeeze an orange, before he reaches Saint John.

Said M. Blouet, "The newspaper men of Europe and America don't seem to belong to the same family. The Figaro, of Paris, talks about people intelligently; so does the Pall Mall Gazette; in America the newspapers have everything in their own hands. Such papers as the New York Herald and New York World elect presidents, convict criminals, (or acquit them, as the fancy strikes them), and are above all divins and human laws."

Said the reporter, "THE GAZETTE—" "I just like the Herald and the World," interrupted M. Blouet, "and I like to talk with the representative of an independent publication. You want to hear about myself? I was born in Normandy, on the border of Brittany, and my father was a tanner. I was called a very good boy by people who didn't know me intimately. My people were good, commonplace people—and M. Blouet's eyes grew misty as he spoke—"good commonplace people—not given to money getting—not given to literature—good commonplace people, such as you and I love to meet, and such as we would like to have come to one's graves, a pleasant afternoon, and talk about us when we are gone. It is very sure that qualities of mind are not generally transmitted from generation to generation. But one instance has come under my observation—that of Dumas, père, and Dumas, fils."

M. Blouet lit a cigarette and continued, "I studied in Paris, prepared for military service in the Polytechnic school, and received my commission some months before the breaking out of the Franco-Prussian war. I was taken a prisoner at the battle of Sedan, and was confined five months in the Prussian fortress of Wespell."

"Then," continued M. Blouet, "peace was signed and I was sent to Paris, and just then the commotion broke out; I went to the front and at the attack on the bridge at Neuilly, on the 14th of April, 1871, I got a wound in my arm which disabled me for life. I lay in the hospital at Neuilly eight months, and then was discharged and pensioned."

"Then," said M. Blouet, and his eyes twinkled as he spoke, "I became a journalist, and they thought I was a fair writer; I wrote in the Gaulois and the Journal Des Debats, and in 1873, I went to London as the correspondent of the Debats. I had been in London but a short time when I was elected head master in the French school of St. Paul's, which position I occupied eight years, and during the time, I edited several classics and books on philology—all the time keeping my eyes to the right and left, and taking notes. I showed those notes to some of my friends and they thought I viewed things in an original light, so, during a holiday, I took them to Paris where they were published under the title of John Bull and his Island. You know how successful the book has been. It was translated into

English by Madame Blouet, (she is an English lady) and I consider the translation an excellent one."

M. Blouet's books are, French Oratory, 2 vols., published by the University of Oxford, in 1882; John Bull and his Island, published in 1883; John Bull's Daughters, (the American adaptation of which M. Blouet disowns) published in 1884; The Dear Neighbors, a study of the relations between France and England, published in 1885; John Bull, Jr., or French as she is traduced; a faithful translation of which has just been issued by Cassell & Co., and is for sale by J. & A. McMillan and Friend Macdonald.

M. Blouet's works are read in French, English, American, (as he says satirically) German, Italian, Russian, Spanish, Dutch, Bengalese, and Marhattese.

Grand Manan.

Interesting as are all parts of this picturesque island, the name of solitary wildness and grandeur is only found in the great cliffs at Southern Head. These cliffs rise sheer from the water to a height of two hundred and fifty to four hundred feet, and against their base the waves of the Atlantic have beaten with all their force for centuries in vain. About these cliffs thousand of sea gulls circle and scream, and in their fissures they rear their young. One is rendered speechless by the sublimity of the scene, which is enhanced when, stepping a short distance to the right, the Southern Cross is revealed to view. Out of the waste of water it rises to a height of eighty feet, as modelled in form and proportions as if projected by one of the world's most famous sculptors instead of by Nature herself.

The Southern Cross! It stood there when they were toiling to erect the pyramids, when Rome was founded, when Shakespeare played his plays, and when Columbus set out on his solitary voyage across the western sea. And here it will remain until some unprecedented conflagration of nature shall wreck continents and islands. It is a peculiarity of the Southern Cross that from one point of view, the figure of a cross is lost and that it is a woman's face, and the resemblance of the one is just as perfect as that of the other. One of the first pictures ever made of this great piece of nature's handiwork, forms a part of a famous art collection in Melbourne, Australia, and another by J. C. Miles, A. R. C. A., is considered the masterpiece of that artist.

The woods of Grand Manan are infested by the deer and the fox, his lakes and streams are well stocked with trout, and in its bays and coves one may amuse himself with the seals, shooting aquatic birds, or in the company of the fishermen.

From "An Island and An Idyl" by H. L. SPENCER, in Woman, April, 1888.

The Owl.

A gray owl dwelt in a gray old tower, And he woke at the stroke of the midnight hour, For he brightly shone the harvest moon, He hadly knew if 'twere night or noon. He looked in the sky that best he could, "Of my kinsmen thousands are there," he said; "And they look out with their great round eyes—Those happy owls in the upper sky."

Dreams.

Dreams come to cheer, to soothe, to warn The heart of man, while here below; And visions, that are heaven born, Make man, his Lord, to better know. The dream, that Pharoah dream'd, of old Brought sleep from the prison cell; And when he had it meanly told To rule the land, his lot befell. "I was wroth," the dreamer, that saved our Lord From Herod's wicked purpose cruel; When he wroth, his servants at his word The little ones, beneath his rule. "What God had closed was surely clean; And bid him to Corcellus go. Who had a faithful Christian been, Ah! many a dream, since then hath cheer'd The Christian's love and sickening heart; And where some dream'd cross is feared, A dream may come to peace impart."

FRANK HAMILTON.

Without a Doubt.

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LANGUAGE.

THESE ARE A THIRTIETH LANGUAGE AGES SPOKEN THAT WE DO NOT UNDERSTAND.

Let us know something about the Language of our Neighbors.

We spend a great deal of time in the acquisition of dead and foreign languages. Just as we studied Greek, and Latin, and Hebrew, and French, and German, and Spanish, our children study those idioms, while there are a hundred different languages spoken in our hearing every day, with which we take little care to make ourselves familiar.

I think that of all God's creatures, only the fish are speechless. And without doubt they have some means of communication among themselves with which we are unacquainted. We don't hear the butterfly talk to his sister butterfly, but it is impossible that he cannot make himself understood. We are too grossly material, to understand, or even hear his ethereal language. Flitting from flower to flower, coquetting with the gay young butterflies of a summer's day, I have no doubt but that his language is just as impassioned—just as tender as ours. M. Blouet's works are read in French, English, American, (as he says satirically) German, Italian, Russian, Spanish, Dutch, Bengalese, and Marhattese.

I suppose that life was first developed in the water which surrounded the globe, for thousands, perhaps millions, of centuries. When the frog came out into the air he began to croak, and each of his notes, as each of the notes of the birds, had a meaning, well understood by their fellows, which we have failed to translate into our own language.

Says a well known writer—"The student of nature comprehends that the morning songs of birds is a wholly integral affair, differing from their evening songs as well as from the notes uttered during love-making and during the work of nest-building. There are also distinct show-songs welcoming the refreshings of nature. There are songs of victory, songs of love, and equally the notes of querulous dissatisfaction, as well as cries of anger and pain. These notes evidently are understood, not merely within the limits of a single species, but the robin comprehends his neighbors. This is certain, because not seldom the tribes make common cause of joy or of battle. By common consent the robin has the earliest hour of dawn for his roundelay—other birds either keeping silent or following in an undertone. After his song is ended the cat-bird begins, and takes the hour mainly to himself—wherever he is an undisturbed dweller. My horse comprehends a sound of caution, one of reproach, another for speed, and another one of approbation. The dog is specially capable in this direction; he is seldom allowed by us to show itself. I have no doubt that a cat really gets the drift of what we say to her, and at times our full meaning. "In the way of language," says Popular Science, "monkeys manifest their passions, fears, desires, by cries and gestures emphasized by significant accents. The alphabets of some of the Melanesian races are not much richer. Some monkeys have a noisy and explosive laughing analogous to ours." Abbott insists that birds not only sing but talk, and that their song bears the same relation to speech as our own. "Crows have two distinct cries or utterances, each readily distinguishable from the others. These utterances, as in all birds, are only expressed when the bird is occupied, showing that birds sing from pleasure and talk from necessity. He adds concerning fishes: I have been led to believe that certain sounds made by fishes are really vocal efforts, and that their utterances are for the purpose of expressing an idea."

All animals can talk if you but deign to learn their language—not ask their tongues to croak to yours. Ton's are speechless, not artificial words that bear your language as a barrow wheels your own.

It is more and more clear to an intelligent observer that language is absolutely universal wherever there is sensation. All life more or less is inter-communicative. Animals in our company, if dealt

with as capable of development, soon adapt their sounds to our requirements. I have owned a horse that could call me with distinct sounds of caution, and others of affection, and still others indicating more abstruse ideas to my accustomed ear. On one occasion she distinctly informed me of trouble in the stables—calling to me when 100 rods away, and expressing the utmost satisfaction when I reached the yard. The cows had broken down a door and let loose some calves.

Are we not equally certain that some animals, if they had the third convolution and the genital tubercle, would now develop speech, and that right rapidly? I never feel so sad as when standing beside my noble, large-brained horse. By all possible means he endeavors to communicate with me. Marvellously well he succeeds too, but his language is yet one of gestures and simple sounds. Assent, disapproval, joy, antipathy, desire and ambition, as well as personal affection, are in the range of the horse's language. Imagine with what speed this picture would progress if ever the genital tubercle were possible. However, man's position was secured not by means of language alone, but by means of freed hands and an erect posture. The limits to language correlate to the limits in the power of tool-making. The horse needs no extended speech without hands to increase his relation to things.

My horse modulates her tones with almost human inflection. In the sheep I hear from all sides ba ba, while near by the calves are crying ma ma. I am at least surprised to find that babies also begin life with ba ba, and ma ma. My boy does not at first call me pa pa, but ma ma. Even after his sounds have become cerebral he continues these inherited utterances. Through a large range of mammals this elemental speech is common. The lower races of savages cry ma ma, mama, when terrified or suffering. They cry ba ba when they are near the other hand the hog family, and the bear, have only a guttural range of sounds, combined with a cick.

Exceedingly interesting is the process of language development in a babe. No study in anthropology is more fertile. The babe's first cries are purely instinctive and therefore purely animal. Its consonants are m and b, labials and liquids,—used with the open vowels. It does not use the general mercer; not for many weeks the frontal brain. Its second list of sounds move farther back, and are g, go, gutterals of the simplest sort. Next observe the babe as it watches your mouth and laughs at your cooing and baby talk. It finally sets its own articulating organs in motion, and imitates you. The consequence soon is the simple use of the frontal brain and the genital tubercle. The goo goo is followed by eh eh and the che che; and soon after by modulation. These are not only the first use of truly human organs, but the first cerebral sounds, as distinct from instinctive and inherited utterances. The steps toward a highly cerebral language are thereafter rapidly taken.

We have to bear in mind that the babe organically follows historic evolution, and is an epitome of past progress. So also in his speech he moves on and over the pathway of the past, and reviews it all in an intelligent child expresses appreciation by the same sounds that are used by adult monkeys. The savage hardly uses cerebral sounds at all. The refinement of language has ever consisted in eliminating the animal inheritance. The child's use of gestures is also inherited. I do not need to learn to use his hands; only to secure muscular strength direct them. His play is at first purely animal frolic, rejecting in shouts and yells to his enjoyment. His laughing is crying can only be understood as language, as they surely are also in its. The evolution of laughter would be a delightful branch of our topic, but a too long one for itself.

Genus of Thought.

Without adversity grace withers—Mason. Light cares speak, great ones are dumb. The heart has reasons that reason does not understand.—Bossett. Thanking is good, thanks living is better.—Henry. Is death the last sleep? No, it is the final awakening.—Walter Scott. Nothing is old enough in religion that is not 1500 years old.—Ruskin.

LIFE IN ST. JOHN.

A FORMER RESIDENT DISCUSSES OUR SOCIAL LIFE.

Church Workers, Young and Old—How They Amuse Themselves and Promote the Spread of Righteousness.

The average young man and young woman in St. John take a great interest in church work. In fact I know of no place on the continent where the young folk take such a deep interest in this particular kind of life as they do in Saint John. So far as I know, or am capable of judging, everybody who aims at respectability, goes to church and is interested in some particular branch of church work. The older people have the finances to look after and the majority of churches are in debt there is often a good deal of genuine financial work to do in order that the pastor's salary and the other expenses will be met with regularity. Another portion assist the minister in one way or another in his pastoral duties, visiting the sick, looking after those who have strayed from the fold and in various other ways making themselves of service to the church. They lead in the prayer meetings, conduct services in out of town missions and devote the major portion of their spare time to furthering the cause of the gospel. There are more men interested in this class of work than anyone would suppose who has not an intimate acquaintance with what is going on about town. I know more than one merchant who devotes three or four evenings every week to doing some of the things I have enumerated above.

Every church has also an organization of its older women or matrons who look after the more serious portion of the church work. They assist in raising money by means of personal calls, or the holding of entertainments of one kind or another. There are now in St. John upwards of 40 churches, representing all the different denominations of christians. In each of these are at least 100 persons who take an active part in helping the church or the pastor, whichever they choose. This would give 4,000 persons out of a population of say 50,000 who are engaged in some branch of church work. Over 700 entertainments are held every year for the purpose of raising money for one or another church scheme. These entertainments as I have said are very largely organized and worked up by the older women of the different churches. They are, however, largely dependent on the younger people for help and patronage.

It is assisting either by patronage or with a song, a reading or simply sitting on a table that the young people do the bulk of the work. Some of them of course assist in other ways. There are in St. John over 1,000 Sunday school teachers and half of these are what might be called young. Then many of them go to the prayer meetings, the class meetings or other devotional meetings. But it is at the entertainment that the young people shine forth in their full glory.

The church entertainments held in St. John are as various as the colors of the rainbow. In olden times the entertainment was called either a sociable, a bazaar or a tea meeting or soiree, but in these days of lightning trains, fast steamships and telegraphs, new names had to be procured, but the entertainment itself does not differ materially from those of the old time. If it is a concert or dime readings nowadays, it is not very much different from the old fashioned sociable. A soiree would be quite as old as name as Mikado tea, pink tea or any other high sounding title. But novelty is what the people look for and novelty they are bound to have if in name only. Thousands of persons never dissipate beyond the limits of church tea. The fun there is fast and furious enough for them. It is a pleasant sight to go to one of these entertainments and watch the young people. They mostly know each other, because so many entertainments are held by churches in the course of a year. The patronage of the majority is limited to the congregation of the church in aid of which it is held. Knowing each other there is not that restraint which one notices at the theatre or opera. The church also is a democratic institution recognizing in theory no difference between the rich and poor man. Some people may smile at this statement, but if they will take the trouble to examine into the truth of what I say they will find that in nine churches out of ten there is not much disparity of wealth or position. The people who form the congregation move all in the one circle. Some of course are completely in the swim while others are only hovering on the outside edge.

At all events the young people do not recognize any great differences between each other. If a girl is good looking and neatly and nicely dressed she will have

no occasion to lament that she has no beauty at the church fair. She will have lots of admirers if only for the time being.

Church life in St. John is active, unusually so. In some cases if one is a member of all the organizations in the church he will be there every evening. Perhaps though the young people are as well there as somewhere else, and they would be pretty sure to be somewhere else if not at church, as it is not fashionable in these days to spend too much time at home.

A FORMER RESIDENT.

Some of the Irish Grievances—The Land Trouble—The Lack of Manufacturers' Felt.

To the editor of the SATURDAY GAZETTE: Sir—On a recent visit to Ireland, my native land, after spending a short time very pleasantly among my relatives and friends, I met an old acquaintance, Dr. Kinneer, an ex-M. P., who had been one of the representatives for the Co. Donegal for some six years in the House of Commons, during which time he took a deep interest in the welfare of Ireland generally, as well as the county he had the honor of representing. I obtained a great deal of valuable information from him concerning the state of the country as I found him very friendly and sociable and well up on every subject we had time to touch on, and anxious to give me all the information he could. He gave me a printed copy of a speech delivered in the House of Commons, on the 16th May, 1881, of the second reading of the Land Law (Ireland) Bill, published at the request of some of the members of Parliament and other gentlemen, as well as copies of other speeches he delivered on subjects of importance concerning the interest of Ireland, etc. I travelled from Londonderry, that old historic city, to Markethill via the Great Northern Railway, and along the route I perceived that the soil was impoverished from want of good cultivation and here and there the ruins of a house appeared, showing that the farming class has suffered and decreased. They find it difficult to obtain servants, even at high wages, as the laborers have largely disappeared and many of their sons have emigrated, seeing it was impossible to provide homes for their own. The land question lies at the root of Irish grievances, for it is chiefly by agriculture that the Irish live, and though the rents have been reduced they are still too high in most places. But there is another cause of Ireland's poverty, namely, the want of manufacturing industries. The linen business is no doubt still useful in Ulster, but it is not so extensive and profitable as it was some years ago owing to capitalists fearing to invest in the present unsettled state of the country, while in the south and west there are few factories for any kind. There is a growing desire among farmers for peasant proprietorship and if it were granted on reasonable terms it would go far to settle the Irish question which has so vexed the legislature.

Markethill is a village between Armagh and Newry, and situated in a fertile district. There is a large and beautiful demesne adjoining it, which is enclosed by a stone wall over nine feet high, and almost three miles in length, built at a cost of about \$700,000. There is a magnificent castle within the walls, which cost over \$2,000,000. This building, which is in the Norman style of architecture, was commenced in the year 1810, on St. Patrick's day, and for several years many of the tenants on the estate paid their rents in labor. The castle is the seat of the Earl of Gosford (the family name is Archibald), the grandfather of the present owner. The gardens and conservatories attached to it had at present a neglected look, few hands being employed in them, and no skilled gardener kept to superintend the work. This is partly due to the fact that the estate is heavily encumbered, and to another fact that Lord Gosford is an absentee landlord; like many other Irish noblemen he lives in London. Thus the rents that are collected are spent in another country, which helps to keep Ireland poor and discontented. The old castle was in another part of the demesne, near the farm house, and one small barn is still standing in which the celebrated Dean Swift lodged for some time. The demesne itself abounds in ornamental trees and ferns, small lakes and shady walks, and there is a large open park in the centre stretching away in the front of the castle. It is a pity to see such a splendid mansion unoccupied (as it is at present). Leaving Markethill, I crossed over to England by Greenore and Holyhead, where I left for London, and after transacting my business there, I was shown some of the different places of interest by the cleverest guide I have ever seen my good fortune to have met. After visiting other large cities in England, I took passage at Liverpool for home, sweet home.

Costly Dog Collars.

A dealer in sporting goods was shown the Philadelphia Dispatch in which the bills of the Baroness Blane figured, one item being a dog collar, and the statement being made that these articles frequently cost \$100. "Yes," he said in reply to a question, "there are many expensive dog collars sold in C. cleary, but I have handled none quite so expensive as that mentioned in the Dispatch. Last fall I furnished one for a Frisian woman which cost \$80, and a little later a lady living on a North Side avenue invested \$65 in one of these fancy arrangements to encircle the neck of her favorite pug. I sell a great many at prices ranging from \$25 to \$50."

The Dial.

The robin makes where the dial stands. And try round the stone has elated creep. And age has stained the curve work of hand. That served some busy brain that long has slept.

A Beautiful Thought.

Chief in hand stood a sculptor boy. With his marble block and chisel and saw. And an angel dream passed over him. He carved the dream of that stainless stone.

Destiny.

Like a shadow that flies from the sun, we slip. The places where we were vacant, for who will remember them? And a drop of dew like a diamond which pleased at the end when the slipper has left us, who cares to remember them?

SHIRLEY CARSTONE.

By ELIZA ARCHAID.

(Copyrighted by the American Press Association.)

Synopsis of Opening Chapters.

Shirley Carstone the heroine of the story is the oldest daughter of the leading family of Linwood, identified by her father and mother and revered by her younger brothers and sisters. An ambitious girl, possessed of more than usual ability she was the leader of the village school and the friend and companion of the teacher, George Morrison, a young man who was educating himself for the ministry.

Here the story leaves Shirley to take up another character Philip Dumory, a young man who became infatuated with a beautiful girl while visiting Heidelberg, and married her to find out when too late that he had made a mistake. On discovering his wife's infidelity he struck her and threw her parsonage out of the house. The beautiful, but erring wife became an opium eater and from the effects of the drug insane. They had two children to whom Philip devoted his life. One night their home caught fire and was destroyed. The insane wife was taken to her mother's home and the children disappeared. The faithless wife's mother started the report that the husband had set fire to the house, and the scandal got abroad and was generally believed. Philip left his home in search of his children and spent all his fortune excepting what he had settled on his wife. It was then that he started out to earn a living for himself.

Chapter v. describes two scenes, introducing first Shirley Carstone and her teacher George Morrison as they met one day in the garden. At the conclusion of chapter vi. Col. Carstone meets with an accident that costs him his life—the details of which are given in chapters vii. and viii. In chapters ix. and x. an account is presented of Shirley's fallen fortunes and her struggles.

CONTINUED.

Shirley might have told her mother what she was about evenings. But she did not. "I know where the boys go nights, mamma," said little Sylvia daily. "They're in Robber's Cave."

Shirley was a brave little man, and belligerent.

"They steal corn, and eggs, and chickens, and roast them in the tubs, and eat them, continued the child, as smoke gets into their eyes, and they get cold and muddy, but they say the grub tastes ever so much better than the cooking at home. They call it grub."

"Where's Robber's Cave?" "Get the lantern, Shirley, and I'll take you there. The enemy 'll surprise you. Rip is the robber chief, though he's the likeliest. They've all learned to smoke, and the grub whiffly there. They've lots of other things, too, and when they get enough, they're going to ruff away, and Rip's going to sell them and they're going to start a robber band in the west, Rip says."

"Why didn't you tell me this before, Harry?" "I only heard 'em talk last night. I found their cave long ago. It's dug in the hillside and covered with sawn and weeds and limbs of trees. Nobody would ever know 'twas Robber's Cave. They crawl in underground, and they lay a flat rock over the hole. They've a curtain to shut out the light. When they hear a noise they slip down per gins. That means put out the light. They think it's the scurfs' fun."

All this time Shirley and the child were walking rapidly over stones, underground and mud to an out-of-the-road little ravine a quarter of a mile away. Harry stopped with mathematical exactness at a large flat rock. It looked extremely innocent. They moved it and made a little noise.

"Doesn't yer gim' 'em a voice say, 'Stand here, six, right by the curtain,' whispered Harry. "No, 'll follow the enemy 'is upon you," he shouted aloud. There was a stumble and a push against the curtain. But in the blind darkness the amateur robbers could not get out.

"Now we've got yer voice, 'em says when the light went out," said the tantalizing child. "Guess that's conundrum. Say, boys, where was Moses when he hid 'em out?" "No answer. Shirley lifted the curtain suddenly and let light into the cave. As she did so half a dozen boys dodged back into the recesses of an underground hole deep enough to stand upright in. Among them were Tom, Percy and Pat Carstone. The rest quickly made their escape. They slipped in silence before a glance of command which they knew too well to disobey. The cave looked like a junk shop.

Shirley led up and threw down in rapid succession, respectively, a meat knife, a rusty pistol, a jewelry and a gold watch. The boys who had been waiting for the signal to slip out, were all bent double with laughing. Shirley was laughing at their expense, and at the same time she was laughing at her own expense. She had a sense of freedom about her work, and she was laughing at the boys who were laughing at her expense.

"There was no more Robber's Cave. Now at Linwood she had a corner. She had a sense of freedom about her work, and she was laughing at the boys who were laughing at her expense. She had a sense of freedom about her work, and she was laughing at the boys who were laughing at her expense.

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Linwood school. That was something, but she had adopted the means to help on the fortunes of the Carstone family. It may or may not be credit to a woman to write for newspapers. It depends on what she writes.

The poem in which Shirley's heart was found was to be put into a book. At times she wrote brief bits of verse as of old, but not often. There was no money in poetry.

Money the Carstones must have. Shirley wrote short essays and sketches, and got paid for them. So thoroughly were the real and the ideal blended in her nature that her literary work was pointed especially with strong practical sense. In truth, she made the ideal and made it real. That was her way in all things.

She had no extraordinary and romantic difficulties in getting modest newspaper employment. Her power was recognized there from the first. That much in her life at least was easy. But her existence had fallen into such a humdrum rite that she sighed for change day by day. She was the same strong, bright spirit of old, ever ready for what her hand found to do.

One morning, at the beginning of her vacation, Percy brought her a letter from the postoffice. It was from the editor of the Morning Herald, for which she wrote. The letter was an answer to her silent thought. It read as follows:

Dear Miss Carstone: The Psycho-physiological association are holding a three weeks' convention at Langham. They meet day after tomorrow. It is found advisable to print a report on the wisdom in the Morning Herald. Will you go to Langham and report the thing for us, and on you start at once.

ED. MORNING HERALD. P. S.—The State Issues say that at Langham will be a list of the outside lures and go to speaking, it will make the convention well worth the proceedings will not be any more difficult to understand.

To which she answered: "I will go, and I'll start at once." Shirley CARSTONE. That afternoon she slipped away from Christmas on her way to a corner. She had a sense of freedom about her work, and she was laughing at the boys who were laughing at her expense.

"There was no more Robber's Cave. Now at Linwood she had a corner. She had a sense of freedom about her work, and she was laughing at the boys who were laughing at her expense. She had a sense of freedom about her work, and she was laughing at the boys who were laughing at her expense.

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logical institute for the Morning Herald." "Don't you think you're a little bit crazy?" "I'm not sure. But if I be I, which I think I be, then I'm sure some of the members of the institute are."

"What do you do?" "Oh, they go on talking over the universal every where, and grubbing after the facts."

"Well, sometimes I get tangled up between the actuality of the present and the reality of the possible. But that's all a job compared to the fundamental archetypes of sociology. That's what really floors me, you know. They just pour out their souls upon the fundamental archetypes of sociology."

"Well, don't stop 'em." "I don't intend to. But I would like to check off their blabber, now and then, if I could. The fun of it is, they fancy they understand one another. If you could, you could, don't understand, then so much the worse for you."

He laughed again, but said nothing. It was not his fault, he thought, that he had been so embarrassed for her to him on the subject.

"Do you mean to say you are not here to attend the Psycho-physiological institute?" "No, no," he said; "I am only here for two days, on private business. Let me see the report you make, Shirley; how long is it?"

"She smiled merrily and held up the bundle of paper she had covered. 'How long is it!' 'All day long.' 'He would not talk of himself. He only said he had been in the west, and had been busy since you left.'

"Tell me what has happened in Linwood," he said. "I have not heard a word from it since I left. I thought you would have been married long ago, Shirley."

"She looked at him a little reproachfully; then, smiling, she said: 'I have not been married long ago, Shirley.' 'You are looking at me a little reproachfully; then, smiling, she said: 'I have not been married long ago, Shirley.'"

"He stroked her hair softly, and with infinite tenderness. 'Mr. Morrison lingered on from day to day. He seemed not to be able to break the light chains that held him there. Yet he appeared restless and ill at ease. He spoke of going from day to day, though he did not go. He was much to look after. It seemed as though I never got time to commence my poem. But I have not given it up, Mr. Morrison. Don't think that.'

"He voice quivered a little. 'I see it all,' he said sadly. 'You are father and mother and bread winner to me. I have not given it up, Mr. Morrison. Don't think that.'

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"No," says Shirley, "I'm afraid to talk." They entered but they both hesitated. The last rays of the southern moon glinted across the whispering waterfalls. In the cool night silence they went to Shirley's cottage, they two. The swinging lamp yet burned in the porch. They passed in through the doorway.

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strength and dragged her away from the bed. Two strong men had followed him in through the doorway. One of them carried a straight-jacket. He gave her into their hands. It was with difficulty that even they could hold her.

Shirley opened her eyes. The wild woman saw it, and opened as if she would spring at her again. But the two keepers had got her into the straight-jacket.

Mr. Morrison motioned them to go. "Take that devil away," he said, "before I crush the life out of her!"

The wild woman snarled at him like a savage beast. The keepers forced her out through the doorway. As she went she gave George Morrison a last look of helpless rage, and muttered:

"I hate you! And you would marry me!" Shirley heard her say it. She lived over the horror of those few moments in her dreams, sometimes in after years, and would waken to find herself standing upright, shrieking frightfully, her brow wet with drops of cold perspiration.

She had heard the wild woman mutter: "I hate you! And you would marry me!" Shirley heard her say it. She lived over the horror of those few moments in her dreams, sometimes in after years, and would waken to find herself standing upright, shrieking frightfully, her brow wet with drops of cold perspiration.

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STUNG BY A SCORPION.

HOW THE DEADLY INSECT MAKES ITS WAY NORTHWARD.

A Scored Darkey in a New York Fruit Store—The Old Druggist's Remedy—The "Mule Killer's" Description of the Scorpion Family.

A reporter was hurrying down Barclay street a few days ago, conscious that he had but a few minutes in which to catch the Hoboken ferryboat, when he suddenly stopped at a dark opening, which led into a still darker basement. Bunches of bananas hung to the limit and were festooned up the jambs of the doorway, while burning crates of golden oranges were piled on the downward leading steps.

He had not long to wait for an explanation. Up the steps, at the risk of overturning the piled up boxes of fruit which obstructed the passage, bounded a cool black negro, whose eyes were bulging out of his head with mingled fright and pain, and as he ran he vigorously shook one of his marmosets, which the reporter could see was growing every instant still larger.

"O' de lawd," he gibbers, "O' de lawd! Visions of sweet revenge and heavy damage fairly danced before his agitated eyes. He immediately determined upon bringing suit and came to me for advice as to which of the bidders he should select to lead his rounded feelings and all his not overly plethoric purse. I explained to him the glorious uncertainties of the law and dissuaded him from his contemplated course.—Philadelphia News.

The Littleless of Man. There are 1,400,000,000 people living on the planet which we inhabit. And yet there is not a man who has ever been only realize every moment what a bustling, busy, fussy, important little atom he is in all this great and busy world.

By this time he had prepared a dose which he gave the terrified child to swallow, and then, with a strong smelling lotion, he bathed the afflicted member. At this point the reporter took a hand in the conversation. "Is that whisky you gave him to drink?" he asked.

"No, young man," said the old druggist. "It's ammonia, and worth a quart of whisky in the case of a scorpion or scorpion bite."

"That's a mule killer is a scorpion?" "No, sir, it is not a scorpion."

"What on earth is it?" "It's just between you and me, said the druggist, and the darky having subsided into a condition of mute despair, varied by an occasional moan of tingling coils and the store being otherwise deserted, the druggist became quite conversational.

He was an old man with clean shaven face, straggling gray hair and keen eyes, which peered as one over the top of his old fashioned spectacles. This was by no means the first case of a poisonous bite he had treated, he said, since he had settled in the neighborhood. All around him were the establishments of dealers in all sorts of tropical fruits, and hidden in bunches of bananas, under heaps of coconuts or in crates of fruit, were often to be found scorpions and spiders of all sorts and sizes.

"Anytime else, mum?" inquired the ambitious boy, "polity," "that dye, cosmetic, face powder, rheumatic drops, bal-ladonna, mole destroyer."

The elderly female licked the stamp viciously and left the door open as she went out.—Texas Siftings.

The Graduate's Negligence. School Girl—Mamma, my head aches so I can't see the figures any more. Won't you do this sum?

Mamma (looking over the problem)—I don't know how that new boy graduated with the highest honors.

"Yes, I did," said the girl, "but I could have answered any question in the books then; but I can't now."

"Have the books changed?" "No, but after leaving school I neglected to read my head to stop aching."—Omaha Herald.

He Drew the Line. Minister (discussing religious matters)—Of course, Mr. Hendricks, one can be a good man and still be a sinner, but there is a line, for instance, do you think it is right to fish on Sunday?

Mr. Hendricks (evasively)—Well, er—I think I would draw the line at fishing on Sunday.—Texas Siftings.

After the Storm. Jinks (who has just slipped and tumbled down the front steps)—Never mind, old fellow. Guess I'm not hurt much. How do I look?

Blanks—Never looked more natural in your life. Jinks—Impossible! Blanks—I tell you it is so. You look just like your rolled self.

Explained by Science. Science has at last furnished an unanswerable reason why very young men know so much more than old ones. The brain decreases in weight with age. It is heaviest between the ages of 14 and 20. The old gentlemen should now get off the band wagon as gracefully as their age will permit.—New York Herald.

Didn't Quite Understand. Tobaccoist Customer—The figure of the Indian is all right and true to nature, but I don't understand why you put that bottle of r in his hand.

Sign Sculptor—Reckon you've never seen a live Indian, boss.—Tid Bits.

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Zalodskofkononitsch is the name of a man who is working in the Schuyll' coal mines. He has a thoroughly unattractive name.

People are constantly asking: "Is life worth living?" and taking medicine at the same time.

Eba de truff dat cums from er Har is scortier tainted.

TRANSFORMED.

He was a swineherd, so the story runs, "Uncouth and sad, but with a throbbing heart; Who, when he saw her pass along the way, Mira, the king's child, devout and fair, Could but his words' path astray, Fair lady! may I look upon your face?"

And so his rudeness vanishes, and the man, smitten to life, is by the hand of Jove, Bourgeoised to thought; just all the former self. Thus, in a trice, before her beauty's spell, Booms a Poet.—The A. J. Reynolds Co. Write in the chronicle of Mohamad.

Lawyers Looking for Libels. There is another and not a small class of lawyers who industriously pore the columns of the press in quest of opportunities to advise the bringing of suits for libel against a paper that may have mentioned somebody's name in an uncomplimentary way. I know of a recent case where a paragraph spoke somewhat disparagingly of a friend of mine.

The next morning when he got to his office he found a dozen notes from as many attorneys lying upon his desk. He opened them, and each contained a slip of the paragraph in question and all urging him to bring suit and offering their services. He had not read the article, and knew nothing of it until he opened the bids, each and every one of which pronounced the paragraph an outrage.

Before he had read half of them he was boiling over with indignation against the publisher. Visions of sweet revenge and heavy damage fairly danced before his agitated eyes. He immediately determined upon bringing suit and came to me for advice as to which of the bidders he should select to lead his rounded feelings and all his not overly plethoric purse.

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THE "BLOOMER" COSTUME.

Superstitions of the Chinese. A girl who is parting, the last meal she is to eat in her father's house previous to her marriage sits at the table with her parents and brothers; but she must eat no more than half the bowl of rice set before her, else her departure will be followed by a continual scarcity in the domicile she is leaving.

A piece of bacon and a parcel of sugar are hung on the back of a bride's sedan chair as a stop to the demons who might molest her while on her journey. The "Three Baneful Ones" are fond of salt and spices, and the "White Tiger" likes new relations.

A bride may be brought home while a coffin is in her husband's house, but not within 100 days after a coffin is carried out. Domestic troubles are sure to come upon one who is married within 100 days after a funeral.

A bride's initials putting on her wedding garments, stands in a round, shallow basket. This condones to her leading a peaceful, well rounded life in her future home. After her departure from her father's door, her mother puts the basket on the mantel of the kitchen range, and for the months of all who would make adverse comment on her daughter, and then she is down before the kitchen range, that her peace and leisure may be duplicated in her daughter's life.

Some time, possibly a month, before Mrs. Miller made her appearance in Seneca Falls in the costume, a writer, whose identity I never did discover, advocated in the columns of one of the papers of Seneca Falls a reform in woman's dress. I was editing a paper there at that time and took up the suggestion in a flip-pant way, and treated the subject rather playfully and facetiously. The unknown writer of the other paper answered me, and I answered again. So when Mrs. Miller came in the short skirt and trousers, and after Mrs. Stanton and myself had adopted the garb, the papers of the country round about tried to make fun of us, and called us "Bloomers" and "Bloomers," and so on. Hence the name, I suppose.

Lucy Stone wore the dress, and it attracted attention away from the subject—temperance and woman's rights, upon which she was lecturing. I wore my costume and lectured in it in all my visits to the north and west, and I was the first to make such a lecturing tour in those climes. I was the first woman who wore the costume in public in Chicago.

"Of course, wherever I went the dress attracted great deal of attention, and I answered again. So when Mrs. Miller came in the short skirt and trousers, and after Mrs. Stanton and myself had adopted the garb, the papers of the country round about tried to make fun of us, and called us "Bloomers" and "Bloomers," and so on. Hence the name, I suppose.

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PARSONS' PILLS

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FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

A COLUMN OF GOSSIP AND HINTS FOR OLD AND YOUNG GIRLS.

What Women All Over the World are Talking and Thinking About.

A moderate-sized household, that is to say, a family of some three or four persons, requires but two servants in view of the sub-division of labor by outside aid. The laundresses do the washing, the baker sends in the bread and the con- cierge looks after the halls and staircases, carries parcels, brings up the trunks and goes on long trips with messages. The maid unites the functions of house- maid and waitress, has abundant time in the afternoons to keep the family gar- ments in good repair, and she is gen- erally sufficiently skillful with her needle to alter and rearrange dresses, retouch skirts or ball dresses, etc. She can attire her mistress for a ball as well as wait nimble- ly and dexterously at table. In fact, she understands the refinements of house- hold service far better than her drudgery, being quick to take a hint as to the grad- ing of hovers or fans, for the adornment of the table, the arranging of glass and china, etc., and also how to redrape the tulle or crape on a ball dress, how to place in floral garnitures, and such like dainty details. Her hands are not spoiled by scrubbing floors or rubbing out clothes, and though she cannot make dresses or dress hair like a regular lady's maid, she is quite fitted for the minor de- tails of personal service. In fact, the best French housemaids often prefer to pay the concierge to do the heavier part of their work, such as washing windows and mirrors, or thoroughly cleaning a room, to doing it themselves.—Paris Letter to Philadelphia Telegraph.

"Renting articles for occasions," said a New York jeweler, "is a growing feature with us. It is hardly a regular business, but a number of the large houses are, to an extent. They call it accommo- dating their friends, but they collect fees. It is not improbable that it will grow in this city to the proportions it has assumed in New York. There is a woman in this city who frequently lets fifty thousand or seventy-five thousand dollars' worth of jewels in an evening. They blaze on their wearers' persons, and nobody knows they are only borrowed glitter. Who are the borrowers in this city? Mostly men. You would not think it. You would guess that feminine vanity was at the bottom of the business. But the male is the valiant, let me tell you. Be- sides, women usually own more gems than men. The articles loaned are diamonds principally—studs, collar-bu- tons, rings, sleeve-buttons, etc. Men want them for receptions, weddings, and din- ners. Women borrow bracelets, and occasionally a necklace. Now, a magnifi- cent necklace can be got up for three thousand five hundred, or four thousand dollars, that the non-professional observer will think worth ten thousand dollars. Fancy the feelings of a woman who wears such an article at a swell ball? She's happy, isn't she? Well, such an article has been rented several times this win- ter. Jewellers, of course, do not let these valuables to people they do not know. They exact security for the most expen- sive. Articles of vertu and broca-brac for adorning a room are often rented, etc. All of these must be returned early the next morning."

Mr. Worth recently remarked to a re- porter: "I find that every country pro- duces beautiful faces, graceful figures, and lovely dispositions, as well as the con- traries. I suppose Russian ladies are the greatest dancers in the world; Eng- lish women are just proud of their per- fect complexions; the French lead the world in real elegance, and the American ladies impress me, as well as they do, by which they wear gorgeous gowns. Nothing overpowers them. You ask me if fabu- lous sums are sometimes paid for dresses. It is quite impossible to make any esti- mate as to that. If you begin putting on gold threads, jewels, etc., of course there is no limit to the cost. Some years ago, a Peruvian princess paid us one hundred and twenty thousand francs for a single gown—one hundred and eighteen thou- sand francs being the cost of the lace. A few weeks ago, we sold a cloak for forty-five thousand francs, of which forty-four thousand francs went for the fur." We count among our patrons the ladies of all the courts in the civilized world, that is all, with a single excep- tion. Queen Victoria has never honored us with her patronage. The other day, a telegram came from the Empress of Rus- sia: "Send me a dinner-dress." Nothing more. We are left absolute freedom as to style and material. Not that the em- press is indifferent in the matter of dress; quite the contrary. She will some- times require that all the ladies' cos- tumes, at a certain ball, shall be pink or red, or blue. And her own toilets are al- ways masterpieces of elegance. The point is that she trusts our judgment rather than her own."

Tes-gowns would seem to gain favor more and more. At country-house par- ties they are universally worn at tea- time. After a long walk in the lanes, or even after a long drive, it is delightful to cast off heavy wooden dresses, with thick boots, and don the easy, soft, flowing tes- gowns, which are at the same time be- coming. In London they are the fashion for home dinner wear, and probably this is why they are made at all events to ap- pear to fit more closely than they origi- nally did. It is not considered that they are in good style if in any way they sug- gest a dressing-gown or wrapper; and they are nearly all trimmed now with the costly tinsel galloons, in which the metal gives just a sufficient feeling of

talk or to assert itself without glitter, subduing and mellowing the tints. Very wonderful tes-gowns appear on the stage, but perhaps the most splendid of all is that worn by Mrs. Bernard Secor in "As in a Looking Glass," principally composed of red crepe, which swishes the limbs in most graceful fashion. She wears it open in the death scene, showing a white-silk vest beneath, invisible be- fore. Red tes-gowns are worn much more for the embroidery upon them, there is no admixture of colors.

The ceremony of presentation at the Italian court (writes a Roman correspon- dent) is far more graceful and less oner- ous than that which takes place in Lon- don. The Italian presentation takes place at a reasonable time of the night—i. e., ten o'clock—and though low-necked dresses are de rigueur, there is no sumptu- ous law to regulate the degree of low- ness, nor are trains obligatory. All the ladies about to be presented, and the gentlemen in attendance on them, meet at the reception-room which was lighted with, it seemed to me, thousands of candles; they were arranged accord- ing to their various nationalities, and talked at their ease. Suddenly there came a rush in the further end of the room—all sprang to their feet, and we saw that the queen had entered, and was beginning her round. The mistress of ceremonies, the Marchioness Villamarina, read each name from the list, and presented the owner to her majesty, who spoke a few pleasant words to each person, bowed slightly, and passed on. On being pre- sented, the ladies bowed and the gen- tlemen bowed profoundly. The queen looked charming in a pale-green and sil- ver costume, and fulfilled her office most graciously. She is very quick and intel- ligent, and generally manages to say something apt and to the point to each person. The queen had addressed some question to an American lady, who, either through nervousness or because she could not understand the foreign accent, hesi- tated in replying. Her daughter, stand- ing by her, answered in her stead, and spoke to your mother, mademoiselle," said Queen Margaret, and passed on without a word more to either. Another compatriot went to the other ex- treme, and was so nervous that her knees shook under her, and she could not find voice to answer at all when ad- dressed. Having completed the round, her majesty dropped a magnificent sweeping courtesy to the whole room (her courtesy is famous, and imitable by any one in the court), and went into the next apartment where were all the un- attached gentlemen. The king ought to be right to receive them, but such cere- monies are irksome to him, and he passes them on to his wife. The latter re- ceives her suit at the door, and repeat- ed the ceremony of the first room, accom- panied by the gentlemen of the court household only. She then retired, and we were free to go to supper or home.

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