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# British :: Columbian :: Magazine

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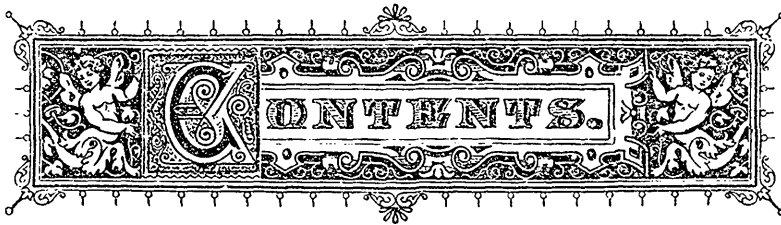
Vol. I.

JUNE, 1889.

No. 1.

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THE DOMINION MAGAZINE CO., (111 Government Street.) VICTORIA, B. C.  
P. O. Box 68.



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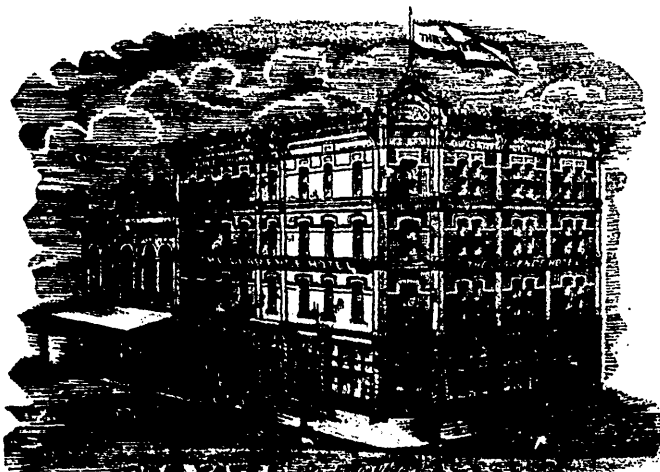
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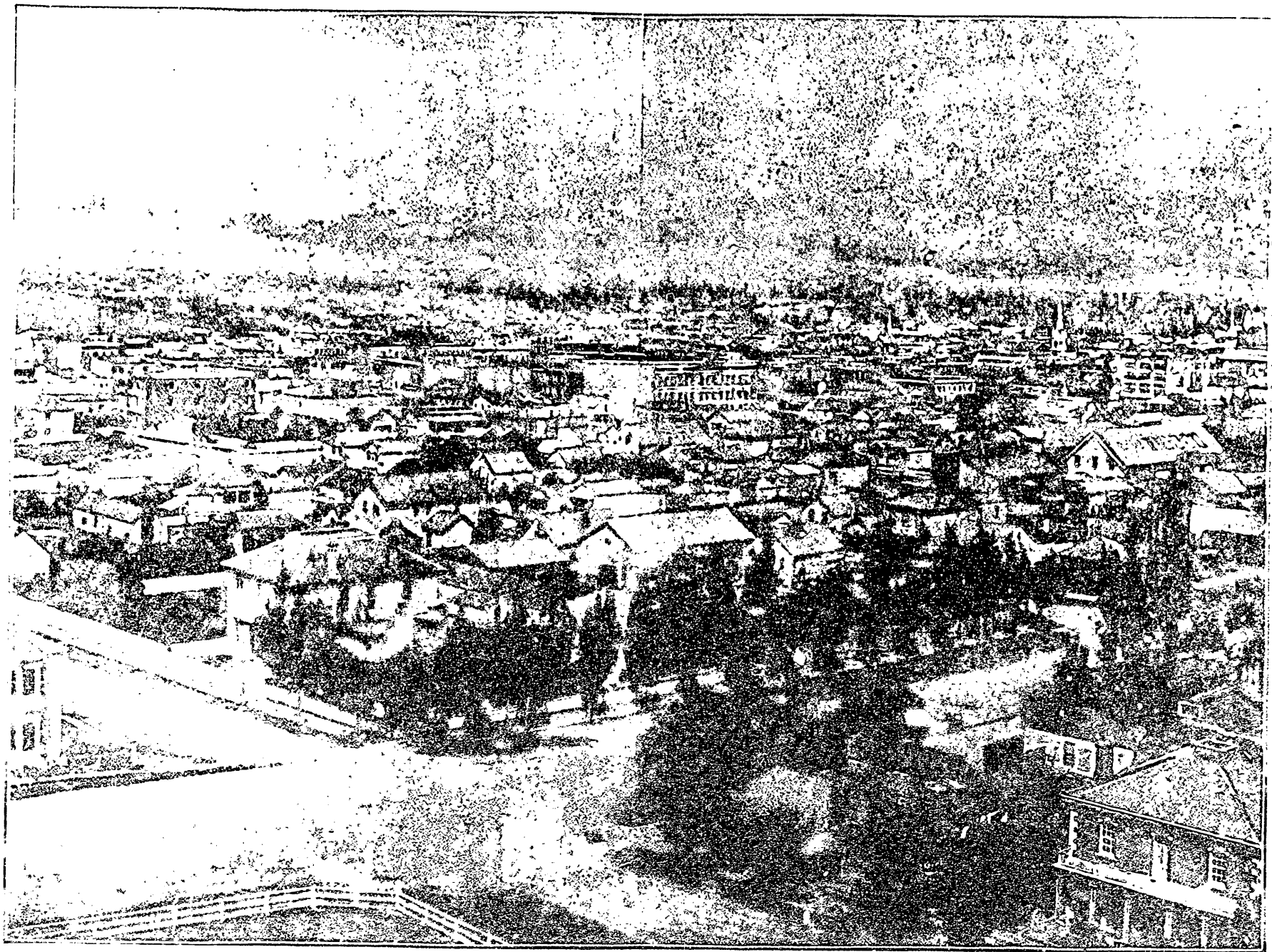
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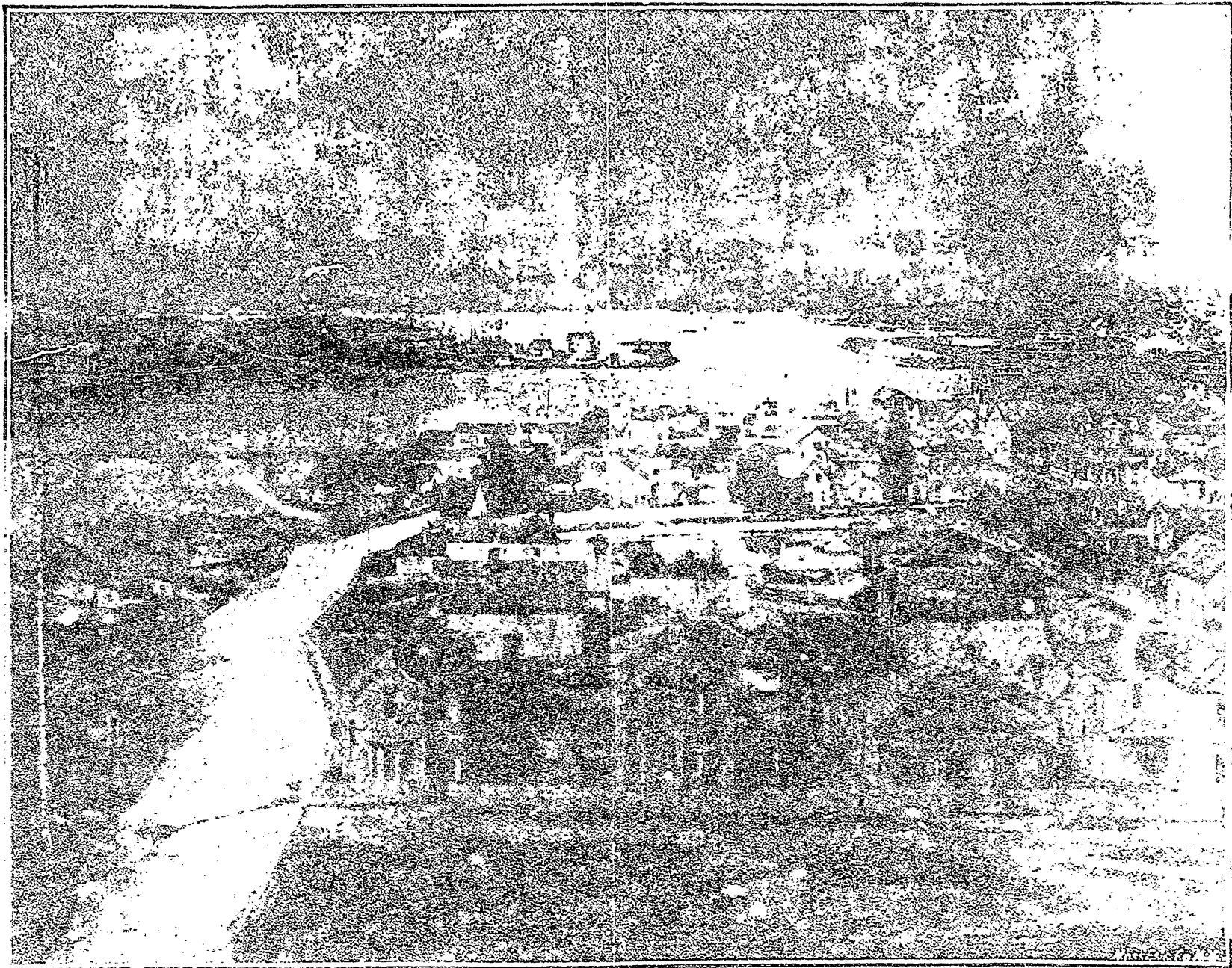
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JAMES RAY

VICTORIA LOOKING WEST FROM CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL TOWER

# PROGRAMME.

## FIRST DAY.

---

BASE BALL MATCH—9 A. M. to 11:30 A. M. . . . . VICTORIA VS. SEATTLE

SAILING MATCHES SAME HOUR FROM OUTER WHARF.

A SAILING RACE for all Boats under Six Tons from Outer Wharf around Brotchie's Ledge Buoy (keeping it on the left) to a stake-boat moored off Halibut Bank (keeping it on the left) and return to Brotchie's Ledge Buoy (leaving it on the right) to starting point. 1st Prize, Silver Cup; 2nd Prize, \$20.00; 3rd Prize, \$10.00. Entrance Fee, \$2.50.

A SAILING MATCH for all boats 18 feet and under on the water line, should start from Outer Wharf, around Brotchie's Ledge Buoy (keeping it on the left), and return to starting point. 1st Prize, Silver Cup, presented by Supt. Roycraft; 2nd Prize, \$10.00; 3rd Prize, \$5.00. Entrance Fee, \$1.00.

### Rules and Regulations :

Racing Flag must be carried at Topmast Head.

All Entries must be in writing to the Secretary not later than 8 P. M. Tuesday 21st, enclosing entrance fees, name of boat and color and description of Racing Flag.

All Boats entered for either race are to assemble on the morning of race off the Outer Wharf at 9 A. M. sharp.

A preparatory gun will be fired five minutes before the start for both races.

Both classes to start at the gun fire at 9:30 A. M., flying start.

MEASURING COMMITTEE—T. Harmon, Capt. Thomson.

STARTER—C. P. Bloomfield.

JUDGES—H. E. Croasdaile, W. Phillips, C. Blake.

---

HORSE RACES, 11:30 A. M. to 12:30 P. M., at Victoria Driving Park.

BICYCLE RACES, 11:30 A. M. to 12:30 P. M., at Beacon Hill. Two Mille Race for Championship Gold Medal.

---

## Regatta, 2 p. m. Victoria Harbor.

### LIST OF RACES:

1. Cutters' Race, 10-oared, 1½ miles. 1st Prize, \$40. 2nd Prize, \$25.
2. Four-Oared Amateur Race. Winners each a medal, not less than \$8 each.
3. Five-Oared Whalers' Race, 1½ miles. 1st Prize, \$25. 2nd Prize, \$10.
4. Four-Oared Boat Race (open to all school boys under 16). 1½ miles. Silver Medal to each oarsman of winning boat.

## PROGRAMME--Continued.

---

5. Single Outrigger Skiffs (18 ft. and under). 1½ miles. 1st Prize, \$30. 2nd, \$10.
6. Five-Oared Whalers' Race, for Boys. 1 mile. 1st Prize, \$25. 2nd, \$10.
7. Peterboro and Birch Bark Canoes not more than 3 paddles. 1½ miles.  
1st Prize, \$15. 2nd, \$7.50.
8. Canoe Race for Klootchmen (not to exceed 7). Short course.  
1st Prize, \$4 per paddle. 2nd, \$10.
9. Canoe Race for Indians (not to exceed 13). 1½ miles. 1st Prize, \$5 per paddle.
10. Four-Oared Dug-outs, for Indians. 1st Prize, \$25. 2nd, \$10.
11. Double Out-rigger Skiffs (20 ft. and under). 1½ miles. 1st Prize, \$30. 2nd, \$10.
12. Gig Race, 4-Oars. 1 mile. Naval Officers vs. Gentlemen Amateurs. Boats to be  
irrigged and not more than 22 feet in length. Prize, Silver Cup, value \$25.
13. Dingy Race (short course). 1st Prize, \$10. 2nd, \$5.
14. Marine Cavalry, ¼ mile. Prize, \$10.
15. Swimming Race. 1st and 2nd Gold and Silver Medal.
16. Greasy Pole. Prize, \$10.

JUDGE—LIEUT. LEAH, R. H. REFEREE—LIEUT. COURAGE, R. H. STARTER—R. BRODRICK, Esq.

## Ball in Assembly Hall to Commence at 9 P. M.

TICKETS, ADMITTING GENTLEMAN AND LADIES, \$2.50.



### SECOND DAY.

## Sham Battle at Beacon Hill, 2 P. M.

H. M. NAVAL FORCES vs. CANADIAN ARTILLERY.

LACROSSE MATCH, 9 A. M. to 11:30 A. M. VICTORIA vs. VANCOUVER

HORSE RACES, 11 A. M. to 1:30 P. M., at Victoria Driving Park.

ATHLETIC SPORTS, 9:30 A. M. to 12 M., at Beacon Hill.

### LIST OF SPORTS.

- |                        |                                       |
|------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 1. Standing Long Jump, | 1st Prize, \$10.00. 2nd Prize, \$5.00 |
| 2. Running High Jump,  | 1st " 10.00. 2nd " 5.00               |
| 3. Hop, Step and Jump, | 1st " 10.00. 2nd " 5.00               |
| 4. 100 Yards Race.     | 1st " 20.00. 2nd " 7.50               |



## PROGRAMME--Continued.

# EXHIBITION BY E. W. JOHNSTON

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6. 1 Mile Running,	1st Prize, \$15.00.	2nd Prize, \$7.50.
7. $\frac{1}{4}$ Mile Running,	1st " 12.50.	2nd " 5.00.
8. 300 Yards Hurdle,	1st " 10.00.	2nd " 5.00.
9. Boys' Race, under 15, 200 yards handicap,	1st " 5.00.	2nd " 2.50.
10. Tug of War, Navy vs. Citizens,		" 20.00.
11. Tug of War, Marines vs. "C" Battery,		" 20.00.
12. Throwing Base Ball,		" 20.00.

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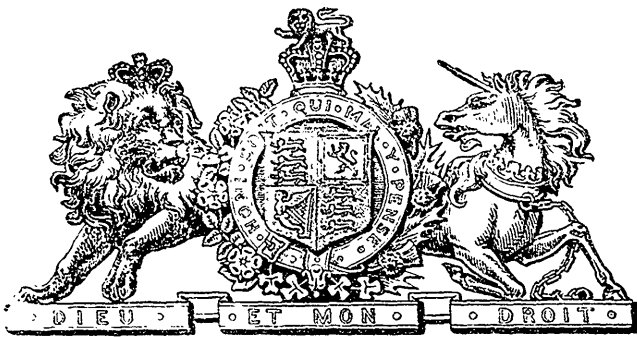
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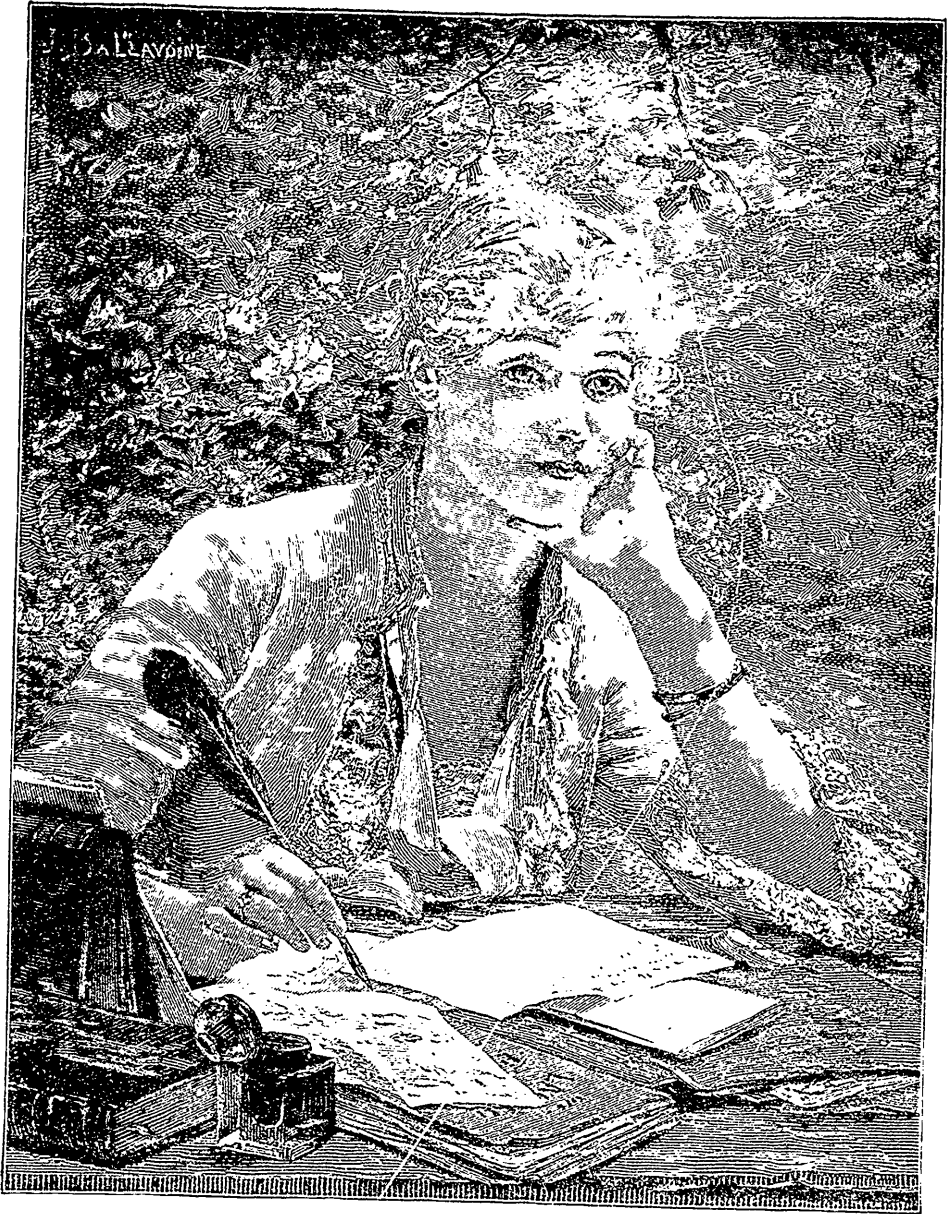
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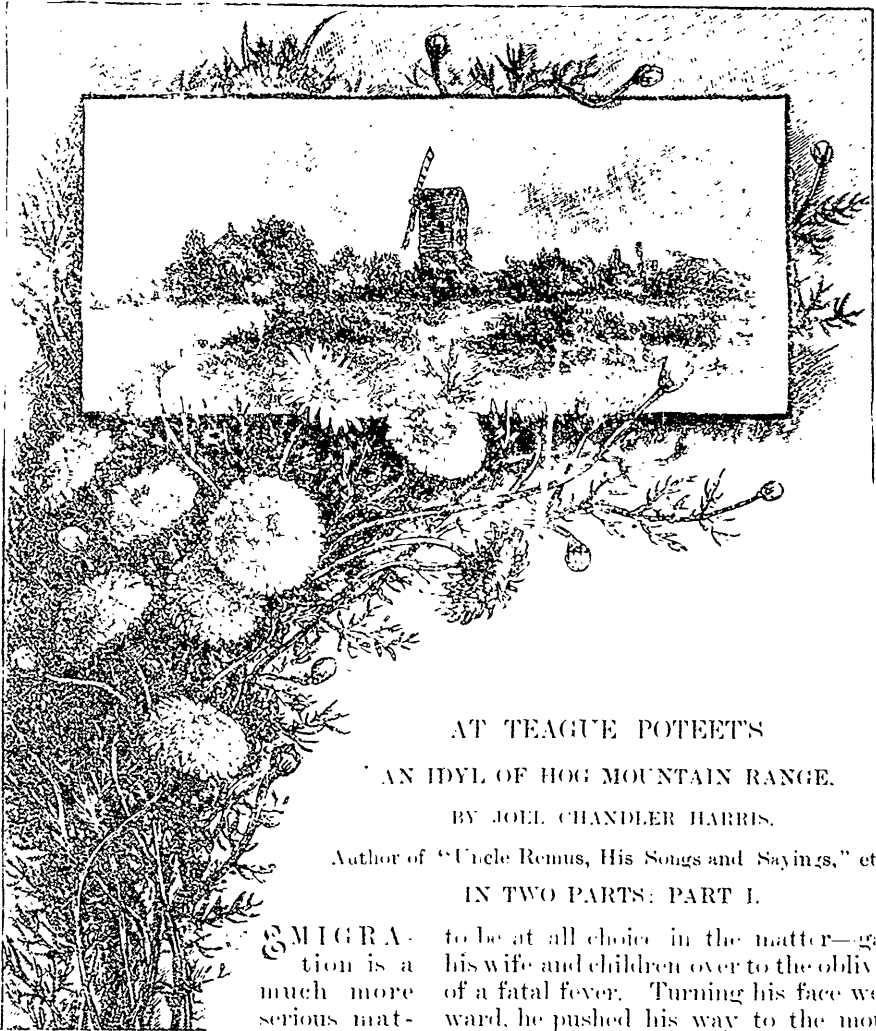
"SO HERE I AM WRITING AT HOME, DEAR, AND YOU SO FAR AWAY."—[HER LETTER, P. 36.]

# THE *British Columbian Magazine.*

VOL. I.

JUNE, 1889.

No. 1.



## AT TEAGUE POTEET'S

AN IDYL OF HOG MOUNTAIN RANGE.

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

Author of "Uncle Remus, His Songs and Sayings," etc.

IN TWO PARTS: PART I.

EMIGRATION is a much more serious matter than revolution. Virtually, it is obliteration. Thus, Gerard Petit, landing upon the coast of South Carolina in the days of French confusion—a period covering too many dates for a romancer

to be at all choicer in the matter—gave his wife and children over to the oblivion of a fatal fever. Turning his face westward, he pushed his way to the mountains. He had begun his journey fired with the despair of an exile, and he ended it with something of the energy and enterprise of a pioneer. In the foothills of the mountain he came to the

small stream of English colonists that was then trickling slowly southward through the wonderful valleys that stretch from Pennsylvania to Georgia, between the the foot-hills of the Blue Ridge and the Cumberland Range. Here, perhaps for the first time, the *je, vous, nous* of France met in conflict with the "ah yi," the "we uns" and the "you uns" of English-Pennsylvania-Georgians. The conflict was brief. There was but one Gerard Petit, and, although he might multiply the *je, vous, nous* by the thousands and hundreds of thousands, as he undoubtedly did, yet, in the very nature of things, the perpetual volley of "you uns" and "we uns" must carry the day. They belonged to the time, and the climate suited them. By degrees they fitted to Gerard Petit; they carried him from the mountains of South Carolina to the mountains of North Georgia, and there they helped him to build a mill and found a family. But their hospitality did not end there. With the new mill and the new family, they gave him a new name. Gerard Petit, presumably with his hand upon his heart, as became his race, made one last low bow to genealogy. In his place stood Jerd Poteet, "you uns" to the left of him, "we uns" to the right of him. He made such protests as he might. He brought his patriotism to bear upon the emergency, and named his eldest son Huguenin Petit. How long this contest between hospitality on the one hand and family pride and patriotism on the other was kept up, it is unnecessary to inquire. It is enough to say that the Huguenin of one generation left Hugue Poteet as his son and heir; Hugue left Hague, and this Hague, or a succeeding one, by some mysterious development of fate, left Teague Poteet.

Meanwhile the restless stream of English-Pennsylvania-Georgians, with its "you uns" and its "we uns," trickled over into Alabama, where some of the Petits who were carried with it became Pettys and Pettises. The Georgia settlements, however, had been reinforced by Virginians, South Carolinians and Georgians. The gold excitement brought some; while others, set adrift by the exigencies of the plantation system, found

it easier and cheaper to get to North Georgia than to reach Louisiana or Mississippi. Thus, in 1859, Teague Poteet, a young man of thirty or thereabouts, was tilling, in a half-serious, half-jocular way, a small farm on Hog Mountain in full view of Gullettsville. That is to say, Poteet could see the whole of Gullettsville, but Gullettsville could not, by any means, see the whole, nor even the half, of Poteet's fifty-acre farm. Gullettsville could see what appeared to be a gray notch on the side of the mountain, from which a thin stream of blue smoke flowed upward and melted in the blue of the sky, and this was about all that could be seen. Gullettsville had the advantage in this, that it was the county-seat. A country-road, straggling in from the woods, straggled around a barn-like structure called the court-house, and then straggled off to some other remote and lonely settlement.

Upon rare occasions Teague made his appearance on this straggling street, and bought his dram and paid his thrip for it; but, in a general way, if Gullettsville wanted to see him, it had to search elsewhere than on the straggling street. By knocking the sheriff of the county over the head with a chair, and putting a bullet through a saloon-keeper who bullied everybody, Poteet won the reputation of being a man of marked shrewdness and common-sense, and Gullettsville was proud of him, in a measure. But he never liked Gullettsville. He wore a wool hat, a homespun shirt, jeans pantaloons, and cotton suspenders, and he never could bring himself into thorough harmony with the young men who wore ready-made clothes, starched shirts, and beaver hats; nor was his ideal of female beauty reached by the village belles, with their roach-combs, their red and yellow ribbons, and their enormous flounces. In the mountains, he was to the manner born; in the village, he was keenly alive to the presence and pressure of the exclusiveness that is the basis of all society, good, bad, or indifferent; and it stirred his venom. His revolt was less pronounced and less important than that of his ancestors; but it was a revolt. Gerard Petit left France, and Teague Po-

teet remained away from Gullettsville. Otherwise there was scarcely a trace of his lineage about him, and it is a question whether he inherited this trait from France or from the Euphrates—from Gerard or from Adam.

But he did not become a hermit by any means. The young men of Gullettsville made Sunday excursions to his farm, and he was pleased to treat them with great deference. Moreover, he began to go upon little journeys of his own across Sugar Valley. He made no mystery of his intentions; but one day there was considerable astonishment when he rode into Gullettsville on horseback, with Puss Pringle behind him, and informed the proper authorities of his desire to make her Mrs. Poteet. Miss Pringle was not a handsome woman, but she was a fair representative of that portion of the race that has poisoned whole generations by improving the frying-pan and perpetuating "fatty bread." The impression she made upon those who saw her for the first time was one of lank flatness—to convey a vivid idea rather clumsily. But she was neither lank nor flat. The total absence of all attempts at artificial ornamentation gave the future Mrs. Poteet an appearance of forlorn shiftlessness that was not even slightly justified by the facts. She was a woman past the heyday of youth, but of considerable energy, and possessed of keen powers of observation. What ever was feminine about her was of that primitive variety which may be depended upon to tell the story of whole generations of narrow, toilsome, and unprofitable lives.

There was one incident connected with Miss Pringle's antenuptial ride that rather intensified the contempt which the Mountain entertained for the Valley. As she jogged town the street, clinging confidently, if not comfortably, to Teague Poteet's suspenders, two young ladies of Gullettsville chanced to be passing along. They walked slowly, their arms twined about each other's waists. They wore white muslin dresses, and straw hats with wide and jaunty brims, and the loose ends of gay ribbons fluttered about them. These young ladies, fresh from

school, and no doubt full of vainglory, greeted the bridal procession with a little explosion of giggles, and when Puss Pringle pushed back her gingham sun-bonnet and innocently gazed upon them, they turned up their noses, sniffed the air scornfully, and made such demonstrations as no feminine mind, however ignorant in other directions, could fail to interpret.

Miss Pringle had not learned the art of tossing the head and sniffing the air; but she half closed her eyes, and gave the young ladies a look that meant something more than scorn. She said nothing to Teague, for she was in hopes that he had not observed the tantrums of the school-girls.

As for Teague, he saw the whole affair, and was cut to the quick. In addition to the latent pride of his class, he inherited the sensitiveness of his ancestors, but, turning his eyes neither to the right nor to the left, he jogged along to the wedding. He carried his wife home, and thereafter avoided Gullettsville. When he was compelled to buy coffee and sugar, or other necessary luxuries, he rode forty miles across the mountains to Villa Ray.

He had been married a year or more when, one afternoon, he was compelled to ride down to Gullettsville under whip and spur for a doctor. There was a good deal of confused activity in the town. Old men and young boys were stirring around with blue cockades in their hats, and the women wore blue rosettes on their bosoms. Three negroes in uniform—a contribution from the nearest railroad town—were parading up and down the straggling street with fife and drums, and a number of men were planting a flag-pole in front of the Court-house.

No conscientious historian can afford to ignore a coincidence, and it so happened that upon the very day that Teague Poteet's wife presented him with the puzzle of a daughter, Fate presented his countrymen with the problem of war. That night, sitting in the door of his house and smoking his pipe, Teague witnessed other developments of the coincidence. In the next room, the baby-

girl squalled most persistently; down in the valley the premonitions of war made themselves heard through the narrow throat of a small cannon which, until then, had been used only to celebrate the Fourth of July.

The noise of a horse's hoofs roused Teague's hounds, and some one called out from the road:

"Hello, Poteet!"

"Ah-yi!"

"You hearn the racket?"

"My gal-baby keeps up sich a holler-in' I can't hear my own years."

"Oh?"

"You better b'live! Nine hours ole, an' mighty peart. What's them Rester-crats in the valley cuttin' up the'r scol-lops fer?"

"Whoopin' up sesaysion. Sou' Ca'liny done plum gone out, an' Georgy a-gwine."

Teague Poteet blew a long, thin cloud of home-made tobacco-smoke heavenward, leaned back heavily in his chair, and replied:

"Them air Rester-crats kin go wher' they dang please; I'm gwine to stay right slam-bang in the United States."

There was a little pause, as if the man on horseback was considering the matter. Then the response came:

"Here's at you!"

"Can't you light?" asked Poteet.

"Not now," said the other; "I'll git on furder."

The man on horseback rode on across the mountains to his home. Another mountaineer, seeing the rockets and hearing the sound of the cannon, came down to Poteet's for information. He leaned over the brush-fence.

"What's up, Teague?"

"Gal-baby; reg'lar surbinder."

"Shoo! won't my ole 'oman holler! What's up down yan?"

"Them dad-blasted Rester-crats a seced-in' out'n the United States."

"They say theyer airtter savin' of the'r niggers," said the man at the fence.

"Well, I hain't got none, and I hain't a wantin' none; an' it haint been ten min-nits sense I ups an' says to Dave High-tower, s'I 'the United States is big enough for me."

"Now you er makin' the bark fly," said the man at the fence.

During the night other men came down the mountain as far as Poteet's, and always with the same result.

The night broadened into day, and other days and nights followed. In the valley, the people had their problem of war, and on the mountain, Teague Poteet had the puzzle of his daughter. One was full of doubt and terror, and the other was full of the pleasures of peace. As the tide of war surged nearer and nearer, and the demand for recruits became clamorous, the people of the valley bethought them of the gaunt but sturdy men who lived on the mountain. A conscript officer, representing the necessities of a new government, made a journey thither—a little journey full of authority and consequence. As he failed to return, another officer, similarly equipped and commissioned, rode forth and disappeared, and then another and another; and it was not until a little search expedition had been fitted out that the Confederates discovered that the fastnesses of Hog Mountain concealed a strong and dangerous organization of Union men. There was a good deal of indignation in the valley when this state of affairs became known, and there was some talk of organizing a force for the purpose of driving the mountaineers away from their homes. But somehow the Valley never made up its mind to attack the mountain, and, upon such comfortable terms as these, the Mountain was very glad to let the valley alone.

After while the Valley had larger troubles to contend with. Gullettsville became in some measure a strategic point, and the left wing of one army and the right wing of the other maneuvered for possession. The left wing finally gave way, and the right wing marched in and camped round about, introducing to the distracted inhabitants General Tecumseh Sherman and some of his lieutenants. The right wing had learned that a number of Union men were concealed on the mountain, and one or two little excursion parties were made up for the purpose of forming their ac-

quaintance. These excursions were successful to this extent, that some of the members thereof returned to the friendly shelter of the right wing with bullet-holes in them, justly feeling that they had been outraged. The truth is, the Poteets, and the Pringles, and the Hightowers of Hog Mountain had their own notion of what constituted Union men. They desired to stay in the United States on their own terms. If nobody pestered them, they pestered nobody.

Meanwhile, Teague Poteet's baby had grown to be a thumping girl, and hardly a day passed that she did not accompany her father in his excursions. When the contending armies came in sight, Teague and his comrades spent a good deal of their time in watching them. Each force passed around an elbow of the mountain, covering a distance of nearly sixty miles, and thus for days and weeks this portentous panorama was spread out before these silent watchers. Surely never before did a little girl have two armies for her playthings. The child saw the movements of the soldiers, the glitter of the array, and the waving of the banners; she heard the dull thunder of the cannon, and the sharp rattle of the musketry. When the sun went down, and the camp-fires shone out, it seemed that ten thousand stars had fallen at her feet, and sometimes sweet strains of music stole upward on the wings of the night, and slipped heavenward through the sighing pines.

The gray columns swung right and left, and slowly fell back; the blue columns swayed right and left, and slowly pressed forward—sometimes beneath clouds of sulphurous smoke, sometimes beneath heavy mists of rain, sometimes in bright sunshine. They swung and swayed slowly out of sight, and Hog Mountain and Gullettsville were left at peace.

The child grew and thrived. In the midst of a gaunt and sallow generation, she shone radiantly beautiful. In some mysterious way, she inherited the beauty, and grace, and refinement of a Frenchwoman. Merely as a phenomenon, she ought to have reminded Teague of his name and lineage; but Teague had other

matters to think of. "Sis aint no dirt-eater," he used to say, and to this extent he would commit himself, his surroundings being developed in him that curious excess of caution and reserve which characterizes his class.

As for Puss Poteet, she sat and rocked herself and rubbed snuff, and regarded her daughter as one of the profound mysteries. She was in a state of perpetual bewilderment and surprise, equalled only by her apparent indifference. She allowed herself to be hustled around by Sis without serious protest, and submitted, as Teague did, to the new order of things as quietly as possible.

Meanwhile, the people in the valley were engaged in adjusting themselves to the changed condition of affairs. The war was over, but it had left some deep scars here and there, and those who had engaged in it gave their attention to healing these—a troublesome and interminable task, be it said, which by no means kept pace with the impatience of the victors, whipped into fury by the subtle but ignoble art of the politician. There was no lack of despair in the valley, but out of it all prosperity grew, and the promise of a most remarkable future. Behind the confusion of politics of one sort and another, the spirit of Progress rose and shook her ambitious wings.

Something of all this must have made itself felt on the mountain, for one day Teague Poteet pushed his wide-brimmed wool hat from over his eyes, with an air of astonishment. Puss had just touched upon a very important matter.

"I reckon in reason," she said, "we oughter pack Sis off to school some'rs."

"Haint you larnt her how to read an' write an' cipher?" asked Teague.

"I started in," said Mrs. Poteet, "but, Lord! I haint more'n opened a book tell she know'd more'n I dast to know ef I wuz gwine to die fer it. Hit'll take somebody lots smarter'n stronger'n me."

Teague laughed and then relapsed into seriousness. After while he called Sis. The girl came running in, her dark eyes flashing, her black hair bewitchingly tangled, and her cheeks flushing with a color hitherto unknown to the mountain.



"What now, pap?"

"I wuz thes a-thinkin' ef maybe you oughtn't be bresh up an' start to school down in Gullettsville."

"Oh, pap!" the girl exclaimed, clapping her hands with delight. She was about to spring upon Teague and give him a severe hugging, when suddenly her arms dropped to her side, the flush died out of her face, and she flopped herself down upon a chair. Teague paid no attention to this.

"Yes, siree," he continued, as if pursuing a well developed line of argument; "when a gal gets ez big ez you is, she haint got no business to be a-gwine a-whoopin' an' a-hollerin' an' a-rantin' an' a-roupin' acrost the face of the yeth. The time's done come when they oughter be tuck up an' made a lady out'n; an' the highest way is to sen' 'em to school. That's whar yous a-gwine—down to Gullettsville to school."

"I shant, an' I wont—I wont, I wont, I wont!" exclaimed Sis, clinching her hands and stamping her feet. "I'll die first."

Teague had never seen her so excited.

"Why, what's the matrer, Sis?" he asked, with unfeigned concern.

Sis gave him a withering look.

"Pap, do you reckon I'm fool enough to traipse down to Gullettsville an' mix with them people, wearin' cloze like these? Do you reckon I'm fool enough to make myself the laughin'-stock for them folks?"

Teague Poteet was not a learned man, but he was shrewd enough to see that the mountain had a new problem to solve. He took down his rifle, whistled up his dogs, and tramped sky-ward. As he passed out through his horse-lot, a cap and worm of a whisky-still lying in the corner of the fence attracted his attention. He paused and turned the apparatus over with his foot. It was old and somewhat battered.

"I'll thes about take you," said Teague, with a chuckle, "an' set up a calico-factory. I'll heat you up an' make you spin silk an' split it into ribbens."

It was a case of civilization or no civilization, and there is nothing more notorious in history—nothing more mysteri-

ous—than the fact that civilization is not over-nice in the choice of her hand-maidens. One day it is war, another it is slavery. Every step in the advancement of the human race has a paradox of some kind as a basis. In the case of Sis Poteet, it was whisky.

Teague got his still together and planted it in a nice cool place, where it could be reached only by a narrow foot-path. He had set up a still immediately after the war, but it had been promptly broken up by the revenue officers. Upon this occasion, therefore, he made elaborate preparations to guard against surprise and detection, and these preparations bore considerable fruit in the way of illicit whisky; the ultimate result of which was that Sis went to school in Gullettsville, and became the belle of the town.

The breath of the mountain was heavily charged with whisky, and the Government got a whiff of it. Word was sent to Washington, and there was much writing and consultation by mail, and some telegraphing. The officials—marshal, deputy marshals, and collector—were mostly men from a distance, brought hither on the tide of war, who had no personal interest in judging the situation. Naturally enough, the power with which they were invested was neither discreetly nor sympathetically exercised. They represented the Government, which they were taught to believe by the small men above them, was still at war with every condition and belief in Georgia.

Down in the valley they domineered with impunity, and one fine morning a posse, armed with carbines, rode up the mountain, laughing, talking, and rattling their gear as gaily as a detachment of cuirassiers parading under the protection of friendly guns. The mountain was inhospitable, for when they rode down again, a few hours afterward, three saddles were empty, and the survivors had a terrible story to tell of an attack by an unseen foe.

By the time the story of this fight with the illicit distillers reached Washington, the details were considerably enlarged. The commissioner was informed

by the marshal that a detail of deputy marshals had attempted to seize a still, and were driven back by an overpowering force. The correspondents at the Capitol still further enlarged the details, and the affair finally went into history as "A New Phase of the Rebellion." This was the natural outgrowth of the confusion of that period; for how should the careless deputy marshals, thinking only of the sectionalism that lit up the smouldering ruins of war, know that Moonshiners were Union men and Republicans?

While the Government was endeavoring to invent some plan for the capture of the Moonshiners, Sis Poteet was growing lovelier and lovelier every day. She was a great favorite with the teachers of the academy and with everybody. As a general thing she avoided the public square when riding to and from the school, but it was hats off with all the men when she did go clattering down the street, and some of the romantic dry-goods clerks sent their sighs after her. Sighs are frequently very effective with school-girls, but those that followed Sis Poteet fell short and were wasted on the air; and she continued to ride from the mountain to the valley, and from the valley to the mountain in profound ignorance of the daily sensation she created among the young men of Gullettsville, to whom her fine figure, her graceful ways, and her thrillingly beautiful face were the various manifestations of a wonderful revelation.

Naturally enough, the Government took no account of Sis Poteet. The commissioner at Washington conferred with the marshal for Georgia by mail, and begged him to exert himself to the utmost to break up the business of illicit distilling in the Hog Mountain Range. In view of an important election about to be held in some doubtful State in the North or West, the worthy commissioner at Washington even suggested the propriety of another raid, to be made up of deputy marshals and a detachment of men from the Atlanta garrison. But the marshal for Georgia did not fall in with this suggestion. He was of the opinion that if a raid was to be made at

all it should not be made blindly, and he fortified his opinion with such an array of facts and arguments that the Bureau finally left the whole matter to his discretion.

Early one morning, in the summer of 1879, a stranger on horseback rode up the straggling red road that formed the principal business thoroughfare of Gullettsville and made his way toward the establishment known as the Gullettsville Hotel. The chief advertisement of the hotel was the lack of one. A tall, worm-eaten post stood in front of the building, but the frame in which the sign had hung was empty. This post, with its empty frame, was as significant as the art of blazonry could have made it. At any rate, the stranger on horseback—a young man—pressed forward without hesitation. The proprietor himself, Lemuel Pleasants, was standing upon the low piazza as the young man rode up. The squire wore neither coat nor hat. His thumbs were caught behind his suspenders, giving him an air of ease or of defiance, as one might choose to interpret, and his jaws were engaged in mashing into shape the first quid of the morning.

As the young man reined up his horse at the door, Squire Pleasants stepped briskly inside and pulled a string which communicated with a bell somewhere in the back-yard.

"This is the Gullettsville Hotel, is it not?" the young man asked.

"Well, sir," responded the squire, rubbing his hands together, "sence you push me so clos't, I'll not deny that this here's the tavern. Some calls it the hotel, some calls it the Pleasants House, some one thing, an' some another, but as for me, I says to all, says I, 'boys it's a plain tavern.' In Fergeenia, sir, in my young days, they wa'nt nothin' better than a tavern. 'Light, sir, 'light," continued the hospitable squire, as a tow-headed stable-boy tumbled out at the door in response to the bell; "drap right down an' come in."

The young man followed the landlord into a bare little office, where he was given to understand in plain terms that people who stopped with Squire Pleas-

ants were expected to make themselves completely at home. With a pen upon which the ink had been dry for many a day the young man inscribed his name on a thin and dirty register—"Phillip Woodward, Clinton, Georgia"; whereupon the squire, with unnecessary and laborious formality, assigned Mr. Woodward to a room.

Judging from appearance, the United States Marshal for Georgia had not gone astray in selecting Woodward to carry out the delicate mission of arranging for a successful raid upon Hog Mountain. Lacking any distinguishing trait of refinement or culture, his composure suggested the possession of that necessary information which is the result of contact with the world and its inhabitants. He had that large air of ease and tranquility which is born of association, and which represents one of the prime elements of the curious quality we call personal magnetism. He was ready-witted, and full of the spirit of adventure. He was the owner of the title to a land-lot somewhere in the neighborhood of Hog Mountain, and this land-lot was all that remained of an inheritance that had been swept away by the war. There was a tradition—perhaps only a rumor—among the Woodwards that the Hog Mountain land-lot covered a vein of gold, and to investigate this was part of the young man's business in Gullettsville; entirely subordinate, however, to his desire to earn the salary attached to his position.

The presence of a stranger in the hospitable tavern of Squire Pleasants attracted the attention of the old and young men of leisure, and the most of them gathered upon the long, narrow piazza to discuss the matter. Uncle Jimmy Wright, the sage of the village, had inspected the name on the register and approved of it. He had heard of it before, and he proceeded to give a long and rambling account of whole generations of Woodwards. Jake Cohen, a peddler, who with marvelous tact, had fitted himself to the conditions of life and society in the mountains, and who was supposed to have some sort of connection with the traffic in "blockade" whisky, gave some reminiscences of a

family of Woodwards in Ohio. Tip Watson, who had a large local reputation for humor, gravely inquired of Squire Pleasants if the new-comer had left any message for him.

Doubtless the squire, or some one else, would have attempted a facetious reply to Mr. Watson; but just then a tall, gaunt, gray-haired, grizzly-bearded man stepped upon the piazza, and saluted the little gathering with an awkward wave of the hand. The not unkindly expression of his face was curiously heightened (or deepened) by the alertness of his eyes, which had the quizzical restlessness we sometimes see in the eyes of birds or animals. It was Teague Poteet, and the greetings he received were of the most effusive character.

"Howdy, boys, howdy!" he said, in response to the chorus. "They haint airy one er you gents kin split up a twenty-dollar chunk er greenbacks, is they?"

Tip Watson made a pretense of falling in a chair and fainting, but he immediately recovered, and said in a sepulchral whisper:

"Ef you find anybody dead, an' they aint got no twenty-dollar bill on their person, don't come a-knockin' at my door. Lord!" he continued, "look at Cohen's upper lip a-tremblin'. He wants to take that bill out somewheres an' hang it on a clothes-line."

"Ow!" exclaimed Cohen, "yoost lizzen at date man! Date Teep Vatsen, he so foony as allt tem utter peoples put ter-getter. Vait, Teague, vait! I chanche date pill right away, terreckerly."

But Teague was absorbed in some information which Squire Pleasants was giving him.

"He don't favor the gang," the squire was saying, with emphasis, "an' I'll be boun' he aint much mixed up wi' 'em. He's another cut. Oh, they aint a-foolin' me this season of the year," he continued, as Teague Poteet shook his head doubtfully; "he aint mustered out'n my mind yit, not by a dad-blamed sight. I'm jest a-tellin' of you; he looks spry, an' he aint no sneak—I'll swar to that on the stan'."

"Well. I tell you, square," responded Teague, dryly, "I haint never seed peo-

ple too purty to pester yuther folks; an' I reckon you aint nuther, is you?"

"No," said Squire Pleasants, his experience appealed to instead of his judgment; "no, I aint, that's a fact; but some folks youer bleege to take on trus'."

Further comment on the part of Poteet and the others was arrested by the appearance of Woodward, who came out of his room, walked rapidly down the narrow hallway, and out upon the piazza. He was bare-headed, his hands were full of papers, and he had the air of a man of business. The younger men who had gathered around Squire Pleasants and Teague Poteet fell back loungingly as Woodward came forward with just the faintest perplexed smile.

"Judge Pleasants," he said, "I'm terribly mixed up, and I'll have to ask you to unmix me."

The squire cleared his throat, adjusted his spectacles, and straightened himself in his chair. The title of Judge, and the easy air of deference with which it was bestowed, gave him an entire new idea of his own importance. He frowned judicially as he laid his hand upon the papers.

"Well, sir," said he, "I'm gettin' ole, an' I reckon I aint much, nohow; I'm sorter like the gray colt that tried to climb in the shuckpen—I'm weak, but willin'. Ef you'll jest whirl in an' make indication whar'in I can he'p, I'll do the best I kin."

"I've come up here to look after a lot of land," said Woodward. "It is described here as lot No. 18, 376th district, Georgia Militia, part of land lot No. 11, in Tugaloo, formerly Towaliga County. Here is a plat of Hog Mountain, but somehow I can't locate the lot."

The squire took the papers and began to examine them with painful particularity.

"That 'ar lot," said Teague Poteet, after awhile, "is the old Mathis lot. The line runs right across my simblin' patch, an' backs up ag'in' my hoss-stable."

"Tooby shore—tooby shore!" exclaimed the squire. "Tut-tut! What am I doin'? My mind is drappin' loose like seed-ticks from a shumake bush. Tooby shore, it's the Mathis lot. Mr. Wooderd,

Mr. Poteet—Mr. Potect—Mr. Wooderd; let me make you interduced, gents."

Mr. Woodward shook hands gracefully and cordially—Poteet awkwardly and a trifle suspiciously.

"It seems to me, Mr. Poteet," said Woodward, "that I have seen your name in the papers somewhere."

"Likely," replied Poteet; "they uv bin a mighty sight er printin' gwine on sence the war, so I've heern tell Ef you'd a drapped in at Atlanty, you mought er seed my name mixt up in a warrant."

"How is that?" Woodward asked.

"Bekaze I bin a-bossin' my own af-fa'rs."

Poteet had straightened himself up, and he looked at Woodward with a steadiness which the other did not misunderstand. It was a look which said, "If you've got that warrant in your pocket, it wont be safe to pull it out in these diggin's."

Squire Pleasants recognized the challenge that made itself heard in Teague Poteet's voice.

"Yes, yes," he said, in a cheerful tone, "our folks is seen some mighty quare doin's sence the war; but times is a-gettin' a long ways better now."

"Better, hell!" exclaimed Sid Parmalee.

What he would have said further, no one can know, for the voluminous voice of Cohen broke in:

"Tlook ow-ut, t'ere, Sid! tlook ow-ut! t'at pad man kedje you!"

This remarkable admonition was received with a shout of laughter. Good humor was restored, and it was increased when Woodward, shortly afterward, drinking with the boys at Nix's saloon, called for three fingers of Mountain Dew, and washed it down with the statement that it tasted just as nice as liquor that had been stamped by the Government. In short, Woodward displayed such tact and entered with such heartiness into the spirit of the people around him that he disarmed the trained suspicions of a naturally suspicious community. Perhaps this statement should be qualified. Undoubtedly the marshal, could he have made a personal inspection of Woodward and his surroundings, would have praised

his subordinate's tact. The truth is, while he had disarmed their suspicions, he had failed utterly to gain their confidence.

With a general as well as a particular interest in the direction of Hog Mountain, it was natural that Deputy Marshal Woodward should meet or overtake Miss Poteet as she rode back and forth between Gullettsville and the gray notch in the mountain known as Poteet's. It was natural, too, that he should take advantage of the social informalities of the section and make her acquaintance. It was an acquaintance in which Woodward and, presumably, the young lady herself, became very much interested; so that the spectacle of this attractive couple galloping along together over the red road that connected the valley with the mountain came to be a familiar one. And its effect upon those who paused to take note of it was not greatly different from the effect of such spectacles in other sections. Some looked wise and shook their heads sorrowfully; some smiled and looked kindly, and sent all manner of good wishes after the young people. But, whether they galloped down the mountain in the fresh hours of the morning, or rambled up its dark slope in the dusk of the evening, neither Woodward nor Sis Poteet gave a thought to the predictions of spite, or to the prophecies of friendliness.

The mountain girl was a surprise to Woodward. She had improved her few opportunities to the utmost. Such information as the Gullettsville Academy afforded she relished and absorbed, so that her education was thorough as far as it went. Neither her conversation nor her manners would have attracted special attention in a company of fairly bright young girls, but she formed a refreshing contrast to the social destitution of the mountain region.

Beyond this, her personality was certainly more attractive than that of most women, being based upon an independence which knew absolutely nothing of the thousand and one vexatious little aspirations that are essential to what is called social success. Unlike the typical American girl, whose sweetly severe

portraits smile serenely at us from the canvas of contemporary fiction, Miss Poteet would have been far from equal to the task of meeting all the requirements of perfectly organized society; but she could scarcely have been placed in a position in which her natural brightness and vivacity would not have attracted attention.

At any rate, the indefinable charm of her presence, her piquancy, and her beauty was a perpetual challenge to the admiration of Deputy Marshal Woodward. It pursued him in his dreams and made him uncomfortable in his waking hours, so much so, indeed, that his duties as a revenue officer, perplexing at best, became a burden to him.

In point of fact, this lively young lady was the unforeseen quantity in the problem which Woodward had been employed to solve; and, between his relations to the Government and his interest in Sis Poteet, he found himself involved in an awkward predicament. Perhaps the main features of this predicament, badly presented, would have been more puzzling to the authorities at Washington than they were to Woodward; but it is fair to the young man to say that he did not mistake the fact that the Moonshiner had a daughter for an argument in favor of illicit distilling, albeit the temptation to do so gave him considerable anxiety.

In the midst of his perplexity, Deputy Marshal Woodward concluded that it would be better for the Government, and better for his own peace of mind, if he allowed Sis Poteet to ride home without an escort; and for several days he left her severely alone, while he attended to his duties, as became a young fellow of fair business habits.

But one afternoon, as he sat on the piazza of the hotel nursing his confusion and discontent, Sis Poteet rode by. It was a tantalizing vision, though a fleeting one. It seemed to be merely the flash of a red feather, the wave of a white hand, to which Woodward lifted his hat; but these were sufficient. The red feather nodded gayly to him, the white hand invited. His horse stood near, and in a few moments he was gal-

loping toward the mountain with the Moonst.ner's daughter.

When the night fell at Teague Poteet's on this particular evening, it found a fiddle going. The boys and girls of the mountain, to the number of a dozen or more, had gathered for a frolic—a frolic that shook the foundations of Poteet's castle, and aroused echoes familiar enough to the good souls who are fond of the cotillion in its primitive shape. The old folks who had accompanied the youngsters sat in the kitchen with Teague and his wife, and here Woodward also sat, listening with interest to the gossip of what seemed to be a remote era—the war and the period preceding it.

The activity of Sis Poteet found ample scope, and, whether lingering for a moment at her father's side like a bird poised in flight, or moving lightly through the figures of the cotillion, she never appeared to better advantage.

Toward midnight, when the frolic was at height, an unexpected visitor announced himself. It was Uncle Jack Norris, who lived on the far side of the mountain. The fiddler waved his bow at Uncle Jake, and the boys and girls cried "Howdy," as the visitor stood beaming and smiling in the door-way. To these demonstrations Uncle Jack, "a chunk of a white man with a whole heart," as he described himself, made cordial response, and passed on into the kitchen. The good humor of Mr. Norris was as prominent as his rotundity. When he was not laughing, he was ready to laugh. He seated himself, looked around at the company, and smiled.

"It's a long pull betwixt this an' Atlanty," he said after awhile; "it is that, certain an' shore, an' I haint smelt of the jug sense I lef' ther'. Pull 'er out, Teague—pull 'er out."

The jug was forthcoming.

"Now, then," continued Uncle Jake, removing the corn-cob stopper, "this looks like home, sweet home, ez I may say. It does, certain an' shore. None to jine me? Well, well! Times change an' change, but the jug is company for one. So be it. Ez St. Paul says, cleave nigh unto that which is good. I'm fore-swore not to feel lonesome tell I go to

the gallows. Friends! you uv got my good wishes, one an' all!"

"What's a gwine on?" asked Poteet.

"The same," responded Uncle Jake, after swallowing his dram. "Allers the same. Wickedness prevails well-nigh unto hit's own justification. I uv seed sights! You all know the divers besettings wher'by Jackson Ricks wuz took off this season gone—murdered, I may say, in the teeth of the law, an' good govunment. Sirs! I sot by an' seed his besetters go scotch-free."

"Ah!"

The exclamation came from Teague Poteet.

"Yes, sir, yes, friends!" continued Uncle Jake, closing his eyes and tilting his chair back "Even so. Nuther does I boast ez becometh the fibble-minded. They hurried an' skurried me forth an' hence, to mount upon the witness stan' an' relate the deed. No deniance did I make. Ez St. Paul says, sin, takin' occasion by the commandment, worked in me all manner of conspicuence. I told 'em what these here eyes had seed.

"They errayed me before jedge an' jury," Uncle Jake went on, patting the jug affectionately, "an' I bowed my howdies. 'Gentermun friends,' s'I, 'foller me clos't, bekase I'm a-givin' you but the truth, stupendous though it be. Ef you thes but name the word,' s'I, 'I'll take an' lay my han' upon the men that done this uprighteousness, for they stan' no furdur than yon' piller,' s'I. 'Them men,' s'I, 'surrounded the house of Jackson Ricks, gentermun friends, he bein' a member of Friendship Church, an' called 'im forth wi' the ashoreance of Satan an' the intents of evil,' s'I; an' ole en decrippled ez he wuz, they shot 'im down—them men at yon' piller,' s'I, 'ere he could but raise his tremblin' han' in supplication; an' the boldest of 'em'dast not to face me here an' say nay,' s'I."

"An' they uv cler'd the men what kilt pore Jackson Ricks!" said Teague, rubbing his grizzled chin.

"Ez clean an' ez cle'r ez the pa'm er my han'," replied Uncle Jake, with emphasis.

The fiddle in the next room screamed forth a jig, and the tireless feet of the

dancers kept time, but there was profound silence among those in the kitchen. Uncle Jake took advantage of this pause to renew his acquaintance with the jug.

Deputy Marshal Woodward knew of the killing of Jackson Ricks; that is to say, he was familiar with the version of the affair which had been depended upon to relieve the revenue officers of the responsibility of downright murder; but he was convinced that the story told by Uncle Jake Norris was nearer the truth.

As the young man rode down the mountain, leaving the fiddle and the dancers to carry the frolic into the gray dawn, he pictured to himself the results of the raid that he would be expected to lead against Hog Mountain—the rush upon Poteet's, the shooting of the old Moonshiner, and the spectacle of the daughter wringing her hands and weeping wildly. He rode down the mountain, and, before the sun rose, he had written and mailed his resignation. In a private note to the marshal, inclosed with this document, he briefly but clearly set forth the fact that, while illicit distilling was as unlawful as ever, the man who loved a Moonshiner's daughter was not a proper instrument to aid in its suppression.

But his letter failed to have the effect he desired, and in a few weeks he received a communication from Atlanta setting forth the fact that a raid had been determined upon.

Meantime, while events were developing, some of the old women of Hog Mountain Range had begun to manifest a sort of motherly interest in the affairs of Woodward and Sis Poteet. These women, living miles apart on the mountain and its spurs, had a habit of "picking up their work" and spending the day with each other. Upon one occasion it chanced that Mrs. Sue Parmalee and Mrs. Puritha Hightower rode ten miles to visit Mrs. Puss Poteet.

"Don't lay the blame of it onter me, Puss," exclaimed Mrs. Hightower,—her shrill, thin voice in queer contrast with her fat and jovial appearance; "don't you lay the blame onter me. Dave, he's been a-complainin' bekase they wa'n't no salsody in the house, an' I rid over to Sue's to borrow some. Airtter I got ther',

Sue sez, se' she: 'Yees us pick up an' go an' light in on Puss,' se' she, 'an' fine out sump'n' nuther that's a-gwine on 'mongst folks,' se' she."

"Yes, lay it all onter me," said Mrs. Parmalee, looking over her spectacles at Mrs. Poteet; "I sez to Purithy, s' I, 'Purithy, yess go down an' see Puss,' s' I; 'maybe we'll git a glimpse er that air new chap with the slick h'ar. Sid'll be a-peggin' out airtter awhile,' s' I, 'an' ef the new chap's ez purty ez I hear tell, maybe I'll set my cap fer 'im,' s' I."

At this fat Mrs. Puritha Hightower was compelled to lean on frail Mrs. Puss Poteet, so heartily did she laugh.

"I declar'," she exclaimed, "ef Sue haint a sight! I'm mighty nigh outdone. She's thes bin a-gwine on that a-way all the time, an' I bin that tickled tell a little more an' I'd a drapped on the groun'. How's all?"

"My goodness!" exclaimed Mrs. Poteet. "I hope you all know *me* too well to be a-stan'in' out there makin' excuse. Come right along in, an' take off your things, an' ketch your win'. Sis is home to-day."

"Well, I'm monstus glad," said Mrs. Hightower. "Sis useter think the world an' all er me when she was a slip of a gal, but I reckon she's took on town ways, haint she? Hit aint nothin' but natchul."

"Sis is proud enough for to hol' 'er head high," Mrs. Parmalee explained, "but she haint a bit stuck up."

"Well, I let you know," exclaimed Mrs. Hightower, untying her bonnet and taking off her shawl, "I let you know, here's what wouldn't be sot back by nothin' ef she had Sis's chances. In about the las' word pore maw spoke on 'er dying bed, she call me to 'er an' sez, se' she, 'Purithy Emma,' se' she, 'you hol' your head high; don't you bat your eyes to please none of 'em,' se' she."

"I reckon in reason I oughter be thankful that Sis aint no wuss," said Mrs. Poteet, walking around with aimless hospitality; "yit that chile's temper is powerful tryin', an' Teague ackshully an' candidly b'leaves she's made out'n pyo' gol.\* I wish I may die ef he don't."

\* Pure gold.

After a while Sis made her appearance, buoyant and blooming. Her eyes sparkled, her cheeks glowed, and her smiles showed beautiful teeth—a most uncommon sight in the mountains, where the girls were in the habit of rubbing snuff or smoking. The visitors greeted her with the effusive constraint and awkwardness that made so large a part of their lives, but after awhile, Mrs. Hightower laid her fat, motherly hand on the girl's shoulder, and looked kindly but keenly into her eyes.

"Ah, honey!" she said, "you haint sp'ilt yit, but you want made to fit thish here hill—that you wa'nt, *that* you wa'nt!"

Women are not hypocrites. Their little thrills and nerve-convulsions are genuine while they last. Fortunately for the women themselves, they do not last, but are succeeded by others of various moods, tenses, and genders. These nerve-convulsions are so genuine and so apt, that they are known as intuitions, and under this name they have achieved importance. Mrs. Hightower, with all lack of experience, was capable of feeling that Sis Poteet needed the by-no-means insubstantial encouragement that lies in one little note of sympathy, and she was not at all astonished when Sis responded to her intention by giving her a smart little hug.

Presently Mrs. Parmalee, who had stationed herself near the door, lifted her thin right arm and let it fall upon her lap.

"Well, sir!" she exclaimed, "ef yander aint Sis's bo!"

Sis ran to the door, saw Woodward coming up the road, and blushed furiously—a feat which Mrs. Hightower and Mrs. Parmalee, with all their experience, had rarely seen performed in that region.

Woodward greeted Mrs. Poteet's visitors with a gentle deference and an easy courtesy that attracted their favor in spite of themselves. Classing him with the "Restercrats," these women took keen and suspicious note of every word he uttered, and every movement he made, holding themselves in readiness to become mortally offended at a curl of the lip or the lifting of an eyebrow; but he

was equal to the occasion. He humored their whims and eccentricities to the utmost, and he was so thoroughly sympathetic, so genial, so sunny, and so handsome withal, that he stirred most powerfully the maternal instincts of those weather-beaten bosoms and made them his friends and defenders. He told them wonderful stories of life in the the great world that lay beyond Hog Mountain, its spurs and foot-hills. He lighted their pipes, and even filled them out of his own tobacco-pouch, a proceeding which caused Mrs. Parmalee to remark that "she would like mannyfac"\* mighty well ef 'twer'nt so powerful weak.

Mrs. Hightower found an early opportunity to deliver her verdict in Sis's ear, whereupon the latter gave her a little hug and whispered: "Oh, I just think he's adorable!" It was very queer, however, that as soon as Sis was left to entertain Mr. Woodward (the women making an excuse of helping Puss about dinner), she lost her blushing enthusiasm and became quite cold and reserved. The truth is, Sis had convinced herself some days before that she had the right to be very angry with this young man, and she began her quarrel, as lovely woman generally does, by assuming an air of tremendous unconcern. Her disinterestedness was really provoking.

"How did you like Sue Fraley's new bonnet last Sunday?" she asked, with an innocent smile.

"Sue Fraley's new bonnet!" exclaimed Woodward, surprised in the midst of some serious reflections; "why, I didn't know she had a new bonnet."

"Oh! you *didn't*? You were right *opposite*. I should think *anybody* could see she had a new bonnet by the way she tossed her head."

"Well, I didn't notice it, for one. Was it one of these sky scrapers? I was looking at something else."

"Oh!"

"Woodward had intended to convey a very delicately veiled compliment, but this young woman's tone rather embarrassed him. He saw in a moment that

\* "Manufactured" tobacco, in contradistinction to the natural leaf.



she was beyond the reach of the playful and ingenious banter which he had contrived to make the basis of their relations.

"Yes," he said, "I was looking at something else. I had other things to think about."

"Well, she *did* have a new bonnet, with yellow ribbons. She looked handsome. I hear she's going to get married soon."

"I'm glad to hear it. She's none too young," said Woodward.

At another time, Sis would have laughed at the suggestion implied in this remark, but now she only tapped the floor gently with her foot, and looked serious.

"I hope you answered her note," she said presently.

"What note?" he asked, with some astonishment.

Sis was the picture of innocence.

"Oh, I didn't think!" she exclaimed. "I reckon its a great *secret*. I mean the note she handed you when she came out of church. It's none of *my* business."

"Nor of mine either," said Woodward, with a relieved air. "The note was for Tip Watson."

This statement, which was not only plausible but true, gave a new direction to Sis's anger.

"Well, I dont see how anybody that thinks anything of himself could be a mail-carrier for *Sue Fraley*," she exclaimed, scornfully; whereupon she flounced out, leaving Woodward in a state of bewilderment.

He had not made love to the girl, principally because her moods were elusive and her methods unique. She was dangerously like other women of his acquaintance, and dangerously unlike them. The principal of the academy in Gullettsville—a scholarly old gentleman from middle Georgia, who had been driven to teaching by dire necessity—had once loftily informed Woodward that Miss Poteet was superior to her books, and the young man had verified the statement to his own discomfiture. She possessed that feminine gift which is of more importance to a woman in this world than scholarly acquirements

—aptitude. Even her frankness—perfectly discreet—charmed and puzzled Woodward; but the most attractive of her traits were such as mark the difference between the bird that sings in the tree, and the bird that sings in the cage—delightful but indiscribable.

When Sis Poteet began to question him about Sue Fraley, the thought that she was moved by jealousy gave him a thrill that was new to his existence; but when she flounced angrily out of the room because he had confessed to carrying a note from Sue Fraley to Tip Watson, it occurred to him that he might be mistaken. Indeed, so cunning does masculine stupidity become when it is played upon by a woman that he frightened himself with the suggestion that perhaps, after all, this perfectly original young lady was in love with Tip Watson.

During the rest of the day Woodward had ample time to nurse and develop his new theory, and the more he thought it over, the more plausible it seemed to be. It was a great blow to his vanity; but the more uncomfortable it made him, the more earnestly he clung to it.

Without appearing to avoid him, Sis managed to make the presence of Mrs. Parmalee and Mrs. Hightower an excuse for neglecting him. She entertained these worthy ladies with such eager hospitality that when they aroused themselves to the necessity of going home, they found, to their dismay, that it would be impossible, in the language of Mrs. Poteet, to "git half-way acrost Pullium's Summit fore night 'ud ketch 'em." Sis was so delighted apparently, that she became almost hilarious; and her gaiety affected all around her except Woodward, who barely managed to conceal his disgust.

After supper, however, Mrs. Poteet and her two guests betook themselves to the kitchen, where they rubbed snuff and smoked their pipes, and gossiped, and related reminiscences of that good time which, with old people, is always in the past. Thus Woodward had ample opportunity to talk with Sis. He endeavored, by the exercise of every art of conversation and manner of which he was master, to place their relations

upon the old familiar footing, but he failed most signally. He found it impossible to fathom the gentle dignity with which he was constantly repulsed. In the midst of his perplexity, which would have been either pathetic or ridiculous if it had not been so artfully concealed, he managed for the first time to measure the depth of his love for this exasperating but charming creature whom he had been patronizing. She was no longer amusing; and Woodward, with the savage inconsistency of a man moved by a genuine passion, felt a tragic desire to humble himself before her.

"I'm going home to-morrow, Miss Sis," he said finally, in sheer desperation.

"Well, you've had a heap of fun—I mean, she ad'ed, "that you have had a nice time."

"I have been a fool" he exclaimed bitterly. Seeing that she made no response, he continued: "I've been a terrible fool all through. I came here to hunt up blockade whisky——"

"What!"

Sis's voice was sharp and eager, full of doubt, surprise and consternation.

"I came to Gullettsville," he went on, "to hunt up blockade whisky and failed, and three weeks ago sent in my resignation. I thought I might find a gold mine on my land-lot, but I have failed; and now I am going to sell it. I have failed in everything."

Gloating over his alleged misfortunes, Woodward, without looking at Sis Poteet, drew from his pocket a formidable looking envelope, unfolded its contents leisurely, and continued:

"Even my resignation was a failure. Hog Mountain will be raided to-morrow or next day."

Sis rose from her chair, pale and furious, and advanced toward him as if to annihilate him with her blazing eyes. Such rage, such contempt, he had never before beheld in a woman's face. He sat transfixed. With a gesture almost tragic in its vehemence, the girl struck the papers from his hands.

"Oh, you mean, sneaking wretch! You ——"

And then, as if realizing the weakness of mere words, she turned and passed

swiftly from the room. Woodward was thoroughly aroused. He was not used to the spectacle of a woman controlled by violent emotions, and he recognized, with a mixture of surprise and alarm, the great gulf that lay between the rage of Sis Poteet and the little platitudes and pretenses of anger which he had seen the other women of his acquaintance manage with such pretty daintiness.

As the girl passed through the kitchen, she seized a horn that hung upon the wall and went out into the darkness. The old women continued their smoking, their snuff-rubbing, and their gossiping. Mrs. Hightower was giving the details of a local legend showing how and why Edny Favers had "conjured" Tabithy Cozby, when suddenly Mrs. Poteet raised her hands:

"*Sh-h-h!*"

The notes of the horn—short, sharp, and strenuous—broke in upon the stillness of the night. Once, twice, thrice! once, twice, thrice! once, twice, thrice! it was an alarm that did not need to be interpreted to the sensitive ear of Hog Mountain. The faces of the old women became curiously impassive. The fire-light carried their shadows from the floor to the rafters, where they seemed to engage in a wild dance,—whirling, bowing, jumping, quivering; but the women themselves sat as still as statues. They were evidently waiting for something. They did not wait long. In a little while the sharp notes of the horn made themselves heard again—once, twice, thrice! once, twice, thrice! once, twice, thrice!

Then the old women arose from their low chairs, shook out their frocks, and filed into the room where Mr. Phillip Woodward, late of the revenue service, was sitting. There would have been a good deal of constraint on both sides, but before there could be any manifestation of this sort, Sis came in. She seemed to be crushed and helpless, nay, even humiliated.

"Why, my goodness, Sis!" exclaimed Mrs. Hightower, "you look natchully fagged out. A body 'ud think you'd bin an' taken a run up the mountain. We all 'lowed you wuz in here lookin' arter'

your comp'ny. Wher'd you git the news?"

"From this gentleman here," Sis replied, indicating Woodward without looking at him. She was as pale as death, and her voice was low and gentle.

Woodward would have explained, but the apparent unconcern of the women gave him no opportunity.

"I declare, Sis," exclaimed her mother, with a fond, apologetic little laugh; "ef you haint a plum sight, I haint never seed none."

"She's thes es much like her Gran'pap Poteet," said Mrs. Hightower, "ez ef he'd 'a' spit 'er right out'n his mouth—that she is."

This led to a series of reminiscences more or less entertaining, until after awhile, Sis, who had been growing more and more restless, rose and said:

"Good-night, folks; I'm tired and sleepy. The clock has struck eleven."

"Yes," said Mrs. Poteet, "an' the clock's too fast, bekaz it haint skacely bin more'n a minnit sence the chickens crowed for ten."

This remark contained the essence of hospitality, for it was intended to convey to Mrs. Poteet's guests the information that if they were not ready to retire, she was prepared to discredit her clock in their interests. But there was not much delay on the part of the guests. The women were dying to question Sis, and Woodward was anxious to be alone; and so they said "Good-night," the earnestness and quaint simplicity of the old women carrying Woodward back to the days of his childhood, when his grandmother leaned tenderly over his little bed and whispered: "Good-night, dear heart, and pleasant dreams."

Shortly afterward the lights were put out, and, presumably, those under Teague Poteet's roof addressed themselves to slumber. But what of the news that Sis had given to the winds? There was no slumber for it until it had fulfilled its mission. Where did it go, and what was its burden? Three sharp blasts upon a horn, thrice repeated; then an interval; then three more thrice repeated. Up, up the mountain the signal climbed; now faltering, now falling, but always

climbing; sending echoes before it, and leaving echoes behind it, but climbing, climbing; now fainting and dying away, but climbing, climbing, until it reached Pulliam's Summit, the smallest thread of sound. Two men were sitting talking in front of a cabin. The eldest placed one hand upon the shoulder of his companion, and flung the other to his ear. Faint and far, but clear and strenuous, came the signal. The men listened even after it had died away. The leaves of the tall chestnuts whipped each other gently, and the breeze that had borne the signal seemed to stay in the tops of the mountain pines as if awaiting further orders; and it had not long to wait.

The man who had held his hand to his ear slapped his companion on the back and cried, "Poteet's!" and that was news enough for the other, who rose, stretched himself lazily, and passed into the cabin. He came out with a horn—an exaggerated trumpet made of t'n—and with this instrument to his lips he repeated to the waiting breeze and to the echoes that were glad to be aroused, the news that had come from Poteet's. Across the broad plateau of Pulliam's Summit the wild tidings flew until, reaching the western verge of the mountain, they dived down into Prather's Mill Road—a vast gorge which takes its name from the freak of a drunken mountaineer, who declared he would follow the stream that rushed through it until he found a mill, and was never heard of again.

The news from Poteet's was not so easily lost. It dropped over the sheer walls of the chasm, three hundred feet down, and refused to be drowned out by the rush and roar of the waters, as they leaped over the boulders, until it had accomplished its mission. For here in Prather's Mill Road burned the slow fires that kept the Government officials at Atlanta at a white heat. They were burning now. If one of the officials could have crawled to the edge of the gorge, where everything seemed dwarfed by the towering walls of rock and the black abyss from which they sprang, he would have seen small fitful sparks of flame glowing at intervals upon the

bosom of the deeper and blacker night below. These were the fires that all the power and ingenuity of the government failed to smother, but they were now blown out one after another by the blasts from Sis Poteet's horn.

The news that was wafted down into the depths of Prather's Mill Road upon the wings of the wind was not at all alarming. On the contrary, it was received by the grimy watchers at the stills with considerable hilarity. To the most of them it merely furnished an excuse for a week's holiday, including trips to both Gullettsville and Villa Ray. Freely interpreted it ran thus: "Friends and fellow citizens: this is to inform you that Hog Mountain is to be raided by the revenue men by way of Teague Poteet's. Let us hear from you at once." There was neither alarm nor hurry, but the fires were put out quickly because that was the first thing to be done.

Teague Poteet owned and managed two stills. He was looking after some "doublings" when the notes of the horn dropped down into the gorge. He paused, and listened, and smiled. Uncle Jake Norris, who had come to have his jug filled, was in the act of taking a dram, but he waited, balancing the tin cup in the palm of his hand. Tip Watson was telling one of his stories to the two little boys who accompanied Uncle Jake, but he never ended it.

"Sis talks right out in meetin'," said Teague, after waiting to be sure there was no postscript to the message.

"What's the row, Teague?" asked Uncle Jake, swallowing his dram.

"Nother raid comin' right in front er my door," Teague explained, "an' I reckon in reason I oughter be home when they go past. They uster be a kinder coolness betwenst me an' them revenue fellers, but we went to work an' patched it up."

Tip Watson appeared to be so overjoyed that he went through all the forms of a cotillion dance, imitating a fiddle, and calling the figures, and giving his hand to imaginary partners. The boys fairly screamed with laughter at this exhibition, and Uncle Jake was so overcome that he felt called upon to take

another dram—a contingency that was renewed when Tip swung from the measure of a cotillion to that of a breakdown, singing:

"I haint been a-wantin' no mo' wines—mo' wines—  
Sence daddy got drunk on low wines—low wines."

"Come, Tip," said Teague. "yess shet up shop. Ef Sis aint a caution," he said, after a while, as he moved around putting things to rights. "Ef Sis aint a caution, you kin shoot me. They haint no mo' tellin' wher' she picked up about thish'ere raid than nothin' in the worl'. Dang me ef I don't b'lieve the gal's glad when a raid's a-comin. Wi' Sis, hit's movement, movement, day in an' day out. They haint nobody knows that gal less'n it's me. She knows how to keep things a-gvine. Sometimes she runs an' meets me, an' says se'sae: 'Pap, mammy's in the dumps; yess you an' me make out we er quollin'. Hit'll sorter stir 'er up'; an' then Sis, she'll light in, an' by the time we git in the house, she's a-scoldin' an' a-sassin' an' I'm a-cussin', an' arter awhile hit gits so hot an' natchul-like that I thes has ter drag Sis out behin' the chimby an' buss 'er to make certain an' shore that she aint accidentally flew off han'le. Bliss your soul an' body! she's a caution!"

"An' what's 'er maw a-doin' all that time?" inquired Uncle Jake, as he took another dram with an indifferent air.

Teague laughed aloud as he packed the fresh earth over his fire.

"Oh, Puss! Puss, she thes sets thar a-chawin' away at 'er snuff, an' a-knittin' away at 'er socks tell she thinks I'm a-pushin' Sis too clost, an' then she blazes out an blows me up. Airter that," Teague continued, "things gits more homelike. Ef twan't fer me an' Sis, I reckon Puss 'ud totally fret 'erself away."

"St. Paul," said Uncle Jake, looking confidentially at another dram which he had poured into the tin cup—"St. Paul says ther' er divers an' many wimmin, an' I reckon he know'd. Ther' er some you kin fret an' some you can't. Ther's my ole 'oman: the livin' human bein' that stirs *her* up'll have ter frail 'er out, er she'll frail *him*."

"Well," said Teague, by way of con-

dolence, "the man what's stabbed by a pitchfork haint much better off'n the man that walks bar'footed in a treadsaf't patch."

The suggestion in regard to Mistress Norris seemed to remind Uncle Jake of something important. He called to his

boys, took another modest dram, and disappeared in the undergrowth. Teague Poteet and his friends were soon ready to follow this worthy example, so that in another hour Prather's Mill Road was a very dull and uninteresting place from a revenue point of view.

## PART II.

Woodward was aroused during the night by the loud barking of dogs, the tramp of horses, and the confused murmur of suppressed conversation. Looking from the window, he judged by the position of the stars that it was three or four o'clock in the morning. He sat upon the side of the bed and sought, by listening intently, to penetrate the mystery of this untimely commotion. He thought he recognized the voice of Tip Watson, and he was sure he heard Sid Parmalee's peculiar cough and chuckle. The conversation soon lifted itself out of the apparent confusion, and became comparatively distinct. The voices were Teague and Sis.

"Come, now, pap, you must promise."

"Why, Sis how *kin* I."

"You shall, you shall, you *shall*."

"Why, Sis, hon, he mought be a spy. Sid Parmalee he 'lows that the whole dad-blamed business is a put-up job. He wants to bet right now that we'll all be in jail in Atlanty 'fore the moon changes. I lay they don't none of 'em fool Sid."

"You don't love me any more," said Sis, taking a new tack.

"Good Lord, Sis! Why, honey, what put that idee in your head?"

"I know you don't—I know it! It's always Dave Hightower this, and Sid Parmalee that, and old drunken Jake Norris the other. I just *know* you don't love me."

Teague also took a new tack, but there was a quiver in his voice born of deadly earnestness.

"I tell you, Sis, they er houndin' airter us; they er runnin' us down; they er closin' in on us; they er hemmin' us up. Airter they git your pore old pappy an' slam 'im in jail, an' chain 'im down, who's a gwineter promise to take keer er *him*?

Haint ole man Joshway Balasingame bin sent away off to *Albenny*? Haint ole man Cajy Shannon a-sarvin' out his time, humpback an' cripple ez he is? Who took keer *them*? Who ast anybody to let up on 'em? But don't you fret, honey; ef they haint no trap sot, nobody aint a-gwineter pester *him*."

"I wouldn't trust that Sid Parmalee out of my sight!" exclaimed Sis, beginning to cry. "I know him, and I know all of you."

"But ef they is a trap sot," continued Teague, ignoring Sis's tears, "ef they is, I tell you, honey, a thousan' folks like me can't hol' the boys down. The time's done come when they er tetotally wore out with thish 'ere sneakin' aroun' an' hidin'-out bizness."

This appeared to end the conversation, but it left Woodward considerably puzzled. Shortly afterward he heard a rap at his door, and before he could respond to the summons by inquiry or invitation, Teague Poteet entered with a lighted candle in his hand.

"I 'lowed the stirrin' 'roun' mought 'a' sorted roused you," said Teague, by way of apology, as he placed the light on a small table and seated himself on a wooden chest.

"Yes. What's up?" Woodward inquired.

"Oh, the boys—thes the boys," Teague replied, chuckling and rubbing his chin with an embarrassed air; "hit's thes the boys cuttin' up some er ther capers. They er mighty quare, the boys is," he continued, his embarrassment evidently increasing, "mighty quare. They uv up'd an' tuk a notion for to go on a little frolic, an' they uv come by airter me, an' nothin' won't do 'em but I mus' fetch you. S' I, 'Gentlemen, they haint no manners in astin' a man on a marchin'

frolie this time er night, s' I; but Sid Parmalee, he chipped in an' lowed that you wuz ez high up for fun ez the next man."

Woodward thought he understood the drift of things, but he was desperately uncertain. He reflected a moment, and then faced the situation squarely.

"If you were in my place, Mr. Poteet, what would you do?" he asked.

This seemed to relieve Teague. His embarrassment disappeared. His eyes, which had been wandering uneasily around the room, sought Woodward's face and rested there. He took off his wide-brimmed wool hat, placed it carefully upon the floor, and ran his fingers through his iron-gray hair.

"I don't mind sayin'," he remarked, grimly, "that I uv seed the time when I'd uv ast you to drap out'n that winder an' make for the bushes, knowin' that you'd tote a han'ful er bullets in thar wi' you. But on account er me an' Sis, I'm willin' to extracise my bes' judgment. It mayn't be satisfactual, but me and Sis is mighty long-headed when we pulls ter-gether. Ef I was you, I'd thes slip on my duds, an' I'd go out thar whar the boys is, an' I'd be high up for the'r frolic, an' I'd jine in wi' 'em, an' I'd raise any chune they give out."

With this Poteet gravely bowed himself out, and in a very few minutes Woodward was dressed and ready for adventure. He was young and bold, but he felt strangely ill at ease. He realized that, with all his address, he had never been able to gain the confidence of these mountaineers, and he felt sure they connected him with the revenue raid that was about to be made, and of which they had received information. He appreciated to the fullest extent the fact that the situation called for the display of all courage and coolness and nerve he could command; but, in the midst of it all, he longed for an opportunity to show Sis Poteet the difference between a real man and a feeble-minded, jocular rascal like Tip Watson.

His spirits rose as he stepped from the low piazza into the darkness and made his way to where he heard the rattle of stirrups and spurs. Some one hailed him:

"Hello, Cap!"

"Ah-yi!" he responded. "It's here we go, gals, to the wedding."

"I knowed we could count on 'im," said the voice of Tip Watson.

"Yes," said Sid Parmalee, "I knowed it so well that I fotch a extry hoss."

"Where are we going?" Woodward asked.

"Well," said Parmalee, "the boys laid off to have some fun, an' it's done got so these times that when a feller wants fun he's got to git funder up the mounting."

If the words were evasive, the tone was far more so, but Woodward paid little attention to either. He had the air of a man accustomed to being called up in the early hours of the morning to go forth on mysterious expeditions.

A bright fire was blazing in Poteet's kitchen, and the light, streaming through the wide door-way, illuminated the tops of the trees on the edge of the clearing. Upon this back-ground the shadows of the women, black and vast,—Titanic indeed,—were projected as they passed to and fro. From within there came a sound as of the escape of steam from some huge engine; but the men waiting on the outside knew that the frying-pan was doing its perfect work.

The meat sizzled and fried; the shadows in the tops of the trees kept up what seemed to be a perpetual promenade, and the men outside waited patiently and silently. This silence oppressed Woodward. He knew that but for his presence the mountaineers would be consulting together and cracking their dry jokes. In spite of the fact that he recognized in the curious impassiveness of these people the fundamental qualities of courage and endurance, he resented it as a barrier which he had never been able to break down. He would have preferred violence of some sort. He could meet rage with rage, and give blow for blow, but how was he to deal with the reserve by which he was surrounded? He was not physically helpless, by no means, but the fact that he had no remedy against the attitude of the men of Hog Mountain chafed him almost beyond endurance. He was emphatically a man of action—full of the enterprises

usually set in motion by a bright mind, a quick temper, and ready courage; but, measured by the impassiveness which these men had apparently borrowed from the vast, aggressive silences that give strength and grandeur to their mountains, how trivial, how contemptible all his activities seemed to be!

But the frying was over after awhile. The Titanic shadows went to roost in the tops of the trees, and Teague Poteet and his friends, including Ex-Deputy Woodward, took themselves and their fried meat off up the mountain, and the raid followed shortly after. It was a carefully planned raid, and deserved to be called a formidable one. Like many another similar enterprise it was a failure, so far as the purposes of the Government were concerned, but fate or circumstance made it famous in the political annals of that period. Fifteen men, armed with carbines, rode up the mountain. They were full of the spirit of adventure. They felt the strong arm of the law behind them. They knew they were depended upon to make some sort of demonstration, and this, together with a dram too much here and there, made them a trifle reckless and noisy. They had been taught to believe that they were in search of outlaws. They caught from the officers who organized them something of the irritation which was the natural result of so many fruitless attempts to bring Hog Mountain to terms. They betrayed a sad lack of discretion. They brandished their weapons in the frightened faces of women and children, and made many foolish mistakes which need not be detailed here.

They rode noislessly over the mountain, making a circle of Pulliam's Summit, and found nothing. They peered over the precipitous verge of Prather's Mill Road, and saw nothing. They paused occasionally to listen, and heard nothing. They pounced upon a lonely peddler who was toiling across the mountain with his pack upon his back, and plied him with questions concerning the Moonshiners. This peddler appeared to be a very ignorant fellow indeed. He knew his name was Jake Cohen, and that was about all. He had never

crossed Hog Mountain before, and, so help his gracious, he would never cross it again. The roads were all rough and the ladies were all queer. As for the latter—well, great Jingo! they would scarcely look at his most beautiful collection of shawls and ribbons and laces, let alone buy them. In Villa Ray (or as Cohen called it, "Feel Hooray"), he had heard that Teague Poteet had been arrested and carried to Atlanta by a man named Woodward. No one had told him this, but he heard people talking about it wherever he went in Villa Ray, and there seemed to be a good deal of excitement in the settlement.

Cohen was a droll customer, the revenue officers thought, and the longer they chatted with him the droller he became. First and last they drew from him what they considered very important information. But most important of all was the report of the arrest of Teague Poteet. The deputies congratulated themselves. They understood the situation thoroughly, and there course was perfectly plain. Poteet, in endeavoring to escape from them, had fallen into the clutches of Woodward, and their best plan was to overtake the latter before he reached Atlanta with his prize, and thus share in the honor of the capture. With this purpose in view they took a dram all round and turned their horses' heads down the mountain.

Cohen certainly was a droll fellow. He stood in the road until the revenue men had disappeared. Then he unbuckled the straps of his pack, dropped it upon the ground, and sat down upon a bowlder. With his head between his hands, he appeared to be lost in thought, but he was only listening. He remained listening until after the sounds of the horses' feet had died away.

Then he carried his precious pack a little distance from the roadside, covered it with leaves, listened a moment to be sure that the deputies were not returning, and then proceeded to a little ravine in the side of the mountain where the Moonshiners lay. He had been waiting nearly two days where the revenue men found him, and his story of the capture

of Teague Poteet was concocted for the purpose of sending the posse back down the mountain the way they came. If they had gone on a mile farther they would have discovered signs of the Moonshiners, and this discovery would have led to a bloody encounter, if not to the capture of the leaders.

The deputies rode down the mountain in the best of spirits. They had accomplished more than any other posse; they had frightened the Moonshiners of Hog Mountain to their hiding-places, and not a deputy had been killed or even wounded. The clatter they made as they journeyed along attracted the attention of Ab Bonner, a boy about fifteen, who happened to be squirrel-hunting, and he stepped into the road to get a good view of them. He was well-grown for his age, and his single-barreled shotgun looked like a rifle. The revenue men halted at once. They suspected an ambush. Experience had taught them that the Moonshiners would fight when the necessity arose, and they held a council of war. The great gawky boy, with the curiosity of youth and ignorance combined, stood in the road and watched them. When they proceeded toward him in a compact body, he passed on across the road. Hearing a command to halt, he broke into a run, and endeavored to make his way across a small clearing that bordered the road. Several of the deputies fired their guns in the air, but one, more reckless than the rest, aimed directly at the fugitive, and Ab Bonner fell, shot through and through.

Viewed in its relations to all the unfortunate events that have marked the efforts of the Government officials to deal with the violators of the revenue laws from a political point of view, the shooting of this ignorant boy was insignificant enough. But it was important to Hog Mountain. For a moment the deputy marshals were stunned and horrified at the result of their thoughtlessness. Then they dismounted and bore the boy to the roadside again and placed him under the shade of a tree. His blood shone upon the leaves, and his sallow, shrunken face told a pitiful tale of terror, pain, and death.

The deputy-marshals mounted their horses and rode steadily and swiftly down the mountain, and by nightfall they were far away. But there was no need of any special haste. The winds that stirred the trees could carry no messages. The crows flying over, though they made a great outcry, could tell no tales. Once the boy raised his hand and cried "Mammy!" but there was no one to hear him. And though ten thousand ears should listen, the keenest could hear him no more. He became a part of the silence—the awful, mysterious silence—that sits upon the hills and shrouds the mountains.

This incident in the tumultuous experience of Hog Mountain—the killing of Ab Bonner was merely an incident—had a decisive effect upon the movements of Ex-Deputy Woodward. When Jake Cohen succeeded in turning the revenue officials back, the mountaineers made themselves easy for the day and night, and next morning prepared to go to their homes. Some of them lived on one side of Hog Mountain, and some on the other. They called themselves neighbors, and yet they lived miles apart, and so it happened that, with few exceptions, each went in a different direction. Teague Poteet gave the signal:

"Come, Cap," he said to Woodward, "yess be a-traipsin'. Puss'll be a-puttin' on biscuits for supper before we git thar if we don't push on. Be good to your-se'f, boys, an' don't raise no fracas."

Poteet and Woodward rode off together. That afternoon, half a mile from Poteet's, they met a woman running in the road, crying and wringing her hands wildly. She moved like one distracted. She rushed past them, crying:

"They uv killed little Ab! They uv killed him. Oh, Lordy! they uv killed little Ab!"

She ran up the road a little distance and then came running back; she had evidently recognized Poteet. As she paused in the road near them, her faded calico sun-bonnet hanging upon her shoulders, her gray hair falling about her face, her wrinkled arms, writhing in response to a grief too terrible to contemplate, she seemed related in some vague



way to the prophets of old who were assailed by fierce sorrows. Here was something more real and more awful than death itself. Woodward felt in his soul that the figure, the attitude, the misery of this poor old woman were all biblical.

"Oh, Teague," she cried, "they uv killed him! They uv done killed my little Ab! Oh, Lordy! that mortal haint a-livin' that he ever done any harm. What did they kill him for?" Then she turned to Woodward: "Oh, Mister, Mister! *please* tell me what he done. *I'm* the one that made the liquor, *I'm* the one. Oh, Lordy! what did they kill little Ab for?"

Teague Poteet dismounted from his horse, took the woman firmly but gently by the arm and made her sit down by the side of the road. Then, when she was more composed, she told the story of finding her son's body. It was a terrible story to hear from the lips of the mother, but she grew quieter after telling it, and presently went on her way. The two men watched her out of sight.

"I'll tell you what, Cap," said Teague, as he flung himself into the saddle, "they er houndin' airtter us. They er 'buzin' the wimmin an' killin' the children; stidder carryin' out the law, they er gwine about a-shootin' an' a murderin'. *So fur, so good.* Well, now, lemme tell you: the hawk's done lit once too much in the chicken-lot. This is a free country. I haint a-layin' no blame on you. Me an' Sis stood by you when the boys s'ore they wuz a-gwine to rattle you up. We made 'em behave the'rse'ves, an' I haint a-blamin' you, but they er houndin' airtter us, an' ef I wuz you, I wouldn't stay on this hill nary 'nuther minit longer than it 'ud take me to git off'n it. When the boys git wind er this ongodly bizness, they ull be mighty hard to hol'. I reckon maybe you'll be a-gwine down about Atlanty. Well, you thes watch an' see what stan' the Government's gwinter take 'bout Ab Bonner, an' ef hit don't take no stan', you thes drap in thar an' tell 'em how you seed er ole man name Teague Poteet, an' *he* 'lowed that the revenue fellers better not git too clost ter Hog Mountain, bekase the

hidin'-out bizness is done played. The law what's good enough fer pore little Ab Bonner is good enough fer the men what shot 'im"

They rode on until they came to Poteet's house.

"We'll thes go in an' git a snack," said Teague, "an' airtter that your best gait is a gallop."

But Woodward declined. He was dazed as well as humiliated, and he had no desire to face Sis Poteet. He pictured to himself the scorn and bitterness with which she would connect his presence on the Mountain with the murder of Abe Bonner, and he concluded to ride on to Gullettsville. He took Teague Poteet by the hand.

"Good-bye, old man," he said, "I shall remember you. Tell Miss Sis—well, tell Miss Sis good-bye." With that he wheeled his horse and rode rapidly toward Gullettsville.

It was a fortunate ride for him, perhaps. The wrath of Hog Mountain was mightily stirred when it heard of the killing of Ab Bonner, and Woodward would have fared badly at its hands. The wrath of others was stirred also. The unfortuate affair took the shape of a political issue, and thus the hands of justice were tied. But all this is a matter of history and need not be dwelt upon.

In the meantime, as the days passed, Teague Poteet became dimly and uncomfortably conscious that a great change had come over Sis. One day she would be as bright and gay as the birds in the trees; the next she would be quiet, taciturn, and apparently depressed. As Teague expressed: "One minnit hits Sis, an' the nex' hit's some un else." Gradually the fits of depression grew more and more frequent and lasted longer. She was abstracted and thoughtful, and her petulance disappeared altogether. The contrast resulting from this change was so marked that it would have attracted the attention of a person of far less intelligence than Teague Poteet. He endeavored to discuss the matter with his wife, but Puss Poteet was not the woman to commit herself. She was a Mountain Sphinx.

"I'm afeard Sis is ailin'," said Teague upon one occasion.

"Well," replied Puss, "she aint complainin'."

"That's hit," Teague persisted; "she haint complainin'. That's what pesters me. She looks lonesome, an' she's got one er them kinder fur-away looks in her eyes that gives me the all-overs." The Sphinx rubbed its snuff and swung in its rocking-chair "Some days she looks holp up, an' then ag'in she looks cas' down. I 'lowed maybe you mought know what ailed her."

"Men folks," said Puss, manipulating her snuff-swab slowly and deliberately, "won't never have no sense while the worl' stan's. Ef a 'oman aint gwine hether an' yan', rippity-clippity, day in an' day out, an' half the night, they er on ther heads. Wimmin haint men."

"That's so," replied Teague, gravely, "they haint. Ef they wuz, the men 'ud be in a mighty nice fix."

"They'd have some sense," said Puss.

"Likely so. Yit 'oman er man kin shet one eye an' tell that Sis looks droopy, an' when Sis looks droopy I know in reason sump'n' nuther ails her."

"Well, goodness knows, I wish in my soul somebody 'd shet one eye an' look at me," exclaimed Puss, with a touch of jealousy in her tone. "I traipse 'roun' this hill ontill I'm that wore out I kin skacely drag one foot airt'er t'other, an' I don't never hear nobody up an' ast what ails *me*. It's Sis, Sis, Sis, all the time, an' eternally. Ef the calf's fat, the ole cow aint got much choice betwixt the quagmire an' the tan-vat."

"Lord, how you do run on," said the iron-gray giant, rubbing his knuckles together sheepishly. "You don't know Sis ef you go on that way. Many's the time that chile 'ud foller me up an' say, 'Pap, ef you see my shawl a-hangin' out on the fence, Puss'll be asleep, an' dont you come a-lumberin' in an' wake her up, nuther.' An' many's the time she'd come out an' meet me, an' up an' say, 'Pap, Puss has takin' an' bin a-mopin' all day long; yess you an' me go in an' fetch her up.' An' bless your life," Teague continued, addressing some imaginary person on the other side of the fire-place,

"when me an' Sis sets our heads for to fetch anybody up, they er thes nachully erbleeged ter come."

Puss rubbed her snuff and swayed to and fro in her rocking-chair, disdaining to make any reply to this array of facts and arguments; and Teague was as ignorant as ever of the cause of the queer change in his daughter. Perhaps, as becomes a dutiful husband, he should have retorted upon his complaining wife with complaints of his own; but his interests and his isolation had made him thoughtful and forbearing. He had the trait of gentleness which frequently sweetens and equalizes large natures. He remembered that behind whatever complaints—reasonable or unreasonable—Puss might make, there existed a stronghold of affection and tenderness; he remembered that her whole life had been made up of a series of small sacrifices; he knew that she was ready, whenever occasion made it necessary, to cast aside her snuff-swab and her complaints, and go to the rack without a murmur.

But Teague was by no means satisfied with the condition of affairs, so far as Sis was concerned. He said no more to his wife, but he kept his eyes open. The situation was baffling to the point of irritation, but Teague betrayed neither uneasiness nor restlessness. He hung about the house more, and he would frequently walk in quietly when the women thought he was miles away.

There were times when Sis ignored his presence altogether, but as a general thing she appeared to relish his companionship. Sometimes at night, after her mother had gone to bed, she would bring her chair close to Teague's, and rest her head upon his shoulder, while he smoked his pipe and gazed into the fire. Teague enjoyed these occasions to the utmost, and humored his daughter's slightest wish, responding to her every mood and fancy. If she talked, he talked; if she was silent he said nothing. Once she dropped asleep with her head on his arm, and Teague sat holding her thus half the night. When she did awake she upbraided herself so earnestly for imposing on her old pappy (as she called him) that Teague yawned, and stretched him-

self, and rubbed his eyes, and pretended that he, too, had been asleep.

"Lordy, honey! I wuz that gone tell I didn't know wh'er I 'uz rolled up in a hay-stack er stretched out in a feather-bed. I reckon ef you'd 'a' listened right clost' you'd 'a' heern me sno'. I thes laid back an' howled at the rafters, an' once-t er twice-t I wuz aferd I mout waken up Puss."

Sis's response to this transparent fib was an infectious peal of laughter, and a kiss which amply repaid Teague for any discomfort to which he may have been subjected.

Once, after Sis had nestled up close against Teague, she asked somewhat irrelevantly.

"Pap, do you reckon Mr. Woodward was a revenue spy after all?"

"Well, not to'rds the last. He draped that business airt'er he once seed its which-a-ways. What makes you ast?"

"Because I hate and despise revenue spies."

"Well, they haint been a-botherin' roun' lately, an' we haint got no call to hate 'em tell they gits in sight. Hatin' is a mighty ha'sh disease. When Puss's preacher comes along, he talks ag'in it over the Bible, an' when you call 'im in to dinner, he talks ag'in it over the chicken-bones. I reckon hit's mighty bad—mighty bad."

"Did you like him?"

"Who? Puss's preacher?"

"Now, you know I don't mean *him*, pap"

"Oh! Cap'n Woodward. Well, I tell you what, he had mighty takin' ways. Look in his eye an' you would't see no muddy water; an' he had grit. They haint no two ways about that. When I ast 'im out with us that night, he went like a man that had a stool to quiltin'-bee; an' when Duke Dawson an' Sid Parmalee flung out some er the'r slurs, he thes snapt his fingers in the'r face an' ups an' says, says he, 'Gents, ef youer up for frolic, I'm your man, an' ef youer in for a fight, thes count me in,' says he. The boys wuz a little drinky," said Teague, appologetically.

Sis squeezed up a little closer against her father's shoulder.

"Did they fight, pap?"

"Lord bless you, no. I thes taken an' flung my han' in Duke's collar an' fetched 'im a shake er two, an' put 'im in a good humor thereckly; an' then airt'erwards Tip Watson sot 'em all right when he read out the letter you foun' on the floor."

"Oh, pap:" Sis exclaimed in a horrified tone, "I *slapped* that letter out of Mr. Woodward's *hand*!"

Teague laughed exultantly.

What did he say?"

"He didn't say *anything*. He looked like he expected the floor to open and swallow him. I never was so ashamed in my life. I've cried about it a thousand times."

"Why, honey, I wouldn't take an' *cry* 'bout it ef I wuz you."

"Yes, you would, pap, if—if—you were me. I don't know what came over me; I don't know how I could be so hateful. No *lady* would ever do such a thing as that."

Sis gave her opinion with great emphasis. Teague took his pipe out of his mouth.

"Well, I tell you what, honey, they mought er done wuss. I let you know, when folks is got to be a-runnin' here an' a-hidin' yander, hit's thes about time for the gals for to lose the'r manners. Nobody wouldn't a-blamed you much ef you'd a-fetched the Cap'n a clip stidder the letter; leas'tways, I wouldn't."

The girl shivered and caught her breath.

"Ef I had hit *him*," she exclaimed vehemently, "I should have gone off and killed myself."

"Shoo!" said Teague in a tone intended to be at once contemptuous and reassuring, but it was neither one nor the other.

This conversation gave Teague fresh cause for anxiety. From his point of view, Sis's newly-developed humility was absolutely alarming, and it added to his uneasiness. He recognized in her tone a certain shyness which seemed to appeal to him for protection, and he was profoundly stirred by it without at all understanding it. With a tact that might have been traced to either instinct or accident, he refrained from question-

ing her as to her troubles. He was confused, but watchful. He kept his own counsel, and had no more conferences with Puss. Perhaps Puss was also something of a mystery; if so, she was old enough to take care of her own affairs.

Teague had other talks with Sis,—some general, some half-confidential—and he finally became aware of the fact that every subject led to Woodward. He humored this, awkwardly but earnestly, and thought he had a clue, but it was a clue that pestered him more than ever.

He turned it round in his mind and brooded over it. Woodward was a man of fine appearance and winning manners, and Sis, with all the advantages—comparative advantages, merely—that the Gullettsville Academy had given her, was only a country girl after all. What if—? Teague turned away from the suspicion in terror. It was a horrible one; but as often as he put it aside, so often he returned to it. It haunted him. Turn where he might, go where he would, it pursued him night and day.

ONE mild afternoon in the early spring, Mr. Philip Woodward, ex-deputy marshal, leaned against the railing of Broad street bridge in the city of Atlanta, and looked northward to where Kennesaw Mountain rises like a huge blue billow out of the horizon that lends picturesqueness to the view. Mr. Woodward was in excellent humor. He had just made up his mind in regard to a matter that had given him no little trouble. A wandering prospector, the agent of a company of Boston capitalists, had told him a few hours before that he would be offered twenty thousand dollars for his land-lot on Hog Mountain. This was very important, but it was not of the highest importance. He nodded familiarly to Kennesaw, and thought: "I'll slip by you to-morrow and make another raid on Hog Mountain, and compel that high-tempered girl to tell me what she means by troubling me so."

A train of cars ran puffing and roaring under the bridge, and as Woodward turned to follow it with his eye he saw standing upon the other side a tall,

gaunt, powerful-looking man, whom he instantly recognized as Teague Poteet. Teague wore the air of awkward, recklessly-helpless independence which so often deceives those who strike the mountain men for a trade. Swiftly crossing the bridge, Woodward seized Teague and greeted him with a cordiality that amounted to enthusiasm.

"Well, of all the world, old man, you are the one I most wanted to see." Teague's thoughts ran with grim directness to a reward that had been offered for a certain gray old Moonshiner who had made his head-quarters on Hog Mountain. "How are all at home?" Woodward went on, "and what is the news?"

"The folks is porely and puny," Teague replied, "an' the news wont skacely b'ar relatin'. I haint a-denyin'," he continued, rubbing his chin and looking keenly at the other, "I haint a-denyin' but what I'm a-huntin' airter you, an' the business I come on haint got much howdyin' in it. Ef you uv got some place or nuther wher'ever'body naint a cockin' up the'r years at us, I'd like to pass some words wi' you."

"Why, of course," exclaimed Woodward, hooking his arm in Teague's. "We'll go to my room. Come! And after we get through, if you don't say that my business with you is more important than your business with me, then I'll agree to carry you to Hog Mountain on my back. Now that's a fair and reasonable proposition. What do you say?"

Woodward spoke with unusual warmth, and there was a glow of boyish frankness in his tone and manners that Teague found it hard to resist.

"Well, they's thes this much about it," he said. "My business is mighty troublesome, an' yit, hit's got to be settled up."

He had put a revolver in his pocket on account of this troublesome business.

"So is mine troublesome," responded Woodward, laughing, and then growing serious. "It has nearly worried me to death."

Presently they reached Woodward's room, which was up a flight of stairs near the corner of Broad and Alabama

streets. It was a very plain apartment, but comfortably furnished and kept with scrupulous neatness.

"Now, then," said Woodward, when Teague had seated himself, "I'll settle my business, and then you can settle yours." He had seated himself in a chair, but he got up, shook himself, and walked around the room nervously. The lithograph of a popular burlesque actress stared brazenly at him from the mantel-piece. He took this remarkable work of art, folded it across the middle, and threw it into the grate. "I've had more trouble than enough," he went on, "and if I hadn't met you to-day I intended to hunt you up to-morrow."

"In Atlanty?"

"No; on Hog Mountain. Oh, I know the risk," Woodward exclaimed, misinterpreting Teague's look of surprise. "I know all about that, but I was going just the same. Has Miss Sis ever married?" he asked, stopping before Teague and blushing like a girl.

"Not less'n it happened sence last We'n'sday, an' that haint no ways likely," replied the other, with more interest than he had yet shown. Woodward's embarrassment was more impressive than his words.

"I hardly know how to say it," he continued, "but what I wanted to ask you was this: Suppose I should go up to Hog Mountain some fine morning, and call on you and say, as the fellow did in the song, 'Old man, old man, give me your daughter,' and you should reply, 'Go upstairs and take her if you want to,' what do you suppose the daughter would say?"

Woodward tried in vain to give an air of banter to his words. Teague leaned forward with his hands upon his knees.

"Do you mean would Sis marry you?" he asked.

"That is just exactly what I mean," Woodward replied.

The old man rose and stretched himself, and drew a deep sigh of relief. His horrible suspicion had no foundation. He need not fly to the mountains with Woodward's blood upon his hands.

"Lemme tell you the honest truth, Cap," he said, placing his hand kindly on

the young man's shoulder. "I might 'low she would, an' I might 'low she wouldn't; but I'm erbleege to tell you that I dunno nothin' 'bout that chil' no more'n ef I hadn't a-never seed 'er. Win-min is mighty kuse."

"Yes," said Woodward, "they are curious."

"Some days they er gwine rippin' aroun' like the woods wuz a-fire, an' then ag'in they er mopin' an' a-moonin' like ever' minnit wuz a-gwine to be the nex'. I bin a-studyin' Sis sence she wan't no bigger'n a skinned rabbit, an' yit I haint got to A, B, C, let alone a-b ab, u-b ub. When a man lays off for to keep up wi' the wimmin folks, he kin thies make up his min' that he'll have to git in a dark corner an' scratch his head many a time when he oughter be a-diggin' for his livin'. They'll addle 'im thereckly."

"Well," said Woodward, with an air of determination, "I'm going back with you and hear what Miss Sis has to say. Sit down. Didn't you say you wanted to see me on business?"

"I did start out wi' that idea," said Teague, slipping into a chair and smiling curiously, "but I disremember mostly what 'twuz about. Ever'thing is been a-pesterin' me lately, an' a man that's hard-headed an' long-legged picks up all sorts er foolish notions. I wish you'd take keer this pickle-bottle, Cap," he continued, drawing a revolver from his coat-tail pocket and placing it on the table. "I uv bin afeared ever sence I started out that the blamed thing 'ud go off an' t'ar my jacket wrong-sud-outerds. Gimme a gun, an' you'll gener'llly fin' me somewheres aroun'; but them ar clikety-clukers is got mos' too many holes in 'em for to suit my eyesight."

Usually, it is a far cry from Atlanta to Hog Mountain, but Teague Poteet and Woodward lacked the disposition of loiterers. They shortened the distance considerably by striking through the country, the old mountaineer remarking that if the big road would take care of itself he would try and take care of himself.

They reached Poteet's one afternoon, creating a great stir among the dogs and geese that were sunning themselves out-

side the yard. Sis had evidently seen them coming, and was in a measure prepared; but she blushed painfully when Woodward took her hand, and she ran into her father's arms with a little hysterical sob.

"Sis didn't know a blessed word 'bout my gwine off to Atlanty," said Teague, awkwardly but gleefully. "Did you, honey?"

Sis looked from one to another for an explanation. Woodward was smiling the broad, unembarrassed smile of the typical American lover, and Teague was laughing. Suddenly it occurred to her that her father, divining her secret—her sweet, her bitter, her well-guarded secret—had sought Woodward out and begged him to return. The thought filled her with such shame and indignation as only a woman can experience. She seized Teague by the arm:

"Pap, have you been to Atlanta?"

"Yes, honey, an' I made 'as'e to come back."

"Oh, how could you! How dare you do such a thing!" she exclaimed passionately. "I will never forgive you as long as I live—never!"

"Why, honey——"

But she was gone, and neither Teague nor her mother could get a word of explanation from her. Teague coaxed, and wheedled, and threatened, and Puss cried and quarrelled; but Sis was obdurate. She shut herself in her room and remained there. Woodward was thoroughly miserable. He felt that he was an interloper in some measure, and yet he was convinced that he was the victim of a combination of circumstances for which he was in no wise responsible. He had never made any study of the female mind, because, like most men of sanguine temperament, he was convinced that he thoroughly understood it; but he had not the remotest conception of the tragic element which, in spite of social training or the lack of it, controls and gives strength and potency to feminine emotions. Knowing nothing of this, Woodward knew nothing of women.

The next morning he was stirring early, but he saw nothing of Sis. He saw nothing of her during the morning,

and at last, in the bitterness of his disappointment, he saddled his horse, and made preparations to go down the mountain.

"I reckon it haint no use to ast you to make out your visit," said Teague gloomily. "That's what I says to Puss. I'm a free nigger ef Sis don't beat my time. You'll be erbleege to stop in Gullettsville to-night, an' in case er accidents you thes better tie this on your coat."

The old mountaineer produced a small piece of red woolen string and looped it in Woodward's button-hole.

"Ef any er the boys run up wi' you an' begin to git limber-jawed," Teague continued, "thes hang your thum' in that kinder keerless like, an' they'll swear by you thereckly. Ef any of 'em asts the news, thes say they's a leak in Sugar Creek. Well, well, well!" he exclaimed, after a little pause; "hit's thes like I tell you, Wimmin folks is mighty kuse."

When Woodward bade Puss good-bye, she looked at him sympathetically and said:

"Sometime when youer passin' by, I'd be mighty thankful ef you 'ud fetch me some maccaboy snuff"

The young man, unhappy as he was, was almost ready to accuse Mrs. Poteet of humor, and he rode off with a sort of grim desire to laugh at himself and the rest of the world. The repose of the mountains fretted him; the vague blue mists that seemed to lift the valleys into prominence and carry the hills farther away, tantalized him; and the spirit of spring, just touching the great woods with a faint suggestion of green, was a mockery. There was a purpose—a decisiveness—in the stride of his horse that he envied, and yet he was inclined to resent the swift amiability with which the animal moved away.

But it was a wise steed, for when it came to Sis Poteet standing by the side of the road, it threw up its head and stopped. Woodward lifted his hat, and held it in his hand. She gave him one little glance, and then her eyes drooped.

"I wanted to ask you something," she said, pulling a dead leaf to pieces. Her air of humility was charming. She hesi-

tated a moment, but Woodward was too much astonished to make any reply. "Are you very mad," she asked with bewitching inconsequence.

"Why should *I* be mad, Miss Sis? I am glad you have given me the opportunity to ask your pardon for coming up here to worry you."

"I wanted to ask you if pap—I mean, if father went to Atlanta to see you," she said, her eyes still bent upon the ground.

"He said he wanted to see me on business," Woodward replied.

"Did he say anything about me?"

"Not that I remember. He never said anything about his business, even," Woodward went on. "I told him about some of my little troubles, and when he found I was coming back here, he seemed to forget all about his own business. I suppose he saw that I wouldn't be much interested in anybody else's business but my own just then."

Sis lifted her head and looked steadily at Woodward. A little flush appeared in her cheeks, and mounted to her forehead, and then died away.

"Pap doesn't understand—I mean he doesn't understand everything, and I was afraid he had— Why do you look at me so?" she exclaimed, stopping short, and blushing furiously.

"I ask your pardon," said the young man; "I was trying to catch your meaning. You say you were afraid your ather—"

"Oh, I am not afraid now. Don't you think the weather is nice?"

Woodward was a little puzzled, but he was not embarrassed. He swung himself off his horse and stood beside her.

"I told your father," he said drawing very near to the puzzling creature that had so willfully eluded him—"I told your father that I was coming up here to ask his daughter to marry me. What does the daughter say?"

She looked up in his face. The earnestness she saw there dazzled and conquered her. Her head drooped lower, and she clasped her hands together. He changed his tactics.

"Is it really true, then, that you hate me?"

"Oh! if you only *knew!*" she cried, and with that, Woodward caught her in his arms.

An old woman, gray-haired, haggard and sallow, who had been drawn from the neighborhood of Hog Mountain by the magers of the Atlanta Cotton Exposition to aid in illustrating the startling contrasts that the energy and progress of man have produced, had but one vivid remembrance of that remarkable display. She had but one story to tell, and, after the Exposition was over, she rode forty miles on horseback, in the mud and rain, to tell it at Teague Poteet's.

"I wish I may die," she exclaimed, flinging the corners of her shawl back over her shoulders, and dipping her clay pipe in the glowing embers—"I wish I may die ef I ever see sech gangs, an' gangs, an' gangs of folks, an' ef I git the racket out'n my head by nex' Chris'mas, I'll be *mighty* lucky. They sot me over ag'in the biggest fuss they could pick out, an' gimme a pa'r of cotton kyards. Here's what kin kyard when she gits her han' in, an' I b'leeve'n my soul I kyarded 'nuff bats to thicken all the quilts betwix' this an' Californy. The folks, they 'ud come an' stan', an' star', an' go some's else; an' then new folks 'ud come, an' stan', an' star', an' go some'rs else. They wuz jew-larkers thar frum ever'wheres, an' they looked like they wuz too brazen to live skacely. Not that *I* keered. No, bless you. Not when folks is a-plumpin' down the cash money. Not me. No, siree. I wuz a-kyardin' away, when all of a sudden some an' retched down an' grabbed me 'roun' the neck, an' bussed me right here on the jaw. Now, I haint a-tellin' you no lie, I like to 'a' fainted. I lookt up an' who do you reckon it wuz?"

"I bet a hoss," said Teague dryly, that Sis wa'n't fur from thar when that bussin' wuz a-gwine on."

"Who should it be *but* Sis!" exclaimed the old woman. "Who else but Sis wuz a-gwine to grab me an' gimme a buss right here on the jaw frontin' of all them jewlarkers? When I looked up an' seen 'twuz Sis, I thought in my soul

she'uz the purtiest creatur I ever led eyes on. 'Well, the Lord love you, Sis!' s' I, 'Whar on the face of the yeth did you drap frum?' s' I. I ketched 'er by the arm an' helt 'er off, an' s' I, 'Ef I don't have a tale to tell when I git home, no 'oman never had none, s' I. She took an' buss'd me right frontin' of all them jewlarkers, an' airtter she 'uz gone,

I sot down an had a good cry."

And then, the old woman fell to crying softly at the remembrance of it, and those who sat around the wide hearth cried with her. And narrow as their lives are, the memory of the girl seemed to sweeten and inspire all who sat around the hearth that night at Teague Poteet's.

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## HALF-HOURS WITH CLASSIC AUTHORS.

BY FRANCES A. SHAW.

FRANZ GRILLPARZER.

I.



SHILLER, the "*leibling Dichter*," had been twelve years in his grave, and Goethe, an old man of seventy, still held his court in Weimar, as king of German letters, when a new star

appeared in the literary horizon. The fatherland joyfully hailed this star, and Franz Grillparzer was ere long pronounced second only to Goethe among living poets.

As a young man of twenty-five, he gave the world his first tragedy, *Die Ahnfrau*, a work original in conception and artistic in treatment, involving subtle mysteries of life and fate beyond the usual domain of dramatic literature.

The drama won immediate success upon the German stage, and soon made a triumphal tour of the principal German theatres. Other works followed in rapid succession, and for twenty-one years Grillparzer was the most prolific of poets. Then a strange spell came over him; he wrapped himself in silence as in a mantle, and, to the day of his death, he lived in Vienna, a mute singer, a poet-king without a crown or court, save for the little band of loyal subjects who still gathered about him, acclaiming him a sovereign by the divine birth-right of genius, a poet by the grace of God.

The son of a prosperous lawyer, Grillparzer had been reared in ease and lux-

ury. Educated by private tutors, and left to choose his own curriculum, he decided upon language and the *belles lettres*, early entering upon that study of ancient and modern tongues, which ended only with his life. He read incessantly, and, aided by a retentive memory, made all he read his own. He could, with equal facility, quote the lightest *bon mot* of modern French rhymers, or the most profound passage from a classic Greek poet.

Napoleon's wars caused the financial ruin of the Grillparzer family. In the darkest hour of the conflict, the father died insolvent, and the support of the widow and younger children henceforth devolved upon Franz, the eldest son.

He took the best place that offered, that of private tutor, and attained ere long a humble post in the public service. He had studied law with his father, more for recreation than as a possible means of support, and he rose slowly, first to a place in the Treasury, later to one in the Archives. He was retiring and sensitive, and could not push his way in the world; he met consequently the usual fate of modest genius, and remained in the back-ground, while others less worthy were advanced to places of honor and profit. Poetry and politics are antagonistic, and Grillparzer, the poet, stood in the way of Grillparzer, the aspirant for public office.

With mingled hope and fear, he one day read his drama, *Die Ahnfrau* to a relative, by whose decision he had resolved to abide. "Ah, Franz, have done with this nonsense; you are no



poet!" was the disheartening verdict. The chagrined author's first impulse was to destroy the unlucky manuscript; but even unsuccessful poets have a fondness for their rhythmic offspring,—and Franz locked the verses in his desk, resolved that no eye but his own should ever see them.

Sometime after, Schreyvogel, a theatrical manager, suspecting that the young treasury clerk occasionally wrote, begged to see one of his productions. With many misgiving, Franz drew the manuscript of *Die Ahnfrau* from its hiding place. Schreyvogel read it carefully, and then grasping the young man's hand, he said: "If I had been that relative of yours, I should have said,—'Go on, Franz, for, by heaven, you are a poet!'" In this just critic, the struggling author found a generous patron.

"*Sappho, a Tragedy*," appeared two years later, and placed Grillparzer in the front ranks of German poets. In this poetic trilogy of love, genius and sorrow, he reached the heights of ideal tragedy, resuscitating for the German stage, that mournful drama enacted in Hellas two thousand years ago.

A year from the date of this brilliant success, the now famous poet set out for Italy, that home of every art, that goal of every artist. Starting on this poetic pilgrimage, his poet soul thus poured forth its joy in triumphant song:—

Now God be praised the hour is come,  
With pilgrim staff in hand,  
I seek thy shores, fair Italy,  
Thou glorious promised land!

As pious pilgrims on their breasts,  
Bear sacred relics home,  
So holiest spoils I'll win and wear  
From thy great past, proud Rome!

One drop from out that wonder fount  
Of rapt, pure minstrelsy,  
One spark, Apollo, from thy shrine  
Of heaven-lit poesy.

Some impress great world-ruler Jove,  
Of thy high might and power;  
From Maro's grave a laurel-leaf,  
From Dante's tomb, a flower.

Thine image, lofty spotless soul,  
Peerless Di Medicis!  
Thy hand oft reddened o'er with gore,  
Need never blush for thee.

And I will kneel, O vanished time,  
Before thy sculptures old,

Dreaming myself a part of thee  
And of thine age of gold.

And from thee I will learn how high  
Man's thought and deed may rise,  
Winged by the God within the soul  
That seeks its native skies.

Then with proud heart, I'll homeward turn,  
And weave, God helping me,  
Some nobler song, for this brief stay,  
Blest land of song, in thee!

He brought home with him many fair lyric blossoms, the most beautiful of them being "The Cross upon the Coliseum," and "The Ruins of the Campo Vacci."

"*The Golden Fleece*," founded upon the well-known story of Medea, appeared in 1822. Grillparzer's "Medea" is said to surpass that of any other dramatist. This part, enacted by the gifted and ideally beautiful Sophia Schroeder, won new laurels for the poet, and gave him an assured place among the world's great dramatists.

Two characters can offer no more extreme contrasts than Grillparzer's *Sappho* and *Medea*. *Sappho* is the finest blossom of Hellenic culture; *Medea* is an untutored savage. *Sappho* sacrifices herself; *Medea* sacrifices others. In these two characters, Grillparzer strikes every note in the gamut of passion.

"King Ottokar's Fortune and End," which some critics have pronounced Grillparzer's greatest work, appeared in 1824. This drama fell under the ban of the censorship to which its author was a frequent martyr. He often threw away the pen in despair and indignation, only to take it up again; for his genius was a demon which goaded him on. Austria possessed no more patriotic son than Grillparzer, and yet never was a poet more wounded in the house of his friends.

Both parties blamed him; the liberals could not forgive his conservatism, the conservatives could not forgive his love of progress. During the revolution of 1848, he rejoiced in the triumph of liberal principles, while he condemned the extravagances of the revolutionists.

Grillparzer's next tragedy appeared four years after "Ottokar." It was entitled "*A True Friend of His Master*,"

and did not prove a success. "*The Waves of Love and of the Sea*," founded upon the story of Hero and Leander, a story old and yet forever new to youthful hearts, was presented upon the stage with great applause. It was followed by "*The Dream of Life*," a drama so popular that it still holds its place upon the Vienna stage. Other dramas and numerous lyrics came in rapid succession from the facile pen of the admired poet, who at length surprised his friends with a comedy which was condemned in advance, and proved a failure. Its humor was too subtle and refined for the comprehension of the multitude.

After this unlooked for humiliation, Grillparzer relapsed into an obstinate silence. But while he withdrew more and more from the world, he formed the center of a select circle composed of those who loved, honored and understood him. He still wrote, but productions which might have given him world-wide fame remained, year after year in the obscurity of his desk, and few dreamed of their existence.

He erred in choosing his dramatic subjects almost wholly from the past. The remoteness of his scenes and characters has always marred their success upon the stage, which, to appeal to the masses, must mirror the present era, and reflect the actual life of the people.

## II.

Grillparzer delighted in travel both for its own sake and for its opportunities of æsthetic culture. Authorship had brought him but small returns, and yet from his slender savings, he found means for much journeying both at home and abroad. He made long sojourns in the principal German cities, and also in London and Paris. Wherever he went, his renown preceded him, and he was assured of a hearty welcome from authors and scholars. His published works contain many interesting reminiscences of travel. Through some strange fatality, he never visited Spain, the country which of all others he most desired to see, and whose literature had been his life-long study.

In 1848 he made an extended tour of

Greece and the Orient, bringing home with him from the morning-land of song and inspiration, rich material for new poetic works.

Grillparzer was a man versed in law and science as well as in literature; few equalled him in profound and varied learning. The Vienna Academy of Arts and Sciences enrolled him as one of its members. This Academy requires an autobiography of each member, and, in obedience to this rule, Grillparzer wrote a sketch, brief and unsatisfactory, and entering into but few details of his personal history.

Among the private papers left at his death is found a fuller record. Here the story of his one life-long love is told without evasion or concealment. The object of his lasting affection, the muse of his first dramas and the inspiration of his sweetest lyrics, was Catherine Frohlich, a lady in all respects worthy of his choice. This love, which was fully returned, and which endured for half a century, was never crowned by marriage.

From youth until long past middle life, our poet was harassed by his own poverty and by that of his family. He was advanced in years when relieved at last from pecuniary embarrassment. A home artistically beautiful, and free from the petty, sordid cares which narrow means entail, had never been within his reach, and he would install the lady of his love in no home he deemed unworthy of her.

Katherine Frohlich, a woman with a warm, true heart, cultured mind, and an unusual share of sterling common sense, possessed also a calm, equable temperament, which rendered her the exact counterpart of her morbidly sensitive lover. Knowing that the burdens and anxieties of a domestic life, such as their united means could afford, would be torture to his proud spirit and a clog to his genius, she decided that a single life would be best for both.

So wisely or unwisely, these two kindred souls lived apart year after year, until both fell into the sere and yellow leaf. It was no transient affection that had united this gifted pair, and they remained faithful unto death.

Grillparzer, in his fine lyric, entitled "*The Ban*," gives the reader a glimpse into the motives which had led him to renounce the sweets of domestic life, and confess that ambition was the haunting demon of his existence. No translation can do justice to this beautiful poem, which I have sought to render as literally as possible:

Farewell, Farewell! The blissful dream is ended,  
Driven by an unseen power, a haunting voice,  
I leave the heaven that to my world descended,  
Leave the dear maiden of my young heart's choice.

For know, love, when thine arms were round me  
twining,  
Thou in thy clasp was holding no free man;  
A spell past thy pure soul's ken or divining,  
Was round me thrown, I lived beneath a ban!

In youth's vain strength upon myself relying,  
Nature, the world's high sovereign, I defied,  
Staking all else to win fame's wreath undying—  
And thus she mocked me in her wrath and pride:

"Dost thou despise the precious gifts I offer?  
Dost thou esteem my wealth of little worth?  
Love and love's joy no more to thee I proffer,  
Heaven-stormer, thou art free from ties of earth!"

"From wish to wish, fancy to fancy roving,  
As thou art now, remain thy whole life long;  
Never to know the sweet content of loving,  
The dear home hearth, the dulcet cradle-song.

"A mocking demon day and night shall haunt thee,  
A syren voice shall lure thee evermore;  
Ambition now shall torture, now enchant thee—  
Till all the peace and rest of life are o'er.

"When slumber throws its spell round happier  
mortals;  
On Fancy's pinions thou shall mount and soar,  
To knock oft vainly at the fast-closed portals  
Of that dream-world whence comes the poet's lore.

"Thy speech will change to one so strange that never  
The throng will heed or seek to understand;  
Far from the goal shall fall thy best endeavor—  
Forever twain remain thy heart and hand!

"Go hence, then, cheated of thy life's best treasure,  
Go seek in fame to still thy yearning heart,  
And learn what bliss, what wealth past count or  
measure—  
What love, what truth, thou hast renounced for  
Art!"

Thus fell her words, like night and storm around me,  
Too late I feel their truth—regret is vain,  
No power can lift the spell fate weaves around me,  
Or give my soul its olden peace again.

And so o'er earth I wander, banned, forsaken,  
Beguiling others, as beguiled by Art;  
Thou weep'st, dear one, thy love through all  
unshaken—  
But vain thy tears—we must forever part!

In his drama of *Sappho*, our poet says, pursuing the same vein of thought:

"He whom the gods have chosen for their own,  
May not consort with citizens of earth;  
The mortal lot and heavenly cannot mingle  
In the same cup; but thou must chose between  
them.

Hast thou once chosen, there is no receding;  
One drop of the immortal fruit of fame,  
Like to Proserpina's pomegranate seeds,  
Ranks the forever with the quiet shades,  
And to the living thou belong'st no more."\*

Katherine Frohlich and her two sisters lived in a modest tenement upon the *Spiegelgasse*. In his old age, Grillparzer shared their dwelling, occupying a suite of rooms on the upper floor, and dining at a restaurant near by. Here he found the care and sympathy so grateful to declining years; here he formed the centre of a select literary and musical circle. The Frohlich sisters, who were women of the finest culture, had made music an especial study. Their little soirees were frequented by a chosen few, embracing the foremost artistic and literary people of the capital. In this circle of elect spirits, the usually silent, introspective Grillparzer surpassed all in charm of manner and brilliancy of conversation.

"He would never be an orator," writes one who knew him well, "and yet the richest material for speech was always at his command. He was a rare talker, and talked as he wrote, dealing much in aphorisms, yet with more frequent flashes of humor."

He was devoid of literary jealousy, and never withheld the meed of praise from a deserving rival. An ardent disciple of Kant, he could be satisfied with nothing short of absolute perfection. He regarded poetry as a fine art requiring as much culture as music, sculpture or painting. "Culture is many sided," he said in one of his familiar conversations; "but art is one-sided, and demands forgetfulness of everything in the world outside itself." He was a connoisseur in all the arts, in music, sculpture, painting and the drama.

The most unassuming of men, he was

\* Miss Frothingham's translation.

yet conscious of his own merit, Returning from a visit to Weimar, he said, "Next after Goethe and Schiller, at a proper distance comes Grillparzer."

Although never a politician, he was a life-long student of public affairs, and proved himself a progressive, far-seeing man. He believed in his fellow-men, and demanded for others, the same freedom of thought he claimed for himself.

He loved simplicity and retirement. His manner of life was frugal and temperate, and no shadows ever fell upon his fair fame.

In youth and middle life, his figure was erect and graceful, his hair blonde, his complexion fair. his face one that became transfigured in moments of inspiration. He possessed that exquisite refinement of speech and manner which seem inseparable from the idea of poet.

Death came to him without the slightest warning just after his eighty-first anniversary. He was sitting in his arm-chair carefully dressed as usual, when all at once, he ceased to breathe. His will was made. He had left everything to Katherine Frohlich, and had appointed Dr. Preyes, an old and tried friend, his literary executor. Katherine Frohlich survived him twelve years.

Austria, haunted by a late remorse for her unjust treatment of her greatest poet, had made him some tardy reparation. At the age of seventy, he was retired from office with the title and emoluments of Imperial Counsellor, and for the first time in his life, allowed to taste the sweets of pecuniary independence.

His eightieth birthday was worthily celebrated in his native city. All Vienna, from the royal family to the humblest citizen, vied in doing him honor. Time fails to dwell upon the grand banquet, the orations, the floral and other offerings. The Vienna ladies celebrated the day by founding a "Grillparzer Institution" for the aid of struggling authors. In this demonstration, Vienna and all Austria raised upon their shield the name of Grillparzer, as the one national poet.

When the great writer, whose mental powers had suffered no decline, died a

year later, the whole land mourned. Never had poet such a burial. The broad streets and suburbs of the imperial capital were thronged, the windows all along the line of the procession lined with spectators. One hundred thousand people were out that day in Vienna to pay the last honors to Austria's greatest poet. He was laid to rest in the Wah-ringer cemetery, that sacred spot already hallowed by the precious dust of Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert and other artists and poets of world wide renown.

This national outpouring of reverence and sorrow was not alone for Grillparzer, the poet; it was for Grillparzer, the venerated citizen, the good and honorable man who had never desecrated his high art to unworthy uses. The learning, wisdom and lofty character of the venerable poet, had made him almost a prophet among his people.

He had also his literary apotheosis. Soon after his death, his works were issued in Stuttgart in an edition of ten handsome volumes. Miss Ellen Frothingham has rendered his *Sappho* into choice English verse, and an excellent translation of his tragedy of *Medea* has appeared in London. These two dramas, and some of his lyrics, rendered by various hands, are all the English student can at the present enjoy of the works of this prolific writer, unless he is able to read him in the original.

Count von Auersperg, the German poet, who under the name of "Anastatius Grun," has achieved a wide popularity, thus writes of Grillparzer and his influence upon the development of his own genius:—

Far in the silent night-time,  
A score of years ago,  
A thoughtful boy sat reading,  
With eye and cheek aglow.

And now the wondrous volume,  
He presses to his heart,  
Then reads on 'till hot tear drops  
From out his blue eyes start.

"Ah this, this is a poet,  
Might I but reach his goal!"  
He cries, and o'er his future,  
That wish holds firm controul.

Ask you what was the volume  
Dowered with such magic power,

Or who the youth it fretted  
Past midnight 'ghostly hour?

Grillparzer was the poet,  
*Die Ahnfrau*, the book's name,  
He who devoured its pages,  
And writes this, is the same.

'Twas I, O weird enchanter,  
Who read thy wondrous lay,  
From whom thy magic numbers,  
Stole rest and sleep away.

If after years of striving,  
'Tis given at last to me,  
Thy steps after to follow  
In realms of poesy—

If I, in my own bosom,  
Have felt the poet's night—

This power comes as an echo  
Of the boy's cry that night,—

"*This, this is a true poet!  
Might I but reach his goal!*"  
And still the lad's ambition,  
Has o'er the man control.

"Grillparzer will never hold among us the place of a poet popular in the common acceptance of that term," writes Heinrich Laube, the editor of his dramatic works. "But as a poet, true, original and independent, he will stand forever in our literature, a figure of granite. *It does not glitter, but it endures.*"

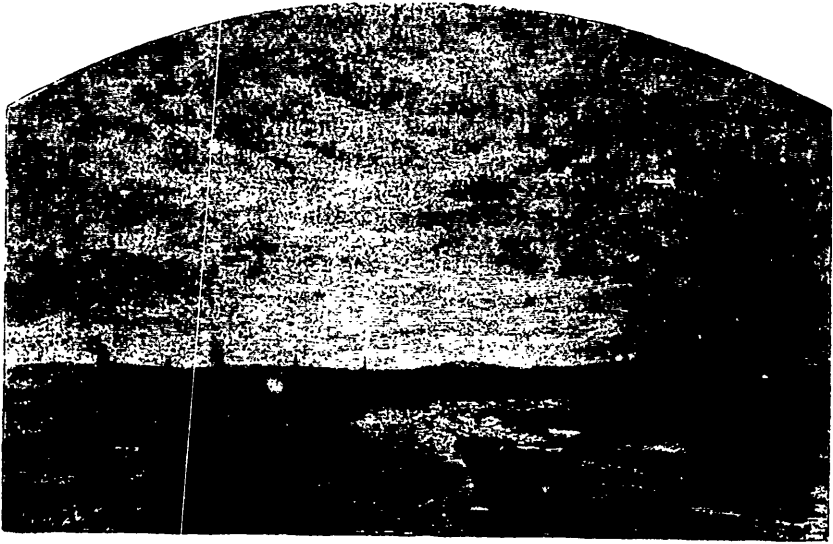
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### HER LETTER.

"SO here I am writing at home, dear,  
And you so far away.  
And when you read the letter,  
I wonder what you will say.  
The green leaves whisper around me,  
The nightingales sing above,  
Just as they did that day, dear,  
When you told me all your love!

"I can see her," he fondly whispered,  
As he sat by the far hearth-fire,  
And read and reread her letter  
With heart that could never tire.  
"I can see her true eyes shining  
As she leans on her little hand,  
And gazes and dreams about me  
Here in this distant land!"





### EVENING.

WHY does each evening always seem my last  
And make me sad? Because the sun has gone  
Westward instead of south, and night begun,  
And longer shadows on the turf are cast?  
No! but because God's smile seems to have passed;  
And when, at noonday, o'er my head clouds fly,  
And my heart sinks till the dark shade goes by—  
So the night seems to swallow, in its vast  
Abyss, all warmth and brightness, and to blast  
My hope. For warmth and light seem, on this earth,  
The expression of God's love, like joy and mirth:  
And, as they wane, I long to hold them fast.  
When shall I feel the peace of veiled night,  
As much the expression of God's love as light?

JOHN HUTTON.



## MAN AND INSECT.

### INSECTS THAT ARE INJURIOUS.

BY THEODORE WOOD.



ALTHOUGH of late years the subject has been brought somewhat prominently forward, the immense importance of the influence exercised upon us by insects is even yet very imperfectly realized. It is so hard to comprehend that our food, our clothing, our health, our very existence upon the earth, absolutely depend upon the abundance of some and the scarcity of others; that to a mere atom, scarce visible to the unassisted eye, power may at any time be given to scourge the human race; that we, the highest of mortal creatures, are utterly helpless against some of the most lowly. Yet so it is. There is many an insignificant insect which, were the checks upon its undue influence once removed, would in a few short months become the master of the world. All life would be swept away

before it. The whole of existing vegetation would prove insufficient for its wants, and not a green leaf or blade of grass would be left upon the face of the earth. Herbivorous and graminivorous animals, deprived of their food, would die of starvation; the carnivorous species, after preying for a time upon one another, would die also. And man, unable to cope with the hordes of the destroyers, his crops dead and his flocks devoured, would be reduced for his daily food to what little sustenance he might procure from the waters of the sea, while raiment, as we understand the word, would be altogether unattainable. And can we doubt that before long he would die too?

This picture is not an overdrawn one. We all know what has taken place in times of famine, how misery, disease, and death have ravaged vast tracts of country, and checked for years the progress of industry and improvement. And were such an insect as the locust or the aphis even for a few months to increase unchecked, there would be famine, and worse than famine everywhere. For man, with all his intellect, all his science, all his skill, all his stores of accumulated experience, is literally powerless when confronted by an insect host. What can he do when the skies are blackened by the destroyers, when myriads upon myriads are succeeded by myriads more; when, as far as the eye can reach, every square inch of ground has its tenants, crawling over one another three deep, four deep perhaps, in their ceaseless search for food? What can he do but stand and look on while all that he depended upon for livelihood is swept away before his eyes? Why, even the combined and organized labour of thousands, annually almost in some parts of the world, will barely suffice to hold locusts in check, although their natural enemies are busily employed against them. And what would be the result were those enemies to cease their work?

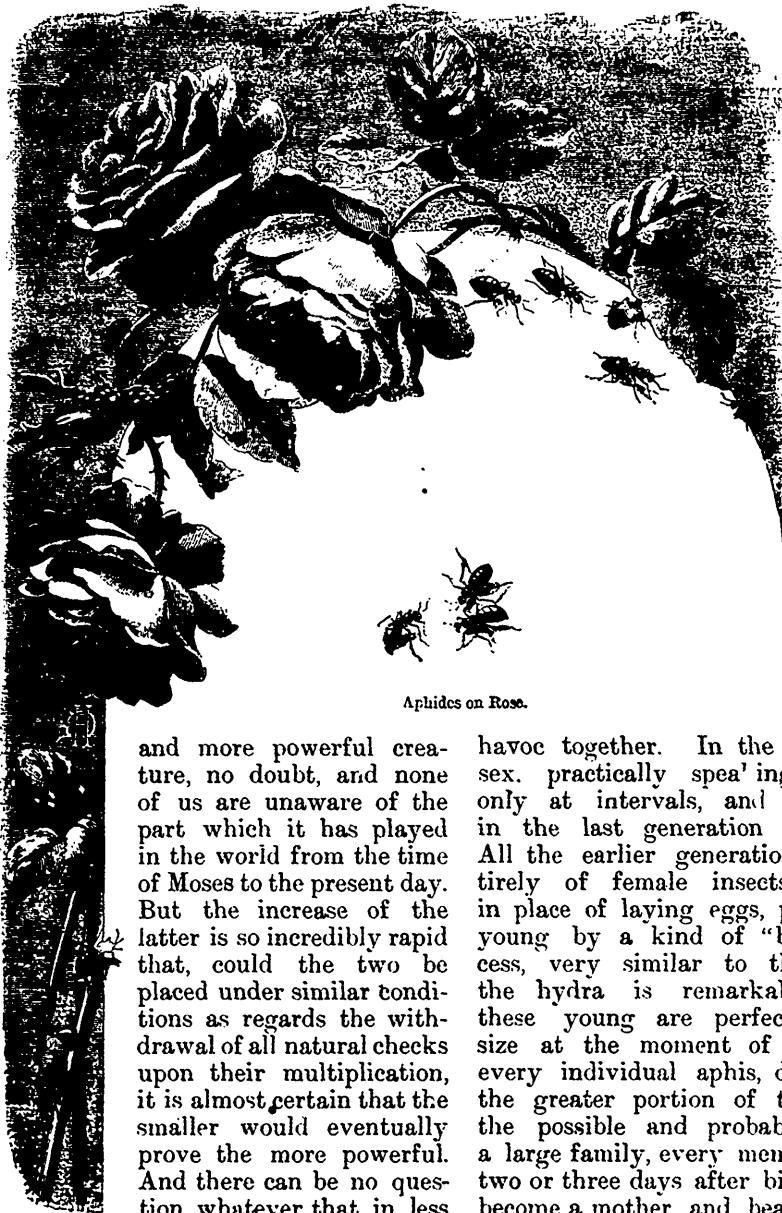
In the present paper I wish to show how many insects there are, even in England, whose ravages yearly deprive us of a large proportion of our produce, and would, but for natural limitations, be infinitely greater still; in following one I shall point out how many of these limitations we find in the members of the same class of beings, and thus how great is the favourable as well as the adverse influence of insects upon ourselves.

Were the insects of the world to be ranked in accordance with their capabilities of mischief, it may be doubted whether the locust itself would not have to give

way to the aphid—the “green blight” of the gardeners, and the “ant-cow” with which most of us are more or less familiar. The former is by far the larger

relaxed and partially abrogated in the case of the aphid.

In the first place, it is not, as a rule, compelled to pass through the usual introductory stages of egg laying and pupa, but is born a perfect insect, and after two or three hasty changes of skin is ready to reproduce its kind. And thus a second generation may enter the world within two or three days of the first, and parent, children, grand-children, great-grandchildren, and great-great-grandchildren be living and working



Aphides on Rose.

and more powerful creature, no doubt, and none of us are unaware of the part which it has played in the world from the time of Moses to the present day. But the increase of the latter is so incredibly rapid that, could the two be placed under similar conditions as regards the withdrawal of all natural checks upon their multiplication, it is almost certain that the smaller would eventually prove the more powerful. And there can be no question whatever that, in less

than a single year, all vegetation suitable in its requirements would be wholly destroyed. havoc together. In the second place, sex, practically speaking, is known only at intervals, and usually only in the last generation of the year. All the earlier generation consist entirely of female insects, and these, in place of laying eggs, produce lively young by a kind of “budding” process, very similar to that for which the hydra is remarkable; and all these young are perfect in all but size at the moment of birth. Thus, every individual aphid, during by far the greater portion of the season, is the possible and probable parent of a large family, every member of which two or three days after birth, will itself become a mother, and bear a family of equal dimensions.

For two most important laws, absolutely binding upon insects in general, are

The rapidity with which these most singular insects increase may be shown by the statement—the result of a simple calculation—that the fifteenth generation

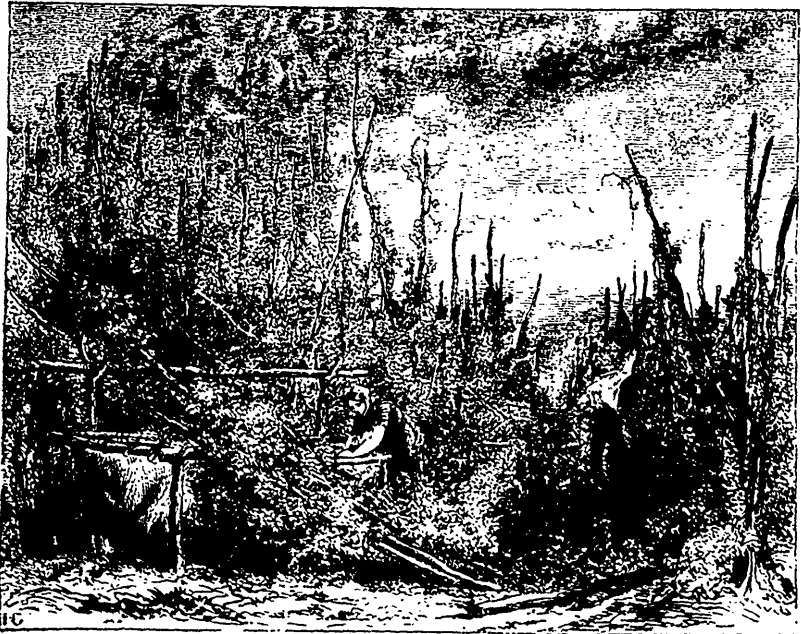


of an aphid which had been allowed to increase and multiply altogether unchecked would amount to no less than 68,122,318,582,951,682,301,000,000,000,000 individuals! Now such a row of figures as this conveys but little true impression to the mind; the number is far too immense for our own powers of realization. But we may in some measure illustrate its vastness by means of comparison; and this Professor Huxley has done in the following manner:

Assuming in the first place, that one thousand aphides weigh one grain, and

the weight of the aphides, exclusive of all those belonging to previous generations which might still survive, would be equal to more than sixty-eight thousand billion times the weight of mankind to-day!

Or we might put the computation in another form, and assume that one thousand aphids standing one upon another, would occupy one cubic inch of space. Then the fifteenth generation of one aphid would equal in bulk rather more than a million globes of the size of the earth! And once more, if all the aphides



PICKING HOPS.

that only a very stout man can weigh as much as two million grains—or rather more than twenty stones—he shows that the *tenth* generation of a single aphid would be equal in point of actual weight to more than half a million of such very stout men; or, practically speaking, to the entire population of the globe, men, women and children together.

It is a striking illustration; but for the sake of the parallel, let us carry the calculation on to the *fifteenth* generation, which, be it noted, would appear before the end of the year. Then we find that

were to stand touching one another, side to side and back to back, they would make a pathway from the earth to the sun—ninety-two and a half millions of miles away—no less than 1,273,986,635,369,800 miles in breadth! That no such terrible increase ever takes place is of course due to climatic influences no less than to the unceasing labors of the many aphid foes, whose life-duty it is to limit the increase of these most mischievous creatures, and so to prevent their undue multiplication. But most of us know something of the ravages which aphides

are still able to commit. There are seasons when they seem, as it were, to break loose for a while from all control, to bid defiance to every enemy, and to enjoy for a brief period the power of a blast of fire, shrivelling and killing the vegetation which they visit, stripping the earth of her garment of green, and leaving behind them a desolation almost equal to that of desert itself. Scarcely a plant is free from their attack; scarcely a crop have we

For such a deficit means far more than the mere figures would seem to imply. It means a loss to the revenue of the duty which would otherwise have been paid upon some eighteen or twenty thousand tons of blossom. It means a loss to the pickers of the scanty wage upon which they depend so largely for livelihood during the weeks of early autumn, and of their one brief respite in the year from the smoke and the grime of the town. It means a loss to the railways



Apple Blossom.

which may not at any time be destroyed by them. And when I mention that, even so lately as the year 1882, the gross loss incurred by hop-growers alone from aphid mischief amounted in England to more than \$12,000,000, it will be seen that the national prosperity is influenced, and influenced very severely, by one small insect only, in one branch only of its destructive work.

of the amount usually paid for carriage, and to the various agents and middlemen of the commission claimed by them for their intervention between grower and consumer; worse than all, it means the importation from abroad of produce which might have been grown at home, and the consequent pecuniary loss involved to the community at large. And all this havoc, all this suffering, all this

private, public, and national loss, is due but to one tiny insect, which, for a few weeks, bid defiance to its foes, and ravaged the land before it.

Nor is the hop the one and only cultivated plant which suffers from aphid attack; were it so our losses would be comparatively trifling, for hops, after all, are not a necessity of life. But there is scarcely a crop which escapes. Corn is destroyed—whole fields of it—by an aphid, which settles upon the ear and drains the sap from the swelling grain; cabbages by one which clusters beneath the leaves and in the heart, and ruins the plant for human consumption; beans by another, which causes the stems to wither and the pods to shrivel away; lettuces by a fourth, which lives underground, and by damaging the roots works irreparable mischief before even its presence is known.

Nor are fruit trees exempt from its persecution. There is an aphid of the apple, which causes the leaves to curl and wither, destroying, as it were, the very lungs of the tree. And, as though this were not sufficient, there is the terrible woolly aphid, or American blight, which attacks the stems, the branches, and the twigs, robs them of their sap, renders the wood spongy and unhealthy, and finally kills the tree altogether.

Then there is an aphid of the plum; an aphid of the cherry; and so on, all equally mischievous. I have seen the former of these in such immense abundance that the ground beneath the trees was whitened by their cast skins, and looked almost as if covered by a thin coating of snow. And of course the injury to the trees attacked is most severe. The sap is sucked out from the leaves and green twigs, the lungs of the tree is destroyed, and even the bark covered with the thick, sugary secretion generally known as "honey-dew," which chokes the pores, and adds still more to the injury. The fruit does not swell; the young wood is checked in its growth. By the end of the summer the infested trees present a most pitiable appearance, and not uncommonly they fail to rally from the drain upon their resources, droop, wither, and finally die.

I say nothing of aphids of minor importance, such as those which infect the turnip, the swede, and the pea; their mischief is at times considerable, but never of the first importance. But I do not exaggerate when I say that at least three-fourths of England's produce absolutely depends upon the presence of certain aphid foes and certain climatic conditions. A short delay in the coming of ladybirds and their allies, a few weeks of drought, a few days of easterly wind at the critical stage of the plant's development; any one of these may mean utter destruction of valuable crops, utter ruin to farmers and to laborers alike, through the agency of the aphid. Human precautions, human endeavors, and human remedies are of no avail whatever. To strive against an aphid host is like attempting to stem the rising tide. Labor as we will, we cannot make way against it, and all that we do in so laboring is to throw good money after bad, to increase a loss which can by no possible means be averted, and to demonstrate man's utter weakness when attempting to cope with the powers and the armies of Nature. The aphid for the time is master, and master it must remain until the storms destroy it, or its natural foes arrive—as arrive they surely will—and reduce it once more to its normal abundance.

Such a visitation is a calamity which may at almost any time befall us, a death-bearing sword which is ever hanging over our heads by the slenderest of hairs, and threatening to descend upon us at every breeze that blows. And that it does visit us, does descend so seldom, is the best possible testimony to the efficiency with which nature has safeguarded us against the effects of her own persecution.

And so it is ever with her. She strikes us, as it were, with one hand, and at the same time stretches forth the other in friendship. She restores—generally in secret—that which she takes away, and she is, in all cases and at all times, our best and most unfailing ally in the war which we are compelled to carry on against herself. Through Nature we suffer, and yet through Nature we gain. We have only to accept her

proffered aid to escape the losses which will otherwise inevitably befall us. And when receipts fail on the whole to bal-

ance expenditure, the fault almost invariably in some way lies with ourselves.

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THE BITTER SWEET OF SPRING.

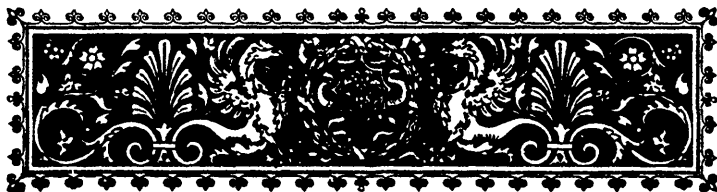
I.

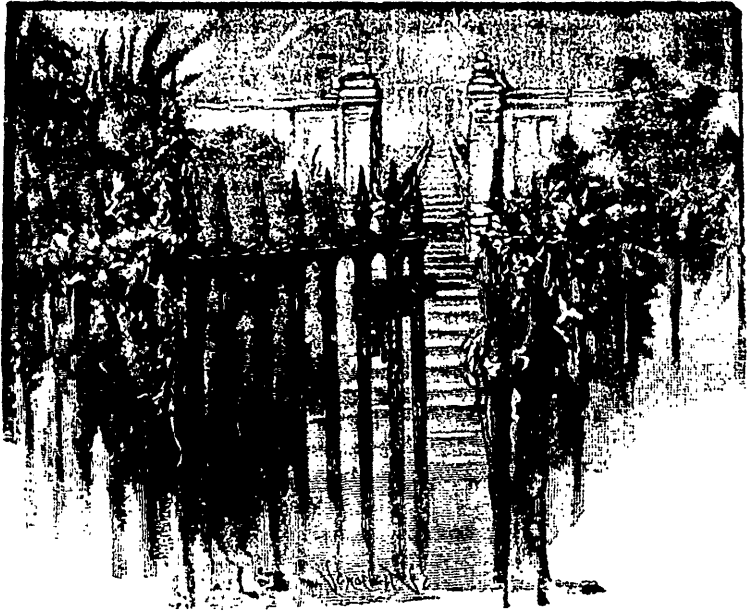
**N**OW is the tender moment of the year  
 When bards of Hellas feigned the sweet return  
 Of Ceres' daughter from the Night's sojourn.  
 Feigned? Nay, she comes apace—she now is here,  
 Soft-sobbing, while her mother's arms ensphere;  
 Soft-laughing, childlike to relearn  
 Familiar words forgot in Orcus stern,—  
 While with her sobs and laughs her mother dear.  
 Hence for us also doth the season weave  
 A subtile weft of heartache and fine joy:  
 We walk in gladness, yet some fond annoy  
 From unlaid sorrow to our steps will cleave;  
 But when we, single-hearted turn to grieve,  
 Lo! some new beauty springs with quick decoy!

II.

**W**ITH pain of joy doth vernal nature thrill,  
 And takes its mood, sad-memored, soothed, or wild,  
 From ever-changing moods of Ceres' child;  
 Her grouping thought,—the mists that valleys fill;  
 Her kindling life,—the glow upon the hill  
 In mid-days when the quivering air is mild;  
 Her wistful glance,—when golden suns have smiled  
 Good-night on green fields stretching lone and still.  
 Anemone and cress rain-swept and blurred.  
 Stirrings and sighings of the grass-blade frail,  
 Carols that wake among bare boughs, and fail,  
 The tree-toad's twilight cry, ere comes the bird:—  
 Tokens of her thou hast both seen and heard.  
 And canst thou longer doubt the old Greek tale!

EDITH M. THOMAS.





### BEYOND.

THOUGH mortal eyes know well the nearer side  
Which, as we turn, the turning moon displays,  
In this unchanging through the changeful days,  
The farther one no man hath yet espied:  
What that would show some reasoned rule doth hide.  
Mayhap the sun's light there more lustrous plays,  
Out shining far the earth-observing rays;  
So, musing, guess we, knowledge is denied.  
Of life the lower half alone we know,  
The higher, brighter part hath ever been,—  
And still, to us in flesh, remains—unseen:  
Faith waits, content that wisdom wills it so,  
The lesser glory, love to us reveals,  
The greater glory, love awhile conceals.

FLAVEL COOK, D. D.



## THE UNITED STATES NEW LEADERS.



INDIANA, though the smallest of the Western States, is fifth in rank and influence in the Union. From its evenly balanced partisan opinion, it stands next to New York in political importance. It has produced only a few great men, but it has furnished men well equipped for leadership to all the callings of life. The term "Hoosier" used to be the symbol of greenness and ignorance. It is not so now. Indiana has fifteen colleges, and the largest common-school fund in the United States. The State was settled by people from the East and South in about equal proportions, and the sentiment in time of the war was about equally divided between the North and South. At the death of Oliver P. Morton, Indiana's War Governor, Benjamin Harrison became the recognized leader of the Republican party of the State, and because of this fact, and because of his personal qualities, he was called to the leadership of the party in the last Presidential campaign.

Benjamin Harrison comes of good stock on both sides of the family. His mother was a woman of character and ability, and his father came of a family distinguished for courage, patriotism and statesmanship. The great-grandfather was conspicuous during the Revolutionary period. He was Speaker of the House of Burgesses of Virginia, Delegate to the Continental Congress, and three times elected Governor of Virginia. He voted for and signed the Declaration of Independence. His son, William Henry Harrison, had the practice of medicine in view, and had fitted

himself accordingly, when the Indian troubles in the West attracted his notice and sympathy, and he offered his services to General Washington, who sent him to Fort Mifflin, near Cincinnati. For signal services St. Clair promoted the young officer to a lieutenantancy. He contributed much to the victory of General Wayne, and was made captain and placed in command of Fort Mifflin. He resigned his commission to become Secretary of Indiana Territory. Four years after, he was appointed Governor of the Territory, with headquarters at Vincennes. In official relation he had almost unlimited authority. There were seventeen States and 7,000,000 inhabitants in the Union, and the Indians became very jealous of the encroachments of the whites. Tecumseh, the bright and brave chief of the Shawnees, determined to check them, and organized a confederation of tribes for the purpose. Governor Harrison was more than a match for him, and made a treaty at Fort Wayne by which 3,000,000 acres of ground were bought from the Indians. But Tecumseh refused to sign the treaty, and threatened to kill all who did sign it. He then began his thieving and scalping in the valley of the Wabash, when Harrison determined to accept the challenge the red chief was thrusting in his face. He marched to the mouth of the Tippecanoe, and so defeated Tecumseh that he was compelled to go to Canada. In his successful battle of the Thames, the brave Tecumseh, who had so savagely contested every inch of ground with him, whose cry was always heard above the noise of battle, fell mortally wounded, and the confederacy of the tribes dissolved. In 1836 Harrison ran against Van Buren for the Presidency, and was defeated. But he developed such popular strength that the Whig party renominated him in 1840. Such a spontaneous uprising of the people has scarcely ever been seen as this one in behalf of the log-cabin candidate, who secured all but sixty of the electoral votes cast. He took charge of the office with every

prospect of a signally prosperous administration, getting about him an able Cabinet, with Daniel Webster as Secretary of State: but he took a severe cold during the ceremonial exercises on the day of his inauguration, which, in a

the honor, because, while he had no love for the Republican party, he thought the people of all parties ought to uphold any Administration that was loyal to the Union. His farm was five miles from that of his father at North Bend, Ohio.



[General Benjamin Harrison, President of the United States.]

month from that day, terminated his life. His third son was John Scott Harrison. He was a Democrat, was twice elected to Congress for his district, and in 1861 he was nominated by the Democratic State Convention of Ohio for Lieutenant-Governor; but he declined

His second son was Benjamin Harrison, the President-elect, who was born at the old homestead at North Bend, August 20th, 1833. It is a lucky thing for a Republican aspirant to have been born in Ohio. Grant, Hayes, Garfield and Harrison, four out of the last five elected

to the Presidency, had their birth in the Buckeye State.

His parents appreciated the value of education, and were very ambitious for the future of the children. Ben went to the rude log school-house near by his home a few months each winter, and when he was far enough advanced he

they moved to Indianapolis, where they have lived ever since.

In his first case the young lawyer was retained to aid in the prosecution of a criminal. He had prepared his notes on the evidence with great care, but his speech came after night-fall, and the sheriff had only one poor little candle



[Hon. Levi P. Morton, Vice-President of the United States.]

was sent to Farnes College, near Cincinnati, where he remained two years. He then entered Miami University, at Oxford, Ohio, and was graduated two years after, in the class with David Swing, of Chicago. For a year and a half after graduation he studied law in an office in Cincinnati, and on October 20th, 1853, he was married to Miss Carrie W. Scott, of Oxford, Ohio. The following Spring

near him, which was insufficient to reveal his notes. He threw them down, disappointed, but determined; and gathering himself up, he commanded every essential point in the testimony, made an eloquent speech, and convicted the prisoner. This victory advertised him extensively among lawyers and people.

He started in the law practice by himself, but his ability soon opened the way





[Mrs. Levi P. Morton, wife of the Vice-President.]



[Mrs. Benj. Harrison, wife of the President.]

to congenial and lucrative partnership in the firms of Wallace & Harrison, Fishback & Harrison, Porter, Harrison & Court. In 1862, having taken a commission in the army, the Supreme Court declared that by so doing he had vacated Fishback, Porter, Harrison & Hines, and Harrison, Miller & Elam. In 1860 he was elected Reporter of the Supreme his State office, and they gave it to M. C. Kerr, afterwards Speaker of the House of Representatives. In 1864, Colonel Harrison, while in the field, was nominated and elected to his old place, which he filled with a deputy, while he remained in the army. At his entrance into the service, he recruited the Seventieth Regiment of Indiana Volunteers. He was a faithful, brave, efficient commander, and did valuable service in many battles in which he was engaged. After his heroic fighting at Peach Tree Creek, Colonel Harrison was commissioned Brigadier-General by brevet, which rank he held when he was mustered out of the army at the close of the war.

In 1876, General Harrison was a candidate for Governor, but was defeated by James D. Williams, who always, even while in Congress and at his inauguration, wore a suit of blue jeans, and on that account was called Blue Jeans Williams. In 1880, General Harrison was elected to the United States Senate, filling his place with dignity and ability. At the close of his six years' term he was a candidate for re-election, but the contest was close, and he was defeated by David Turpie, (Democrat). At the Republican National Convention, which met in Chicago on the 19th of last June, he was nominated for the Presidency, to which office he was elected, November the 6th.

General Harrison has an intellect of a superior order, remarkable not so much for the pre-eminence of any one faculty, as for the symmetry and the vitality of them all. His perceptions are keen. He can see a point quickly. He does not lack imagination; there is much of the creative in his constitution, much of the picture-making, which renders him at times an exceedingly eloquent orator. His reason sits upon the throne of the

mind, and holds all the faculties under absolute control. He not only can see into a fact, but into the future. The blood of leadership runs in his veins, and it is perfectly natural for him to be ambitious, as he is. He has a powerful will, strong enough to master the situation and master men, strong enough to turn the air-castles of ambition into solid masonry. His strong, evenly balanced mind has been polished into comeliness, and sharpened into efficiency, by the schools and the discipline of his profession. The great success he has had in the profession of the law is in itself a high tribute to his intellectual ability. He is at the head of the Indiana Bar, and is regarded by competent critics as one of the leading lawyers of the West.

The impression that Mr. Harrison is distant and cold suggest that the social is not so strong and well developed as the other sides of his nature; although those who are nearest him, and know him best, deny that he is either distant or cold. The mental concentration by which he achieved distinction, and the heavy burdens that each day laid upon his shoulders, left him little time for extended amenities, and none for the gossip of life. He attended to business in business hours, and most of his hours were for business. There are those who would rather chat than master books, who are seeking proficiency in the club-room rather than in the court-room, who would rather some one else would go to the army than themselves, who will not make any sacrifice or do any great thing for their race, who are clever fellows who would be very likely to regard Mr. Harrison distant and cold. He is certainly a model husband and father. He loved his country enough to risk his life in her behalf, and his heart, when you come to find it, cannot be very cold. In one of the battles he lifted the poor, wounded boys, and nursed them till his garments were soaked in blood, like Socrates holding the bleeding soldiers in his arms till they died, and carrying Xenophon, wounded, from the field on his shoulder, making his way through the thickest of the fight to a place of safety.

General Harrison's moral sensibilities are exceedingly delicate and true. His conscience is quick as the apple of the eye. Quick to the sense of right, the whole bent of his nature is toward it. There is not the least variation or prevarication about him. His word is truth. What he says he means, and what he seems to be he is. He is a Puritan in his character, so sterling in his virtues. In an immense practice, with thousands of opportunities for unfair dealing, he has been scrupulously honest. His honesty is unassailed and unassailable. He has passed through a campaign in which there is generally an insane fondness for slander, without the scratch of the finest brier or the stain of the smallest fingerprint. Some of his bitterest political enemies pay the highest tributes to his incorruptibility. His moral character is pure as the whiteness of the snow-flake. In no man of the country is the sense of justice more strongly developed.

The religious instinct in Mr. Harrison is a strong one, and as carefully cultivated as the moral. His obligations growing out of his relation to God have always been sacredly kept. The first prayer his mother taught him in the old log-house, the religious instruction she gave him as she bathed his face with her tears of love, and the eloquence of her example, sank into his young heart, all-sensitive to the truth, and gave him a taste, as well as habit, for sacred things. While a student in college, he made a public profession of Christianity, and joined the Presbyterian Church. When he and his wife moved to Indianapolis, they united with the First Presbyterian Church, and have been faithful and efficient members of it ever since. He has always stood very near to, and held up the hands of, his pastor, and increased

the power of his message and service by the value of his own. As a trusted elder up to the present hour, his hand has taken up the collections from the congregation on the Sabbath, and distributed the elements of the communion. Before the war he was superintendent of the Sunday School, and after it he taught a large Bible class. It is said that, in the most heated campaigns, he would always arrange his appointments so as to be home with his Bible-class on the Sabbath.

President-elect Harrison not only attends services on Sunday, but each Thursday night finds him at the prayer-meeting, where his voice is heard in humility and in fervor calling upon God in prayer. Since he has had a home he has had an altar in it. For thirty-five years his home has been hallowed by family prayers. It used to be thought to bathe the face with dew early on the morning of the 1st of May was to make it beautiful, and many were found at that time in the gardens and fields. Mr. Harrison and his family, among the flowers, have bathed their spiritual features in the dews of heaven, and they are beautiful.

A strict Presbyterian, he has an affection for other denominations. He appreciates the good of all classes—Protestant, Catholic, Jew. No more beautiful words could be used than those spoken in commendation of the unselfish devotion of the Sisters of Charity to the wants and woes of the world.

An able lawyer, an eloquent orator, a brave general, a wise Senator, becomes the honored President, and it is hoped that, instead of the four weeks that his grand-father served, he may have four prosperous, happy years in office.

#### LEVI P. MORTON.



HE old statement that minister' children turn out badly is not verified by the facts. Though the average salary of ministers in this country is less than six hundred dollars

a year, the children of no class are better clothed, or fed, or educated, or occupy higher or more useful positions in life, than those of clergymen. Of the last three Presidents of the United States, one was a preacher, and the other two were sons of preachers. The President-

elect married the daughter of a minister, and the Vice-President-elect is a minister's son. Levi Parsons Morton was born in the parsonage of the Congregational Church, Shoreham, Vt., on May 16th, 1824. Levi Parsons, his mother's brother, was a minister, and the first American missionary to Palestine, and he was named after him. When a little boy, he went as clerk in a country store, and was steadily promoted from one town to another till he received an interest in a store in Hanover, N. H., the seat of Dartmouth College. He went to Boston, and in 1851 became a member of the dry goods firm of James M. Beebe & Co., and of the branch house in New York, Beebe, Morgan & Co. In 1855 he organized the commission house of Morton & Grinnell, which handled largely the product of New England cotton mills. In 1851 the dry goods firm of L. P. Morton was established, and two years after, the banking house of L. P. Morton & Co. was organized. Soon there was a branch of the firm in London, L. P. Morton, Burns & Co. In 1869 the firms were changed to Morton, Bliss & Co., in New York, and Morton, Rose & Co., London. In 1876 he ran for Congress in one of the districts of New York city, but was defeated. In 1878 he was elected, and two years after, re-elected to represent his district in Congress. Garfield offered him a place in his Cabinet, but the fight between the factions of the party made it more desirable for him to take a foreign appointment, and he went as Minister to France. On the 6th of last November he was elected Vice-President of the United States.

Mr. Morton is an ideal business man. The qualities that made him so valuable to the country store, while he was in his teens, were the prophecy of his future success. Trained in a New England parson's home, he was positive in his virtues. His word was as good as his bond, and his dealings were transparent as the sunlight. He was always found at his place, diligently putting in the time to best advantage. He was pleasing in his appearance, polite in his manners, a favorite of customers. He was a good judge of human nature; he knew what goods

the people wanted, and understood the art of making the people want the goods that he had. Starting out in life, as a majority of successful men have done, without a dollar, by his marvellous excellences as a salesman he arose to partnership at the age of eighteen. These qualities of mind and heart and life that characterized him at the start grew until they came to fullest bloom in merchant and banker. His father wanted to send him to college, but was so hard pressed for means at the time that he could not do so. Had he done so, it is likely that the son would have been a professional man instead of a merchant; and with his constitution and industry and character, it is a question whether any other calling would have been so good a school for the development of his faculties, or so wide a field of usefulness to his fellows. His pre-eminent financial ability and experience made him a valuable factor in the settlement of the *Alabama* claims, and in the preparation of those plans by which the country returned to specie payment.

Mr. Morton's entrance into political life was not prompted by his own ambition, but by the urgency of the leaders, who appreciated the value of his services to the party. His letter accepting the nomination to Congress—the first time he ever ran for office—is an evidence of fitness for the position. He says: "I have never been a politician, have never sought or contemplated holding office, and am by training and tastes simply a man of business. If, however, in your judgment I can serve the district, and protect its interests in Congress, I shall feel constrained to regard your nomination as the call to a plain public duty which I have no right to shirk. I believe the Republic has a right to command the services of its humblest citizen, and in obedience to that conviction I accept the nomination."

His promotion in political life was as rapid as it was honorable. In three years from the time he held his first office he represented his country at Paris; and the able and successful manner in which he represented it at that capital was the pleasure of France and the pride of his land. His pleasant face, his easy

manners, his politeness, his hospitality, his painstaking devotion to the trusts committed to his care, his lively interest in the welfare of his fellows, his true Americanism, in company with an appreciation of the best in the older civilization, made him exceedingly popular in Europe.

Mr. Morton is a philanthropist. He has learned to give as well as gain. His character has grown into strength and comeliness by the exercise of the distributive function. Some of the gifts that are continually flowing from his bounty are \$10,000 to Middleboro College, \$40,000 worth of produce to the starving in Ireland, and \$12,000 recently given to the sufferers from yellow fever in Florida. He did not marry until he was considerably over thirty. His first wife was Miss Lucy Kimball, an estimable lady, She had cherished the idea of a home

connected with the Grace Episcopal Church, on Broadway, New York, where the children of poor women who have to work for a living may be cared for from morning till night. After her death, desiring to commemorate his love for her, and her love for the poor, he built the institution and presented it to the church. His gratitude and practical piety, as well as benevolence, are expressed in one of the reasons given for building the memorial house: "I am also anxious to recognize by this gift the obligations of men of business whom God has blessed in their ventures to acknowledge their indebtedness to Him for the benefit of their fellow-men." A merchant prince, a chief among financiers, a courtly foreign Minister, a royal servant of the people, he has been chosen to the second position in the gift of the nation

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#### MRS. BENJ. HARRISON.



MINISTERS' daughters have usually occupied enviable and useful positions in life. The wife of John Adams and the mother of John Quincy Adams was the daughter of a clergyman. The wife of the President-elect is a daughter of a minister. Rev. John W. Scott, D. D., was a professor in the Miami University at Oxford, Ohio, when his daughter Carrie was born. He became President of the Female Seminary in the same town. It is the most natural thing for young gentlemen in college to fall in love with and marry girls in the seminary. This has become a kind of custom in most of the college towns of the country. Benjamin Harrison was a student in the University at Oxford, and Miss Carrie Scott was in the Seminary. She was handsome, intelligent, quick at her books, witty in conversation, winning in her manners, with a life singularly simple and pure, impelled by deep conscientiousness. The grave, steady, studious, ambitious young man felt that he had met his affinity, and he had. He was a boy of eighteen

and she a girl of fifteen when he offered her his hand, which was accepted. Two years after, they were married. Soon after, they moved to Indianapolis to make their start in the world, where they have lived ever since. They were exceedingly poor—too poor to rent or furnish a house, so they had to board. Then they got along a little, and were able to rent a one-story house with three rooms. Fortunately, the bride's mother had taught her not only habits of economy, but had also skilled her in the art of housekeeping. She knew how to do her own work, and did it. Her husband was very proud and thoughtful of his young wife, and did all he could to make her work light. They were happy in each other's love, and in the hopes and ambitions of the future. In August, 1854, a son, Russell, was born, who is now the son-in-law of Senator Saunders, and lives in Montana. On April 3rd, 1858, a daughter, Mamie, now Mrs. McKee, was born, who, with her two children, are a part of the President-elect's household. It is often the case that young husbands, especially in the learned professions, grow faster than their wives;

they have a better opportunity. And such at last find themselves superior, intellectually and socially, to those whom they found as equals at the start. It is the wife's fault if she allow herself to be outgrown; but it is often the case. Rapidly as her husband has grown, however, Mrs. Harrison has kept pace with him in her sphere. She is bright, well read, accomplished, an artist, and in character dignified, hearty sympathetic. She

is a leader in social, charitable, and religious enterprises. She has kept up with her husband, and they will walk side by side in the White House. She is not a novice in society at the national capital, having lived in Washington during the term of Mr. Harrison in the Senate. By her admirable qualities of head and of heart she will adorn her place as the first lady of the land.

#### MRS. L. P. MORTON.

**A**NNA Livingstone Street, the daughter of William Street, and niece of Alfred B. Street, one of the earliest and most famous poets of the State of New York, was born in Poughkeepsie, N. Y. After receiving an academic education in that city, she moved with her parents to New York. She was a young lady of noted beauty. Her bluish-gray eyes were large and sparkling, her features were molded in comeliness and illuminated by intelligence, her conversation was ready and thoughtful, her manners were natural and graceful, her disposition was happy, her character was transparent, her magnetisms were strong. In 1873, attracted by her charms, Mr. Morton made this young lady, an acknowledged belle in New York, his wife. The salt air at Newport was unfriendly to her, and so she persuaded her husband to buy a home on the Hudson. Her instincts would take her back to the neighborhood of her old home, the region rich in the memory of great men, on which nature has bestowed so tender a smile, and whose pictures Washington Irving has immortalized with his pen. It is situated near Rhinebeck. Mr. Kelley used to own the property; and hearing that it was for sale while her husband was in another part of the country, Mrs. Morton visited it, and was so delighted with it that she urged her husband, on his return, to go with her and examine it, which he did, and purchased it.

He then built one of the most complete, comfortable and attractive man-

sions in the country, in the midst of natural scenery ravishing in its beauty. The villa is called Ellerslie. The workmen were hurried by the ambitious wife so that in their new home her husband might receive the notification of his nomination. In this lovely home, with every convenience that taste or art could suggest, and every beauty that nature can bestow, Mrs. Morton is raising five young daughters, ranging from eight to fifteen years of age, keeping them where they can breathe pure air, and romp, and dress healthily and sleep soundly and eat heartily, and grow and think, and become of some value to the world. This model mother gives her undivided attention to the minutest details of the physical and intellectual culture of her children each day. This home, like that of General Harrison, is one of prayer, and the girls take turns in saying grace at the table. The beautiful belle of New York bloomed into the charming wife of the merchant prince and banker. She who, in her maidenhood and womanhood, had attracted so large a circle of admirers in this country, captured all Paris by her charms as the wife of the American Minister. Her receptions were the wonder and delight of France, and attracted the notice of all the Courts of Europe. By her queenly bearing and hospitality she commanded increased admiration for American womanhood. M. Floquet, Prime Minister of France, in a formal letter to Mr. Morton, requested him to bear to Mrs. Morton his appreciation of her social leadership in Paris, and of the hospitality that was so admirable and eagerly sought. Mrs. Morton, like

Mrs. Harrison, is a leader in intellectual, benevolent and religious enterprises. With culture to adorn any drawing-room in the world, with mental and moral resources to enjoy solitude and contact with nature, with highest ambition to

train her family for earth and heaven, she will be hailed with pride by the best people of the country as the wife of the Vice-President, and by the society of Washington as a universal favorite.

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### MIZPAH.

“The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another.”--GENESIS xxxi, 49.

I KISSED your lips, and held your hands,  
 And said, “Farewell,” and went away.  
 Well knowing that another day  
 Would speed you forth to other lands.  
 And down the summer-scented street  
 I heard your echoing voice repeat  
 The Hebrew motto, quaint and sweet,—  
 “Mizpah.”

A thousand miles between us lay  
 When Autumn passed, in lingering flight,  
 And drenched with fragrant dew at night  
 The woodland fires he lit by day;  
 But, all the golden distance through,  
 From you to me and me to you  
 Went out the tender prayer and true,—  
 “Mizpah.”

The winter night falls cold and bleak;  
 I sit, in saddened mood, alone,  
 And listen to the wind's low moan,  
 And hide a fear I dare not speak.  
 For you are far, so far away,  
 And younger lips have turned to clay:  
 Dear love! I tremble while I pray,  
 “Mizpah.”

But spring shall blossom up the plain,  
 And Easter lilies scent the air,  
 And song-birds riot everywhere,  
 And heart and hope grow glad again.  
 Yet still my nightly prayer shall be,  
 Though swallows build or swallows flee,  
 Until my love come back to me,  
 “Mizpah.”

And when, with flowers of June, you come,  
 And face to face again we stand,  
 And heart to heart and hand to hand,  
 O love! within the one dear home,  
 We shall not need to say again,  
 In winter's snow or summer's rain,  
 Till death shall come to part us twain,  
 “Mizpah.”

## WOMAN.

WHAT MAY SHE BE PERMITTED TO DO?

BY HERMINIUS COBB.



THE Literary Club met at the Blossom's last week. The subject for the evening's programme was, "Woman, what can she do?" Mrs. Blossom read an essay on "Eminent Women;" young Mr. Fox recited a poem on "Woman's Silent Influence," and a tenor soloist sang "Queen of the Earth," with effect. Then the chairman suggested that some one might like to make a remark, and Judge Gould rose to his feet.

"I've been greatly edified by these exercises," he said. "I tell you, I feel proud of our women, when I think of the magnificent things they're doing. Woman's delicate hand has knocked at the door of every profession, and man has gallantly welcomed her in. A late writer maintains, that she can even shoe horses, and paint houses. And now, just one thought before I sit down. Isn't it sad, when the whole world is open to women, that any should seek to crowd into a calling proper only for men? I refer to my own profession, the law. The law is too low for woman. It would drag her womanhood in the mire. No, no. Let them do anything else, but spare them the degradation of the law."

"I must say, I don't agree with you there, Judge," spoke up Dr. Glover. "For my part, I'm glad to see women in the law. I think they can do lots of good in that profession. So long as the most refined woman is liable to be dragged into the law courts, on the slightest provocation, I can't see for the life of me, why she shouldn't practice in those courts. To my mind its much more in her line than medicine. I thoroughly disapprove of female doctors. Women haven't the nerve and self-control for

that profession. I say it deliberately; I had rather a daughter of mine would walk a tight rope for a living, than to put out a shingle and practice medicine."

"Now, I don't believe in being narrow and old-fogyish and behind the times," struck in young Mr. Van Struther, reporter for the *Leader*. We've always aimed to keep right up abreast of the march of progress. I thoroughly approve of women doctors and ministers and lawyers. Why, one of the best pleas I ever heard in my life was made by a lady. I reported it. I tell you she was a clipper! And I'd like to see them vote. Our paper has always advocated that. We don't take a back seat on the woman question. And I'm sure I don't object to their painting houses, or shoeing horses if they want to. I didn't suppose they wanted to, that's all. But there are some things I have too much respect for women to want to see them thrust into. And one is journalism. 'Twould lower their moral natures. Besides, their constitutions never could stand the strain of night work, and-er-beer. I hope I shall never see a lady friend of mine dragged into the mire of newspaper work. Why, its the mireiest profession of all!"

As Mr. Van Struther ceased speaking, there was a silken rustling in the bay-window, and Mr. Louis Fernando Blenkinson, a young man who had just written a short story, which he was trying hard to get published, emerged from the shadow of the curtain.

"I beg to differ from my friend on the *Leader*," he said, striking an artistic pose, and running his fingers through his glossy curls. "I think the fair sex make charming journalists. One of the most appreciative letters I ever received was from a lady editor. I wouldn't advise them to paint houses, wouldnt do it myself, you know. There's nothing idealistic about it, and 'twould be nasty work in bad weather. Besides they might fall off. But women can't write novels and



plays. They haven't the logical sequence nor the *genius* of the author."

"There has been some things said here to-night," began Mr. McKevitte, alderman in the third ward, rising and thrusting one hand in his pocket, while the other fondled his watch chain, "some things I must take exceptions to, and one is the remark thrown out by Mr. Van Struther, about women's voting. Now, if there's a thing on top of the earth that makes me mad, it's this infernal talk about letting women into politics. Great Scott! who would want to see his wife or mother carrying a torch in a procession? The next you know they'd be even aspiring to the office of alderman! And I hope I'll never live to see the day that they'll sink so low as that! They can be clerks in stores, or decorators, or ministers, or—paint houses. It's good healthy out door business. But I shall protect women from the ballot, just as long as I have the power to do so."

"Now, what's the matter with women doctors?" demanded young Mr. Smith, the affable clerk in Randall's dry goods emporium. "I think they're prime. Perhaps they don't sport so much fur collar and silver plated medicine case as a man does, but they get there just the same. They don't smoke tobacco, nor whistle 'Little Tycoon' airs, when your head aches enough to burst, nor go off on a spree for three days, while you're lying at death's door. And I like lady ministers, too. Why, I'd go to church every day in the week if we had a lady preacher. And I'm perfectly willing they should vote. That don't hit me, I'm not running for office (with a withering look at Mr. McKevitte.) There's just one business where I think a lady is a little out of place, and that is in a dry goods store. Honest, now, I think it's downright demoralizing to any lady, to tell so many lies as we have to tell in our business——"

At this ingenious admission everybody smiled, and Mr. Smith sat down in some confusion.

"I was grieved to hear brother Mc-Kevitte speak as he did of women in politics," said the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie. "Citizenship is not a degradation to any

woman. It is an honor. I shudder to think of the acts of injustice daily committed against women, because she has no voice in her own government. As for me, I am not so ungenerous as to deny to woman that safeguard of liberty, which I demand for myself. But, dear friends, I must here protest against the attempts of some misguided ones, to drag women into the mire—or rather the—ah—publicity of the pulpit. That strikes the cruelest blow at her womanhood. But while she may not preach in our pulpits, she can still have her share in the evangelization of the world. Woman fulfils her highest destiny as a missionary to foreign lands. In India and Central Africa, she can work to save souls, and the Lord will bless her labors. Many of us have felt our souls uplifted as we read of the hardships and privations endured by these noble women."

"I think there are lots of things women can do," said young Mr. Robbins, the tenor singer of the Presbyterian church. "They can be good editors, or doctors, or lawyers. But there's one thing I don't believe in, I never have, and that is, employing lady singers in church choirs. Now, I adore woman! I admit that she can sing. I really like to hear her, in a parlor, or her own home, but *never* a church choir. She is out of her sphere there. She has too much individuality. She is always trying to show off. And a soprano is liable to attract all the attention from the other sing—that is from the—ah—minister. I prefer a male quartette myself, to render classical anthems, or else a good tenor solo. There is some splendid religious music written for tenor solos."

And Mr. Robbins sat down.

"For my part," declared Mrs. Gamble, a divorced widow, who had the reputation of being a little too willing to try it again, "I don't care what they do, if they only give up this break-neck chase to get married. I'm sure there could be nothing more shocking to a refined, shrinking nature, than the way these girls throw themselves at the head of every man that comes in sight. It's scandalous."

Mrs. Gamble concluded with a toss of

the head, and a feeling look at Mr. Smith, who was sitting on the sofa beside Nell Johnson.

Then Nell Johnson spoke up.

"Well," she said, "you have proved conclusively that there isn't a profession under the sun that women may enter, and last of all, Mrs. Gamble has shut them out of matrimony. Evidently the

Lord made a great mistake when he created women. The men want the whole earth, and there isn't any left for we women."

Then there fell a silence that could have been heard for a quarter of a mile, as Mr. Robbins went forward to sing a solo.

## D ASTRA.

**I**F thou hast drained to the lees  
 The cup of inglorious ease,  
 Think now on the mighty men;  
 Dream thou dost hear again  
 The voice of Miltiades  
 And the rustle of his laurels.

And yet not alone for the past  
 Was the mould of heroes cast:  
 Let the Alps and the Andes say  
 What breed there is to-day;  
 And the poles, and the ocean vast,  
 And the burning waste of Sahara.

See the stern purpose rise  
 To Cortes' glittering eyes—  
 To cut off all retreat  
 See him sink every ship in his fleet,  
 Then sweep to his golden prize  
 With not one plank behind him.

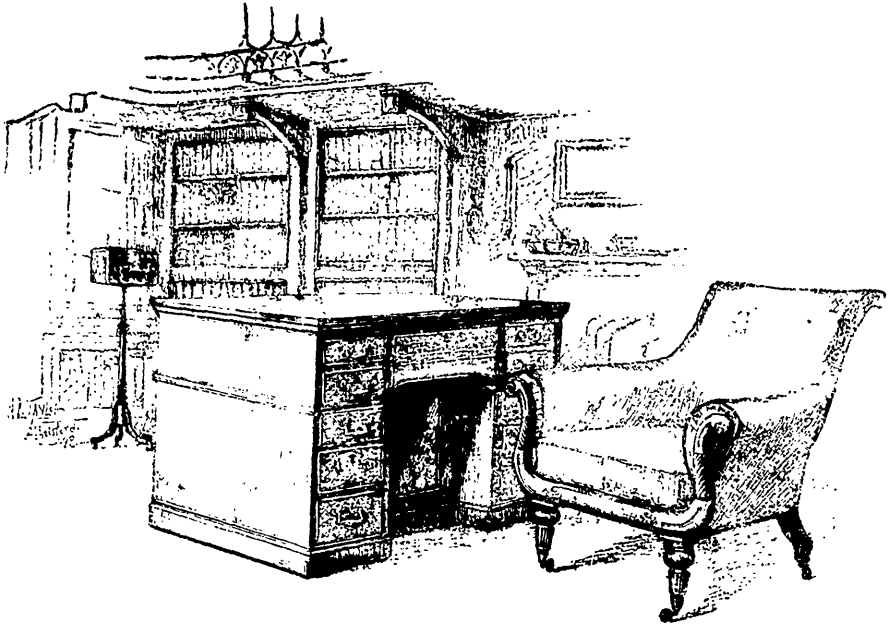
Think of the soul that needs  
 No background for its deeds;  
 Of him who bravely bears  
 A mountain of lifelong cares;  
 Of the heart that aches and bleeds  
 And dies, but never surrenders.

Dost believe all is over and done,  
 And no hope is under the sun?  
 Then think on the mighty men;  
 Dream thou canst hear again  
 The great shouts of Timoleon  
 That rallied the flying army.

O true man, bear thy pains  
 And count thy losses gains;  
 Believe in the brave whom alone  
 Heaven's eye hath seen and known;  
 For as surely as justice reigns,  
 Their reward will shine like their valor.

HENRY AMES BLOOD.





## EDITOR'S STUDY AND EASY CHAIR.

### EDITORIAL REFLECTIONS.

#### Selective Memory.

PHYSIOLOGISTS inform us that every few years the particles forming the human body are exchanged for new ones, so that every man becomes a different person, materially, from what he was; yet though all these parts of physical machinery pass away and are replaced by others, *the man*, by means of memory's wonderful tablets preserves his identity in spite of this renewal of the physical man.

We talk of "creative" minds, but this is only a figure of speech, for man can create nothing—he can only select and combine that which already exists. Genius, we say, lights its own fire; this is true, but it must collect material to feed the flames.

That memory, like muscular force, may occasionally exist, though rarely, without being accompanied by any corresponding superiority of other faculties is true. There are men whose memory, instead of being selective, and retaining only what is nourishing and helpful—the things for which they possess an intellectual relationship, and which conform to their own individuality (if such they have), retain important facts and trivialities—things unlike their

own individuality—with equal adhesiveness. They read a newspaper article, a letter, a poem, a romance, or the most common-place or trivial squib, and it becomes at once paragraphed on their memory. Never mentally chewing what they take into their intellectual crops, they retain their knowledge undigested and unassimilated, and it affords no more pasturage for their minds than sardines to the metallic box in which they are secured. Who has not had his patience tried a thousand times by these prodigies? Who has not met with such encyclopedias bound in human form, and stalking through the earth to impart undigested bric-a-brac to their suffering listeners? Their memory clings to the formula for concocting catnip tea and the sayings of Alexander or Gladstone with equal tenacity. There is nothing partial about their memory. To ask them a question is to wind up the mainspring of their memory, which rattles away with increasing speed and noise until its force is spent, and you go away stunned with the verbal volley and your ear-drums roaring with a medley of fragmentary topics.

One of the greatest vices of the educational system of to-day, is that in our schools and col-

leges too high an estimate is placed upon a literal and ceremonial memory, which receive only as cash drawers or money vaults receive what is put in them. That student who has answered most correctly the questions asked in pageant order from the text-books, without regard to the degree in which he has assimilated his intellectual pabulum, is too often considered the best student. He collects the material, but does not convert it into faculty by applying his individuality, by meditating, by mentally masticating the ideas thus collected.

Some of our best writers before beginning a theme would read all books bearing upon their subject and then take time to forget what they had read before they would write. This suggests the question, whether one fully understands what his memory holds in the gross. Are facts ever properly generalized, digested, and matured—made an element in the mind, incorporated chemically, not by adhesion, but by fusion—till they have in a great degree lost their vividness in memory?

It is said that Milton could repeat *Homæ* almost all without a book, and still it is claimed that Milton's was not a "verbal memory," and that psychologically the powers of verbal memory and the powers of imagination are found in inverse proportion. But there is one thing sure, and that is, that the powers of reason and the powers of imagination only expand as the memory is exercised. The artist cannot hope to equal or surpass till he has learned to imitate the works of his predecessors.

The power of storing the mind with long passages of prose or beautiful lines of verse whose cadence and rhythmic flow enchant the ear is not only pleasant as a social feat, but often proves a source of amusement and consolation, and becomes, as Ruskin says: "Fairy palaces of beautiful thoughts, bright faces, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings, treasure houses of precious and restful thoughts which care cannot disturb, nor pain make gloomy, nor poverty take away from us—homes built without hands for our souls to dwell in."

The caprices of this faculty sometimes baffle us; what seemed vividly impressed becomes entirely obliterated at times, and at some unexpected moment springs into mind as if touched by the wand of an enchanter. The freaks of fancy have baffled the acutest and most learned metaphysicians. How often, after being silenced

by a loquacious tongue in controversy, do we suddenly recall, a few minutes too late, a string of arguments that would have swept him to earth. We are like Artemus Ward, we possess the gift, but haven't it with us.

Men of selective memories are to be congratulated for their power of rejecting as well as retaining. Their memories, like magnets stirring in stand that is mixed with steel filings, draw to them only that for which they have an affinity. These are the men who win distinction in literature and art. What they remember is that which most harmonizes with their intellectual purpose. Sydney Smith said that he saw no more reason why he should remember all the books that had made him learned, than that he should remember all the dinners that had made him fat.

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#### The Hero of the Dark Continent.

Henry M. Stanley's letter, recently published, brings no later intelligence than already received from that intrepid explorer, yet is remarkable for the thrilling experiences which it contains, the valuable geographical information as to the interior of the *dark continent*, and the knowledge we derive as to the condition and prospects of the renowned Emin Pasha. Our interest centers upon the story of the "Hero's" wanderings from Zambuga to the Albert Nyanza. The world can show few parallels to the undaunted perseverance, the lofty purpose, the personal courage as shown in this journey. When this modern *Odyssey's* whole story is told, we venture the assertion that our hero of to-day will stand even higher than did Ulysses in his vaunted wanderings. At the outset, Stanley was forced to divide his little force, owing to not receiving promised supplies, leaving half behind him awaiting the carriers. But with the other half he plunges into the forests and jungle to force his way through to the Emin. That terrible march,—when the details of it are given, it will stand as one of the loftiest examples to the world of what human hope and courage can accomplish. The daily struggle—hunger, disease, dangers, and death were all around them, their way led thro' unknown forests and swamps alive with dangerous insects and reptiles, harassed by wily savages with their poisoned weapons. Their supplies gave out, roots and nuts were their subsistence. Their ranks were thinned out by fevers and other diseases, even mutiny broke out and many of the native

deserted him. Yet, though stricken down with disease, his courage failed him not—he pressed on, till at last the half-starved, exhausted little band emerge from the terrible mildews, and from the sunny heights look down upon the placid waters below. “On every height there lies repose,” sings Goethe. Doubly true in this case. Soon the boats of the Emin appear and the two hero's and pioneers of African civilization stand face to face.

Stanley and Emin Pasha are now pushing eastward to Zanzibar. Their arrival there will

be awaited in eager expectation, for there they will be in easy communication with the outside world, and we shall have the whole story of the expedition. From the bits of information in his letter we perceive indications that he has made important discoveries, which geographers will keenly await, and a change may soon be looked for in the blank on the maps of the Dark Continent.

We have no doubt but that our modern Ulysses, who seems to bear a charmed life, will come out all right.

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### EDITOR'S BOOK TABLE.

THE fortunate man who is privileged to journey leisurely and comfortably wheresoever caprice or thirst for knowledge may lead him, owes to his less fortunate brother the duty of giving him the means of enjoying at second-hand the pleasure he himself enjoyed. To read an attractively illustrated and graphically written book of travel is next in enjoyment to visiting the lands described, and to the mass of mankind it is the only pleasure travel will ever afford.

Perhaps the most thoroughly enjoyable record of travel is that which comes in the form of a journal, written from day to day, the author noting down what he sees and thinks, while the inspiration of his surroundings are yet fresh upon him.

“AFLOAT,” by Guy de Manpassant, is a breezy diary of a yachting cruise on the Mediterranean coast in the spring of '88, full of freshness in description and vivacity in comment, with a dash of whimsical philosophizing here and there that serves to give it variety and prevent it from being a mere collection of memoranda. Laura Ensor is the translator, and the book is finely illustrated by Rion.

(Routledge & Sons, London and New York; \$1.50.)

“THE INDUSTRIES OF JAPAN,” by J. J. Rein, professor of geography in the University of Bohn, is one of the important books of the season. The author was sent by the Government of Prussia to study the agriculture, forestry, arts, and commerce of Japan. He has been engaged in the prosecution of his commission and the elaboration of its results for six years. The volume is a quarto of nearly 600 pp. It is

made still more useful by forty-four illustrations, and three maps. Those relating to mining were prepared by a native engineer, and he and a Japanese colleague read the proofs to insure accuracy in Japanese language and precision in local facts. There is an English, a Latin, and a Japanese index. The work will take at once the place of a standard reference authority.

(A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York; cloth gilt, \$10.)

“UNDER GREEN APPLE BOUGHS,” by Helen Campbell, published in *Our Continent* in 1882, has been reissued in paper covers, illustrated. The story represents the author's views on intellectual and social liberty, and is full of strong, fine flavor. The conception is very fanciful.

(Ticknor & Co., Boston; paper, 50c.)

“LIVES OF THE FATHERS,” is a work in two volumes by Canon F. W. Farrar, whose former works on “The Life of Christ,” “Life of Paul,” and “The Early Days of Christianity” are widely known and highly esteemed. The present volumes begin with the earliest fathers after the Apostles, and follow on to St. Augustine and St. Chrysostom, of the fourth and fifth centuries. Canon Farrar gives the principal events in the lives of the fathers, their theology, and some accounts of their writings as far as they are known. The work is valuable, and will be read with deep interest in these days when the history of the early church is receiving so much attention.

(Macmillan & Co., London and New York; \$5.)

“BYWAYS IN BOOK-LAND,” by William Davenport Adams, is a series of suggestive but incon-

clusive bits of chit-chat upon some side issues of literature. Mr. Adams' fluent quotations helps to make some of his essays charming. He writes candidly and in invariable good humor, and shows considerable ingenuity in his choice

of untrodden ways in "Book-Land." The essays called "Shakespeare, s England," "The Praise of the Thames," and "Jacques in Love," are pleasant and profitable rambles.

(Lockwood & Coombes, New York; \$1.25.)

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 LITERARY NOTES.

A second volume of Justin McCarthy's "History of the Four Georges" is announced to be published in May.

*Munsey's Weekly* is the latest aspirant for fame among the humorous journals. It has some bright paragraphs and acts as if it meant to stay with us.

James Anthony Froude's forthcoming novel will be published in America by the Scribners. Mr. Froude believes the story to be one of the best pieces of work he has ever done.

An English translation of Professor Delitzsch's "Iris" is just announced by Messrs. T. & T. Clark, of Edinburg. This volume is a collection of essays or lectures on colors and flowers.

M. M. Ballou will add to his list of books of travel already published an account of Alaska, the material for which he will collect during the coming summer.

A sample of scientific English from *Nature*: "The total energy of agitation in an isothermal adiabatic sphere is half the potential energy lost in the concentration from a condition of infinite dispersion."

A volume of Arctic travels, by Herber L. Aldrich, will be published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, in a few months. It will relate largely to Siberia and Alaska, including incidents of whaling operations.

The Rev. J. W. Hardy, author of "How to Be Happy Though Married," is a military chaplain, tall, with a ruddy, bronzed complexion, and a rabbinical beard. Contrary to a widely spread suspicion, he is a married man.

There is a streak of uncommon sense in Wilkie Collins' statements that there have been more "reminiscences" lately published in England than are wanted, and that it will soon become a distinction not to have written one's autobiography.

Miss Grace King, the new Southern writer, is described as a delicately formed girl, with a mass of fair hair. She has Creole blood in her veins, and is the daughter of the late W. W. King, who was a prominent lawyer in Louisiana.

She was a gay society girl before she began to write.

Mr. Lowell recently said he was "one of those men who believe in system and who seek to utilize every moment at their command to advantage. I put aside so many hours, generally in the forenoon, for reading and writing, and try to be uninterrupted. If I am, I make it up at the first leisure hour I can secure."

From the evidence in the advance pages, Miss Willard's forthcoming book, "Glimpses of Fifty Years," promises to be one of the most readable autobiographies of the year. It will find its market amongst the temperance people ready made, but its engaging qualities address themselves to all lovers of literary excellence.

W. J. Arkell, the editor of *Judge*, is the son of a wealthy Englishman who makes paper bags at Canajoharie. In his infancy young Arkell was severely burned about the head by a kerosene explosion. The doctors patched up his face with grafted skin so that it answers for ordinary business purposes, but it will never be classed as ornamental.

A new story by Mrs. Francis Hodgson Burnett will shortly be brought out by the Scribners. It is a story of Spanish love and romance, with a beautiful country girl and one of Spain's most popular bull-fighters as the two principal characters. The story will have for its title "The Pretty Sister of Jose," and is said to be unlike anything Mrs. Burnett has previously written.

The first section of the Century Dictionary will be issued this month, and the other sections, of which there will be twenty-four, will make their appearance at the rate of one a month, the entire work thus extending over two years. Much of the work is already in type, as the printers have been engaged on it for over two years. These twenty-four sections, when bound, will make six quarto volumes.

Edgar Saltus, the pessimistic, atheistic, realistic writer of fiction of the French school, is small, slender, dark, and melancholy, and prides

himself on his lack of manners, his total depravity, and his tailor. He is one of the best dressed men of his generation, and although handsome enough to find favor in the eyes of most women he is convinced that in the drawing-room, as in the literary field, there is nothing like unadulterated wickedness to carry a man to the summit of nineteenth century success.

The reviewer of the *London Spectator* says that the defect of the ordinary clever man of fiction is that we do not hear his cleverness; we only hear about it; but it is not so with Putney in Mr. Howell's "Annie Kilburn." "Putney's clear-sighted, biting persiflage sparkles and coruscates for Mr. Howell's readers, and it is not left to be accepted by them on vague report. Above all, we feel that he is a human being, not a mere costumed machine for the turning out of epigrams; indeed, the main charm of 'Annie Kilburn' lies in the fact that it arouses and maintains our interest, in the wholesome com-

monplaces of human nature and human experience of which we can never tire."

The inspired miss of 9 in Amelia Rives' "Witness of the Sun" who exhibits something more than the usual symptoms of youth nourished on green tea, addresses the cat-woman, Mme. Nadrovine, in this impassioned style: "You are not pretty," she announces finally. "You are like a great picture which has been painted many years. Young girls might make you look like a picture—a little pale, you know; but you make them look just what they are—only young girls. I say it so badly. One feels you, madame, and one sees them. Your hair is so beautiful, like purple-beach leaves, and your eyes are the color of the moss on which they fall when the wind loosens them. Your skin is like a white cloud. It makes one think to look at you. When one looks at my cousin Ilva, one wishes to know what she thinks."

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## MUSICAL AND ART NOTES.

**PAULINE LUCCA**, who anticipates coming to America next season, is still one of the greatest of living lyric artists. She was born in 1841, and is consequently 48 years of age. When 18 years old she made her debut at Olmutz in the role of Elvira in "I Puritani," with the most complete success, and in a few years more stood at the head of the profession, where she has remained until the present time. She began her career as a chorus girl at the Vienna Opera House, and has since sung as prima donna in all the great cities of the world.

White, Smith & Co., (New York City), have just published the following new music: "Military Schottisch," C. H. Rowell; waltz medley (for banjo), J. C. Wild; "Musical Bells," E. Mack; "Killaloo Song," Robert Martin; "Afterwards," (song), Muller; "My Lady's Bower," Temple; "In the Twilight," Gustav Lange; "Sounds from the Ball," Ernest Gillet; "Sweet Magoram Waltz (for banjo), Stephens; overture to Said Pasha, Richard Stahl; "Students' Modern Method for the Pianoforte, embracing all the necessary rudiments to enable students to easily play and thoroughly understand how to study and learn to play the pianoforte," by James M. Tracey.

Mme. Materna has been singing at the Lamoureux concerts in Paris with great success. Al-

phonse Duvernay, writing in *La République Française*, says that he attended the concerts with some trepidation, remembering the lapse of years since 1876 at Bayreuth, but he found that her magnificent voice had resisted the effects of labor and Wagnerian roles. After praising her notable declamation of the last scene of "Isolde," he figuratively takes off his hat to her as a dramatic singer in the highest acceptation of the term and "une grande cantatrice Wagnerienne." He says that she has been feted and acclaimed by the public, and that she will carry away with her a happy recollection of her visit to Paris.

Mr. Albert Wolff writes a long letter to the *Paris Figaro*, denouncing the proposal to charge an admission fee to the Louvre and other national collections. He argues that this scheme would deprive the museums of their public character, would convert them sooner or later into places of fashionable reunion and assignation, and would only supply the government with money to spend upon spurious Raphaels, etc. He says France is rich enough to make special grants for all needed art treasures.

The Barye exhibition of sculptures at Paris will open May 1. A corresponding loan exhibition of statuettes and bronzes of at least one example of Barye's work in stone and one of

his water colors will be held in New York in a short time. The object is to raise money for a monument at Paris for the greatest modern sculptor of animals. Bayre while living, while he had many partizans at home, found his sincerest admirers and most liberal patrons in America. This tardy movement seems to indicate that Paris has at length accepted America's estimate of the man as the just one. It is from the collections of Mr. Walters, of Baltimore, and Mr. Havemeyer, of New York, that the best examples of this master work are to be borrowed for the Paris exhibition.

The Russian painter Verestchagin publishes in the *German Review* an article on "Realism," in which he defends himself against the attacks made upon him on account of the realistic character of his paintings. Among other things he says: "I have during five consecutive days,

observed the Emperor Alexander II. stationed at a point of vantage, following, by the aid of a field-glass, first the bombardment and then the storming of the enemy's positions. And it is not likely that the Emperor would gallop about flourishing his sword like a young cornet. However, for faithfully depicting the reality, I am charged with undermining the respect and veneration due to the sovereign, as the general public love to imagine that its chief and Emperor is always to be found in the midst of the combat. Further, I observed the brutal way in which the wounded were treated. I observed that prisoners on a twenty-eight miles' march dropped by the roadside and froze to death. For painting such scenes I am assailed, and I know that a distinguished Prussian General advised Alexander II. to have my pictures burned, as they were too dangerous for the public to see and study."

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

but I feel sure that Mr. ... this evening, and he's got the shortest arms you ever saw.—*Judge*.

SHE (sternly)—James, where have you been?

HE—Dearest, I went out to converse with a friend about the play.

SHE—But, James, I detect the odor of cloves.

HE—That may be, Helen; you see, we had a spicy conversation.—*Time*.

WIDOW JOHNSING—Doan' yo' t'ink, deakin, dat Professah Yawper stratched da trufe in dis disco'se dis ebenin'?

DEACON FOWLER—Straitch am nuffin', Mrs. Johnsing; wha, I would n' beliebe dem lies ef I tole 'm myself!—*Puck*.

MRS. JONATHAN TRUMP—What's the matter with young Darlington? He's going into the conservatory with Dolly Flicker, as pale as a ghost.

MISS PENELOPE PEACHBLOW—Going into a decline, I take it from ...

The "Fours" Also Can Reason.

Helen was four yesterday. Sitting on the floor this morning with the new dolly which the birthday had added to her little family, she quietly said:

"Say, mamma, what is a widower?"

No answer was given, and some minutes elapsed, during which the doll seemed to have taken her whole attention. Then turning quickly she said:

"I know what a widower is, mamma."

"Well?" was the response.

"Why, when a lady gets married, and his wife dies, she's a widower."

In the Gressional Library.

A subtle something in his air;  
His massive figure and his stride;  
His forehead high; the raven hair  
That fell in curls on either side;  
His lips compressed in anxious thought;  
His calm and penetrating eye—  
Bespoke an intellect which sought  
Delight in aspirations high.

Thought I: "What brings this genius here?  
The Rosicrucians' tomes, maybe;  
That he, as well as they, may peer  
Into the dread futurity.  
Perhaps o'er pages of the Greeks  
With tireless eyelids he would pore;  
Perhaps he relaxation seeks  
In newer legendary lore."

I closer drew, and bent my ear  
Toward the desk whereat he leaned  
Expectingly, that I might hear  
Wherefrom his knowledge might be gleaned.  
To the librarian he spoke—  
Breathless I was to find the names  
Of his brain's pets—the silence broke:  
"Mister, have you got 'Hoyle on Games?'"



## Mike's Signs.

The writer heard the following story some time since. To him it was very amusing, as well as a good illustration of the aptness of different minds to misconstrue the same facts in quite opposite directions.

Some time ago a learned Frenchman became very enthusiastic on the subject of a universal language for the human race. After much thought and theorizing on the subject he came to the conclusion that the only language that could be universal at the present day must be a language of signs. Being deeply impressed with the importance of this language to humanity, he determined to travel from country to country and teach it in all their colleges and universities.

As it happened, the first country he reached in his travels was Ireland, and the first institution he went to was the University of Dublin.

He called upon the president of the university, and after some conversation with him asked him if he had a professor of signs in his university. Now there was no professor of signs in the university, but the president, not wishing to be behind the learned Frenchman, told him that they had one. The Frenchman asked to be introduced to him. The president was taken aback at this, but told him that he could not see the professor that day, but if he would call the next day at the same hour he would introduce him.

After the Frenchman had gone, the president called his professors together and told them the fix he was in, and told them that one of them must play the part of professor of signs next day. They all demurred and objected to this being afraid that they might be caught by the Frenchman.

As none of them was willing to play the part they at last decided to train Mike, the choroman, for it. Mike had lost an eye, and was very sensitive about it, thinking that people were constantly noticing it and making allusions to it.

Mike was consulted, and consented to play the part, providing that the Frenchman should not refer to his defect.

The next day the president and professors dressed Mike up in a good suit of clothes, took him to a recitation-room, seated him alone on the platform, and then retired, for the Frenchman was to see him alone. Before they left

him they told him what to do, and that he must not speak.

He replied, "Sure I'll not, if he sez nothin' about me oye."

At the appointed time the Frenchman called, and was ushered into the "recitation-room of the professor of signs." The president and professors waited in an adjoining room anxiously for the result. In a short time the Frenchman came back to to them apparently much pleased.

"How did you like our professor of signs?" inquired the president.

Very much indeed. I congratulate you on your able professor. I am more than ever convinced that the language of signs is to be the universal language. When I went into the room I held up one finger, meaning there is one God. He understood me at once, and held up two fingers, meaning Father and Son. I then held up three fingers, meaning there are three persons in the Trinity. He replied by doubling up his hand, meaning, And these three are one. I then withdrew. It is wonderful. I am delighted.

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How They Met. Their public

Stanley (raising his hat)—Emin Bey, I presume?

Emin Bey—Yes, sir. Is there anything I can do for you?

Stanley—I have come to rescue you.

Emin Bey (compassionately)—Thanks, my good man, thanks. (To native)—Umslopogaas, take this poor fellow out and give him a square meal.

## CURRENT NOTES.

Quinine is malaria's bitterest enemy.—*Puck*.

PATIENT—Doctor, how do you pronounce apoplexy!

DOCTOR—Well, usually fatal.—*Time*.

PAPA (that is to be)—What are your prospects, Mr. de Brazen!

MR. DE BRAZEN—Merely that of being your son-in-law. I don't want anything better.—*Life*.

JORDAN—I say, Orcutt, where did you get all those cuts on your face; been taking part in a riot?

ORCUTT—Well, no, not exactly; just shaved myself with a safety razor.—*Time*.

“Healthy! I should say it was healthy. Why, there' only been one death in this place in ten years.” “Who was it died!” “Dr. Barkins. Died of starvation.”—*Munsey's Weekly*.

MRS. BRETTELLA—Aren't you laced awfully tight, Aspasia!

MISS BRETTELLA—I may be a little, mamma; but I feel sure that Mr. Sawdorff will propose this evening, and he's got the shortest arms you ever saw.—*Judge*.

SHE (sternly)—James, where have you been!

HE—Dearest, I went out to converse with a friend about the play.

SHE—But, James, I detect the odor of cloves.

HE—That may be, Helen; you see, we had a spicy conversation.—*Time*.

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MISS PENELOPE PEACHBLOW—Going into a decline, I take it, from what I know of Dolly.—*Life*.

MRS. DE STANG—Heavens! Montague, I've got to go back.

MR. DE STANG—Forgotten your opera-glass?

MRS. DE S.—No, my libretto of the opera. Its in German, you know, and Prof. Heimstetter has marked all the lines where its good form to laugh or cry.—*Judge*.

HE—Where's my bootjack, Maria?"

SHE—O! must you use it? What a pity! I've

covered it with pink satin and painted a spray of wild flowers on it, and hung it up in the parlor by long satin bows. What a pity one can't be artistic without having everything spoiled.—*Judge*.

MR. GRUFF Have you been to see “Midsummer Night's Dream” at the theatre, Guppy!

GUPPY—Naw, but I hear that the—aw—leading lady is a beauty. She might—aw—fall in love with me if I went. Ha! ha!

MR. GRUFF—Shouldn't wonder. In the play she falls in love with an ass. A chance for you, Guppy.—*Texas Siftings*.

“Thump-rattlety-bang” went the piano. “What are you trying to play, Jane,” called out her father from the next room, “Its an exercise from my new instruction book. First steps in music,” she answered. “Well, I thought you were playing with your feet,” he said grimly, “don't step so heavy on the keys, it disturbs my thought.”—*Munsey's Weekly*.

JANITOR—Have you any children, sir?

MR. KIDBY—Yes; three.

JANITOR—I can't let you have this flat then.

MR. KIDBY—But my children are all married.

JANITOR—It doesn't make any difference.

MR. KIDBY—They live out in Chicago.

JANITOR—Can't help it, sir; the owner says he won't rent to nobody who has children under no circumstances.—*Puck*.

## ELEGANT BOUDOIR CARS.

Description of the New Beauties on the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway.

The new Mann boudoir cars now running on the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City between St. Paul and Minneapolis and Chicago, are beauties. They are a decided improvement over the old style, being arranged in smaller compartments. There are six single rooms and three double rooms in each car, but the apartments are so arranged that they may be doubled or made en suite, at the pleasure of the occupants. The finishings are of highly polished cherry and other fine woods in attractive tints, and the ceiling is of a delicate azure hue that pleases the eye and taste. The cars are provided with hot and cold water and other luxurious conveniences which relieve the tedium of travel. In fact, they are rolling palaces, and it is said that a newspaper man who enjoys the luxuries therein for one night forever loses his Bohemianism.—*St. Paul Daily News, April 10, 1889.*

## BRIG-A-BRAG.

### To my Dog "Dick," Lost at Sea.

"The whole creation groaneth."—*St. Paul.*  
 "For they, too (the brutes) are immortal."  
 —*John Wesley.*

I LOVE the kindly faith of him who preached  
 That God's inferior creatures live again ;  
 And some high life, by toil and suffering reached,  
 Survives, in peace, this lower life of pain ;  
 And so, my dear old dog, perchance thy gain  
 Grew from my loss when thou wast reft from me,  
 By the relentless Fates untimely slain,  
 Gasping thy sou' out in the cruel sea ;  
 For soul thou hadst (I care not for the sneer  
 Of tenuous wits), nay, more, thou hadst a heart,—  
 Brave, faithful, kindly, loving, and sincere ;  
 And, though we find not, on our vital chart,  
 By any reckoning, where the region lies,  
 Be thine, my dog, the Good Dog's Paradise.

A. J. W. MCNEILLY.

### Thelga and Ethred.

SESTINA.

[The sestina is the most complicated and difficult of all the old Provencal forms of verse. It is believed that the one below is the only one ever written in America, and the second of its kind in the English language, Mr. Edmund W. Gosse having published the first. There is also a rhyming sestina by Mr. Swinburne.]

ONCE on a time there dwelt Siehild, a king,  
 Far to the Northward, in the icy heart  
 Of barren peaks that lift their heads to kiss,  
 All passionless, the sun, their senile love ;  
 Kich booty from the merchant seas he won,  
 And with a despot's scepter ruled the land.

She who was famed as fairest in the land,  
 Was Princess Thelga, daughter of the king,  
 Prized by him more than all the spoils he won.  
 Gentle and proud, till Ethred came, her heart  
 Had never felt the stir of nestled love,  
 Her lips ne'er known the spasm of love's kiss.

And old Siehild had sworn that such a kiss—  
 By all the treasures of the sea or land !—  
 Should never consecrate his daughter's love  
 For any suitor save the blustering king  
 Who ruled the realm adjoining, and whose heart  
 Chaste Thelga all unwillingly had won.

Hers Ethred, young and powerless, had won,  
 Unnoted by Siehild until a kiss  
 The tyrant caught him stealing :—then his heart  
 O'erran with rage that one with gods nor land  
 Should dare to woo the daughter of a king,  
 And balk a brother monarch of his love.

"Now, by my ships !" he stormed, "thou sayst thy  
 love  
 By this unfilial damsel has been won ;  
 I'll prove you then : If you can tell your king  
 Of aught, ha ! ha ! that's sweeter than the kiss

You gave her, dowered with goods and land  
 Her hand is yours, as is, she thinks, her heart !"

"I can—" and Thelga pressed her angered heart  
 As Ethred spoke. "Then," roared the king, "your  
 love  
 Is false if aught's more sweet, in all the land !"  
 "Nay," Ethred said, "I claim that I have won :  
*Sweeter than that I gave her was the kiss  
 She gave to me !*" "I yield !" confessed the king.

Ah, happy heart ! the royal largess won  
 Of voluntary Love, in its one kiss.  
 Is more than sea or land can give a king.

HARRISON ROBERTSON.

### It's Vera Weel.

It's vera weel throughout the day,  
 When ta'en up wi' wark or play,  
 To think a man can live alway  
 Wi'oot a wify ;

But it's anither thing, at night,  
 To sit alone by can'le-light,  
 Or gang till rest, when shairp winds bite  
 Wi'oot a wify ;

It's vera weel when claes are new,  
 To think they'll always last just so,  
 And look as weel as they do noo,  
 Wi'oot a wify ;

But when the holes begin to show,  
 The stitches rip, the buttons go,  
 What in the warl's a man to do  
 Wi'oot a wify ?

It's vera weel when skies are clear,  
 When frien's are true and lassies dear,  
 To think ye'll gang through life—nae fear—  
 Wi'oot a wify ;

But clouds will come the skies athart,  
 Lassies will marry, frien's maun part ;  
 Wha then can cheer your saddened heart  
 Like a dear wify ?

It's vera weel when young and hale :—  
 But when ye're auld, and crazed, and froil,  
 And your blithe spirits 'gin to fail,  
 Ye'll want a wify ;

But mayhap then the lassies dear  
 Will treat your offers wi' a sneer ;  
 Because ye're cranky, gray, and sere,  
 Ye'll get nae wify.

Then haste ye, haste, ye silly loon ;  
 Rise up and seek about the toon,  
 And get Heaven's greatest earthly boon—  
 A wce bi' wify.

WALLACE DUNBAR.

## Uncle Remus's Dance Songs.

[THESE songs, or something like them (I have endeavored to catch the spirit as nearly as possible) are sung with what Uncle Remus would call the "knee-racket"; that is to say, they are "pattin'" songs. If the reader will bear in mind that the rythmical effect of these songs is based on *time*—on recurring and invariable pauses,--there will be no difficulty in catching the swing. The last verses of each stanza should be read with a quickening effect. The refrains in each are in the nature of a chorus. In the second song, the line "My honey, my love" is sung by all, and the last four verses of each stanza constitute the chorus proper.]

## I.

## RABBIT-TUM-A-HASH.

RABBIT foot quick. Rabbit foot light,

--Tum-a-hash, tum-a-heap!

Hop, skip, jump! Oh, mon, he's a sight!

Kaze he res' all de day en run all de night,

--Tum-a-hash, tum-a-heap,

Oh, Rabbit-tum-a-hash!

Crow 'y Eas', de crow fly Wes',

Tum-a-hash, tum-a-heap,

Jay- : hunt de sparrer nes',

En he 'at all de aigs fer ter see w'ich de bes',

--Tum-a-hash, tum-a-heap,

Oh, Rabbit-tum-a-hash!

Little pot simmer, big pot bubble,

--Tum-a-hash, tum-a-heap,

Dumplin' flirt like he done got in trouble,

He flirt en he flip twel he look ilike he double,

--Tum-a-hash, tum-a-heap,

Oh, Rabbit-tum-a-hash!

Pot, he bigger dan de fryin' pan,

--Tum-a-hash, tum-a-heap!

En 'pun dis groun' I take my stan',

I druther be a nigger dan a po' white man,

--Tum-a-hash, tum-a-heap,

Oh, Rabbit-tum-a-hash!

Nigger, he chunk up de fire en grin,

--Tum-a-hash, tum-a-heap!

Oh, do run yer, Miss Sooky Blueskin,

Vec. forget fer ter put dat seas'nin' in,

--Tum-a-hash, tum-a-heap!

Oh, Rabbit-tum-a-hash!

W'en Pa'tridge call--*Bob White! Bob White!*

--Tum-a-hash, tum-a-heap!

*Does yo' dogs bite? Oh, yes, at night!*

Oh, den Mister Rabbit lif' he foot mighty light,

--Tum-a-hash, tum-a-heap,

Oh, Rabbit-tum-a-hash!

## II.

## MY HONEY, MY LOVE.

HIT's a mighty fur ways up de Far'well Lane,

My honey, my love!

You may ax Mister Crow, you may ax Mister Crane,

My honey, my love!

Dey'll make you a bow, en dey'll tell you de same,

My honey, my love!

Hit's a mighty fur ways fer ter go in de night,

My honey, my love!

My honey, my love, my heart's delight--

My honey, my love!

Mister Mink, he creep twel he wake up de snipe,

My honey, my love!

Mister Bull-Frog holler, *Come-a light my pipe!*

My honey, my love!

En de Pa'tridge ax, *Aint yo' peas ripe?*

My honey, my love!

Better not walk erlong dar much atter night,

My honey, my love!

My honey, my love, my heart's delight--

My honey, my love!

De Bully-Bat fly mighty close ter de groun',

My honey, my love!

Mister Fox, he coax 'er, *Do come down!*

My honey, my love!

Mister Coon, he 'ack all roun' en 'roun'

My honey, my love!

In de darkes' night, Oh, de nigger, he's a sight!

My honey, my love!

My honey, my love, my heart's delight--

My honey, my love!

Oh, flee, Miss Nancy, flee ter my knee,

My honey, my love!

'Lev'm big, fat coons lives in one tree,

My honey, my love!

Oh, ladies all, won't you marry me?

My honey, my love!

Tu'n lef' tu'n right, we'll dance all night,

My honey, my love!

My honey, my love, my heart's delight--

My honey, my love!

De big Owl holler en cry fer his mate,

My honey, my love!

Oh, don't stay long! Oh, don't stay late!

My honey, my love!

Hit aint so mighty fur ter de Good-By Gate,

My honey, my love!

Whar we all got ter go w'en we sing out de night,

My honey, my love--

My honey, my love, my heart's delight!

My honey, my love!



### SPARE THE ROD.

WILLIE—Papa, don't you think that's a very good saying of Solomon: "Spare the rod and spoil the child?"

PAPA—I do, most certainly, my son.

WILLIE—Well, I'm just spiling for a rod. I'd like a good one—split bamboo. (*He got the rod.*)

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### I WAIT CONTENT.

I wait content,  
 The trials of a day, a month, a year,  
     Cause no lament,  
 Victor's crowns surely are not won by fear.  
 And yet sweet victories are always near.

I wait content,  
 A human life is never fortunate  
     Till it is spent,  
 We need good courage, and we need good cheer,  
 For every day encounters are severe.

I wait content,  
 And tho' to-day's sky may look dark and drear,  
     I'll not lament  
 For sure to-morrow's sun will make it clear.  
 And some day soon, all trials shall appear  
 Not bought too dear.

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DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

Lv Tacoma	7:00 a. m.	Lv Victoria	6:00 a. m.
Ar Seattle	9:15 a. m.	Ar Port Towns'd	9:15 a. m.
Lv Seattle	9:45 a. m.	Lv Port Towns'd	10:00 a. m.
Ar Port Towns'd	1:15 p. m.	Ar Seattle	1:30 p. m.
Lv Port Towns'd	2:00 p. m.	Lv Seattle	6:45 p. m.
Ar Victoria	5:30 p. m.	Ar Tacoma	9:00 p. m.

### TACOMA--SEATTLE ROUTE.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

Lv Tacoma	7:00 a. m.	1:00 p. m.	7:30 p. m.
Ar Seattle	9:15 a. m.	12:00 a. m.	3:15 p. m.
Lv Seattle	1:30 a. m.	2:00 p. m.	4:00 p. m.
Ar Tacoma	3:15 a. m.	4:00 p. m.	6:15 p. m.
		6:15 p. m.	9:00 p. m.

### Sunday Schedule Between Tacoma and Seattle.

ONLY TWO TRIPS.

Lv Tacoma for Seattle	at 10:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.
Lv Seattle for Tacoma	at 1:30 a. m. and 4:00 p. m.

### OLYMPIA--SEATTLE ROUTE.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

Lv Seattle	2:00 p. m.	Lv Olympia	6:00 a. m.
Ar Tacoma	4:00 p. m.	Lv Steilacoom	7:30 a. m.
Lv Tacoma	4:30 p. m.	Ar Tacoma	9:00 a. m.
Lv Steilacoom	5:45 p. m.	Lv Tacoma	10:00 a. m.
Ar Olympia	7:45 p. m.	Ar Seattle	12:00 noon



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### TIME TABLE NO. 12,

Takes effect May 13, 1889.

#### Vancouver Route:

Victoria to Vancouver—Daily, except Monday, at 2 o'clock.

Vancouver to Victoria—Daily, except Monday, at 14:30 o'clock, or on arrival of C. P. R. No. 1 train.

#### New Westminster Route:

Leave Victoria for New Westminster, Ladner's, and Lulu Island—Sunday at 23 o'clock, Wednesday and Friday at 7 o'clock. (Sunday's steamer to New Westminster connects with C. P. R. train No. 2, going east Monday.

For Plumper Pass—Wednesday and Friday at 7 o'clock.

For Moresby Island—Friday at 7 o'clock.

Leave New Westminster for Victoria—Monday at 11:30 o'clock; Thursday and Saturday at 7 o'clock.

For Plumper Pass—Saturday at 7 o'clock.

#### Frazer River Route:

Steamers leave New Westminster for Hope and Way Landings every Wednesday.

For Chilliwack and Way Landings every Monday and Saturday at 7 o'clock, during river navigation.

#### Northern Route:

Steamship SARDOONYX will leave for Port Simpson and intermediate points on the FIRST and FIFTEENTH of each month. When sufficient inducements offer will extend trips to West Coast points and Queen Charlotte Islands.

#### Barclay Sound Route:

Steamer MAUDE leaves Victoria for Alberni and Sound Ports when sufficient inducements offer.

The Company reserves the right of changing this Time Table without notification. Steamers leave by standard time. JOHN IRVING, Manager.  
G. A. CARLETON, General Agent.

# FOUR NEW STATES.

South Dakota, North Dakota, Montana, Washington.

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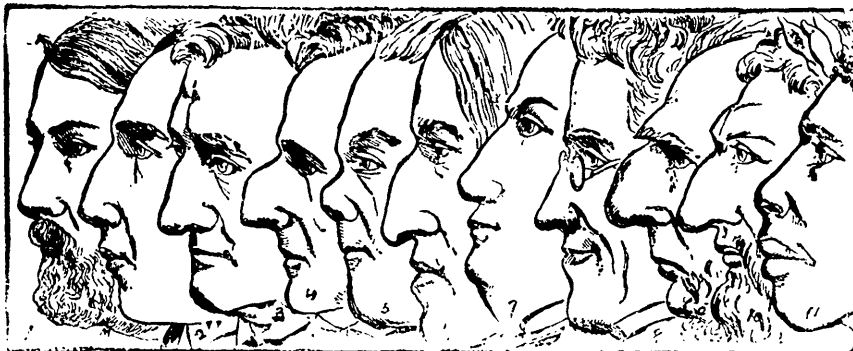
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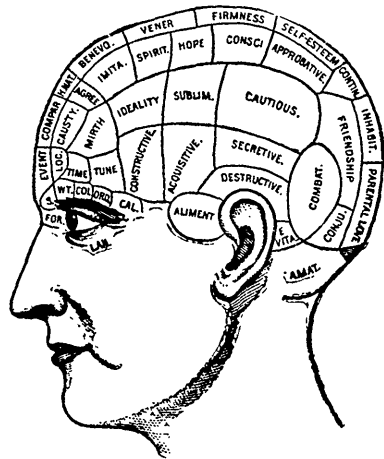
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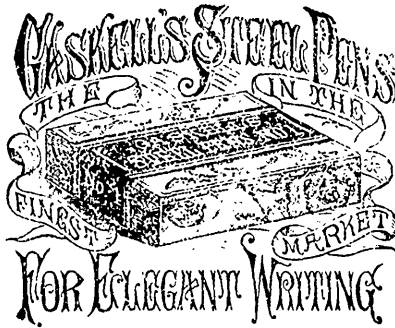
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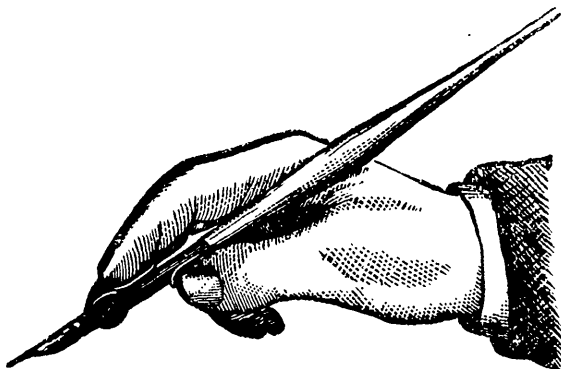
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