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FRONTISPIECE. MASSEY'S MAGAZINE, AUGUST, 1898.

BRINGING UP THE GUNS.

DRAWN BY A. H. HIDER.

MASSEY'S MAGAZINE

Vol. II.

AUGUST, 1896.

No. 2.

THE BRITISH ARMY OF TO-DAY.

BY MAJOR-GENERAL W. J. GASCOIGNE,

Commanding the Militia of Canada.



DRAWN BY F. H. BRIGDEN, FROM PHOTO.

TRUMPETER BOY OF THE 17TH LANCERS.

SUPPOSE that few changes have been so complete and indeed startling as the change in the Imperial Army of to-day, as compared with that which obtained between twenty-five and thirty

years ago. I refer to the *personnel*, and principally in this to the rank and file. It is true that the officer of to-day is a very different man from his predecessor of thirty years back; to-day he is an earnest professional thinker, a student of war; not a mere man of pleasure, embracing the profession of arms as a pastime. But although the change has been very marked in the officers' ranks, it is still more clearly defined amongst the rank and file.

When I joined my regiment, now thirty-four years ago, long service enlistment, as it was then called, was in vogue. A soldier enlisted for his first period of engagement for ten to twelve years, (the actual periods were continually being changed) and if he desired to re-engage, and his commanding officer also desired to keep him, he re-engaged for a further period to complete the necessary twenty-one years' to qualify for pension.

A man was considered a recruit almost up to five years' service, and only a seasoned soldier towards the end of his first period of either ten, eleven or twelve years' service.

The result was that the ranks were filled by men whom we should now indeed style old soldiers: reliable, well-seasoned men, thoroughly conversant with their duty; men to whom the regiment represented family ties, and the barrack square a home. The non-commissioned officers, too, steady, respectable men, possessing vast influence, and using that influence to excellent purpose.



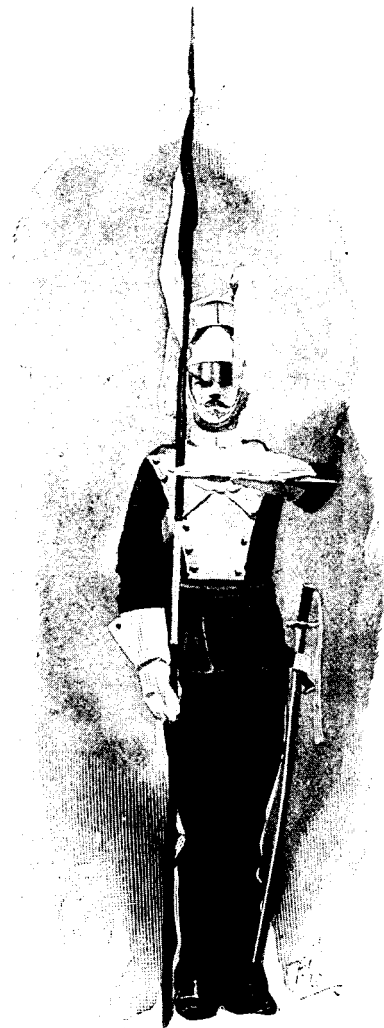
DRAWN BY F. H. BRIGDEN, FROM PHOTO.
A CORPORAL OF THE 2ND LIFE GUARDS.

Far be it from me to disparage the soldiers of that day. They were the men who had made England's name, had won her battles, often wresting victory from defeat by the mere fact that they refused to know when they were beaten.

Far be it from me to disparage them. As soldiers they were admirable, but perhaps as simple citizens they left something to be desired. They were a class apart; admired it is true perforce, but with the admiration was mixed a strong leaven of fear, and possibly a little contempt, too.

When the time came for leaving the regiment, with or without pension, their ways and habits of life did not always redound to their credit, and it was often hard to find a place for them in civil life. Drink was the terrible evil, and many a

man of those days left the service, a young man in years, but prematurely broken down and aged, through his habits of life. But I would not be understood to say a word in disparagement of the soldier of thirty years back. He was essentially a soldier, having the honor of his regiment closely at heart, thoroughly amenable to discipline, trustworthy, reliable; not perhaps of the highest intelligence, but when his duty was clearly pointed out to him, thoroughly to be counted on to do it. It is no part of my purpose to discuss here



DRAWN BY F. H. BRIGDEN, FROM PHOTO.
A TROOPER OF THE 17TH LANCERS.



DRAWN BY A. H. HIDER.

FIELD MARSHAL LORD WOLSELEY, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMY.

the question whether we were better off in the old days than we are now. It will serve no useful purpose to do so, for be it remembered by those who dislike all change that the old soldier of the past was not forced away, but disappeared of his own accord.

Whether it was the spread of educa-

There is also one undoubted evil connected with the long service system, and that is that however fine your existing army may be, it leaves you nothing to fall back upon. The army which sailed to the Crimea has often been described as magnificent, but in less than a year how many were *hors de combat* from



DRAWN BY A. H. HIDER.

THE CANADIAN ARM OF THE SERVICE—TROOPER, ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS,
IN DRILL ORDER.

tion, or the greater latitude of freedom enjoyed by all, which made men less willing to bind themselves down for a lengthened period of fixed service, or whatever the cause, certain it is that about twenty-five years ago, enlistment under the old system became an impossibility, and died a natural death.

sickness, disease and death, and then how to fill up the ranks was the great problem. As in action, so in general life: if you put your entire strength in your front line, and have no reserve to fall back upon, it is only to court disaster.

So the new system of inducing men to



DRAWN BY A. H. HIDER.

THE CANADIAN ARM OF THE SERVICE—TROOPER, ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS, IN REVIEW ORDER.

enlist for a shorter term with the colors ; to tie themselves down to a fixed service as it were, for a shorter term, became a necessity, and from it sprang the idea of amalgamating the color service with a period of reserve service. Men were found to be not unwilling to bind themselves to a shorter term with the colors, and then by giving them a small retaining fee, as it were, they could be kept on in the reserve, available for service on emergency.

I can well remember the storm which this radical change raised in the minds of those who had been brought up in, and were accustomed to the old system. All sorts of evils were prophesied ; the men with the colors were to be mere recruits, half trained, immature, with no *esprit de corps* ; the reserves were to be a shadow, not to be found when required. But time has shown the fallacy of many of these prophecies of evil. I do not mean to imply that we have reached perfection, even now, but I do certainly assert that I have lived to see the benefits of the short service system, and to believe in it, on the whole, as a system. We English are slow to move in the way of improvements ; there are many things yet which are wanting, and where we might improve, but the system is sound nevertheless. And, year by year I have witnessed a steady but decided improvement in the *status*, physique, education, intelligence, and respectability of the men who enter our ranks.

It is happily nowadays very rare indeed to find a recruit who cannot read or write, yet in the old days the exceptions were all the other way. So with education comes always a higher form of respectability, and the old, terrible curse of drink is fast disappearing.

When I joined, there was the one canteen in every barracks, where practically nothing but drink was sold, and this canteen (it seems curious to think of it now) was run by a contractor, who took away all the profits, and these profits were enormous. Then the brilliant idea occurred of each regiment running its own canteen, but still the old system was partially clung to, and I can perfectly remember the system of making some old sergeant, canteen steward,

within some few months of his discharge, with the avowed intention of enabling him to go off into private life with a good "nest-egg."

The officers in those days had little to do with the canteen. It was a sort of licensed place within barracks where unlicensed conduct might be permitted, and it was a sort of creed that non-commissioned officers should keep away from it, lest men who had had too much drink should be insubordinate, and crime be engendered.

Nowadays, we have in every regiment the wet canteen, as it is called, where beer only is sold, and this is as carefully superintended by the committee of officers as it is possible to be, and every penny of profit goes to the canteen fund, which is in the hands of the commanding officer, to be spent in the interests of the men. This is also most carefully checked by the divisional general in his inspection, and the manner in which this fund is expended is most carefully watched by him. But in addition there is the dry canteen, or coffee bar, as it is sometimes called, and it would surprise many a civilian to see the vast number of comforts and luxuries sold there : it would surprise him still more to see the enormous sales that are made there. In a good regiment nowadays much larger sums pass over the counter of the dry than over that of the wet canteen. The soldier of to-day is tempted to eat, and he does eat, and inferentially does not drink as he used to do.

Then there is the cooking. The soldier of former days cared but little for his food. In all my young days I can scarcely remember a single complaint being made when I went round on duty ; and I confess I looked on this duty as almost superfluous, and almost a matter of form.

But now the cooking is most carefully looked into, the regimental cooks are most highly trained, most carefully supervised. The bone is cut off, and excellent soup is given free *gratis* at certain times of the day or evening. The dripping is as carefully cherished as it would be in the home of the most careful housewife, and it would certainly surprise civilians could they see

the daily bill of fare enjoyed by the Scots Guards in England. And the men themselves are encouraged to have a hand in the choice and management of their own messing, and do take the keenest interest in it. The consequence is that after joining men improve in weight and physique in a really remarkable way. Then, the canteen and coffee bar funds are so rich, in spite of the goods being sold at almost cost price, that a well-managed battalion is rich in games and sports of all sorts. In fact the life of a soldier is an unusually happy one, and the proof that this is so is found in the fact that slowly but very surely the old prejudice against "going for a soldier" is dying out. I remember that a color-sergeant of my own regiment, chosen on account of his respectability to give evidence before Lord Wantage's committee, (a committee to look into the whole question of recruiting, etc., etc.) told the committee that when he ran away from his home to enlist, his people (Scotch) looked upon him as a disgraced man, and would for years have nothing to do with him. All this is changed now, and this prejudice is slowly disappearing, and will ere long disappear altogether. Perhaps

some of my readers may not quite follow me in this, for not long ago I read in a Canadian paper the argument made use of against the proposed re-introduction of English regiments into Canada, that it would not increase the respectability of the places where they were quartered. This was true formerly, now it is not.

In conclusion, I would like to call attention to the improved physique of my late regiment during the four years in which I had the honor to command it, and these statistics, the truth of which I can vouch for, will go far to prove the truth of much that I have said.

In 1891, the regiment (two battalions) was 270 men short of its full strength of 1500 men. Its standard of height was 5 feet 7½ inches. In less than a year it got over its full establishment, and the standard was raised to 5 feet 7¾ inches, and then to 5 feet 8 inches, and then to 5 feet 8¼ inches. When I gave up the command in July 1895 the average (not standard) height of the regiment (over strength) was a fraction over 5 feet 10½ inches, and the average chest measurement over 38½ inches. It would be difficult to find 1500 such men in any other service in the world.

W. J. Gascoigne.



[Concluded from July number.]

THE PROSPECTIVE PROVINCE OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

BY M. HARVEY, LL.D.

IN addition to the pure air and noble scenery, salmon and trout fishing to an unlimited extent can be obtained in Newfoundland. The countless lakes of the interior are swarming with the finest trout. Then, in the fall, ptarmigan, snipe and curlew shooting begins. If the nobler game are wanted, it is only necessary to take the railway at St. John's, and in a few hours the

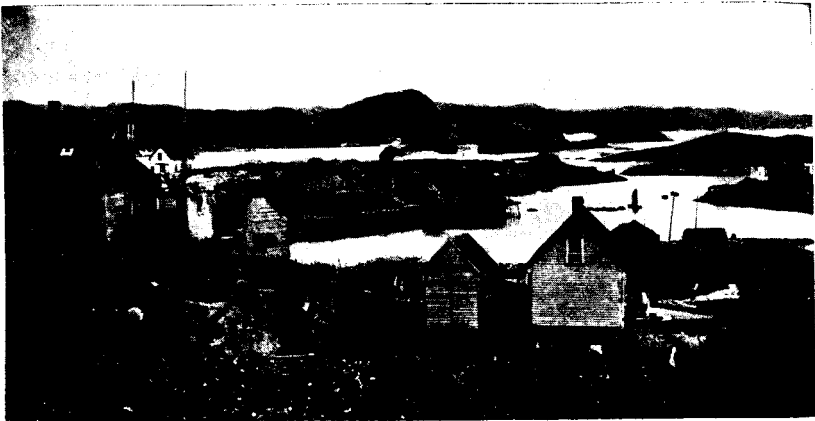
sportsman will be set down in the heart of the deer country. Here the caribou are abundant, by far the finest in the world. Stags weighing 600 lbs., with magnificent antlers, are often brought down, and the enthusiastic deer slayer finds himself in a perfect paradise.

For others who prefer less exciting enjoyments, there are scenes novel and attractive to be sketched or photo-

graphed, boating on the lakes, picnic parties to scenes of interest or beauty, driving or walking over the breezy hills, while drinking in the oxygen of an atmosphere which at every breath quickens the pulses and puts color in the cheek. What more could the heart of man or woman tourist desire? For the more adventurous tourists who enjoy the sea, a trip to Labrador can be made by the mail steamers in three weeks, and a few days can be spent there in sketching icebergs and enjoying the grand and wild scenery of these tempest-beaten shores. A visit to one or more of the Moravian Mission stations on Labrador, such as Nain or Hopedale, may be included in this trip.

The breed of men nurtured here, battling with the billows, inhaling the strong sea-breezes, constantly braving supreme dangers, contains some of the toughest specimens of human endurance. Under the rough exterior you find a *man*. Noble qualities, too—self-sacrifice, daring, courage, generosity, are often developed by the daily perils of their lives. The outside world wants to know more of this much misknown country and its people, and to make acquaintance with its novel and picturesque scenery, where no element of nature's sublimity and beauty is wanting.

The limits of this paper do not permit the writer to do more than touch, in the briefest terms, on the history of this



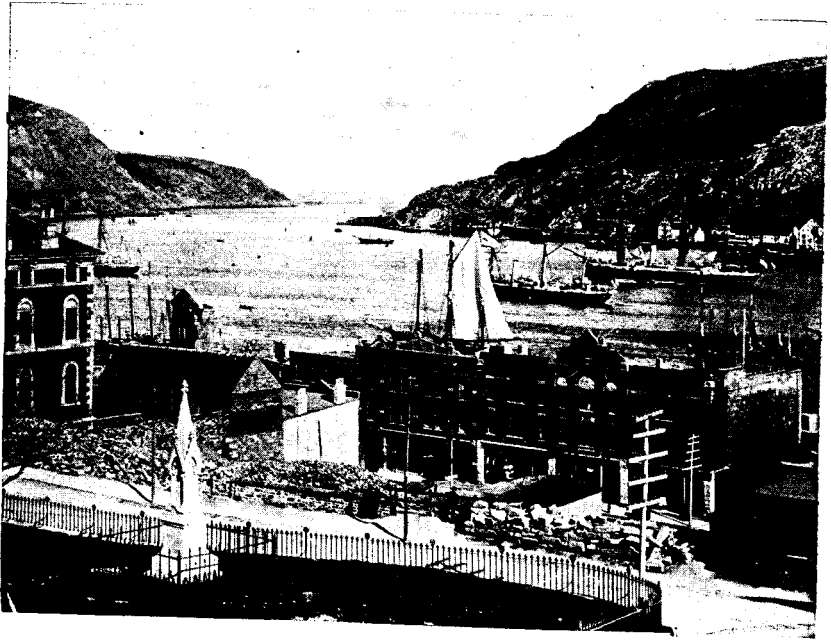
BURGEO.

One thing that the tourist may reckon on is the sensation of novelty. Not only are the aspects of nature, indeed the whole character of the scenery, such as are not to be met with elsewhere, but the traveler finds himself among a "peculiar people"—the hardy fisher folk, quaint in their manners, having their own ways of looking at things, unaffected by the fashions and conventionalities of the outside world, primitive in their modes of living, kindly, fearless, friendly, gracious and hospitable to strangers, rich in insular peculiarities and primitive characteristics. Here the visitor finds something to observe and study altogether out of the beaten track, hidden away in nooks remote from all the outer world.

island to which a romantic interest attaches. In the New World the flag of England first floated here, and her first attempt at colonization was made here. In prosecuting the fisheries of Newfoundland, English sailors first learned to rule the waves. The wealth derived from these fisheries, added largely to England's greatness, and for many years they were the best nursery for her seamen. Great and heroic men took part in the early colonization of the island. In later times the history of the colony connected itself closely with that of the other British colonies of North America, and it had its share in the conflicts which decided their destiny. On its shores a race of hardy, industrious men



A CRYSTAL VISITOR FROM THE NORTH.



ST. JOHN'S HARBOR.

created a home for themselves in spite of difficulties, opposition and oppression. The battle of freedom was fought and won here by determined, much-enduring men, though it was a bloodless conflict, and the struggle was carried on against heavy odds.

So far from fostering and aiding the colony in its early days, England's conduct towards it was marked by neglect, and not infrequently by cruelty and oppression. Indeed, no colony of the British Empire ever received such harsh and unnatural treatment from the Imperial Mother. Lord Salisbury summed it up in a sentence, when he said, that "for centuries it had been the sport of historic misfortunes." It would have been nearer the mark had he said "the victim of historic wrongs and oppressions." Its fishing industries were handed over to a party of English monopolists, who used them for their own aggrandizement and bent all their energies to prevent the colonization of the island, and keep it as a mere fishing station. Laws were passed by the parliament of England forbidding, under heavy penalties, the people to cultivate the soil or build houses. They were to

fish here in the summer and go home for the winter. It was not till near the beginning of the present century that these cruel laws were repealed. The people were left to the tender mercies of rough fishing admirals and surrogates and every means used to drive them from their adopted country. Then, by Imperial treaties, the better half of their island home was torn from them and virtually handed over to the French—an arrangement which has done more to retard the progress of the colony than all other causes combined, and it is one that still continues. That the people held their ground, met wrong and oppression with indomitable patience and endurance, and finally won self-government and constitutional rights and liberties, is proof sufficient that there were among them many "village Hampdens," and that they possessed the right stuff out of which freemen are made. These days of oppression have long since passed away; but it is time that the great Mother of Colonies made some reparation for the wrongs of the past, by holding out the helping hand to the eldest born of her colonial progeny.

When Newfoundland takes her place



BANKER ENTERING THE NARROWS, ST. JOHN'S.

as a member of the great Confederacy of British American Colonies, she will enter on a new and wider phase of existence. Her isolation and the consequent insularity and narrowness of her ideas and policy will give place to a loftier ideal of statesmanship and citizenship, and the talents and energies of her sons will find a wider field. All her industries and the development of her rich, natural resources will receive a fresh impulse when she becomes a part of a more advanced community whose Dominion extends from ocean to ocean. In her lonely isolation she has done much, and bravely fought the battle of life; but the time has come when she ought to participate in the fuller political, commercial and social life of a people who are laying the foundations of a state destined to add fresh glory to the mighty empire of which they form a part. Continued isolation must be to Newfoundland a constant source of weakness; union with Canada, a growing source of inspiration and strength.

Nature has marked such union as the "manifest destiny" of the island, in its conformation and position, but hitherto the contracting parties have failed to reach its consummation. This has been due partly to insular ideas and prejudices on the part of Newfoundland which are the growth of generations, and partly to the fact that her trade and commerce brought her more closely into contact with other countries than Canada. On the part of Canada, it has arisen from the want of a due appreciation of the value and importance of Newfoundland to the interests of the Dominion. These obstacles to union have, on both sides, been of late lessened and to some extent removed. So long as Newfoundland holds aloof from union the Dominion of Canada must remain incomplete, wanting its keystone; while Newfoundland must also remain incom-



APPARATUS FOR SHIPPING ORE.



ON THE HUMBER RIVER.

plete, moving in a narrow circle of ideas and contracted interests.

When the hour for union strikes, the colony will enter the Confederacy not as a pauper, but bringing with her a rich dower as has been shown in the previous pages, and one which entitles her to exceptional-

that they eat, (including tea and sugar) and most of what they wear, on which at present they pay high duties. Canada, if not at present, will ere long be able to supply all the staple articles of consumption required by Newfoundland.

It will also be a great boon to New-



TOPSAIL FALLS, NEAR ST. JOHN'S.

ly favorable terms, and high consideration. Still the advantages will be mutual. It will be no small consideration for Canada that she will obtain a market for her agricultural products and manufactures, with 202,000 people as purchasers; and it will be a great gain for the people of Newfoundland to obtain, duty free, all

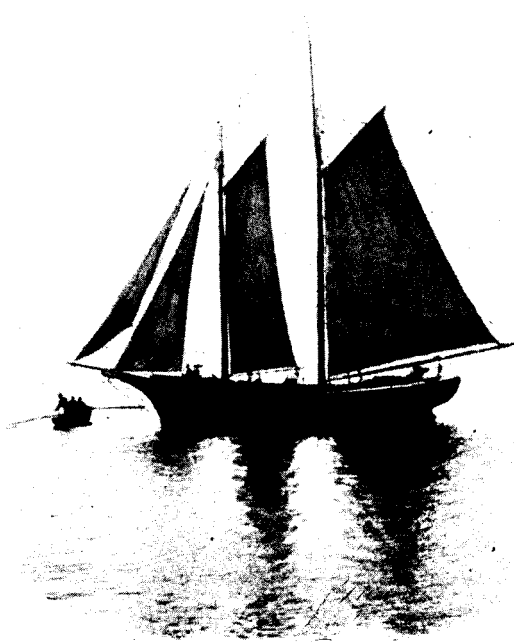
foundland to have all her liabilities assumed by Canada; for they must be a *sine qua non* to union. Once this is done, her securities will rise in the money market, and her credit will be strengthened, while all anxiety about the future will be removed.

On financial grounds there need be no

hesitation, on the part of Canada, in offering such terms as will be likely to secure union. A people who have shown such energy and spirit in meeting and overcoming difficulties and struggling against misfortunes will never become a burden on the Dominion. In 1846 three-fourths of St. John's, the capital, was destroyed by fire. In 1892, a far greater calamity happened—more than one-half of a much larger capital was laid in ashes. In both instances the city rose speedily from its ruins on a better plan and with greatly improved

In opening the Legislature on June 11th, the Governor announced in his speech that the revenue for the past year had amounted to \$1,500,000, and the expenditure to \$1,300,000, leaving a surplus of \$200,000. He also said that seventy miles of railway had been built last year, and that the line would be completed this year to Port-au-Basque.

When the new railway is completed the public debt of the colony will be \$15,225,000. Against this there will be between 600 and 700 miles of railway, numerous lighthouses around the coast,

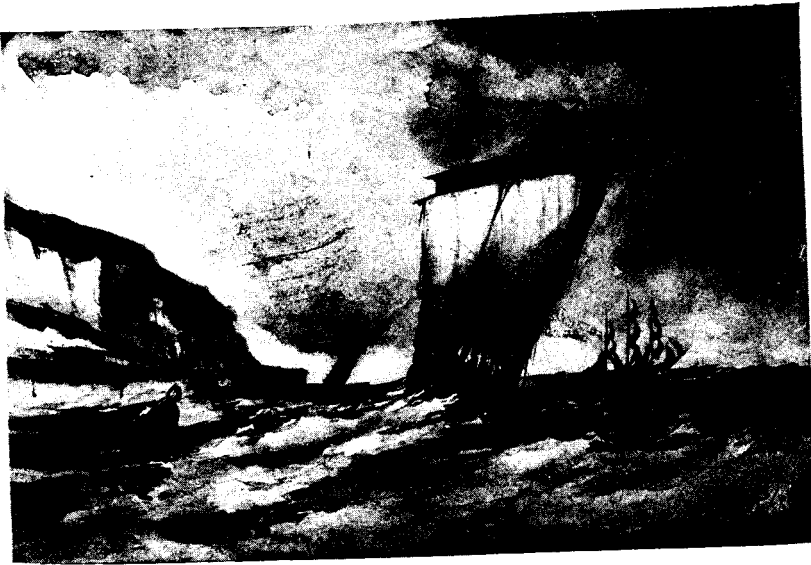


BANKER OUTWARD BOUND.

buildings. In 1894, a commercial crash took place, more disastrous than had ever overtaken a community of similar size. The only two banks in the island became insolvent, and for a time the people were without any medium of exchange. In less than twelve months all traces of the calamity had largely disappeared, and the revenue had almost regained its normal condition—showing the marvellous recuperative power of the colony and the elasticity of its trade, as well as the courage and pluck of its people.

excellent roads, a dry dock in St. John's harbor, and a number of public buildings. To meet the annual interest on the debt, \$576,500 will be required—no very serious burden. By judicious retrenchment last year, in connection with the public services, nearly \$500,000 have been saved which almost covers the interest. The acquisition of Newfoundland, will be a great gain to Canada, and equally advantageous to the colony itself.

M. Harvey.



DRAWN BY J. T. M. BURNSIDE.

THE SHORES OF YOUTH.

A PRETTY port I sailed from,
So long, so long ago,
As morn down golden stairway
Climbed to the world below.
Ho! Mariner, come tell me,
Come tell me of a truth,
Know you a track will lead me back
Unto the shores of Youth?

A pretty port I sailed from,
So long, so long ago,
The blue skies stretching over
Blest all the world below.
I laughed good-bye so lightly,
Nor recked I then, forsooth,
That leagues of years, and mist of tears,
Would hide the shores of Youth.



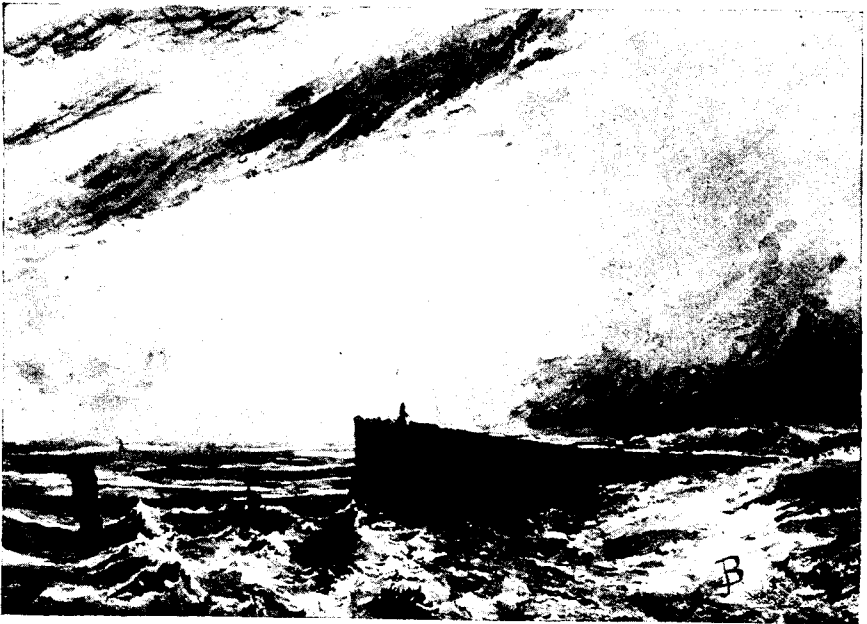
DRAWN BY J. T. M. BURNSIDE.



DRAWN BY J. T. M. BURNSIDE.

But ever followed after
 A breath of fragrance rare,
 From heart of flowers that blossom
 But in its tender air.
 And ever hear I, sweet and clear,
 The music of its birds,
 The whistling flight of winds at night,
 The songs too sweet for words.

And ever see I clearly
 The shining of its shore,
 And ever wait, and ever long,
 To anchor there once more.
 Sail on! sail on! you tell me,
 Ho! Mariner so wise!
 And yet behind, far, far behind,
 This port I sailed from, lies.



DRAWN BY J. T. M. BURNSIDE.

Sail on! sail on! you tell me,
 And, in the sunset's glow,
 I'll reach the port I sailed from
 So long, so long ago.
 Ho! Mariner! you promise
 That all who love will find,
 Each ship will come, to love and home,
 And all it left behind.

So, no more looking backward—
 Right boldly sail we on—
 The port we reach at even
 Is the port we leave at dawn.
 The harbor bar shines golden—
 O, sweetness of the truth!
 We'll cross it o'er, and come once more
 Unto the shores of Youth.

Jean Blewett.



RELIEVED OF ALL RESPONSIBILITY.

BY EDWARD F. SLACK.

BRADWAITHE tossed the paper aside with a nervous little laugh. "Pass me the whiskey, Jim," he said, reaching out at the same time for his pipe and filling it from the jar on the table beside him. He poured out a generous measure from the decanter handed him, and carefully diluted the spirit with water.

"That's not a bad brand, Jim," he said, holding the glass up to the light and regarding it critically. "You make a great mistake mixing it with soda. Bad for the stomach, you know."

"Whiskey?" queried Somers, idly.

"No, the soda."

Bradwaithe lit his pipe, sank back into a comfortable position and gazed intently at the glowing fire. There was a curious expression on his face. Somers endeavored to fathom it, and gave up in despair.

"Well," said Bradwaithe, after a moment's silence, "why don't you go on? You won't be satisfied until you have found out all about it."

"You need not abuse my natural curiosity," Somers replied. "Of course, I'm curious to know. So will everybody else be, for the matter of that. It is something of a surprise, I suppose?"

"I think you might class the news under that definition," Bradwaithe replied. "Hang this tobacco! it doesn't taste right."

He laid the pipe down, and, opening a drawer in the table, brought out a box of cigars.

"Want one of these?" he asked.

"Thanks," replied Somers. "My tobacco is all right."

"Perhaps you're right in declining; it's a box she gave me last Christmas. I've never had the courage to try them before. She sent them to me with a little note in which she enclosed the old joke about the wife choosing the cigars for her husband, because the box had the prettiest label of any in the shop. She apologized for the hideousness of the label, and hoped that the cigars would turn out all right. I forget just how she put it, but it was very neatly done. It is an outrageously hideous label."

"Are you sure that she is the girl referred to? It's not an uncommon name, you know—'Helen Smith.'"

"Oh, there's no mistake; it's Helen all right enough. I heard something about his attentions to her the last time I was up in Beachville. But from what she said then, I must say that I am somewhat surprised to learn that she has married him."

The dog lying on the rug in front of the fireplace got up and placed his head between Bradwaithe's knees, looking up anxiously into his owner's face.

"Sympathy, eh, old boy?" said Bradwaithe, stroking the dog's head. "Well,

it's not needed. Did you ever see anything like the intelligence of that dog, Jim?" he continued, as the animal resumed its former position before the fire.

"Oh, yes, lots of things," Somers languidly replied. "I think the brute wanted a bone just then."

"That's right; go on and abuse the dumb creature. He can't answer you."

"You can, and will. I'm not going to be drawn into a discussion regarding that animal's merits, or rather want of merits. Better give him the bone. He'll enjoy it much more than he will be a bone of contention between us."

"I suppose you consider that last remark of yours a joke?"

"It evidently is not as far as you are concerned. That cigar of yours doesn't smell badly. I'll try one, if you don't mind. We can smoke to her memory."

He took a cigar, and after lighting it noticed that his companion had fallen into another reverie. "Poor fellow," he thought to himself; "he appears to be hard hit. I know that he thought an awful lot of that girl." He enquired aloud: "There's no other feeling besides surprise connected with that marriage notice, is there, Tom?" and added hurriedly: "Of course, I shouldn't ask you, and it's none of my business, and all that sort of thing, but, hang it all, I've got a reputation to live up to."

"Meddling in other people's business?" suggested Bradwaihthe. Somers gravely nodded assent.

"Yes, that's it," he replied. "I am afraid the minding of other people's business is about the only occupation I have. Of course, I have to spend a little time in eating, sleeping and drinking."

"You have forgotten your liking for *debutantes*."

"Oh, yes, but that rather comes under the heading of meddling in other people's affairs. You see, the mothers object to my attentions, because they know that I don't mean business. I was not aware that they had sized up the situation so correctly, until Mrs. Blake (that woman will persist in talking to me like a mother) told me so."

"I suppose you had just been making yourself very attentive to Tilly?"

"Yes, that's where the trouble started. I wandered out into the conservatory at old Brown's the other night just in time to prevent Captain Forrester—he of the lanky jaw—from throwing himself at Tilly's feet. I couldn't help it; I wanted to see Tilly badly just at that moment. The result was that Tilly told her mother all about it, and the old lady came to me in her parental disguise, and made me promise to keep away from Tilly until the other fellow was safely hooked. There was absolutely no other way out of it, and so I promised. Happily, the restriction didn't last long, as he came to time next day. Really, I don't see why people like me as well as they do."

"It is rather mysterious."

"I didn't think you would say that. I merely made the remark, in order to give you an opportunity of suggesting that people like me because I am generally such a good-hearted fellow."

"Humph!" grunted Bradwaihthe. He got up and stood on the rug, from which he kicked the dog, without a word of explanation or apology to that much beloved animal.

"I suppose I might as well tell you all about it," he said finally. "You'll see that the only correct version gets abroad as quickly as anyone I know."

"Oh, come now, Tom!" Somers protested. "I'm not an old maid."

"I did not say that you were. I merely intimated that you would do it as well as anyone."

Somers shrugged his shoulders. "You may see the difference, but it is beyond me. Go on with your story, anyway."

"Well, there never was anything serious between Helen and myself."

"Great Scott!" groaned Somers. "Is that all you have got to tell after exciting my curiosity?"

"Yes, that's all. Our friendship was purely platonic. We simply enjoyed each other's society more than we did that of other people. Of course, we discussed the matrimonial problem in all its branches; but I believe all young people who become intimately acquainted do that."

"I suppose they do," said Somers. "It always comes that way with me. As a matter of fact, I generally contrive to

steer the conversation into that channel. It is something like walking on the edge of a steep precipice to sit and talk to a nice girl about matrimony. There are so many opportunities for falling from bachelor grace. It is actually fascinating. You would be surprised to see how near I can come to proposing to a girl without doing it."

"Well, Helen and I very often talked about the trials and the troubles and the pleasures of married life. One winter we talked about little else. In fact, I was rapidly working myself into a belief that I was in love with her. At times I felt convinced that I really was, and at others I was almost as positive that I was not. Once I made up my mind to propose to her the next time I saw her. When the opportunity came, I hadn't the courage to do it. I did not feel certain enough of my own feelings. I was on the edge of your precipice, and I couldn't throw myself over."

"And she?"

"Oh, I don't know anything about the state of her feelings towards me. If she had any other than a friendly regard for me she was remarkably successful in concealing it. You see, she took such a lively interest in my welfare that I never could make up my mind whether she was very deeply in love with me, or only cared for me as she would for an elder brother."

"These confiding girls do sometimes overreach themselves," Somers put in, with the tone of an authority.

"We drifted along in this, to me, very unsatisfactory condition until circumstances compelled Helen's removal to Beachville. Of course, we corresponded, and I found our intimacy quite as pleasant on paper. I had hoped that in parting I would be enabled to learn whether I really cared for her or not, but I was disappointed. I was affected much in the same way as I am when I say farewell to one of my sisters. After our correspondence had lasted about six months, I grew desperate. I felt that I ought to be in love with Helen, but I could not persuade myself that I was. I recognized that her good qualities were those I would like my wife to possess. I began wondering whether the faculty of loving

had been denied me, and I almost came to the conclusion that it had been. Then it occurred to me that I had practically been monopolizing Helen's society for the past two years, and perhaps owed her something, not for what she had done for me, but for what I might have robbed her of by my continued attentions. The end of it all was, that one day I sat down with the intention of telling Helen exactly the condition of my feelings towards her. Briefly summarized, they came to this. I recognized that I should love her, in fact, owed it to her, but I really could not persuade myself that I did. I hoped in some vague way that she would be able to help me out of my difficulty.

"It was a rather strange letter to write, for I practically intended telling her that I couldn't marry her. I wrote quite a long preface, dwelling upon our long friendship, and the pleasure I had derived from it, as well as the benefit her advice had been to me. That finished, I began on the subject proper, but, to my intense surprise, I found I was writing in a strain quite different from that I had originally intended using. I felt towards Helen as I had never felt before, and I began to wonder if I had at last found the missing element. To cut it short, I mailed that letter to Helen without daring to read it, and without actually knowing whether I had proposed to her or not. I hoped that I had, and that she would see it. When her reply came, I sat before the fire here for more than an hour, with the unopened letter in my hand, endeavoring to decide what kind of an answer I desired it to contain. Finally, I opened the letter. She told me that she would give me an answer when I came to Beachville next month, as we had previously arranged that I should do. In the meantime I was not to write to her. 'You may see why I request this of you,' she wrote."

"Ah! yes, I see it myself," interrupted Somers; "she probably thought it might do something towards determining your mind."

"The same idea came to me," continued Somers, "but the reading of that marriage notice has knocked it, as well as several others, into smithereens. That

letter was only written ten days before she was married."

"Ten days ago!" ejaculated Somers.

"Why, she must have been engaged to the man at the time! The preparations for the wedding must have been well under way. She never said a word about her intended marriage?"

"Never a word."

"I'll be hanged if I understand it. What in the world did she intend to do? Did she mean to jilt the other man, and did her courage fail her at the last moment?"

"I'm as dumbfounded as yourself," answered Bradwithe.

"Well, old man," said Somers, rising from his chair and coming towards Bradwithe, "you have my sincere sympathy."

"Thanks, Tommy," said Bradwithe, accepting the proffered hand, "but if you haven't any objections to making it congratulations instead of sympathy, I would prefer the former."

"Then you weren't in love with her,

after all! And you can agree with me in styling her a heartless flirt."

Bradwithe shook his head.

"No, Tommy, I can't do that. I would be condemning myself at the same time, and I am not quite prepared to do that."

"How? In what way?"

"Well, Tommy, I've been false to Helen myself."

"You appear determined to convict yourself. How do you make it out?"

"I am engaged to be married myself. I found out last night that I cared more for Miss Van Amburgh's little finger than I ever had for Helen. In fact, Tommy, I found the element that was missing in my appreciation of Helen. All last night I sat here, and wondered how I could let Helen know of my newly-found happiness. I was in an awful hole, and I couldn't see any way out of it. But Helen has done the right thing at the right time, and relieved me of all responsibility. I am rejected, with thanks, if you please; but the thanks are on my side of the house."

Edward F. Slack.



THEN AND NOW.

BENEATH her window in the fragrant night
 I half forget how many truant years have flown
 Since I looked up to see her chamber-light;
 Or catch, perchance, her slender shadow thrown
 Upon the casement; but the nodding leaves
 Sweep lazily across the unlit pane,
 And to and fro beneath the shadowy eaves,
 Like restless birds, the breath of coming rain
 Creeps, lilac-laden, up the village street
 Where all is still, as if the very trees
 Were listening for the coming of her feet
 That come no more; yet, lest I weep, the breeze
 Sings some forgotten song of those old years,
 Until my heart grows far too glad for tears.

John McCrae.

THE TWO MARYS.

BY BYREN H. BASINIA.

ALL is still as a dawn in Eden. The fragrant valley in which the pretty little village of Marleigh lies, half-hidden among tall trees and fruitful cornfields, blushes coyly under the first kisses of a glowing summer sun, which loves to gild with a roseate glory the ivy-covered towers of the ruined castle, bringing out into strong relief the quaint, old-fashioned cottages that nestle round the grey church spire.

Every leaf shines and glistens like an emerald, and not a sound is heard but the faint, musical rippling of a little stream that winds its way between hedges and walls loaded with the sweet-scented woodbine and clematis, whose branches bend down to kiss the tiny brook. One rosy sunbeam, struggling through the vine-covered casement of the ancient manor-house, now used as a farm, enters the stone hall and sparkles on the silver medal worn by the tall, military figure leaning over it. His manly, but beardless, face is buried in his hands, and his slender, muscular form is motionless, but for the fitful heaving of his chest. Another figure, radiant with the soft, blooming charms of English girlhood, is bending tearfully over him; her magnificent golden hair falling in heavy masses on his shoulder, like the clustering jessamines on yonder half-lighted gable. Thus had they remained, neither knew how long, stupified with sorrow. She raised her head to speak to him, when she suddenly started, with a suppressed shriek, as the glitter of a gun-barrel on the other side of the hedge flashed through the window.

"Fly, Frank!" she gasped—"quick! they're here!"

He sprang up, held her at arm's-length for one last look, snatched a hasty, burning kiss, and, bounding to the window, leaped out—alas! too late. At the same instant a file of bayonets appeared over the hedge, and as Frank rushed across the little garden a corporal

leveled a pistol at him—"Stand, or I fire!"

Trusting to his speed of foot, the fugitive ran the faster round the corner of the house and leaped the hedge. As he rose over it, the shot struck him and he fell headlong on the other side, the blood streaming from a wound in the hip, and a shower of honeysuckle and clematis blossoms falling around him, as he fell. A few moments later he was borne off, unconscious, by two files of his comrades, while the sun rose high on a spectacle new to that peaceful valley. A blood-stained sword without, a desolated home within; a father bending, heart-broken, over the inanimate form of his daughter, and she—innocent and lovely beyond description—lying, struck to the heart, and soon to be stretched on a bed of sickness!

"A deserter!—Frank Farland a deserter!" Yes, such was now the shameful word attached to the hitherto spotless name of a brave, young soldier, once the gay, jovial companion of every merry-making; the steady, cheerful laborer at home and, after his enlistment, one of the most intrepid in the field and the most patient on the march among all that gallant band—the 32nd regiment of British Infantry.

Not all the love of his comrades, whose prime favorite he was from the first day he joined the regiment, nor even that badge of honor which hung at his breast, could shelter so promising a young soldier from the fatal consequences of one little fault! Ah! is there, really, anything "little" in this life of ours, except its duration? Trifles, apparently light as air—are they not continually fraught with fateful consequences? Among the many "mute, inglorious" heroes, against whose iron phalanx the oft-repeated, fierce charges of the splendid French cavalry, till then accustomed to victory, broke in vain, like the foaming, impotent ocean wave, all through

that awful, protracted struggle at Waterloo, Frank Farland was one who had the luck to fight among the foremost and yet return home unscathed in limb, and rich in honor, though as poor in purse as when he left England. For, especially at that time, Fortune, however she might "favor the brave," generally reserved her golden gifts for the well-connected. To his joy, Frank's regiment, on returning to England, happened to be quartered for a time at a small military station within walking distance of the rustic paradise—to him fairer than Eden itself—where his first and only love, sweet Mary Gardner, dwelt with her parents in the ancient manor-house in which our story opened.

Frank's commanding officer, who liked him, as did all the regiment, and who had personally interested himself to procure for the honest lad his well-won Waterloo medal, gave him every facility for visiting his fair betrothed, and things went smoothly until a temporary change of command occurred in the regiment, owing to the worthy colonel's severe illness. The major who now held for a time the command of the regiment was, unluckily, a different sort of officer: a narrow-minded, fierce martinet, dauntless in the field, but a man of low tastes and obtuse mind, keenly aware of his own inferiority of nature to many below him in rank, and all the more severe on the least appearance of disrespect to himself.

One evening, when the officer was absent from the barracks, Farland, whose social talents were in request, was pressed to join a merry party of fellow-comrades in a tavern opposite the barracks. When the bottle had circulated with the usual freedom, Frank was clamorously invited to give "a taste of his quality" as a mimic; and, among other "living pictures," he portrayed the great major, as he was wont to strut down in front of their line, wheezing out his consequential commands and captiously rebuking some of the best soldiers. It was a warm bright evening, all the windows were wide open, and at length their yells and laughter attracted the attention of the major himself, who, passing below the window

and hearing his name pronounced by Farland, listened and understood it all.

Without condescending to betray his knowledge of Frank's crime, he prepared to take a deep and ample revenge. No more now of those sweet visits to an antique shrine where Mary had so often received one who worshipped her far more absorbingly than her saintly namesake had ever been adored. Duties were doubled, and leave of absence denied to the poor victim, who could not imagine the reason for the storm that had arisen in so clear a sky. He bore it all cheerfully, as he had all the privations of the camp and the march and the dangers of the field.

But the worst had not yet come. A letter came to tell him that the mother of his *fiancée* was dying and Mary's pretty handwriting wavered as she entreated her Frank not to forget the family—at least, just now. Leave of absence was sternly refused. The mother died. Her daughter, Frank's only treasure on earth, fell ill from long watching and nursing and from vexation at his unaccountable silence; for though of course he had written, somehow the letters were never received. His silence wounded and offended Mary's father, who advised her to forget young Farland.

Finally the lad's immediate superiors interceded for him with the mighty major, but in vain; so at last, the sergeant-major of his company, unable to endure it any longer, agreed to connive at his leaving the barracks early one morning, on a supposed message, urging the young man by all means to return before nightfall. He had fourteen miles to walk over the hills, and on his arrival at the farm, near midday, he found Mary dreadfully changed by illness and in the crisis of a dangerous fever.

Only after repeated, agonised remonstrances and explanations, would the indignant, suffering father admit him.

When at length they gave each other the hand over the couch of her they both loved so well, her eyes opened languidly, the hectic flush on her cheek changed to a joyful blush and her lips murmured the name that had often escaped from them during the delirium of fever. What reeked either of those

three sufferers of the swiftly-passing hours? Question and answer, fond endearments, long-delayed confidences made those hours seem minutes, all too short, until twilight descended like a coming doom, calling the young soldier from the sight of all he loved on earth. Alas, even then, 'twas too late! At that moment when he rose to depart, the watchful eye of implacable hate had discovered Frank's absence, enquiry had been made, the friendly sergeant had been severely reprimanded, and when, late at night, Frank knocked at the barrack gate, admittance was refused. The raging tempest of anger, sorrow and despair that filled his breast, during that miserable night passed at the barrack-gate, made Frank Farland another and a harder man.

As soon as the gates were opened, next morning, he was instantly summoned, weary, travel-stained and hungry, into his tyrant's presence. On perceiving his appearance, the major exclaimed harshly: "So; drunk, eh? Look at that fellow, Egerton; he's so tipsy he can hardly stand."

"Indeed, sir, you're mistaken!"

"Silence!" thundered the major;

"how dare you answer me? You've absented yourself without my leave, and anyone can see from your disgraceful condition what you have been doing!"

"For heaven's sake, hear me, Major!"

"Hold your infernal tongue, rascal! Egerton, have that fellow arrested, and we'll hear what he'll say to the court-martial, to-morrow!" And off they marched the young man to his cell.

* * * * *

Next morning, Frank was brought before the court-martial. His case was summarily disposed of. Absence without his commanding officer's permission and disrespect to him—all readily corroborated by the subservient, ambitious Lieutenant Egerton procured the foredoomed victim (a mere country lad without any influence) the heaviest possible sentence—fifty lashes. Discipline, seventy or eighty years ago, was so severe in the British army and navy that privates and common sailors were little better than slaves of their officers, yet they fought and conquered like heroes!

But the shame of this sentence was too much for a Waterloo warrior. And Frank, exerting an agility and strength well known in the regiment, broke his prison, and, once at liberty, had the boldness to turn his steps to the very spot to which they were certain to be tracked—Mary's bower. He would see her once more—taste one more kiss, and then fly from the country he had fought for bravely, and which had trampled his life's hopes to the ground!

It was at daybreak, after this stolen interview, that he was wounded and carried off a prisoner, as we saw at the opening of the narrative. After a month at the hospital, he was again consigned to his cell as a deserter, but this time with manacles on his wrists. At his second trial, he heard with rage and despair the cruel sentence of 150 lashes awarded, for this aggravated offence, and they led back to his cell a desperate man.

That same evening he received news of Mary's death. When she saw him wounded and a prisoner, the consequent excitement caused the rupture of a blood vessel and her already emaciated frame sank rapidly.

The bereaved father, who brought this news, tried to comfort the prisoner and to calm the stern despair that glared from his bloodshot eye. Farland said but little. During the night, however, he examined his fetters and found that some friendly hand had made them insecure. With a superhuman effort, he freed himself, and, finding that a file wrapped in a handkerchief, had been thrust into his pocket, he set to work to such good purpose, that next morning, when all was ready for his punishment and a double file of soldiers marched into the cell, it was discovered that the bird had flown. The major, his eye sparkling with savage glee at the prospect of completing his revenge, looked eagerly towards the soldiers, as they reappeared on the ground. He turned deadly pale at not seeing the prisoner among them. When the corporal advanced, and saluting, stammered out: "He has escaped, sir!" the major burst into a demoniacal fit of rage, cursing and vowing vengeance.

Suddenly he changed color, his eye glazed and he fell to the ground, dead of heart-disease, before a hand could be stretched out to save him. No one pitied him, no one was surprised; for his intemperate habits were well known and his temper hated by all. The confusion attending his death and the consequent changes in the command distracted the attention of all too effectually for Frank to be very hotly pursued by men and officers who all rejoiced in his escape.

Very soon, his very name was forgotten, as our "friends" all forget us in time.

* * * * *

Some years had elapsed since the foregoing incident, but the old manor-house—or farmhouse, if you will—still retained its antique beauty, little marred by the quiet routine of country life. Time seemed only to tinge with a somewhat soberer gray its fine, old mullioned windows, carved gables and the picturesque ruins of its little chapel.

New tenants, from a distant shire, had now taken possession of it. They brought with them, as servant and dairy-maid, a tall, gaunt, muscular woman, apparently about thirty; such a brawny specimen of the "soft sex" as may often be met with in northern England. Her name happened to be Mary (not an uncommon one) and, by a strange coincidence, they gave her the very same bedroom formerly occupied by her beautiful namesake, poor Mary Gardner, between whose delicate, rich loveliness and the grim appearance of the new Mary there was a contrast that did not fail to elicit many a joke from the thick heads and ale-washed wits of the neighbors who remembered "old times."

This Mary—honest, diligent, implicitly trusted by her employers—was the terror of the male servants, none of whom ever entered on any familiarity with "Gruff Mary," with the exception of one big bumpkin, employed in the field, who, perhaps under the influence of a "wee drappie," once tried to snatch a kiss and brought down such a practical application of the frying-pan on his thick skull that he fled in terror,

She did not greatly relish any kind of frolic within the range of her authority. Gravely, silently, completely, she performed her tasks and made others fulfil theirs.

From the hour when she took possession of her room, no other foot was permitted to cross its threshold.

Those who contrived to peep in at the half-opened door espied an interior the very ideal of neatness and order, and saw, hanging over the bed, a portrait of the late Mary Gardner, that must have been left behind by the former occupants of the house, when her parents died.

One fine, summer evening, "Gruff Mary" was seated on her little couch, long after the rest of the household had retired to rest. She was looking sadly out on the fading sunset, and would now and then turn to gaze on the portrait over the bed, with a curious expression on her grim visage that would have astonished those who only saw her during working-hours. Like some other stern natures, male or female, it was evident there must be some soft bit of sentiment left in her heart.

June nights are so very short in England that, though it was now nearly eleven, a faint rosy light in the west—as it were a last ray forgotten by Phœbus as he sank to rest—remained as a souvenir of the mild and exquisite English twilight. It shed, a very faint glow even on the little miniature, and something in the appearance of it seemed to rivet the lonely woman's gaze, as if she remembered a time when she, too, had been fair and beloved, so that she sat dreaming there, seemingly unconscious that the darkness had long become complete. All was perfectly silent within and without the walls of the old mansion, and nothing was audible save that soft, solemn hum which seems to rise from the hills, woods and streams on such a night.

And oh, if it be true, as wise men tell us it is, that all the millions of throbbing hearts, lovely or heroic forms, aspiring and tender souls that have trodden this fleeting stage before us, have passed into the atmosphere so truly, that we cannot tread one rood of earth that is not the tomb of valor and beauty, nor

draw a breath of air that is not laden with the sighs of departed humanity, what wonder that when the close of the garish day has drawn the curtain over the vain pageant of the present, and the solemn, stately night shows us the realities which reign in and around us there should be a "solemn hum!" Rather might we hear a grand and tragic symphony, were our grosser sense sufficiently awakened.

There was no moonlight, but on the little rivulet that ran past the wall of the farmhouse, the starlight feebly sparkled. On such a night, a poet might well ejaculate:

"Oh, pity the heart that cannot sleep,
When God Himself draws the curtain!"

Still she sat, fixedly gazing at the same spot on the darkened wall. The large watch-dog howled for a moment and then his cry sank to a groan and he became silent. As she listened, she fancied she could hear a low grating noise at the hall window below, and then a light flashed for an instant. She rose, quietly opened the door, went barefoot to the stairhead and listened. She was quite alone in that part of the house, the family and farm-servants being lodged in another wing of the straggling, old building. Feeling uneasy, she took up a heavy, old-fashioned candlestick, and, with that as her only weapon, she crept downstairs. In the vast dining-room, two men were busily engaged in cramming into a huge sack the silver dinner and tea service which stood on the massive oak sideboard, while a third held the lantern the flash of which had startled her at first. Clubbing the candlestick, she rushed boldly at the nearest robber, shouting loudly for assistance. With one blow, she stretched the burglar senseless on the floor, while the one who carried the sack rushed with it to the window and escaped. The third man, being armed with a heavy, short

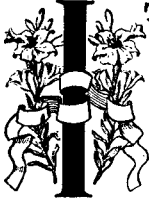
crowbar, and seeing only a woman opposed to him, raised his weapon for a deadly blow. Mary caught it in a vice-like grasp, closed with the ruffian and a "fight to a finish" commenced. The burglar being a large, powerful man, Mary had seized him by the throat, and that iron grasp he vainly tried to loosen, though in his desperate struggles he dragged her across the room, beating her savagely over the face and overturning the chairs in the death-grapple. At last, voices and lights approached and a ray from a candle, flashing in through the window, showed the burglar a large carving-knife left, by ill-luck, on the table. With one desperate lunge, he swayed toward it and, crushing his opponent backward over the table, buried the long blade, quick as lightning, up to the handle, in her side, sprang to the window and leaped out, just as the farm-servants came rushing in through the door. He had not run many yards, however, before a shot from a blunderbuss stretched him dead on the grass, while the farmer, running hastily to Mary, caught her up, and tried to stanch the dark blood that welled from her side. They bore her up to her room, at her own request, and pending the surgeon's arrival, laid her on her little bed. She feebly turned toward where the portrait hung on the wall and, with one earnest, loving gaze at it, and a weary sigh—"at last!"—she expired. When the surgeon arrived he found her already stiffening. As he opened her dress to examine the wound, he started and said: "Why, this is a man!" And indeed, on that breast, which was *not* that of a woman, they found, hanging to a neat black ribbon, a lock of beautiful blonde hair, stained with blood, and—THE WATERLOO MEDAL!—the last sad relics of the lost love, youth and hope of Frank Farland!

Byren H. Basinia.



THE NEST OF IMPOSTURE.

BY DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.



IT was just four o'clock on a certain afternoon late in June. Young Oliver Prest had ascended the steps leading from his office to the pavement of St. James Street, when he was accosted by a man in whose air and

aspect there was something singular, something far removed from the conventional life which crowded him in the busy metropolitan street. He had the appearance of one who had a friendship for ships and who had seen the world from them. Although there was nothing absolutely strange in the cut of his garments, they seemed outlandish, and when he moved there was the roll of the sea in his gate, and the air of strange harbors and alien coasts seemed to play about his shoulders. He spoke to Oliver Prest in English that smacked of other accents.

"If you are the young man who can find out hidden things I would like to speak to you."

Oliver turned and they went down into his office. "I have found out things that were hidden, but I have not been infallible, and there are yet many concealed."

"I have come to you with one of them. My name you will want to know; call me, St. Pierre Miquelon. I will tell you nothing about myself: all that is unimportant; one does not talk as much about himself who has seen the world as I have."

Oliver began to be fascinated by the deep eyes which regarded him.

"Is there a place called Lacolle near here?" he asked abruptly.

"There is; it is a village about forty miles from here, not far from the Richelieu River."

"On the shore of that river there is a house called the Manor. I've never seen it, but I have had it described to me often,

and I think I could rebuild it anywhere, I seem to know it so well." Oliver began to wonder whether it was the haunted house of the neighborhood which he knew when he was a boy, and the next words answered his questioning.

"Many years ago the owner of that house disappeared suddenly, mysteriously, and he has never been seen since. That occurrence made a great difference in my life, and after all these years I have come to look upon the house. I want you to be my guide. When shall we start?"

"As soon as you wish, to-morrow morning. I am fully at your disposal; the train leaves the Bonaventure Depot about nine."

"Well, I will meet you there." And so it was arranged.

That evening Oliver had leisure to recall impressions of his home on the banks of the Richelieu, and the old house in the neighborhood which filled him with such awe and terror. It stood on the bank of the river; the road, a strip of turf bordered by large trees, and a few feet of beach covered with flat stones, separated it from the water. It was built of grey stone, and the main door was covered by a porch or portico supported by pillars; this was the only attempt at outward adornment. Many years after the main house was finished two wings had been projected by the owners; only one of these had been completed. The other was roofed, but was without windows or doors and lent a most melancholy aspect of ruin to the whole structure.

Years before, Oliver could remember the master of the house had disappeared. He had set out for Montreal with a drove of fat cattle and had sold them for a good round price; but after he stepped from the ferry at Longueuil no one had ever set eyes upon him again. The surmise that he had been murdered for his money grew into a certainty, and so when

Oliver became old enough to ask questions, this was the story told him. After the disappearance, strange things had happened. Two sons and two daughters were left—the mother had died years before—and before long they seemed to become possessed of more money than they knew what to do with. They began to enlarge the house, and, when one wing was finished and the other was approaching completion, they dismissed the workmen, and no one ever drove a nail on the place again.

The family name was Savona: there was Eric and Hugh, Irene and Hortense, Eric was a perfect horseman, ruddy in the face, and with wild, red hair. Hugh was small and dark with evil intent lurking in his eye. Irene was fair like Eric, and Hortense—but Hortense had dropped out of the history so young that there is no need to describe her. Shortly after her father's disappearance, it was said by the others that she had gone into a convent, and, when years went by and she never came home, the convent was said to be the Carmelite at Paris.

For some reason, quite unaccountable to the neighbors, the Savonas gradually separated themselves from everyone. Instead of their new wealth bringing a free threshold and open hands, it brought bad spirits and savagery. That sounds a hard word; but something savage and unrestrained grew into the manners of the two boys, and when they took to drink it was something beyond credence, the life that Manor saw. It was not long before the countryside had the story that the place was haunted; and it was not to be wondered at, for there were constant strange noises which might have a cause in nature, but which had the air of the supernatural.

Oliver could never forget the sight he saw one night as he came down the road. The moon was high and bright, and threw deep shadows of the trees on either side of the Manor porch. But this was in the soft light, and here lay Eric Savona, his heels in the hall and his bulk sprawled on the floor of the porch, just as he had thrown himself; and, in the door, the tall shape of Irene holding a candle, the small flame flitting against the hand with which she was guarding

it from the wind. She let out a low shriek, and Oliver broke into a run, improving his speed wonderfully, until he saw the lights gleam out from the windows of his own home. Now, he was going back to the old locality bent on unknown adventure.

St. Pierre Miquelon was a silent old man, as silent as the sea which never tells its secrets, and he hardly spoke as the train carried them to Lacolle. Oliver was conscious again of the strange air of change and seafaring that hung about him, but to a question intended to set the old man talking he only received the answer: "Yes, I have wandered." It did not take them long to hire horses at Ellard's, and, well mounted, they proceeded down the leafy road which leads to the Richelieu, where it draws out of Lake Champlain. It was a lovely morning, full of dashes of sun and splendid shadows. As they rode side by side, Oliver asked himself often, upon what errand they were bent. Could his strange companion be the Savona who had so many years ago slipped quietly out of sight, absorbed like a ripple in the water? He was as uncommunicative as the figurehead of a ship, and to Oliver's leading question as to the design in visiting the Manor, and the purpose in asking for his company, he received the simple answer that they must wait and see how the matter would fall out.

"It is not far now to the house; after this hill we turn a little to the left and have a sight of the river, then three quarters of a mile will bring us to the door."

He spoke these words as they began the descent, and he had hardly finished when his horse becoming startled at something in the trees which lined the road, stumbled, and recovering herself sprang blindly into the woods. The movement was so sudden and unaccountable that Oliver had no time to throw himself along her back and he crashed into the maples. The next moment found him lying senseless upon the ground, the blood oozing from a gash in his head.

When he came to himself, St. Pierre Miquelon was supporting his shoulders,

The horses had disappeared. They were alone by the roadside.

"You have no bones broken," said Miquelon, "but there is an ugly gash in the head. You struck the branch of the tree." Oliver could not move; there was a turmoil in his head and a light springing before his eyes.

"The horses are gone," he said feebly, his voice sounding in his ears thin and far away.

"Yes," said Miquelon, "as soon as I dismounted, mine followed yours into the woods." The old man took a handkerchief from the inner pocket of his coat and proceeded to bind it about Oliver's head. It was woven of blue silk with a curious design in white, spreading from the centre in intricate spirals and resolving itself into delicate ferny tracery at the edges. It was an example of the subtle eastern fabrics which represent the lives of generations in the perfection and beauty of their construction.

He had hardly finished the knot which bound it, when the sound of horses hoofs was blown down the road, and the clash of men's voices in angry discussion.

"This may be someone from the Manor," said Miquelon, hastily. "I will conceal myself in the trees; if they discover you and take you to the house it will serve our purpose. Keep your eyes open. When you can come away with safety you will find me here."

Just as the foremost horseman appeared at the top of the hill, Miquelon stepped into the thicket and was out of sight. The leader was Eric Savona. His face was swollen and coarse with blotches of red, his eyes were sullen and hard. He seemed firm in his saddle, although his appearance told of a recent debauch. He was followed at a short distance by Hugh, whose dark and evil eyes leaped at once upon Oliver, as he lay, his face white in the shadow of the trees, his head turbaned by the folds of the curious handkerchief.

"Hello!" he cried, "what have we here?" at the same time reining in his beast. When they had halted, Oliver explained his plight in a very few words, and there was a consultation between the brothers. At length Eric dismounted,

and without a word, lifted Oliver into his saddle. Every movement of the horse sent the blood bounding to his head, often he reeled in his seat, and it seemed an eternity before they halted at the door of the Manor. When Eric and Hugh assisted him to dismount, the old dancing light came into his eyes, there was a tumult of deep waters in his ears, and he knew no more till he awoke in a dark, cool room.

His clothes had been removed, and he noticed at once that the scarf with which St. Pierre Miquelon had bandaged his head, had been taken off and a damp cloth lay upon his wound. He felt a pleasant sense of ease and refreshment, but when he raised his head from the pillows the room swam before him. Then he was contented to lie still and observe his surroundings. He made out from the shadows of the trees, and the light sound of the ripple breaking on the shore that he was in a room upon the ground floor, and presently from the opening and shutting of a door, and the tramp of feet, that it communicated with the hall. He wondered how long he had lain there, and whether Miquelon was still awaiting him in the wood. From the gradual decrease in the light, he judged that the evening was drawing near; but he reflected that for all he knew he might have been lying as he was for many days.

Suddenly, through the closed door rose the sound of a violent quarrel; there were curses and heavy words. "I will go in," he heard Eric protesting, with an oath. "No, you won't, let Irene go; trust a woman for worming anything out of a man." It was Hugh's voice. Then he heard the low voice of a woman trying to quiet them. Soon there came the noise of a scuffle and the great thud of a body thrust against the wall. For a moment there was silence and then the choking sound of someone struggling for breath, and the grinding of a head against the bottom of the door. Oliver sprang up in bed, and with the force of the movement his head ran full of blood, and everything went black before him.

When he came to himself the room was lighted by a candle, and a woman was bending over him, and changing the

the cloth on his forehead. The light of the candle was full upon her. Her face was not young and she had masses of snowy hair piled upon her head.

"You have been wandering," she said, in a sweet voice.

"How long have I been here?" asked Oliver.

"This is the second day," she replied.

"Try to take some broth."

Oliver felt refreshed by the nourishment.

"My head feels better," he said, touching the cloth.

"How did it happen?" she asked.

Oliver remembered that he must invent a story.

"I was riding to Rouse's Point," he replied; "my horse became frightened and carried me against the limb of a tree. I do not remember anything else clearly."

"You bound up your head with the handkerchief?" she said interrogatively.

Oliver remembered the quarrel he had overheard, and Hugh's remark, that you could trust a woman for worming anything out of a man. "Oh, yes, he replied, "yes, I remember now, I thought I would ride on, and the next thing I recollect is the two men coming down the hill. It seems a long time ago. You have been very kind to me."

"Is there any one to whom we could send word?"

"No, to-morrow I will be able to move; my horse must have gone back to Lacolle."

"Your clothes are in the closet, but you must not try to move yet. The handkerchief I have washed; it is a very curious one. May I ask you where you got it?"

Oliver closed his eyes. He reflected that it would not do for him to mention his companion. What would he say?

"My uncle gave it to me. It came from India years ago."

"That is strange," she said; "but you must not talk any longer." With that she left the room.

Before long he heard voices in the hall. "Yes, from India! That is true enough, but that his uncle gave it to him is a black lie. There is only one man in the world who could have given

him that handkerchief, and I will have the truth out of him." There was a rush for his door. "Irene, stand aside!"

"He is asleep. Can you not wait? He cannot move hand or foot for a week; there will be time enough." With that there was silence again, or the sound of conversation which he could not understand. Oliver thought of the woman guarding him from the rudeness of her brothers, and his mind ran upon the many eerie stories which were abroad concerning the house, and he thought of the legend of the white figure which haunted the unfinished building and sat weeping in its unglazed windows. Probably he was the first stranger who had slept within the walls for years. For what purpose had he been brought thither, and how was St. Pierre Miquelon connected with this nest of disordered spirits?

The broth which Irene had given him made him drowsy, and when he next awoke he was conscious of greater strength. He sat up and felt his wounded head. There was pain where he touched it, but his brain no longer reeled when he moved. The moonlight was streaming into the room, and, as he had before noticed, the pleasant sound of the shallow water on the beach came lapping coolly on the light drift of air that played at the window. As he gazed, in a sort of dreamy half-consciousness, he was aware of a slight figure stealing into the light. It was clothed in white, and moved without a sound. It crossed the casement and glided into the shadow, and the whiteness which it carried glimmered there with an ashy grayness. He was not terrified; the idea crossed his mind that he was again wandering and that the figure was merely an hallucination bred by the waking thoughts of the haunted house and its uncanny occupants. Slowly the figure drifted back into the moonlight; it stood there wringing its hands. Then it leant far out of the open window.

A moment later, while he was still lost in the novel discussion as to whether he had a proper control of his faculties, there was the sound of voices in the road, and soon the heavy trampling of feet in the portico. Oliver heard the

front door thrown violently open. At the same moment the figure vanished. In the hall there was a great confusion; curses, calls for lights, and suddenly, quelling all, the sound of a woman's suppressed shriek.

Oliver, without any further doubt that he was perfectly in his senses, slipped out of bed. Whether the excitement under which he labored lent him a fictitious power, or whether he had recovered a great portion of his strength, he knew not, but he found he could stand securely and move without difficulty. The moon gave him sufficient light to distinguish the objects in the room, and swiftly and noiselessly he found the closet door, and thrust himself into his clothes. In this interval the turmoil in the hall had increased; the cries for lights were redoubled, and there was the tramp of heavy boots upon the floor. Oliver cautiously set his door ajar, and looked out into the hall through which he had been carried unconscious.

Its proportions were hardly revealed by the moonlight, but it seemed to be a large oblong apartment. The door from which Oliver peered was set in an alcove. To his right hand the space was filled with a heavy piece of furniture. He could distinguish that there was sufficient space between it and the wall to admit his body. Cautiously he slipped from the door, behind this protection. It was a sort of buffet and, through the spaces in its scrolled and carved back he could obtain a clear view of the centre of the hall. Here was a table, massive and large, with something dark thrown or heaped upon it. In the dimness of the moonlight, which came

faintly through the transom and side lights of the hall door, he could distinguish the bulk of two figures huddled in chairs, and this amorphous shape stretched upon the table. Then from the murk of the chamber rose anew the volley of curses, the impatient stamping of feet upon the floor, and an immoderate cry for candles. "Candles! bring thousands of candles and light all about the table. We went a-hunting and we have caught my fellow's uncle, in good faith! By the brightness of God! trim those tallow dips and let us see the game!"

This was in Eric's huge voice, and atop of it came the sharp cry from Hugh, "Irene! Irene!" She came in bearing two candles. They lit up her white face and her blanched hair. "Place them round about. By heaven let us have a ring of fire and see if my man will dance in it."

Slowly she brought candles, two at a time, and placed them around the confused indistinct shape on the table. The growing light brought out the angles of the room and the figures of the two brothers as they sat in their great backed chairs. Eric, wild with drink, his eyes jutting and staring, and Hugh's face looking canine with an uplifted lip, like a malediction in the flesh.

The growing light brought out point after point in the figure stretched upon the table, line after line in the garb of St. Pierré Miquelon gloated over the curious blue handkerchief dropped upon his face, and the last candle flashed a beam of light from the cairngorm set in the hilt of the dirk which was driven down deep into his heart.

Duncan Campbell Scott.

(To be continued.)



GLIMPSES OF CHARLES DICKENS.

BY E. S. WILLIAMSON.

HIS SUDDEN SUCCESS—AN UNHAPPY BOYHOOD—THE LESSON HE TAUGHT—MANUSCRIPT OF "OUR MUTUAL FRIEND"—THE READINGS IN AMERICA—LIFE AT GAD'S HILL PLACE.

MORE than twenty-six years have passed since Charles Dickens was suddenly called away, on the 9th of June, 1870, in the very midst of his work—seized by death almost before the ink of his unfinished "Edwin Drood" was dry upon the manuscript. For many weeks following, his study remained as he had left it, and a sketch made by Marcus Stone of the deserted scene, showing the moveable calendar standing at "June 8th," the chair just pushed back, the Falstaff Inn across the road visible through the open window, was one of the most touching pictures the London *Graphic* ever produced.

The deep interest which continues to be taken in the personality of Dickens, had its beginning at an early period of his life. At the age of three-and-twenty—previously unknown except as the author of "Sketches by Boz"—he leaped at once into a blaze of popularity. "Pickwick" was upon everybody's tongue; portraits of Mr. Pickwick were in every shop window; young authors bought Pickwick pens and smoked penny Pickwick cigars, in the hope of comic inspiration. The publication of "Pickwick" placed Dickens at the head of living novelists. In this respect he occupies an unique position in the history of English literature. No other writer of fiction ever attained popularity with such dazzling rapidity, or at as early an age. How so young a man could have produced a book exhibiting such knowledge of mankind, and so wide and varied an experience of the world as "Pickwick" shows, will ever remain one of the marvels of literature. In vivacity of style, power of invention and observation, and broad humor, "Pickwick" is not surpassed by any of his later works.

* * * *

Lord Macaulay has shown how John-

son's early privations affected his character and manners all through life. It is certainly no less true that the boyish experiences of Dickens told with wonderful force on his character. His father was always in money difficulties, and the son had a miserable time of it as a child, going to and from the pawnbrokers, hanging about the Marshalsea and Fleet, and tying up pots of blacking for six shillings a week. But all the while he never lost the consciousness that he possessed great powers and capabilities, and, fortunately, he also learned to throw himself eagerly into whatever came to his hand, that he might do it well. A brief term at school followed the drudgery of the blacking pots; then a short period in a lawyer's office. His attention was next attracted to the study of shorthand, to which he devoted himself with such earnestness that he is said to have become the best reporter in the House of Commons' gallery. It was during this time that he wrote the first of the "Sketches," which soon appeared "in all the glory of print" in the *New Monthly Magazine*. This sketch was rapidly followed by others in the same magazine and in the *Morning Chronicle*. The papers began to be talked about, and shortly afterwards Dickens was engaged by Chapman & Hall to supply the letter press of "a monthly periodical," and thus "Pickwick" began. Only 400 copies of the first number were printed, but after the introduction of Sam Weller the green covers became more and more popular, until by the fifteenth number the 400 had grown to 40,000. The popularity gained by this first work suffered no diminution through those that followed. Dickens knew his strength and how to hold it; and did hold it to the very end of his life.

* * * *

Generous sympathies were the constant renewal of the fame of Dickens in every story he wrote. His thoughts were merciful charities; his suggestions of good could not be dismissed. The solemn lesson of human brotherhood was what he taught. He made men know that, day by day and hour by hour, there were millions of starving wretches, heart-worn and isolated, who were their fellow-travelers to eternity. The questions of starving laborer and struggling artisan—of the duties of the rich and the pretences of the worldly—of the cruelty of unequal laws, and of the pressure of temptations on the unfriended poor, he urged with an intense purpose. Perhaps the chief peculiarity, as it was the crowning excellence, of Dickens' writings, is that they come straight from the heart. His emotional nature, rather than his intellect, received the impressions made by outward objects, and with pen in hand, in the quietness of his study, he lived his experiences over again. He seems to have noticed and preserved in his memory every odd character he had met, every strange incident he had witnessed, every queer place he had seen; and he possessed the faculty to an extraordinary degree of putting his experiences in clear, animated and picturesque language.

* * * *

It is a mistake to suppose because so few allusions to books or literature appear in Dickens' works, that he was an ill-read man. Certainly he was not a profound scholar, but he was a well-informed and, in a sense, well-read man. He possessed a thorough knowledge of English dramatic literature. He was reasonably well acquainted with history. He was thoroughly versed in the English novelists, and read and appreciated such contemporary writers as Tennyson, Carlyle and Browning. He could both speak and write French fluently. He possessed also some knowledge of Italian. Dickens was not, however, much influenced by his reading: his genius, it need scarcely be said, was eminently original.

One of Dickens' most strongly marked characteristics is his versatility. As an author he displays pathos, humor, satire,

descriptive power and inventive faculty. As a man he was equally versatile. He was an admirable reader and actor, and a fine dramatic critic. The great novelist was also a keen and appreciative judge of literary work, and his penetration as a critic was shown by the fact that he instantly detected, from the internal evidence of the book, that the author of "Adam Bede" was a woman. He was also an excellent speaker on social subjects.

* * * *

The library of the late George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, contains the original manuscript of "Our Mutual Friend"—the only manuscript of any of Dickens' stories in existence outside of the South Kensington Museum. A study of this interesting literary treasure reveals Dickens' method of going about his story writing. At the head of the first sheet there is a date: Thursday, 4th January, 1866, which was the day on which the tale was sent to the printer. On the same sheet, near the top, is the signature of the author, entered just as newspaper correspondents sign their manuscripts. From this manuscript of Dickens it is clear that he first conceived a plan of his story, then thought it out carefully and fixed the plot firmly in his mind, together with the prominent traits of each character. This completed, he made his skeleton from which to work in the details. Then came the finished story. In the case of "Our Mutual Friend," he filled sixteen quarto pages with the skeleton, and even then seems to have left it unfinished. Here is how the skeleton notes begin:

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.

CHAPTER I.

On the Lookout.

Man in his boat, watching the tides. The Gaffer—Gaffer—Gaffer Hexam—Hexam. His daughter rowing—Jen. or Lizzie. Taking the body in tow. His dissipated partner, who has "robbed a live man." Riderhood—this fellow's name.

CHAPTER II.

The Man from Somewhere.

The entirely new people—everything new—grandfather new if they had one. Dinner party—Twemlow, Podsnap, Lady Tippins, Alfred Lighthouse, also Eugene

Mortimer, languid, and tells of Harmon, the dust contractor.

These notes continue throughout the skeleton, and in them can be traced suggestions of the story now so familiar to thousands of readers. The summary of the notes appears in this fashion :

FOUR BOOKS.

- I. —The Cup and the Lip.
- II. —Birds of a Feather.
- III. —A Long Lane.
- IV. —A Turning.

The paper which Dickens used is light blue and heavy, and the ink is dark blue. He wrote a peculiar hand, the lines very close together ; and the frequent marks of erasure and change prove that the inimitable literary style, which we so much admire, was not natural and spontaneous, but the result of hours of patient labor. At times whole lines are scored out, to be replaced by other selections of words, by different modes of expression, or to be dropped altogether. Sometimes



DRAWN BY F. BARNARD.

MR. MICAWBER.

Throughout all the sixteen pages of notes appear such sentences as these : "Work in the girl who was to have been married and made rich." "Don't make Podsnap too pronounced, but keep him within good bounds." "Remember the lane is to turn just here." These notations are written in all sorts of shapes, sometimes across the page, sometimes diagonally, and often right through the other written words.

the lines run down hill, as we say. Every inch of paper throughout the manuscript is covered, as though paper were dear and scarce.

The second volume has even a longer skeleton than the first, and there is an extra note to suggest that Mr. Boffin is to have a little more to say and do. Instead of a preface there is a postscript, which is remarkably free from changes.

* * * *

Dickens' reading tours in America were successful beyond all expectations. His first appearance was in Boston on Monday, December 2nd, 1867. The demand for tickets was enormous. A crowd assembled in Tremont Street on the night preceding the sale such as had never been seen before on an occasion of the kind. Intending purchasers sent their clerks, servants and others to take their places outside the store of Messrs.

was densest and the humor at its height, a calm stranger, evidently from parts unknown, approached, and, animated by a sentiment of curiosity, asked a bystander the cause of so large and excited a gathering.

"Tain't election time down here, is it?"

"Oh, no; we're buying tickets, sir."

"Buying tickets?—for what?"

"For Dickens' Readings."

"Dickens! Who the devil is Dickens?"



DRAWN BY F. BARNARD.

BOB CRATCHIT AND TINY TIM.

Ticknor & Fields as early as ten o'clock on Sunday night, supplying them with straw mattresses, blankets and food, and, in many cases, with tobacco and creature comforts of an alcoholic description. By eight o'clock in the morning the *queue* was nearly half a mile long. Some, however, were obliged to drop from the line from sheer exhaustion. Kate Field tells us in her "Pen Photographs of Dickens' Readings," that when the crowd

"Why, don't you know?—the great novelist."

"Never heard of him in all my born days, *but if there is any critter on airth that can keep such a crowd together with the mercury clean 'way out of sight, d—d if I don't see him!*" Whereupon the previously calm stranger took his place in line and enthusiastically proposed three cheers for Dickens. His ultimate opinion is robed in impenetrable mystery.

Some idea of the extent of the sale may be formed when it is mentioned that it lasted over eleven hours, and until every ticket for the first course of four readings was disposed of. The receipts amounted to \$14,000. The price of tickets was \$2, but some that fell amongst the speculators, and represented good positions near the platform, were sold for as much as \$26. The total receipts from Dickens' American tours were \$228,000, and the expenses \$89,000.

* * * *

God's Hill Place, which Dickens purchased in 1856, and where he made his home for the last twelve years of his life, was constantly improved by him, and was the most perfect and comfortable of houses to those fortunate guests who were privileged to be visitors there. A peculiarity of the household was the fact that, except at table, no servant was ever seen about. This was because the requirements of life were always ready to hand, especially in the bedrooms. Besides the ordinary furniture, each room contained a large-sized writing table

profusely supplied with paper and envelopes of every conceivable size and description, and an almost daily change of new quill pens. There was also a miniature library in each room, and in winter, a comfortable fire, with a shining copper kettle in each fire-place, and on a side table, cups, saucers, teacaddy, teapot, sugar and milk, so that this refreshing beverage could always be had without even the trouble of asking for it.

There was no special time for guests to be at breakfast, and unless some early excursion to a place of note in the

neighborhood had been arranged, the visitors were left to do as they pleased. Dickens, as a rule, took a turn round the grounds to see that everything was in order, and then devoted himself to his literary duties and correspondence. Luncheon was served at half-past one, when all were supposed to have got through their letters, reading, writing, or lounging, and then the pleasure of the day began—a walk through the beautiful woods which abound in that part of the country, a visit to the "Leather Bottle," the retreat of the disappointed Tracy Tupman, to Rochester Castle, or

some other distant place, or a game at croquet or bowls on the lawn. Thus the hours passed agreeably until dinner time, when, to use a theatrical phrase, everybody was supposed "to be on," and the conversation, under the generalship of such a host, never flagged for a moment. Then came an hour or two in the drawing-room, where Miss Dickens and Miss Georgina Hogarth held their genial court, followed by an adjournment to the billiard room, where some little

time was spent in the enjoyment of cigars and a walk round the table to the click of the balls. Then, so far as the host was concerned, the day was done. He did not, however, impose this condition upon his guests, and as the billiard room was far away from the residential part of the house, it not unfrequently happened, especially in summer time, that the gas was "seen out" by the brilliance of the morning sun, which made the carrying of a night candlestick to the bedroom a matter of form.

E. S. Williamson.



CHARLES DICKENS, AT THE AGE OF
27 YEARS.

THE ANNUAL CAMP OF THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

BY D'ARCY SCOTT.



A LIVING PYRAMID.

SIXTEEN summers ago a small party of canoeists, in camp on the beautiful shores of Lake George, N. Y., conceived the idea of forming themselves into an association for the general advancement of canoeing. Today that small party has grown into a prosperous association of nearly 3,000 brothers of the sail and paddle. The American Canoe Association, (and be it understood that "American" is here used in the sense of "Continental") is an international organization, intended, in the language of its constitution, "to unite all amateur canoeists for the purposes of pleasure, health or exploration, by means of meetings for business, camping, paddling, sailing and racing, and by keeping logs of voyages, records of waterways and routes, details, drawings and dimensions of boats, and collections of maps, charts and books." The original design was to have one compact body with permanent headquarters on Lake George, and in furtherance of that idea the Association returned to that lake in 1881 and 1882. But it soon outgrew its infantile garments, and when arrangements for the fourth meet of the Association came to be discussed the feeling was general that a change of site

was desirable. Accordingly, in the year 1881, the Association met at Stoney Lake near Peterborough, Ont., and was well rewarded for the change, not only in a most pleasant meet, but also in a large increase in membership and development in interest, particularly among Canadians. In 1884 the meet was held for the first time on the St. Lawrence at Grindstone Island, a point equally convenient for Canadians and Americans. The island lies in the midst of the picturesque Thousand Islands, midway between Clayton and Gananoque. So successful was that meet, that the Association decided upon the same location for its gatherings of the two following years; and this present year, after having held meets in different parts of Lake Champlain, Lake George, the St. Lawrence, Long Island Sound, and the Hudson River, the executive have decided to return once more to Grindstone, where the meet will be held from the 14th to the 27th of August next.

It may be interesting to note that canoeing, though always most common in Canada from the earliest times, both as a pastime and a means of travel, is a recent innovation in the United States, having been practically unknown there previous to 1870, when the first canoes were imported from England. The publication in 1838 of Captain John MacGregor's "Cruising Notes," descriptive of his various voyages, alike in calm and storm, in some of the most picturesque regions, in his little craft *Rob Roy*, first awakened an interest in the decked canoe, which was, in consequence, for a considerable time known generally as the *Rob Roy*. The sport soon developed among yachtsmen and others; in 1871 the New York Canoe Club was formed on a firm basis and was soon followed by others, and especially after the formation of the American Canoe Association, the



THE SUNDOWN GUN.

sport rapidly developed, until it has now become a national pastime. England, whence the first American racers were imported, soon fell behind, as was proved by the ill success of the members of the Royal Canoe Club who competed in the races in 1886 and 1888.

The Canadian canoe differed essentially from the model followed by the Americans, being, in fact, the open canoe, propelled by a single-blade paddle, and this may still be regarded, despite the recent introduction of decked racers, as the national craft of Canada.

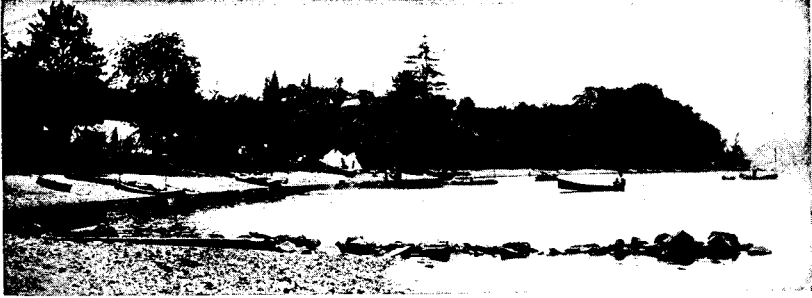


AN EARLY MORNING PLUNGE.



DRAWN BY J. D. KELLY.

A COOL RETREAT.



THE BEACH AT CROTON POINT CAMP, HUDSON RIVER, 1894.

The Americans and Canadians have, in fact, respectively developed on two distinct lines. While the original of the Canadian canoe has been the picturesque "birch-bark" of the aboriginal Indians, the American model, or rather starting point, was the decked skin boat of the Northern Esquimaux. To this day the decked and open canoes remain characteristic of canoeists south and north of the boundary respectively, although, as has been said, the styles now largely overlap. The making known of the open canoe to our American cousins and especially our

adoption, to some extent at least, of the decked sailing canoe, has been largely the work of the American Canoe Association. The Americans, however, still maintain their superiority in the use of the sailing canoe, while paddling honors are usually captured by Canadians. The only two Canadians who have so far held the Association's handsome sailing trophy are Mr. Ford Jones, who won it at three consecutive meets—those of 1889, 1890 and 1891—and Mr. C. E. Archbald, who at the Hudson River meet at Croton Point, in 1894 captured it from Mr. Paul



WATCHING THE RACES FROM HEADQUARTERS, CROTON POINT, 1894.



CAMP OF THE MOHICAN CANOE CLUB, CROTON POINT, 1894.

Butler, the champion of the two previous years, and undoubtedly one of the cleverest canoe sailors in America. Last year, unfortunately, Mr. Archbald was forced to resign the much coveted prize to Mr. Howard Gray of Lowell, Mass. But canoe sailing in Canada is improving, and it is to be hoped that ere long a Canadian will again be the holder of the trophy. The paddling championship has never as yet been held by the same man for more than one season. The Canadians who have held that trophy are Alex. Torrence, H. F. McKendrick, R. G. Muntz, D'Arcy Scott and R. O. King, the last named being the present holder.

A meet of the Association usually lasts for two weeks; the first week is spent in paddling, sailing and cruising, visiting places of interest in the locality of the camp and preparing for the races, which take place during the second week of the meet. Everyone at a meet is under canvas, and a canoeist's first duties, when he arrives in camp, are to get his tent up, to build a landing for his canoe and to get things generally into ship shape around his temporary home. Let us for a moment follow a new-comer,

as he arrives in camp, and observe his movements. Landing from a steamer he doesn't look in the least like a canoeist, with his stiff, brown hat and neat, grey suit; but he must be, for the deck hands have just carried out a sort of overgrown coffin case, which he watches eagerly, and requests to be put down gently, and which turns out to contain his canoe. He has not been on the wharf many minutes when he is taken in charge by friends, who assure him that the location is the "finest the A. C. A. has ever visited," and that there is a beautiful place for a tent just near theirs. Half an hour later we find the same individual decked out in flannels, with tennis shoes and a soft felt or flannel hat decorating his extremities, seated on a half-empty trunk in front of a tent just put up, with the assistance of the camp carpenter and many willing and sunburnt hands, dealing out tin cups of ready-made cocktails, a couple of bottles of which he has been fortunate enough to bring with him. He's "one of the boys" now and has passed the ordeal of "arriving in camp." When a man first gets into camp, he is filled with a desire for work. Never did the wood-pile in his backyard experience anything like



PARADISE BAY, LAKE GEORGE, 1888.

the energy at his hands that the stumps and underbrush about his tent do. Now he pounds away at tent-pegs, as if his life depended upon it, and now he pulls and tugs at the largest boulders on the beach to make a comfortable resting place for his best friend—his canoe. But it is nothing short of wonderful how this feeling wears off, and he is seized with a violent disinclination to exert himself, which causes him to light his pipe and recline in one of the many easy chairs or hammocks which are to be found about the camp, and listen to some of the yarns which are continually being spun. There is usually a great variety of campers, ranging from him who really "roughs it" to the luxuriant one, who doesn't "rough it" in the least. There may be seen a low tent, pitched on the bare ground, the inmate sleeping on mother earth, with nothing but a rubber sheet under him. By the side of the tent is a fireplace built of stones, over which hangs a pot on a cross-bar, supported by two upright, forked sticks, where the "roughing it" camper cooks a meal, which he relishes as if it were one of Delmonico's daintiest suppers. And a little further on we come to a tent, twelve

by twelve, with a six foot wall, pitched over a board floor, well plained, and covered with a rich Turkish rug or carpet. Inside the tent is a scene of the greatest luxury; a very comfortable spring bed, a dressing table, several easy chairs, screens and *bric-a-brac* to make up what looks like a very comfortable room in a town house. In front of the tent is a piazza furnished with rugs, cushions and easy chairs; over the piazza is stretched a fly which gives shade, but does not cut off the breeze. The occupant of this last style of tent, does not do his own cooking, but goes to the camp mess. This is usually served in a wooden building with open sides, erected for the purpose. A caterer, employed by the Association, furnishes excellent meals at the reasonable figure of one dollar per day. As the camps differ, so, also, do the campers. There is the racing man, who works all day fixing his sails and rigging or paddling or sailing over the course, and who goes to bed early so as to be in good condition when the races come off. And there is the social canoeist, who comes to camp solely to "have a good time," and indisputably has it. He goes to bed when he likes



GRINDSTONE ISLAND, THOUSAND ISLANDS, 1885.

and gets up when it suits him, and does just what pleases him, subject, of course, to camp rules. He is naturally the more sociable of the two, and helps to make the meet a success, although it must be remembered that the former type of canoeist is very essential, because, without the races, the meet would not have any *raison d'être*.

One of the chief features of an A. C. A. meet is the ladies' camp. It is usually situated about an eighth of a mile from the main camp, and is in charge of several lady *chaperons*. The ladies' camp is invariably called "Squaw Point," and this, whether it be a point, or in a bay as it very often is. From year to year the ladies have made great efforts to change the name of their portion of the camp, but without avail—the appellation seems to be ineradicably fixed to their quarters. The evenings at an A. C. A. meet are spent around a huge camp fire of pine stumps or logs, which some of the energetic ones (and there are always a few in camp) have dragged to the spot during the day. Stories, recitations, music—both vocal and instrumental—are then indulged in until night has come, and the bugle

sounds the tattoo or "taps," as the Americans call it.

There is always a camp orchestra, made up of banjos, mandolins, guitars, jew's-harps, mouth-organs and, in fact, anything that will make a noise. The amount of latent musical talent unearthed at an A. C. A. meet is astonishing.

The race week is naturally the most exciting portion of the meet, all of the twenty-eight events which go to make up the A. C. A. program being usually evenly contested. All who have had the pleasure of attending a meet during race week will remember the fleet of forty or fifty canoes which go over the starting line in what is known as the "Unlimited Sailing Race." How the white-winged water nymphs appeared to leap from wave to wave, and chase each other from buoy to buoy in their struggle for supremacy! The swimming races, too, and the paddling races are all well contested.

But the two weeks of camp soon flit by, and the packing up and "good-bye" stage arrives far too soon. In the few but pleasant hours one spends in camp, one forms quite an affection for the spot



TAMMANY HALL CLUB, TORONTO.

(NO CONNECTION WITH THE HOUSE OF THE SAME NAME IN NEW YORK.)

with its green grass, its shady trees and its cool blue water. Breaking camp, and the sentiments which it evokes, are appropriately described by John Burroughs in his "Pepacton—A Summer Voyage," where he says: "When one breaks camp in the morning, he turns back again and again to see what he has left. Surely, he feels, he has forgotten something; what is it? But it is only his own sad thoughts and musings he has left, the fragment of his life he has lived there. Where he hung his coat on the tree, where he slept on the boughs, where he made his

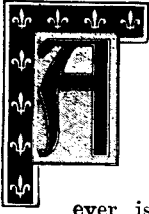
coffee, or broiled his trout over the coals, where he drank again and again at the little brown pool in the spring run, where he looked long and long up into the whispering branches overhead; he has left what he cannot bring away with him—the flame and the ashes of himself." And so it is with the canoeist. But he carries away with him pleasant memories of the meet to stimulate his resolve to enjoying many another holiday in seasons to come among the jolly canoeists of the A. C. A.

D'Arcy Scott.



CUBA IN WAR TIME.

BY FRANK L. POLLOCK.



AT present, Cuba is not precisely the spot which one would choose for holiday-making, though there are many places less interesting. The interest, however, is of a sort that to most people, repels rather than attracts, and thus the travel from Havana to New York is about one-tenth in amount of that in the opposite direction. Knowing this, I was not surprised to find that the passenger list of the Ward liner contained the names of eight persons, with an accommodation for ninety. Nevertheless, the small size of the company conduced to greater sociability, and the sixty hours run is certainly one of the most delightful short voyages from any American port. Seas and skies grow alike bluer from day to day, the course seldom runs more than a hundred miles from land, and the indigo Gulf Stream swarms with all manner of interesting animal life, from the flying-fish, porpoises and sharks to the sea-serpent, 250 feet long, which the captain affirmed having seen one morning before any of the passengers were up.

The Cuban coast is precipitous, rising rapidly from the water's edge, with here and there a handful of fishermen's huts clustered at the foot of the hills. Now and again the screen of hills is broken by a narrow valley—a barranca—which affords a glimpse into the inner land, and shows a long panorama of green and brown—green clumps of palms, brown hillsides and green fields of corn and cane, with an occasional group of brown roofs, marking the site of a *hacienda*. At a distance, the country wears a decidedly peaceful look, unless you happen to discern a column of smoke rising far inland from the burning plantations, but as the shore comes nearer there are war signs enough. Every stone building of sufficient strength has been fortified, and floats

the Spanish banner of "blood and gold." Now and then a glistening cluster of white tents marks an encampment of troops; a gun-boat shoots past, or a white cruiser steams by more majestically, and presently a great, red-brown pile of masonry, topped by a light-tower, on a bluff headland, grows clear and declares itself the famous Morro Castle.

This is one of the strongest fortresses of America, constructed at incredible cost, and every redoubt and parapet is historic with its tale of fight, or romantic with stories of murder, execution or daring midnight escape. For this is also the great Cuban political prison, and is at present filled with rebels, bandits, war artists, newspaper correspondents and such suspicious characters. One of these last recently approached a turnkey with a bribe of eighty-five dollars, and succeeded in inducing him to connive at his escape. At dead of night the prisoner scaled the parapet near the lighthouse, and scrambling down the rocks, launched forth in a convenient rowboat. He was picked up in a couple of days by an American fishing-smack, half dead with thirst, but filled with rejoicing at his escape from the "devildoms of Spain."

The black flag is no uncommon sight on the Morro, but many executions are never reported. The sound of a volley of riflery in the gray dawn is a familiar one to the inhabitants of Havana, across the bay.

The Cabanas Fortress continues the works of the Morro for about a mile towards the city, and on the opposite side of the narrow harbor-mouth are other strong fortifications, including the Punta Battery, which make the water approach to the city almost unassailable.

Havana comes in sight as this strait is cleared—a glittering, white crescent on the shores of the bay, stretching back to the brown hills beyond. The blue Gulf water of the harbor (sadly filthy on in-



COLUMBUS MEMORIAL COLLEGE.

spection) is covered with every kind of shipping. Great, black steamers, sailing vessels of every size, purpose and nationality, glaring, white war-ships, ponderous ferries, and the flocks of "house" and shore boats that come

flying down upon the incoming steamer makes the scene a singularly animated one.

At about this point the police and custom officers come on board, and it was here that I received my first un-



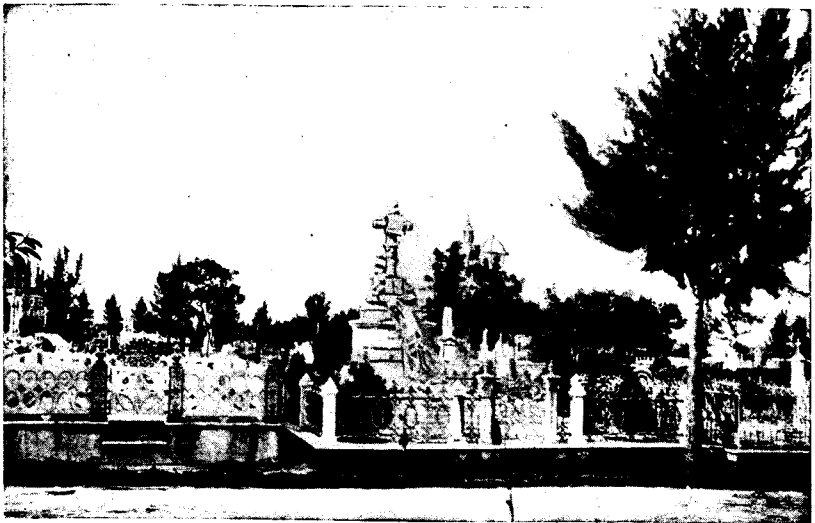
THE RESIDENCE OF GENERAL WEYLER.



THE INGLATERRA HOTEL AND CENTRAL PARK.

pleasant hint that the country was not at peace within itself. These officials had somehow become impressed with the idea that I was a newspaper war correspondent, (perhaps the note-book protruding from my pocket was the cause) and after some questioning they refused to allow me to land. Here was a difficulty, and an outrage to boot!

When their decision was communicated to me I dissented vigorously in my best Spanish, informing them that I was a British subject, a friend of the Consul, and other ingenious fabrications. In fact, my tone would have led to the supposition that I had an entire British navy concealed somewhere about my person. Whether they were impressed



THE CEMETERY, HAVANA.

I do not know, but at last I was informed that I might go ashore, though I would be placed under special police espionage, as a suspicious character.

During this little encounter, the steamer had reached her anchorage and was instantly surrounded by scores of boatmen anxious to take the passengers ashore. For some reason, Havana had not arrived at the stage of civilization represented by docks, and it is necessary to charter one of these skimming sail-boats. I had almost said "skinning," for they do not forget the scriptural injunction to "take in" the unwary traveler. If you make a previous engagement, which they strongly detest, you can get ashore for three *pesetas*—sixty cents. Otherwise they will accept a dollar, and then demand twice as much more.

You land on the steps of a roofed, wooden pier, green and slippery with harbor filth. Walk to the shore end of this pier, and you are upon the Plaza del Vapor, one of the most characteristic squares of Havana.

To a Canadian eye, the scene has a singularly foreign aspect. This is not remarkable, for Havana is practically a European city. Most of the streets were planned by the earliest Spanish settlers in the sixteenth century, and some of the buildings are said to date from the same period. Heavily built of stone, they appear capable of lasting for centuries.

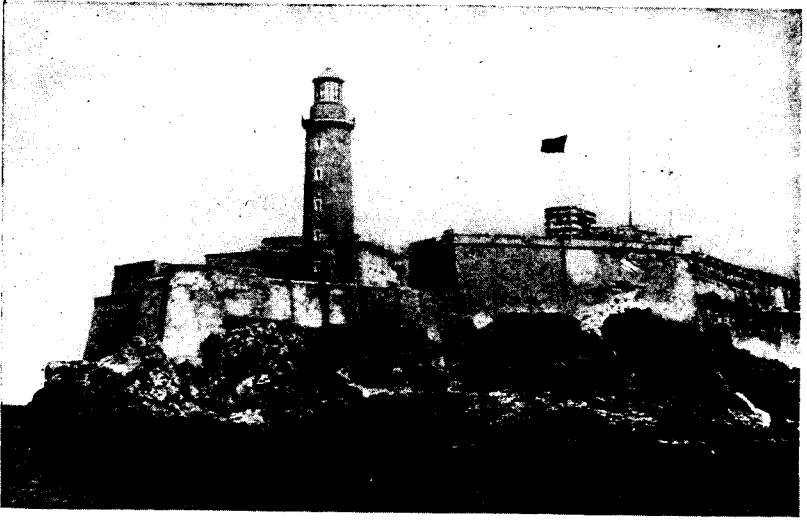
This Plaza del Vapor, or steamer landing, is an extensive triangle, the long side being fringed with wharves, which are crowded with boats and small schooners. The other sides are formed by the hotels Mascotte and Imperial, and streets run from each of the corners. The pavement is of stone and as bad as possible. Cabs stand about in rows, or drive over the flags with an ear-splitting racket; little dun oxen, yoked in file, draw great loads of golden maize; half-naked negro dock laborers, military officers, sailors, travelers and brown-faced Cubans jostle one another, and over all rises the multifarious clatter of the Spanish tongue.

One cannot fail to be struck by the fine physique of these Cubans. There

are none of the signs of degeneracy with which we imagine the Spanish races to be afflicted, and which are so noticeable in a Broadway or Yonge Street gathering. The men are invariably tall, erect and well-proportioned. Even the universal cigarette seems unavailing against their constitutions. Many of the women combine the Spanish and American styles of beauty, and the result is nothing less than charming; while the children are in every respect delightful, in their Spanish grace and beauty of delicate skin, dark curls and immense eyes of liquid brown.

The best place from which to see Havana life is the outside of a hotel *café*. Every hotel is surrounded by a pillared porch, or veranda, containing dozens of little marble tables, where the Cubans much resort to drink black coffee, smoke cigarettes, or eat ice-cream. Outside, on the street, the traffic of Havana crashes and jingles by. Inside, young and old, rich and poor, cluster about the little tables, and fill the air with smoke and voluble Spanish conversation. The sellers of lottery tickets promenade about, but, with true Castilian politeness, importuning no one to buy; the news-venders—mostly men—emit shrill yells of "La Mari-ina!" In fact, except for the absence of women, it is more like a scene on the *boulevards* of Paris than anything in North America.

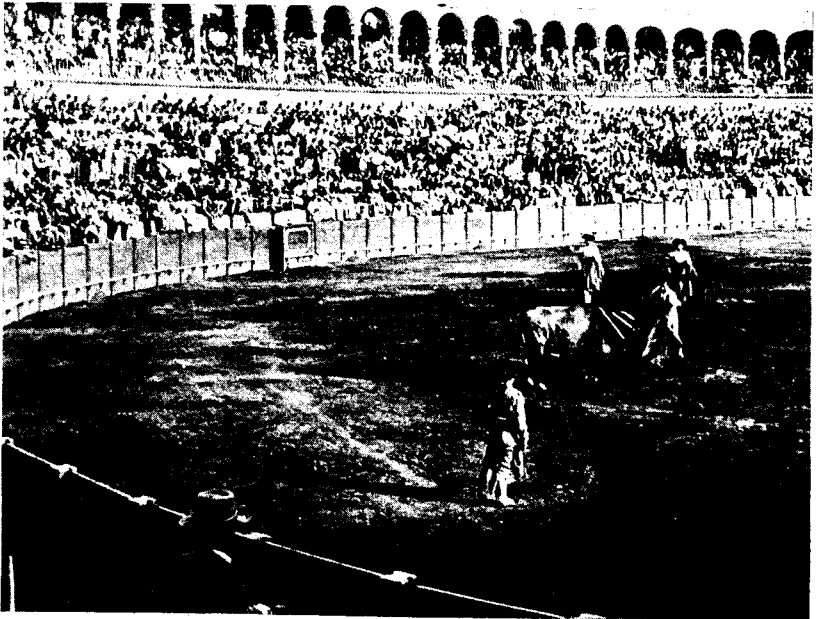
Most impressive in appearance are the grim fortresses at the harbor mouth, dominating alike the city and the bay, and it is these structures alone that prevent the rebels from gaining possession of the island by a *coup-de-main*. Matanzas is more or less fortified; Santiago de Cuba is fortified; Havana is most strongly fortified of all, and with the scanty means at their disposal the insurgents are unable to attempt operations on even the weakest of their bastions. No doubt the town could be taken, but, supposing it to be completely occupied by the Cubans, it could not be held for an hour. The forts and the warships in the harbor could pound it to a mere heap of rubbish, while the rebels would be quite unable to return the fire. In this connection it is interesting to consider a report current a few weeks



THE MORRO CASTLE, HAVANA.

ago, to the effect that a "filibustering" vessel, laden with heavy guns and entrenching tools, was about to sail from New York to capture Matanzas, erect immense earthworks, and thus establish a firm and apparent foothold for the rebels, and thereby force Uncle Sam into a recognition of belligerency.

It is probable that this was no more than a newspaper story. Supposing the town to be captured, it takes time to construct ramparts and embrazures and to place heavy guns in position, and such operations would be practically impossible under the disadvantages to be encountered. For a fleet of Spanish



A BULL FIGHT IN CUBA.

warships would be immediately despatched to the spot, and, lying off two or three miles, could so seriously embarrass the workers that it is to be feared that their endeavors would end in disaster.

At present, Havana is practically in a state of military occupation. There is a fluctuating, but always large number of troops quartered in and about the city, as well as some forty thousand volunteers, most of whom walk the streets in full uniform. Thus, in most Havana streets, the peculiar gray-blue army cloth lends its own distinctive tinge of color to the scene. The cafés and hotels are often filled with officers of martial seeming, uniformed like the men but armed with sword and revolver. Report is unkind enough to say that these men infinitely prefer the hotels and amusements of Havana to the *trocha*, or the other fortifications without the city. At intervals, too, a column of troops is marched through the streets. They are armed with the Mauser rifle, sword-bayonet, and often the *machete* in addition, but their appearance is not formidable, compared with that of English or even American regulars. They are mostly under-sized and extremely youthful. Their pay is very much in arrears, which causes a corresponding shabbiness of uniform and foot-wear. Some, in fact, having worn out their shoes, are compelled to wear extemporized canvas buskins. They appear badly "set up," and march in a fashion that would fill the heart of a British sergeant with disgust.

The men-of-war's men are no inconspicuous objects, and are decidedly the finest fighting men, in appearance at least, among the Spanish forces. There are usually three or four of these warships, second-class cruisers for the most part, lying in the harbor, to the great disgust of the Spanish inhabitants, who are unable to comprehend so inactive a policy. "Why are these ships not used to patrol the coast, when cargoes of arms are being run in for the rebels every week, almost every day?" they say, or rather think, for it is unsafe to say such things aloud in Havana. As a matter of fact, there are said to be 150 vessels engaged in this police work con-

tinually: but their captures are very insignificant. The notorious *Competitor*—which still lies here in the navy-yard, small and insignificant looking—was their greatest haul, and she had landed her contraband cargo and did not contain, as one of her crew graphically put it, "so much as a pound of nothin'."

It is said that there are a number of wealthy Americans speculating in Cuban bonds, and thus indirectly in the success of the revolution, and that these are at the bottom of many of the filibustering expeditions sent out. At any rate, it is certain that the rebel forces obtain three-fourths of their arms and ammunition in this way; as for the rest, they capture them from the Spanish troops. And it is chiefly owing to the difficulty of transporting heavy guns or field-pieces in the light schooners used for blockade-running, that they are not better supplied with these weapons. Often, too, the ground is unfit for their use. Machine guns, however, Maxims and Gatlings, are more easily handled, and with these the rebels are becoming fairly well supplied. Their rifles are, for the most part, of the same make as those of the Government, and they are likewise armed with sword-bayonet and revolver. But the *machete* may be said to be their national weapon. It is in this that they place most confidence, and it is this that strikes most terror to the hearts of their Spanish foes. The natives carry it in time of peace to clear their way through the jungles, and thus in their practised hands it becomes a terrific weapon. Its long, broad, razor-edged blade is quite capable of cutting a man's body in halves, if scientifically wielded.

The policy of the insurgent leaders is well understood. It is simply to starve Spain into making terms—the terms being nothing less than Cuban independence. At the beginning of the war, Home Rule was the object of the revolutionists, but now, they will be satisfied with nothing less than complete liberty. The American annexation sentiment is inconsiderable. The general feeling is that, having fought for freedom, they wish to enjoy it to the full for a few years. After that it will be time to talk of annexation.

A Spanish gentleman remarked to me : "This is not a real revolution. It is anarchy, not independence, that is being aimed at." In proof of this, he adduced the vast destruction of property by the rebels, the thousands of acres of cane-land burnt, the edict against the working of sugar mills, the stoppage of every kind of agriculture. But in reality this is all a piece of the rebel policy. They intend to make Cuba worthless to Spain, and afterwards revive its prosperity when its independence is secured. The treasury of Spain is now woefully depleted. She has been borrowing money, chiefly on the security of Cuba, to carry on the war. The greater portion of her revenues has always been derived from Cuba herself.

But now Cuban trade is almost paralyzed, and money is very scarce. Most of the wealthy planters are leaving the island, in search of homes elsewhere. The people of the interior are unable to find a living for themselves, much less pay taxes, and are often dependent upon the insurgent troops, who feed them and treat them as well as is possible. The Government is now almost unable to collect revenue from the farming class—always the most important one. In a few months more, with the destruction of another crop, revenues will entirely cease; the country will be bankrupt. Spain will be unable to carry on the war, which will be dropped through sheer impotence. It is a very pretty study in political economy, but it is dreadful to think of the sufferings that must take place before the end comes. It is the horrors of a seige, applied to the whole island.

The success of this plan depends on the ability of the rebels to hold the Spaniards at bay for an indefinite time. So far, they have been most successful in this, defeating the small bodies of troops and eluding the larger ones. The climate is a most potent ally, for small-pox, and yellow fever carries off the Spanish forces by hundreds, while the Cubans are acclimatized to such influences. From their knowledge of the country, too, they have a great advantage over their enemies, who are compelled to march through a rough and hostile land on the

authority of maps alone. Ambushes and bush fights, therefore, form the order of the day.

I had not been in Havana long when there came rumors of battle. Some said that the Spaniards had annihilated a force of rebels beyond the *trocha*; others declared that the Cubans had defeated the Spaniards, and that a hundred wounded men had been brought into the hospitals. *La Marina* came out with its usual flaring report of a Government victory. A Cuban, who professed having been at the fight, gave me lurid details of heroism and slaughter, ending in a complete victory for Cuba Libre, and I resolved that I, too, would go out and see these stirring events, and, if necessary, take part in them. I did not want to kill anybody, but if a detachment of Spanish soldiers stood in my way they would have to be responsible for the consequences. Alas! I was in blissful ignorance of the obstacles I would have to encounter.

I made enquiry of a couple of Cuban gentlemen, with whom I had struck up an acquaintance, and they, after taking me up a side street and looking about cautiously for spies, informed me that such an attempt would be no less than suicide. In fact, it appeared that suicide would be a comparatively pleasant operation compared with falling into the hands of the Spanish *guerillas* who patrol the neighboring country. No one, I learned, was allowed to travel beyond the city without special permission from the military authorities.

"Well, could not the guards be bribed? For most of them have received no pay for months."

"Yes, that might be done," the Cuban admitted. "But still the risk would be tremendous. Besides, the expense would not be small. Why," he continued, warming to his subject, "these Spaniards are not conducting the war according to any principles of humanity, or of common sense. Murder of every sort of non-combatant is the rule. If you carry arms, even so much as a revolver, there is no escape for you; every man taken with arms is shot. You may think yourself lucky if they don't shoot you first and search you for suspicious

articles afterwards. So, if you do attempt anything of the kind, leave your weapons at home. Don't take anything but your passport and a pocket-handkerchief. Then, if you are careful, the chances mayn't be more than ten to one against you."

This was encouraging. Allowing for exaggeration, there could be no doubt that it was no easy matter to penetrate the disturbed districts. I began to fear that MASSEY'S MAGAZINE would hear but little from me regarding the state of the interior. However, I resolved that, in a few days, I would push forward experimentally and see what could be done.

These few days were spent pleasantly enough among the narrow, ill-smelling streets of the city, and the stock "sights," which are never the real sights of a place. General Weyler's residence, recently badly damaged with dynamite at the hands of enthusiastic Cubans, the Cathedral and the Columbus Chapel, the Cervantes Theatre, the Hotel Inglaterra, where Americans usually stay, and the huge bull-ring, where fights are held on occasional Sundays—these were some of the points of interest which helped to pass the time till I should be ready to attempt to run the Spanish blockade.

Frank L. Pollock

(To be continued.)



IN VIEW OF MATRIMONY.

BY ESTHER TALBOT KINGSMILL.

THESE is a summer garden in a northern land. It lies in the midst of a thick wood. The shrubs of the garden are tall and wild, for the soil thereof has not known cultivation. Each evening when the sun falls behind the purple hills, the wild flowers nod their heads and the stream in yonder glen joins with the whip-poor-will in a lullaby-song. An hour later the evening primroses are awake and keep watch over the garden until the night dies.

In the middle of the primrose bed there is a low cottage. The dwelling is my home during that part of the year when a child of nature lives. Afterwards, when the flowers sleep and the river sings alone, it is little odds where my home may be, for I have long since been asleep. I remember nothing after the farewell slumber-song of the whip-poor-will when he sang for the last daisy. We fell asleep together that autumn evening, and, God willing, we shall awaken when another spring is born.

Upon a summer evening when the twilight lingered long, and, departing,

passed so mysteriously away that the transition to night fell upon me unconsciously, I sat and mused on the harmonies of nature.

It was a sweet-voiced night bird on the opposite side of the river that woke me from my dream.

Crossing the veranda to the low steps, I sat for a while in the dim light and watched the opening ceremonies of the primrose plant. As the delicate leaves were unfolding, the moon crept up. Together we looked down into the heart of the lovely flower and thought of the misfortune of being born to blush unseen.

While I yet mused, some person crossed the garden and crept stealthily up the steps to my side. It was Marian Oliver a cousin of mine who had married a ranchman in Texas the year before and was paying us a visit in our northern home.

"In maiden meditation, Doris? What are the dreams to-night?" she said, slipping a step lower and curling herself into one of those extraordinary positions peculiar to all kittens and some young women.

"Same old dreams, Marian," I said. "At the moment you spoke I was thinking of a verse in the bible, which is the only one I understand perfectly,—'At the close of the sixth day God saw everything that he had made, and behold, it was very good.'—Heavenly, Marian, heavenly! Look at this glorious moonlight. Are you not glad that we know so very little about it all? Mystery is charm. I am so happy in my ignorance. Ah! this earth is a very heaven to those that love every blade of grass on it—to those who have youth and health. And then the future, Marian; you know how we girls love to dream of the possibilities of the future."

My cousin looked up quickly. "Yes, Doris, I know too much about it. Do you know that some dreams are injurious? You girls make an enormous mistake—don't glare at me so, please—yes, a mistake that many of you will regret all your lives."

I looked straight into her eyes, for her words puzzled me very much. Could life hold anything more for her? Dick was her husband—and Dick loved her. Was there anything left to desire?

As I looked into her face, she pursed up her shapely red lips, and clasping her hands around her knees, repeated in a matronly tone, amusing in one so young: "Yes, my child, it is a great mistake. You girls are too fond of inventing a life of honey and roses. Now please don't stop me—I know all about it. Yes, I indulged too—but I took my chances. Fate was kind, for which I thank her sincerely. In other words, as Dickie would say, I turned up trumps. Not that he, dear boy, considers himself a trump—but I do; ah, don't I though!"

Her girlish enthusiasm amused me very much. Then her face grew tender, and even in the dim light I could see something glisten in her eyes. "But I don't understand you," I said, more puzzled than ever after this outbreak of tenderness; and then, as the young creature laughed softly, I thought she was making fun of me.

"Marian," I said, "there are some subjects too serious to joke about. You may not think so, but a girl's dreams

are sacred—honey or roses or whatever you wish to call them. Dreams are the religion of young hearts."

My seriousness seemed to amuse her. Her eyes twinkled in the moonlight.

"I am not a destroyer of dreams, Doris," she said. "I simply wish to prevent nightmares. Now listen to me!"

She drew off a scarlet tam o' shanter that covered a mass of bright curls, and, throwing it on the gravel pathway, raised herself to a kneeling position and addressed me in the matronly tone she used before.

"I'm a woman of the world, Doris. I've seen more of life than you have, and, if I am only a year or so older, I am perhaps a year or so wiser. Listen. There was once a Pagan philosopher who made wise speeches through life—but I believe that is the usual occupation of philosophers isn't it? One of his speeches I have always remembered and I am going to analyze it for you because your 'religious' dreams will not allow you to wake up and interview anything so dangerous as the philosophy of poor old pagans. A man named Epictetus, whose heart must have been full of more true christian feeling than the hearts of many modern christians—well this clever old gentleman was on a certain day worrying over things in general (probably baker's bills and the foolish dreams of romantic daughters) when suddenly his wonderful brain evolved a thought. Like a wise man, he wrote it down—for me to read, for you to hear. So, listen. 'I am always content with what may happen, for what God chooses must be better than what I choose.' Now, what I want to tell you is this. There might be reason in philosophers trying to invent futures for themselves, because such men as Epictetus and Plato have been clever enough to show us a way in which to make our own futures happy. Nevertheless, they were content. Now, there are girls—millions of you—who try to relieve the rightful Controller of your destiny and take the future into your own hands, crying:—'There is a heaven somewhere beyond these clouds, and the dwellers therein tread on roses and drink the honey of the flowers of paradise—and the portals of this future

heaven is called wedlock.' Now, this dream is causing more misery in the world than people imagine, Doris. Such a milk-and-water paradise does not exist. Marriage is not an idiotic dream but a sweet reality. That is the stumbling-block with you all, *reality*, Doris, a give-and-take life, a struggle after ideality that is never experienced in maidenhood. No, I do not altogether blame you girls, my child. You are led by a number of unscrupulous, money-searching story writers whose feeble minds are incapable of more original lies than those which distract the minds of youth. I am strong on this subject, Doris."

"So it seems," I said dryly, "I did not know that you were strong on any subject except Dick. What has he done?"

She looked annoyed for a moment and then smiled.

"You are a child yet, Doris dear, are you not? Such a child that I cannot reason with you. Dick has heard me—he has listened and does not discourage. What indeed does he discourage that I do or think?" She left her place at my side and began pacing up and down in the moonlight, her eyes fastened on the spangled skies above. I could distinctly see that she was disappointed in my lack of sympathy. In truth, it was not lack of sympathy. It was the natural inability of a young and shallow mind to grasp the truths that fire the very soul of one stronger than it. Marian's active and comprehensive brain power was as far above mine as are yonder dancing stars are from the dark earth.

"Yes, I lack sympathy," she went on suddenly, but I saw that she had lost much of her enthusiasm, and was endeavoring to change the subject.—"It's a peculiar thing to become interested in, but then I am peculiar, perhaps. You see, my supporters must necessarily be married, and then we can carry on a sort of mission. Picture to yourself Marian Oliver as president of the Home Mission for the prevention of married misery. Quite a tongue-twister isn't it? I tried to talk to Dick's mother but she does not appreciate me. She's inclined

to be morbid, and says that death is much surer than marriage; therefore, prepare the youth for death. Not being a death-bed spiritual adviser, I declined. Besides, according to her argument, there is perhaps something pretty sure for a good many people after death, so why not prepare every one for a horrible unexpected hereafter?"

She paused for a moment and looked at me. I had nothing to say. I fell to wondering what the substitute for honey and roses was to be if I ever married. I was a thoughtless child in those days and saw no further than the purple hills behind my home, over which the golden light faded each night.

"Mothers-in-law are proverbially peculiar," went on Marian dreamily. "There is nothing original in having an unpleasant mother-in-law, but there's something decidedly interesting in owning a relative like Dick's mother. She is anything but unpleasant, and possesses a mind which would make a good study for a—well, for the man who takes minds to pieces. My mother-in-law has but one passion. It is harmless enough. She has an innate tendency in the direction of grave-yards. If you drop Dick's mother in a strange town she will ask the station-master, first thing, which is the direction to the nearest cemetery. She likes to compare them. She can tell you the population and average age of the population of every cemetery in Texas. Fancy a woman spending an afternoon in a graveyard she's not acquainted with, having no companions except a copy of Taylor's 'Holy Living and Dying' under her arm. My dear, I consider that these expeditions among the strange dead are intrusions, because she doesn't know a soul—or rather a body, in a Texan cemetery. A few may once have been nodding acquaintances, but that's all. So it's simply love of cemeteries. She says that she will not feel strange when she enters her last resting-place. That is one way of looking at it, but I think I'd rather feel more than strange and be compelled to take introductions all around. Bah! What a superstition for a christian woman to have about our poor clay."

Marian always had a droll way of telling one anything, and I think that her sojourn among the quick-witted Southerners had somewhat sharpened her originality. She had always been a remarkably clever girl.

While I sat gazing out over the shadowy garden my thoughts wandered back to the subject we had started on. I wanted to hear more of my cousin's little theory, but I was almost afraid to broach the subject.

"Do not tell me any more about cemeteries," I said nervously. "They have a weakening effect in the moonlight. They are liable to encourage ghosts and bad dreams."

Marian laughed softly.—"Do you remember, Doris, when we were children. I could never be frightened by a ghost story. I am sorry now, because I lost the benefit of one of the illusions of childhood. Father used to fear that I would never possess much religious belief, because I was always a wonderful little materialist. I had no imagination. When the other children cried at the possibility of seeing a ghost, I saw no chance of ever beholding one until I heard of some one who had felt a ghost. Consequently I was never convinced. I often longed to interview an old-fashioned, respectable, independent spirit who had an unprecedented record of going through several centuries without being caught. But, Doris—why, child, you are positively quivering—what a nervous little one you are. Forgive me.

Let me see, we had been talking about—about young women who invented futures for themselves. I will try to be more explicit, Doris. Do you know, the girl who will have the happiest life is the one who takes no thought for her future, but appreciates maidenhood to the fullest extent?"

"One would think that you regretted having given up your freedom," I said bitterly. A shadow overspread her face for a moment, and then she smiled as a mother does over the ignorance of an irresponsible child.

"Freedom," she repeated slowly. "Have you ever thought that the proper fulfilment of law ensures the most perfect freedom in the world. Apply it to

everything, Doris, natural, moral and physical. Look even at the merry fish in the stream yonder—apparently as free as air. Lift them from the environment in which the law of nature has placed them, and their freedom is gone, taking life with it. Conformity to law is the only possible freedom, my child. Please do not speak of woman having lost her freedom by marriage. A true woman has gained an invisible freedom of the soul if she interprets life properly."

"But we cannot grasp those profound thoughts," I said impatiently. "It is all too much like your old philosophers who were dreamers and expected the other people to do the living."

"Then we should be thankful that we are given the opportunity to profit by their commonsense dreams, since we have not brains enough to invent them for ourselves, Doris. Listen. What I wish to make clear to you is that these foolish romantic dreams spoil the chances of a girl's happiness. You yourself picture a future that may never be yours."

I felt a great lump rise in my throat and almost choke me. I seemed to see a dark cloud creeping down through the shadowy night, and above the cloud was a blazing banner bearing the words: "Behold, for approacheth the destroyer of the dreams of youth." It came between me and the girlish, swaying figure in the moonlight. When I looked away from it, the nodding primroses turned their faces from me. "Do you want me to prepare for a sort of Zenana life?" I said doggedly: "I thought you were always one to look on the bright side of everything."

"There is a mistaken way of looking at the bright side of things," said Marian decidedly. "Most people appropriate the word 'expect' for 'look'—and then add mentally that they have a right to it. Where are they when reverses arrive?—I mean the reverses that make up part of life's program; the things which people call misfortunes, when they are, properly speaking, experiences. Some lives are passed in imaginary disappointment, when they are really very pleasant. There is a peevish strain running through some women's lives which is

the result of impossible dreams failing to materialize. They feel a disappointment through life, which you feel, for one moment when, for instance, you look eagerly for a long-expected letter. You watch your gate impatiently; as the postman approaches your heart beats wildly. You go out in a dream to meet him, stretch out a trembling hand, and the postman—he simply smiles hideously at you and passes on. Do you feel ill afterwards? I fancy so. You are a martyr for the rest of the day. Well, my dear, that is a mild form of the disappointment following foolish dreams. Life is very real, Doris, and reverses will come just as surely as this silver moonlight will fade away and leave the old world in gloom before the dawn creeps in. If we know the darkness is coming, and stretch a hand out through the mist to guide and be guided when the night comes, we shall then forget all about the darkness, in our knowledge of security and trust."

While she was yet speaking, my cousin leaned over the side of the steps, plucked a nodding primrose and tore its leaves excitedly apart, scattering them on the damp grass beneath.

"You see," she continued, "Fate was kind—no, Providence was kind. For myself, I have nothing to complain of. If I had, my lips would naturally be sealed on this subject. But I have seen cases, Doris, yes, many, and I can even picture my misery had my own dream been shattered. And I have no more right to this happiness than any other girl. Dickie came to me, and God had made him one of the good husbands of the world.

There are many good men, Doris, but there are many miserable homes with good men at their head. A fairy prince does not constitute a happy home, nor does even a good man. Happiness is not solitary. It works by a sort of circular process, going from a heart to its affinity and back again. Girls think of it chiefly as one-sided. I have looked down into the hearts, Doris, of many women who suffer from imaginary unhappiness, and I seem to see how the evil began. They educated themselves in maidenhood to look for God-like creatures, who are as

impossible as they would be unpleasant to live with. In the minds of girls men are ethereal—that is where the mischief lies. We forget that we are to possess good manly husbands with wills of their own, who have no more right to give in to us than we have to them, nor nearly so much. When we are married we are severed forever from the irresponsible period of youth, when whims are gratified by parents simply because we are children. Afterwards, we begin to really live, Doris, because life is then reciprocal. We are given an opportunity to develop whatever little particle of the Divine there is in us. How few women do it? The majority grow irritable, because unearthly dreams have not materialized."

As my cousin ceased speaking she wandered slowly down the winding gravel pathway to the old gate, and, resting her arms on the bars, looked over the quiet night. I sat alone and pondered over the fate of being blessed with a contented spirit, and a mind capable of solving the little intricacies of tedious every-day life. By yonder gate stood one soul, at least, whose life was perfectly happy, and who had the faculty of making the world look its brightest to those around her. Although many of her thoughts were, as yet, riddles, she had awakened me, for the first time, to a knowledge of the fact that there was more in life than we girls had ever dreamed of. I saw my romantic visions of an hour before standing out clearly before me in the form of decorated selfishness. The decoration, had disguised the evil. I saw it all now.

Presently, Marian turned and walked back to me. Her bright face was beaming with the purest happiness. I had a strange yearning to throw my arms about her neck, and call her one of God's angels, but I had not the courage. My emotions seldom came to the surface, and when they did, they retreated quickly again to the secrecy of my own heart for I had always a strange shrinking from demonstrative affection.

And then Marian spoke again. "If these thoughts could only be instilled into the hearts of young dreamers, Doris, I think the future generation of

husbands would rise up and bless the society for the prevention of married misery," she said smiling. "Besides, happiness is contagious; fancy the state of the world—as an original lecturer would say, 'It would have a visible effect on the family, the church and the state.'"

"It all seems very reasonable" I said, as arm-in-arm we crossed the veranda and closed the windows for the night.

"And, Marian, if you have succeeded in nothing else you have at least awakened me to the fact that we do not half appreciate life. We dream away our lives without pausing to remember that we have a great reason and right to be happy. I think we're all very much asleep, and in our sleep we invent all sorts of petty troubles which we could never feel if we allowed ourselves to wake up and look at the sky and the trees and the purple tints that creep above the hills each evening, and if we saw God in it all—for he is more convincing in nature than in anything else, to me."

"You want pupils, then why don't you take that wild little sister of mine? I will listen, too. But, if you wish Kate to be a credit to your cause, you must keep her away from Dick's ranch, for the roses are thick about that Texan home, and somehow the bees have carried much honey there." I paused and looked into her eyes; she smiled, but did not speak.

"And besides," I went on, "why shouldn't Katie's future be as bright as yours? Can't we pray that it may be?"

"My theory does not exclude prayers," she said, smiling, and then her face grew serious. "But, in connection with most things in this life, I place little weight on prayers, in comparison with living, Doris. There are too many prayers in the world, and there is too little living. I often think our Creator must grow very weary of our inconsistency. A life of continual devotional exercises and inactivity is a contradiction to the fact that we are conscious beings. Besides, prayers occur very much after the manner of meals. They become force of habit. I suppose it is a contradiction to all religious doctrine, but I have always

thought that prayers were instituted chiefly for two reasons—to be used as thank offerings, and in asking for the Divine guidance of those morally weak. Strong people should *live*, and, by living, they would grow stronger. Certain spiritual advisers lead us all astray on this subject. They love to convince us of our utter weakness. It is not right; they should rather try to convince us of our possible strength—that would be a great incentive to some people. I think the 'miserable sinner' doctrine is so much exaggerated that it drives many people away from God. As for prayers, Doris, remember they are very necessary—I always think of them as a sort of spiritual tonic. But you know the fate of all who depend solely on physical tonics. They eventually possess only artificial strength. Sometimes they tire of the monotony of the tonic and drop it; then there is a collapse of the system. In the same way those who depend wholly on prayer sometimes grow weary. There is also a collapse, and the collapse is known as backsliding. I think if you will study 'The Sermon on the Mount' you will see that Christ lays more stress on love and living than on anything else. His life corroborated this. We know pretty clearly which is the right path—if we don't, we lack conscience, and come under the heading of the 'weak'. Knowing the path, we require moral activity and sympathy more than anything else, in order to keep straight. There are some lines at the head of the essays of a great man; the words run thus: 'The Lord requires of thee to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly before thy God.' That includes everything. Come, little one, we are growing sleepy; my tongue has been disclosing secret dreams, as tongues are wont to do when the mind is drowsy. If I have perplexed you, dear, remember that the embodiment of any faith is simply—be good. And now let us go and dream on the philosophy of living. I shall tell you more about the advantages of my cause to-morrow evening, and the same old moon will stand in judgment."

Esther Talbot Kingsmill.

THE MYSTERY OF TWO CHEQUES.

BY CLIFFORD SMITH.

(*Begun in July Number.*)

CHAPTER IV.

FOLLOWING THE CLUE.



VEN after the lapse of all these years I can vividly recall the pride I experienced, the day following this eventful night, as I stood in the presence of that august person, the prefect of police, and listened to the words of commendation and promise which fell from his lips. Even Jodoïn flushed with pride. We did not tell him whom we suspected, but said we believed we were now on the track of the forger. He was extremely anxious that we should succeed, and told us to spare neither time nor expense in following up the clue.

And all this we owed to the informer, Guyot; for he had been true to his promise and had brought us the longed-for letter from the escaped convict the very day after his betrayal of him.

"It has come," he had said simply, as he handed us the precious letter. The envelope bore the London postmark and was dated May 11th—the day after the forgery. At a glance we could see that the hand that had penned the letter which we had read the previous evening, had also written this. It read:

"*Cher Guyot.* As I told you I would, I write to let you know where I intend to escape to. I leave London to-day for Mexico. I shall be safe there, as France can only get from that country people who have committed murder. I shall have to take the steamer first to New York and from there a steamer to Mexico. I hear I may have to stay in New York a few days before I can get a steamer to Mexico. I shall be careful, and travel as I think safest. I am now dressed in a lovely, black suit, have fine black hair, long whiskers and blue glasses. I have also become a little lame and have a cough, and so am travelling for my health. I shall send you the money I promised as soon as I get to Mexico."

The letter was signed, "Pierre Lisotte." It was after getting this letter that we went to the prefect and told him that we were on the track of the forger, but that we might have to travel many miles to get him.

For various reasons, Jodoïn had deemed it wiser not to come into contact with any of the men who were in the banker's office the day I was summoned there, so that all direct enquiries, thus far, had been made by me. From what is to follow, it will be seen that this precaution of Jodoïn's was a wise one.

After leaving the prefect's office I went alone to the office of M. de Tonancourt, the banker, and acquainted him with the important turn affairs had taken. He received me courteously, and his pale face lighted up as he read the remarkable letters and compared M. Tourville's forged signature in them with the signatures on the cheques.

"There can be no doubt," he said at last, eagerly, but that the escaped forger Lisotte is the guilty party, and he must be arrested at all hazards."

"But if he gets to Mexico before we can arrest him, what are we to do?" I asked, to see what answer he would give.

"But you will arrest him before he gets there," he replied confidently. Then he looked grave and said: "If he should manage to elude you and get there, of course that would be the end of the case, and he would thwart us, after all."

"He might not; there would be still a way of getting him to France—and without, too, the knowledge of the Mexican Government," I answered.

"How?" he queried with considerable surprise.

"By kidnapping him!"

The words had a strange effect upon him. "By kidnapping him?" he asked, with knitted brows.

"I will explain," I went on. "My plan is this. If he reaches Mexico, I in-

tend to try to lure him to Vera Cruz—a shipping port at which French vessels stop. It is 173 miles from the City of Mexico. The journey from Vera Cruz to Mexico is a famous one, on account of its scenery, and is largely patronized by tourists. The convict has never seen me, and as soon as I reach Mexico I shall make it my duty to cultivate his acquaintance. After we become friendly I shall suggest that we both take this pleasure trip, and I think it is not likely the proposal will arouse any suspicion. If there should be a French vessel at Vera Cruz the day we reach there, I shall try, on one pretext or another, to lure him on board. The prefect is to give me letters to any French captain I may need to assist me, and once Lisotte is lured on board one of our country's vessels the probabilities are that he will not leave it till he reaches France. Detectives, you see, M. de Tonancourt, have often to adopt queer means in order that the ends of justice may be achieved." I thought he would have been pleased with the scheme, yet to my surprise he did not appear to be so. He must, I think, have noted my surprise, for the peculiar expression fled from his face, and he said, lightly: "An excellent scheme. I was just thinking, though, that I would not like you to do anything that might lead to any international complications."

I assured him that I would take good care that no such complications should arise.

As we walked to the door he shook hands with me, and said brightly: "Then, Monsieur, I shall expect to see the forger with you when you return."

As I turned from the bank I jostled against Pascal Villers and Telesphore Rivard, the witnesses of the crime. They did not appear to have noticed me and so I hurried on; but some impulse presently made me turn back, and there was Villers pointing his long, lean finger at me, and saying something to his companion. They both evidently remembered me.

Two hours later Jodoin and I started for London, *en route* for New York—and, if need be, for Mexico.

The Fates now seemed to vie with

each other to crown our efforts with success. The second shipping office we enquired at in London, gave us the information that a man, exactly answering the description given of himself by Lisotte, in the letter, had on the afternoon of May the 11th bought a ticket for New York, *via* the *British Queen*. The ticket seller remembered the man having said something about Mexico to him. Our way was now clear, and we telegraphed the superintendent of police in New York to have the forger, whom we described, arrested on the arrival of the *British Queen*, and to detain him till we arrived on the *Cumberland City*.

Just as we were leaving London we got a telegram from the prefect of police, Paris, saying that M. Tourville, the merchant, had given out that he was about to retire from business.

The trip over the Atlantic seemed scarcely longer than a day to us—had we known what was before us it doubtless would have seemed endless!

On reaching New York we were told that no man answering Lisotte's description had been found on the *British Queen*.

We decided that the rogue must, after getting on board, have assumed another disguise and thus escaped detection. We determined to at once put the kidnapping scheme into operation, and took the steamer the same night for Vera Cruz, and from there, three days later, the train for Mexico. Everything now depended upon diplomacy, for unless we could allure the rascal to Vera Cruz our whole journey would be a failure.

The sun was just setting when the train descended the lofty Orizada mountain, and we saw, away down in the valley, the picturesque city of Mexico, with its quaint awnings, magnificent, sacred edifices, broad streets and green squares, all hemmed in by lofty sierras.

For three days we haunted all the squares and hotels, in the hope of finding Lisotte, but to no avail. The evening of the fourth day we were sitting in the beautiful Plaza de Armas, absorbed in bitter reflections, when a boy hurried up and handed Jodoin a cablegram. As he read it he uttered an exclamation of

dismay and handed it to me. It was from the prefect of police, and read:

"Lisotte was captured in Paris five days ago in the direst poverty, and dying from hunger and disease. He had no more to do with the forgery than you had. Return without delay."

We had not been able to find Lisotte, and so had cabled the prefect to let him know whom we were hunting, and what we were doing, and this was his reply. The falling waters of the fountains around us seemed to have been transformed into a thousand mocking voices.

"This means—"

"Yes, this means," interrupted Jodoin harshly, "that we have been deceived by that villainous Guyot."

Scarcely were the words uttered when there fell upon our ears the sound of approaching feet; we ceased talking till the intruder should have passed on. A shadow fell across the bench; we looked up—

I thought I must have gone suddenly insane; for there, passing in front of us, was the man whom the prefect had said was dead; the man whom we had travelled nearly 10,000 miles to see—Pierre Lisotte, escaped convict and forger! There was no mistaking the man, for there was the black suit, the long, black whiskers, the halting step and blue eyeglasses.

"There are mysteries," Jodoin whispered, "connected with this case that we have not yet solved." There was no time now, however, to discuss the enigma and we arose, indolently, to try to engage him in conversation. We knew it was not likely that he would know either of us, yet for safety's sake we had disguised ourselves.

"A fine night, Monsieur," said Jodoin, as we reached his side.

The convict looked up through his thick, blue glasses, and replied, in a friendly tone: "Yes, a very fine night." He was quite hoarse and wore a scarf around his neck.

"Ah! I am glad to hear you speak French," said Jodoin, in a pleased tone.

"O, yes, I am French, and am travelling for my health," he said, fumbling at his scarf. "I have had a cough for years, and it has almost taken my voice away," he continued huskily.

Knowing his hoarseness was assumed, I could not help a feeling of amusement at this explanation. But why should he continue to use all these precautions now, when he could have snapped his fingers at all the detectives in Paris? For some reason or other he evidently did not think himself quite safe after all.

He was very friendly, and told us that he had only arrived that evening, and that he had left London on the steamer *Warwick*.

We knew this vessel had not been booked to leave London till three days after we had sailed, and so now understood how it was we had missed him. But why he had not sailed on the vessel he had said he intended to, we were still unaware.

He said he was glad we were French—he seemed not to have the slightest suspicion of us. Before long we were dwelling upon the beautiful scenery between the City of Mexico and the City of Vera Cruz. To our gratification he said he had not noticed the scenery as he came along from Vera Cruz as he had been too unwell, but intended, in a few days, to go over the route again. He had fallen into the trap easier than we ever had hoped!

After conversing for nearly a quarter of an hour he excused himself and said he would go to his hotel. We offered to accompany him, but he politely declined the offer, and, turning abruptly, limped off down a shady path. As we shadowed him to his hotel, there was something in his walk, disguised though it was, that was strangely familiar to me.

Try as we might for the next few days we could not get a glimpse of him, except at night in the Plaza de Armas, where he always chose the most shady seats. We had now become quite friendly. Finally, Jodoin carelessly told him one hot night that we intended to take the trip to Vera Cruz the following morning, and asked him if he would like to accompany us. He fell in with the proposition readily, and even asked us to purchase three tickets that night, to save us waiting at the station to get them in the morning. As he made the request his hoarseness was more accentuated than usual, and he fumbled in a peculiar way with his glasses.

While he had been talking, a sudden change had taken place in the weather. The wind had veered suddenly to the south, and was covering the sky with clouds that looked ominous with rain.

Jodoin cast his eyes aloft, anxiously—I knew he dreaded the weather was going to spoil our plans.

"After you have bought the tickets," our acquaintance wheezed, "you might come to my hotel and have a chat; it is not late yet and—" a dazzling ray of light, followed by a deafening report, prevented us from hearing the remainder of the sentence.

In the silence which followed Jodoin said, hopefully: "The storm is sure to be over before the morning."

"You are right, the storm *will* be over before morning," he answered in a tone so full of significance that I involuntarily bent my head and tried to peer through the thick glasses. As I did so he turned and vanished into the darkness.

An hour later we were being shown to his room. As he opened the door, in answer to our knock, a blinding flash of lightning shot through the two bay windows of his room, and distinctly lit up one side of his face. Disguised though it was, I could have sworn I had seen it somewhere before. The most appalling bursts of thunder now followed each other in rapid succession, making the windows rattle in their loose frames as though in fear of impending evil.

He pointed to two chairs standing near a table in the centre of the room, on which stood a lamp that threw dim shadows around.

"You have made all the arrangements for our trip to Vera Cruz to-morrow?" he asked slowly.

"Yes, everything is arranged," said Jodoin lightly.

"And you have got the tickets?"

"Yes, three."

"Then, *Monsieur Jodoin*, you can take the third one to Paris, and give it to the prefect of police, and ask him to come to Mexico and take the trip with you."

His huskiness had all fled, and, while speaking, he had bereft his face of its disguises.

We sprang to our feet with cries of

anger. Jodoin, with fury in his eyes, would have sprung upon him had I not seized him by the shoulder.

"Lay a hand on me and I will shoot you!" said the rascal, in a determined voice, covering us with his revolver. And Jodoin knew that Toussaint Guyot, the informer, would not now hesitate at any cost, to carry out the desperate rôle he had assayed.

In his old, cat-like manner, he stepped a little to one side, and said: "You would both be fools to try to injure me now."

Stretching out his clenched hand, Jodoin said bitterly: "Curse you, Guyot, for this treachery!"

In a tone of intense hatred, Guyot replied: "Monsieur Jodoin, I am now in a position that I can defy you. Because you once spared me you made my life not worth living; you never let me forget that I was at your mercy. Through my acts of treachery to those who trusted me you have got credit for scores of arrests; but I think the honor you will get out of this case will not be pleasant to remember. Now, let me tell you that it was I who forged and passed that cheque."

Jodoin had now got control of himself, and said quietly: "I know it would make your despicable revenge, to the man who saved you from ten years' imprisonment, sweeter if you thought he believed that, but I do not; you are no penman, and could not have forged the cheque. I see it all now; you are the decoy to draw suspicion away from those who are the most guilty; but you have failed in your rôle, after all."

As we passed out, his mocking laugh came floating after us: "What I tell you is true, I did forge it. And, don't forget, that third ticket is for the prefect of police."

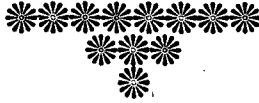
By nine o'clock the next morning, we were once more climbing up the sides of the Orizada Mountain. From the turn events had taken, it would have been utterly useless to have remained in Mexico any longer, even if extradition had been possible, and we knew it was not. We still disbelieved Guyot's assertion that he was the forger. The influence behind the fellow, however, had

evidently been most powerful, and we did not forget that we had been drawn away from Paris when we were busily engaged in trying to find out whether or not any of the parties who were in the banker's office when I was summoned, had any guilty knowledge of the crime.

The day was not far distant when our humiliation was to be turned into triumph; but such a triumph! It was to be as bitter as death itself to me. And with it comes the woman in the case.

Clifford Smith.

(To be concluded.)



POSSIBILITIES OF AERIAL NAVIGATION.

(Suggested by reading the statement that Prof. Andree, the Swedish aeronaut, expects to reach the North Pole, from the coast of Spitzbergen, in a few hours.)

TELL John to put the kettle on,
I wish to take a drive;
I only want to go to Rome,
And shall be back at five.

Tell cook to dress those humming-birds
I shot in Mexico,
They've now been killed at least two days,
They'll soon be up *peu haut*.

And Tom, take you the electric wings,
And start for Spain, at three,
I want some Seville oranges
'Twixt dinner-time and tea.

Fly round to France and bring a new
Perpetual motion gun;
To-morrow, with some friends, I go
A-hunting to the sun.

The trip I took the other day
To breakfast in the moon,
Quite paralyzed my appetite,
And spoiled my new balloon.

For, steering in the Milky Way,
I tilted with a star,
And with the rebound energy,
Came jolt against my car.

But Tom, get you the car repaired,
And then let Dan or Dick
Inflate with ten square miles of gas—
I mean to travel quick.

My motor's surely primed by now,
Put the high-pressure on,
Give me the breath-bag for the way,
All right! Hey!!! Whizz!!!—I'm gone.

Byron Nicholson.



The *DRYAD*

HER soul was sown with the seed of the
tree

Of old when the earth was young.
And glad with the strength of its majesty
The light of her beautiful being upgrew.
And the winds that swept o'er land and sea,
And like a harper the great boughs
strung,
Whispered her all things new.

The tree reached forth to the sun and the
And towered to heaven above. [wind
But she was the soul that under its rind
Whispered its joy through the whole
woods span,
Sweet and glad and tender and kind;
For her love for the tree was a holier
love
Than the love of woman for man.

The seasons came and the seasons went
 And the woodland music rang ;
 And under her wide umbrageous tent,
 Hidden forever from mortal eye,
 She sang earth's beauty and wonderment.
 But men never knew the spirit that sang
 This music too wondrous to die.

Only nature, forever young,
 And her children forever true,
 Knew the beauty of her who sung
 And her tender, glad love for the tree ;
 Till on her music the wild hawk hung
 From his eyrie high in the blue
 To drink her melody free.

And the creatures of earth would creep from their haunts
 To stare with their wilding eyes,
 To hearken those rhythms of earth's romance,
 That never the ear of mortal hath heard ;
 Till the elfin squirrels would caper and dance,
 And the hedgehog's sleepy and shy surprise
 Would grow to the thought of a bird.

And the pale wood-flowers from their cradles of dew
 Where they rocked them the whole night long,
 While the dark wheeled round and the stars looked through
 Into the great wood's slumbrous breast,
 Till the grey of the night like a mist outblew ;
 Harkened the piercing joy of her song
 That sank like a star in their rest.

But all things come to an end at last
 When the wings of being are furled.
 And there blew one night a maddening blast,
 From those wastes where ships dismantle and drown,
 That ravaged the forest and thundered past ;
 And in the wreck of that ruined world
 The dryad's tree went down.

When the pale stars dimmed their tapers of gold,
 And over the night's round rim,
 The day rose sullen and ragged and cold,
 Over that wind-swept, desolate wild,
 Where the huge trunks lay like giants of old,
 Prone, slain on some battlefield, silent and grim ;
 The wood-creatures, curious, mild,

Searching their solitudes, found her there
 Like a snowdrift, out in the morn ;
 One lily arm round the beech-trunk bare,
 One curved, cold, under her elfin head,
 With the beechen shine in her nut-brown hair,
 And the pallor of dawn on her face, love-lorn,
 Beautiful, passionless, dead.

William Wilfred Campbell.

A HOLIDAY SONG.

A LITTLE way from Work-a-day,
Down the small slope of mild desire,
There swings a gate to bar the
With roses and sweet-brier. [way,
While you and I, when time is ripe,
Upon its fragrant threshold stand,
And look across the harvest fields
In fruitful Leisure-Land.

In Leisure-Land the breath, like balm,
Sighs from the moist lips easily,
The eyes shine clear, the brow is calm,
The heart beats full and free.
There is no sound of fret nor strife,
Of urging call nor harsh command,
One drinks a fresh, sweet draught of Life,
In blessed Leisure-Land!

The birds sing soft, the cushats coo,
The breeze just whispers to the flowers,
Deep-lined with Autumn, as they fade,
To mark the peaceful hours.
The dancing brooklets wider sweep,
All voiceless where the blue flags stand,
Rocking the drowsy bees to sleep,
In restful Leisure-Land.

Then come, while harvest moon is full,
Sweetheart, adown the sloping way,
And whisper secrets to my soul,
Too dear for common day.
A little space, for thee and me,
Which, heart to heart, and hand in
Apart from weary Work-a-day, [hand,
We'll spend in Leisure-Land!
Grace E. Denison.



STRONG HEART.

STRONG heart! aware of Death and
Seek not a larger destiny. [Fate,
Thine be the force to work and
wait,
While hour on hour the day goes by.

Thine be the strength of silent things
That urge and struggle through their
night
To where supreme endeavor brings
A hidden glory to the light.

Mark out thy bed-rock life, and hew
To lasting use and goodly form,
See that thy steel-wrought tools carve
true,
Heed never touch of sun or storm.

Strong heart! a while the hours adrift
Sunder thy perfect thought from thee:
Until one sudden, sunset rift
Flare splendor over land and sea!
A. B. de Mille.



IN HAYING TIME.

THE morning air blows fresh and
Over the meadow lands; [sweet
Red and white clover and mar-
guerite
Lift blossoming heads, then bend and
sway,
And blend with the scent of the new-
mown hay
'Neath the swing of the scythe in the
strong, brown hands.

From the alder bush by the old rail fence,
The bob-o-link's clear note
Floods with delight, each vagrant sense,
And thrills thro' the sunlight straight
to the blue;

Ah, I could listen, the whole day
through,
To the song that pours from his merry
brown throat,

Oh! perfumed air—Oh! song of bird—
Rapture with touch of pain.
The daisies whisper, by light winds
stirred,
The same dear message they used to
repeat;
And the dreams of childhood, divine
and sweet,
From the far off meadows drift back
again,

Jessie A. Freeland.

THE LITERARY KINGDOM.

BY M. M. KILPATRICK.

HAWARDEN CASTLE was once a big, square, stone mansion, and in time there has been added on either side a huge stone wing. The result is a long, rather narrow, building, irregularly broken with tall towers, queer, arched entrances, mysterious flights of stone steps, and churchly-looking Gothic windows nearly covered with the dark green tapestry of English ivy, and offering glimpses of a velvety hillside, crowned at the top with the picturesque, ivy-hung ruins of the keep and banquetting hall of the old castle that had once been stormed by Oliver Cromwell. The castle of to-day is a cheery, home-like, unaffected residence, every room having a lived-in look and evidently no place being for show. The general scheme of color is white, green and gold, and the appointments are comfortable, costly, and sometimes delightfully shabby. The "Temple of Peace" is the name the owner has given to his *sanctum sanctorum*. This beautiful room tells as plainly as print the high and intellectual character of those who live in it. It is here that Gladstone has done his greatest literary work, and this charming old room is mellow in its ripe perfection and faintly scented with the clear fragrance of leather bound volumes. All the walls are lined with books, and double rows of shelves with a passage-way between jut out into the room. Marble busts of great men stand on the cornices. There is a beautiful portrait of grizzled Tennyson; also a bronze of the poet and a superb head in bronze of Dante. The Grand Old Man does not shut his wife away from his working life. A beautiful crayon portrait of her leans against a pile of books, and her own desk stands in the middle of the room, showing that he is not such a strict home ruler after all.

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HAROLD FREDERIC is a big, masterful man of thirty-nine, with a voice that

would suit a commander of legions and a habit of life and work as minutely systematic as that of the most precise spinster of one's acquaintance. His penmanship rivals copper plate in the studied delineation of each letter, and his seasons of work and play are so clearly defined as to enable him to keep untangled the threads of many interests. Those who have no idea what the preparation of a novel means will learn with surprise some particulars regarding the initiatory stage of Mr. Frederic's latest success, "The Damnation of Theron Ware." The writer of this story carried the people in it about with him, night and day, for fully five years. After he had them grouped together he turned his attention to acquiring a knowledge of everything they knew. Four of them were specialists in different professions, and the task became tremendous. One of them is a biologist who, among other things, experiments on Lubbock's and Darwin's lines, and so it was necessary to get up masses of stuff on bees and the cross fertilization of plants. Then, Mr. Frederic had to teach himself all the details of a Methodist minister's work, obligations, and daily routine, and all the machinery of his church. Another character is a priest, who is a good deal more of a pagan than a simple-minded Christian. He loves luxury and learning, and so his creator had to study arts as well as theology, wading in Assyriology and Schopenhauer and poring over palimpsests and pottery. In order to write understandingly of a musician, Mr. Frederic fairly persecuted a professional friend with questions and disquisitions on the technicalities of music. After this cramming process came gradual assimilation, and the plot began to work. An elaborate sketching of incidents, talks, characters and localities followed, and then "the book wrote

itself"—a remark to be comprehended by the gods and some mortals. Mr. Frederic is an American, having been born and reared in the New York valley. His boyhood was spent in getting out of bed at five in the morning to look after the cattle, and until the age of fourteen he drove a milk wagon as a "side issue" in agricultural duties. Preparatory to writing his story, "In the Valley," which deals with American life during the colonial period, he made eleven years' study of the domestic and political history of that time, the records, the "costumes and properties." For a number of years, Mr. Frederic has lived in London, and has long enjoyed the distinction of being the most popular of the many correspondents in the world's metropolis.

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MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, authoress of the famous "Uncle Tom's Cabin," died at her home in Hartford, Conn., on July 1st. With the death of this noted woman, there has passed a landmark in the history of a nation, and in the progress of the world.

Legislators and reformers spent years in arguing for and against the abolition of slavery in the States. With the advent of each fiery orator, or astute politician, the strife grew apace, and the end thereof seemed farther off. And then a hand that rocked the cradle and tended the smallest human needs, in a small New England home, dealt a blow felt round the world. The story of Uncle Tom smote the conscience and heart of the American people, and there followed that tidal wave of blood that washed away the wrongs of a century. Although one of a gifted family, Mrs. Stowe had no literary training previous to the publication of her famous novel, and she firmly believed the work was an inspiration. Whatever may be said of its claim to a niche in the temple of art and letters, there is no denying it the merit of speaking to the universal heart, and of having been one great instrument used in rescuing the black man from his brother, and the latter from himself. Although the book was written for a special purpose, in a special land and at a special time, it has met with such favor among

all the people of the world, as scarcely a dozen other works in English literature have known. More than a million copies have been sold in all languages, and even at this date, far out of its time, it enjoys an unflinching popularity, and still leads the list of books most called for at all public libraries.

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MRS. STOWE'S home life afforded that combination of plain living and high thinking which is so little understood by those born into more complicated social conditions. She was in every sense the household fairy,—friend, philosopher and inspiration to her husband, an all-reaching providence to her children, and the one factor in housewifely care, doing her own work. From time immemorial the New England kitchen has been a haven of hospitality, more cleanly, cheery and inviting than oftentimes the "best room," of less favored regions. Mrs. Stowe kept paper and pencil on the table, and many a page of manuscript was scribbled while the bread was in the oven, and her pie crust shading from amber to brown. On a certain blizzard day of a typical winter, Emerson lifted the latch of this *sanctum* and on entering found Longfellow diligently paring the carrots which Mrs. Stowe had put aside while she read aloud from recently written pages of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Then Dr. Stowe came home from a round of work among his parishoners, the "boiled dinner" was served, and one loves to think of the attic salt spilt on that occasion.

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THE assumption on the part of youthful members of a successful author's family, that all quotations spring from one source, is amusingly illustrated in the story of Mrs. Stowe's young grandson. A neighbor found him swinging rather too vigorously on another neighbor's front gate, and warned him that Mr. Smith might not like it, whereupon the independent young gentleman remarked: "I don't care for Mr. Smith, or his ox, or his ass, or anything that is his." "Do you know who wrote those words?" asked the friend, deeply shocked. "Oh," was the nonchalant reply, "I dunno,—Grandma Stowe, I suppose."



BY EDWARD FARRER.

THE currency question in the United States has been brought to an issue by the action of the Republicans in declaring for the gold standard. When it came to the pinch, the silver men made only a poor showing, and their "bolt" will not amount to much.

Mr. McKinley, who has hitherto "straddled" and not long ago seemed to favor the free coinage of silver, will no doubt run his campaign as a pronounced "gold-bug," and his election as such is assured. The argument that American silver should be protected just the same as American pig-iron or American steel is advanced with mock earnestness by the silver-mine owners and their newspapers. But the coy which catches many of the farmers is that free silver coinage would give the country more money and thus increase the price of their products, besides enabling them to pay their mortgages at fifty cents on the dollar. When Charles the First of England, amongst other schemes for supplying the necessities of revenue, proposed to debate the coinage, Sir Thomas Rowe in his protest said: "Experience of such things hath taught us Englishmen that the enfeebling of coin is but a shift for a while, as drink to one in a dropsy, to make him swell the more." It does not say much for the growth of human intelligence that the American democracy should be discussing at this time of day a project which European monarchs tried, and came to grief with centuries ago. The explanation is furnished by Sir Thomas, who, after

speaking of the debasement of the coinage by former kings with the disastrous consequences that followed, said: "There can be no scheme so weak or wicked, but there will be private men who will have, or fancy they have, an interest in pushing it on; and when that is the case, we have too often seen all considerations of public faith and private justice sacrificed to the idol of private advantage." The desire of the mine owners to get the United States Government to pay them twice as much as their silver is worth is the "idol of private advantage" in the States, and behind it lies a mass of ignorance and not a little knavery.

Canada when under French Rule acquired an experience of the currency question, which is not forgotten to this hour in French Canada. The rulers, to make money more plentiful, issued paper money. It was known as card money, the first issue having been made out of cards. So long as the cards were convertible into drafts on France, and the drafts were honored, everything of course went well. The crash came when the drafts were not honored. Then fresh issues were put forth, in the hope of affording relief, but like drink to one in a dropsy they but swelled the inflation and hastened the final collapse. Had it not been for the British Government, which, at the conquest, persuaded France to redeem a portion of the currency at so much on the dollar, the colony would have been literally beggared. As it was, it probably lost more by the currency experiment than by the ravages of the

long war. No end of lawsuits took place before that. When too much paper was in circulation and it had depreciated, the French Government redeemed it at its reduced value or less, and then issued a fresh batch, only to repeat the process. The settlers holding their land under the feudal tenure, offered the depreciated money in payment of their rents and dues, and the books contain the many ingenious pleas they set up in justification. But the King held that they were bound to pay in the sterling of Paris so that the poor fellows made nothing out of the landlords. In like manner, if free silver coinage were adopted in the United States, the loan companies, if they lent at all, would stipulate for gold payments, which the courts would enforce. The merchants and storekeepers of Quebec would not take the card money except at an enormous shave, and, in addition, marked up the price of their goods, "to be sure," as one of them said, "that we should come out on the right side." Hence, when the settler got 100 *livres* in cards for his wheat, worth seventy-five in gold or sterling, he was disposed to say: "God bless the king's financiers;" but he sang another song when he went to the store and found, first, that the merchant valued his 100 *livres* at only seventy, and, secondly, that prices had jumped twenty-five or thirty per cent., even when sterling was tendered. When a clamor against the merchants arose, and the king's officers were asked to compel them to take the card money at its full value, they answered that it was all the same to them, as they would mark up prices accordingly; if his Most Christian Majesty did not like that, they would close their shops and go out of business, leaving the people to get along as best they could. The card money was supposed to pass at its face value at the royal warehouses, but even there the settler who presented it was fleeced by the enormous augmentation of prices, and by the rascality of the officials. According to all accounts the card money period was a period of widespread corruption. Men's ideas of right and wrong were enfeebled by the example of the king in swindling the innocent holders of the money by repeatedly

scaling it down, as well as by the demoralization of trade and commerce.

Another trick in France, a common one in those days, was to order the overvaluing of the specie currency. There was little specie in the colony; as in all very new countries, wheat and peltries were used as a standard of value. It was supposed that if silver coins were given a fictitious value by royal edict a lot of silver money would be attracted from abroad. In the States, the silver men want silver, worth about one-thirty-third of gold, to pass as one-sixteenth. They were more modest in New France, the legalized inflation rarely exceeding twenty-five per cent. Under a well-known law, what gold there was at once fled, and its place was taken by light silver coins from the English Colonies and elsewhere, which had so many different values in spite of the edict that buying and selling were rendered difficult. Here again, the farmer and artisan were the principal sufferers, for they got silver *sols* and silver or copper *deniers* for their labor or products, only to discover that the store-keepers were alive to the situation and charged gold prices for their goods, with an extra profit added to cover the trouble and risk of getting rid of the inflated coins.

When the first bank was being established in French Canada, under British rule, the Montreal capitalists who had the matter in hand found the people unwilling to accept bank notes. They wanted *argent sonant*, (hard money) so vivid was the recollection of the evils they had suffered from a debased paper currency. If anybody were to propose to the French Canadians that fifty cents worth of silver should be legal tender for a dollar, they would prove to him from the silver edicts and ordinances of New France, that he might as well try to make eighteen inches a yard. Americans talk of the "ignorant foreigners" who flock to their shores, but the greenback and silver crazes appear to be of native origin. The knavery which sees a chance of "beating" the public and private creditor, and is too stupid to perceive that in the end the "beater" would get the worst of a debased coinage is not creditable to the American nation.

CURRENT COMMENT.

A GOLD OR SILVER STANDARD?

WHILE the politicians in the United States are debating the question whether that republic should adopt a silver basis or not, it is interesting to note that Russia is at present considering the advisability of substituting a gold standard for her present silver system. This proposed change is advocated mainly because, as a result of gold being the recognized standard of all great commercial nations, the fluctuations in the price of silver have caused great industrial confusion, and hampered imports and customs transactions to an embarrassing degree. It is felt that the adoption of gold as a basis for her financial system will have the effect of attracting gold from abroad, and of making Russia an inviting field for foreign investors and capitalists. A silver standard, it was found, had the effect of isolating her among commercial nations, for foreign traders are very loth to accept as payment specie whose real worth is two-thirds its face value.

In the absence of proof to the contrary it may be presumed that the adoption of a silver standard by the United States will have the same effect upon her as it had upon Russia. Attendant upon the free coinage of silver we could look for a business crisis in the United States at no very distant date—an evil the effects of which would, of course, be felt in Canada. The people of this country, therefore, have a special interest in desiring to see the Republican party victorious in the coming presidential campaign, in spite of its high-protection principles.

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MARRIAGE OF H.R.H. PRINCESS MAUD, OF WALES.

THE marriage on the 22nd, *ultimo*, of the Prince of Wales' youngest daughter, Maud, to Prince Charles, of Denmark, at Buckingham Palace, was a popular one among all classes of the English

people. The interest taken in the event, and the reception tendered by the crowds that gathered along the line of march which the wedding procession took, must prove discouraging to those radical journals that have been endeavoring to inculcate the doctrine of indifference to the Sovereign and the Royal Family among the masses of the people of England. It must be gratifying to Canadians—with whom the marriage is also popular—to learn that the efforts of the disciples of Mr. Labouchere, who have attempted to bring the Royal Family of England into contempt, have proved so futile.

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"WELL DONE, GLENCAIRN!"

THE result of the international yacht races at Oyster Bay, N. Y., in which the *Glencairn*, of Montreal, succeeded in capturing the international challenge cup for half-raters, has given yacht racing in Canada an immense stimulus. Everywhere the *Glencairn's* victories have been the means of inspiring enthusiasm for the sport, and confidence in Canada's ability to uphold her own in the coming international struggle for the yachting supremacy of the lakes, which is to be decided by a series of races to be sailed off Toledo, O.; during the last week of this month. Even though the Canadian boat should fail to capture the championship of the Lakes in the coming contests, the failure to do so cannot off-set the good work that has been done by *Glencairn*, the effects of which will be seen and felt in yachting circles for some time to come; while the defeat of the *Vencedor*, at Toledo, would mean that yachting would immediately become the popular sport of the day in Canada. As it is, the success of the *Glencairn* will probably inspire Canadian yachtsmen to further deeds of valor, more especially in Montreal, where, in comparison with Toronto

and Hamilton, the sport has been languishing of late years. It is possible, therefore, that in the near future Canadian yachtsmen may be induced to follow up the great success of the *Glencairn* by building a competitor for the *America's* cup. At all events the yachting enthusiast has to thank Mr. George Herrick Duggan, of Montreal, the captain and designer of the *Glencairn*, for the additional interest that has centred about yacht racing since the signal success of his boat at Oyster Bay. When we consider the disadvantages under which the *Glencairn* competed, handicapped as she was by having to sail in foreign waters and subject to the arbitrary rules and regulations by which Americans tie down their yachting cups and trophies so that it is next to impossible for an outsider to win any race of importance, Mr. Duggan's and the *Glencairn's* victory is indeed creditable.

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**AUSTRALIAN
CONFEDERA-
TION.**

THE question as to the advisability of forming a confederation of the Australian colonies, is the subject of much attention and discussion at the present moment in the Antipodes. The progress which Canada has made of late years has roused the Australians to action, so that it is confidently expected that the Confederation of the Colonies of Australia under one Federal Government will be an accomplished fact within two years.

Some of the obstacles which present themselves are much akin to many with which Canada has had to contend. They are encountered chiefly in the arrangement of details. For instance, there is much discussion as to whether the Senate should be a nominated body or an assembly elected by the people. Then again, shall the members of Federal and Provincial governments be eligible to sit in both Houses? Wherein shall consist the powers of Federal and Provincial Legislatures, and how shall the division of responsibility be defined? These are subjects which should be distinctly understood before a compact is entered into if Australians would wish to avoid a repetition of those distressing

complications between Federal and Provincial Legislatures that have been so conspicuous in Canada's history. One thing in particular should be looked to, that is, that all appeals are made to the courts, and not to Parliament.

With the confederation of Australia following close upon that of Canada, we may soon expect to see the confederation of Africa and then the confederation of the Empire. Truly a grand Imperial outlook!

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**SPAIN AND
THE UNITED
STATES.**

THE rancor of the Spanish press appears at present to be turned more against the United States for the sympathy it has exhibited on behalf of the Cuban insurgents than against the rebels themselves. The Madrid *Heralda* makes no secret of its feelings. It says: "Our enemy is in Washington. If this continues, a catastrophe is imminent." And other papers speak in a similar tone.

Nevertheless, while the Spanish press is indulging in sentiment of this kind, it is worthy of note that the advances of the Government of Spain have a pacific ring about them, as may be gathered from the speech of the Queen Regent to the Cortes in which the following appears:

"In spite of the efforts of a number of people in America, whose object is to paralyze the action of my Government, the President and Government of the United States have not departed from an attitude consistent with good faith, consequently the amicable relations which have existed between the two countries since the republic was founded have not been disturbed."

Turning to the United States, we find a similar state of things prevailing; that is, while the people, the press and the jingoes are occupying their time by fitting up filibustering expeditions and openly avowing their hatred of Spanish rule in America, the Government of the United States is deeply absorbed in the elevating task of assuring Spain of its regard for her Cuban interests and its disapproval of the action of those Americans who have mixed themselves up in the present insurrection. Meanwhile the civilized world is wondering which will prove the more potent; word or action.

BOOK NOTICES.

A Fool of Nature. By Julian Hawthorne. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A prefatory note says that "A Fool of Nature" was written for the competition of stories instituted by the *New York Herald* in 1895, and obtained the first prize of \$10,000. The book will bring only keen disappointment to those who possess well-defined expectations of anything from the pen of a Hawthorne, father or son. It had to be confined to certain limits, signed, sealed and delivered at a certain date, and shows every evidence of the necessitous nature of its composition. The opening chapters are clever, suggestive, and analytical, and occasional fragments throughout the story are worthy of the author's name. But, at best, the book is only a fragment, a promise half fulfilled. In the introductory remarks to his "Manual of American Literature," Mr. Hawthorne urges upon writers the need of refusing to be satisfied with less than perfection. Perhaps some day, when not hampered by a prescribed circuit, or to space or time, Mr Hawthorne will re-write his sketch called "A Fool of Nature."

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Battlement and Tower. By Owen Rhoscomyl. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

Not least among the attractions of this book is the cordial dedication in which each reader has part. After the usual preliminaries regarding title, author, publisher and copyright, we read: "Not desiring to rank as anything but a mere singer of sagas, therefore, to all such folks as prefer the glancing vistas of the free forest to the noxious growths of the social midden, this book is most respectfully dedicated by the author." And so, arguing much from such a modest disclaimer and a bidding so kindly, we follow the writer through wood and fen and mountain torrent to reckless ventures and daring rescues and midnight massacres, which count as naught when

weighed in the balance with love of right, or the love in my lady's eyes. The scene is laid in the days of Charles I., when Roundhead and Cavalier fought for Church and State and all that men hold best. The hero is a young Welsh chieftain, Howel ap Idwal of Turynys, who, when pushing the interests of his house or following the fortunes of the king, hews him a path through fire and and blood. The story resounds with the tramp of armed men, the clash of steel and the roar of artillery, and although in the onrush of midnight attack the reader may experience some difficulty in determining the identity of the fighters and the exact cause of the disturbance, still that the fighting is superb and the disturbance tremendous, he has no shadow of doubt. The description of the battle of Naseby is a wonderful piece of writing, and when we turn the last page of this stirring romance, we marvel at the doings of men of old, and sigh our thanks to him who has made them live again.

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The Broom-Squire. By S. Baring-Gould. New York and London: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

The writer is much in need of a friend—a real friend—one who will quietly do away with him rather than see him live to perpetrate another horror as virulent as that of the *Broom-Squire*. The heroine, Mehitabel, is one of the most pathetic figures in latter day romance. A poor, little waif, taken into the family of a tavern-keeper, growing to be a beautiful woman, winsome and white-souled, married against her will, and having a terrible time of it all round. The scene is laid on the moors of Surrey, and horrors are so heaped upon brutalities that when the unnerved reader lays the book down he will be pardoned any lack of zeal for going to bed in the dark or seeking lodgings in unaccustomed quarters. With the exception of Mehitabel, the book has not a redeeming character. Her one-time champion and *soi-disant* lover

grows into a grasping scoundrel, and her husband, the Broom-Squire, is positively ghoulish in his repulsiveness. It is possible to conceive of Mr. Baring-Gould having such people and plot in imagination, but why he must perpetuate them in book-form is past finding out.

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A Woman Intervenes. By Robert Barr; illustrated by Hal Hurst. New York and London: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Two young Englishmen, one an expert accountant, the other a mining engineer, make a voyage of inquiry regarding the physical and financial conditions of a Canadian mine. Their report will rouse considerable interest on the New York Stock Exchange, and the managing editor of the New York *Argus* is fired with the ambition to have the substance of it appear in his paper before reaching the eyes of the London Syndicate. To achieve this piece of smart journalism, he employs the talents of his accomplished reporter, Jennie Brewster, a most engaging young woman, skilled in the arts of her sex, and in the tricks of her profession. The story opens in the editor's *sanctum*, when he tells Miss Brewster exactly what he expects of her.

The second chapter finds the young Englishmen aboard the *Caloric*, with the report of their joint labor in full security, and with Miss Brewster as a fellow passenger. The accountant, George Wentworth, whom Miss Brewster selects as her prospective victim, has much against him. There is the novelty of his surroundings, the glamor of the sea, and a habit of mind so strictly honorable as to forbid his entertaining an unworthy thought of a sweet and pretty girl, dowered with a delicious laugh, and a machiavelian simplicity of speech and manner.

Through the lurch of the ship and an exciting collapse of a steamer chair, John Kenyon, Wentworth's colleague, makes the acquaintance of a clever and charming English girl, Edith Longworth. By strange chance, Miss Longworth's father, also a passenger, proves to be a member of the London Syndicate to which the young men are hastening with their report. With this

juxtaposition of the leading people the interest of the story begins at once, is well sustained through subsequent scenes enacted in London drawing-rooms and steadily augments to the climax of a happy *dénouement*.

Mr. Barr's men impress one as being more than usually capable of advancing their own interests, and yet one does not like to think of the disasters they escaped solely because again, and yet again "a woman intervenes." And his heroines (we quite suspect him of having two), are delightful; not perfect by any means, and certainly in neither instance to be considered typical of their respective nations, but wholly unique, quite consistent with their bringing up and altogether lovely.

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The Bicyclers and Three Other Farces.

By John Kendrick Bangs. New York: Harper Brothers.

This dainty volume in blue and gold contains four pieces for parlor theatricals. The first, as the name indicates, is of universal interest, appealing directly to the attention of the three great classes in which humanity is divided—those who achieve bicycles, those who dodge bicycles, and those who have bicycles thrust upon them. In the unfolding of this domestic drama, modestly called a farce, there are many helpful suggestions for the guidance of novices in the ranks of the first division, and the enemy, sub-divided into the two remaining classes, will find much to console him for the unkind fate which as yet withholds the opportunity of deserting his own party and entering that of the execrated and the despised. "A Dramatic Evening" and "The Fatal Message" faithfully present the impromptu devices with which well-meaning people attempt to meet the exigencies of amateur dramatics held in some other body's home. If in this sophisticated age there yet remains a man who contemplates resigning his home to an invasion which might be the envy of the Goths and the Huns, we respectfully urge him to an early perusal of these pages. The fourth and last farce, "A Proposal Under Difficulties," illustrates one of the many terrors of an always terrible undertaking.