The Withered Flower.

BY B. D. GAW.

The flower which you gave me has faded,
The vows which you breathed were untrue,
The bosom whose peace you've invaded
Still sighs, but it sighs not for you.

'Twas the semblance of honor that won me,
Not the wretch in that semblance arrayed;
Now your spells have no power upon me,
For I've found that I worshipped a shade.

Could the tears I have shed on this flower
Its beauty and verdure renew,
I might hope that repentance hath power
To alter, to purify you.

But, alas! it is withered forever,
No art can its freshness restore,
And the name of the giver will never
Be unsullied and dear as before.

The Individual in Politics.

BY L. M. RITTER.

The relation between the individual and the party, and just to what extent the opinion of each should be accepted and abided by, is a question of vital importance to a republican form of government. A true democracy seeks
the development of the individual and a strong organization of society. A pursual of these two ends is synonymous with the highest civilization.

Two of the great channels through which our civilization flows are the Democratic and Republican parties. After having sided with one party or the other, the question as to whether or not a man should always support his party is one that each citizen is called upon to answer for himself. Let us compare the relative merits of both individual and party, if we would find the place of both and have a right conception of the citizen's duty.

As we rebel at once against any attempt to check the liberty of conscience, so in turn does the true citizen cry out in protest against the suppression of individual judgment in politics. All government or conception of government begins in the human heart long before it takes form in any institution, the political party included. There can be no civic consciousness without individual judgment. The very essence of democracy is united individualisms. Not an individualism which harbors tyranny and anarchy, but which represents the impulses and instincts of self-preservation, and at the same time a right conception of the welfare of all men. Private judgment is the capital stock of the individual. It is the basic principle of all moral, social, and political life.

Without it there is no life, and we at once become the tools in the hands of those in power, whoever they may be, to be pulled about by every wind of doctrine. Said Phillips Brooks: "The universal blunder of this world is in thinking that there are certain persons put into the world to govern and certain others to obey. Everybody is in this world to govern and everybody to obey."

Still, the function of the party is a vital one. While "true liberty is the discovery of one's place in the universal organism," and however much we may emphasize the individual's rights, still it remains a fact that without some form
of organization, concentration of forces, and unity, we cannot effect that which is to the general interest of mankind. Every so-called citizen cannot be a leader; he cannot possibly have a worthy opinion on every question that comes up in our civic life. We may say that the party is made up of three great classes of men—first, the select few who are capable of leadership, of organizing and controlling the great mechanism of our Government; second, the class of men who yield allegiance to trusted leaders; third, that great class whose opinion (if they have any) counts for little, and is measured by the dollar that buys it. Now, because of this very fact that a party represents such vast interests, the citizen should challenge the principles and policies advocated by a party, and always reserve the right to express his individual judgment in casting his ballot.

The highest mission of the political party is to incorporate the unities of individuals, to crystalize their common needs, and to apply them to humanity for humanity's sake. But, like all other institutions, its power for good can be changed into a channel for evil and selfish purposes. No party can be perfect. We live in an era of diverse principles, and parties must ever incorporate these conflicting ideas and interests. Democracy, as some one has said, is the outgrowth of "the conflict between despotic and liberal principles of government." The history of our own country records this fact. Moreover, the testimony of the world's history shows that it is not expedient and is impropriety to trust too much to any one man or set of men for any length of time. Not that a trusted and tried servant should be shelved after a short term of office, while still in his prime and usefulness, but let him be replaced by another when he fails to be a true representative of the people, because he will not or cannot incorporate in his ideas and doctrines what public opinion demands. As the interests of individuals and communities change, so must the party change. The march of events
must determine our policies. The fabric and principles of a party must correspond with its supporters; its key-note must vibrate with the heart-throbs of the constituents of that party. Systems of laws cannot be immutable, but must be changed to meet the requirements and demands of the changing needs of society. Says Mr. Mabie: "That which gives a great life unity is not fixity of policy, but fixity of principle." This applies to parties as well as to individuals. This change of laws, this character and fixity of principle, this change of policy, these growing needs of a growing people, all of these vital affairs which a party ought to incorporate, can never be brought about except by the expression of individual judgment which heads up in public opinion, which in turn makes its demand upon the party. The party must be the servant of the people, not its master. The policies of state are wrought out by co-operation of minds; but individualism must exist first before co-operation. Not the multitude, but the individual, discovers truth; truth, like the wind, is winged, and leads to sentiment; sentiment colors public opinion, which in turn does partially, and should wholly, form the basis of every party.

While the full measure of public opinion has never headed up into a political party, while no form of government has ever measured up to the theory of democracy, yet the greatest measure of public opinion, and the nearest approach to democracy in reality, is brought about by the expression of individual opinion. The individual is the creator of the party; the party the creation. Individualism is the spirit of democracy; the party is its form and organization. Which shall we subordinate—the product or the creator of the product?

Every man should be a party man; but he should first be a man, and then a partisan. There should exist in his mind a clear-cut distinction between the relative merits of both man and party. The very basic principle of every tie—
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whatever it be—is kinship. When a political party ceases to incorporate in its platform and principles that which is to the interest, in part at least, of the citizen, and to mankind in general, it no longer bears a respectable relationship to the individual citizen, and, in the eyes of some at least, he is justifiable in casting his lot with some other party. When the time comes in which the party, whatever party it is, represents the greatest possible good for the greatest number, then, but not until then, will there be such a thing as the immortality of party ties.

Conscience should have some weight at least in determining how a man should cast his ballot. Here is a supposed case in Richmond. For some reason or other, the Democratic party puts up a scoundrel for some city office. The Republican party, on the other hand, puts up a man of character and of equal ability. Both men are known to the citizen. Which man should the voter, as a Democrat, support? Selfish policy and expediency, tact, precedent, partisanship, and party ties say, "Vote for the Democratic nominee." Conscience, individual judgment, and the best that is in manhood protest, and say, "Vote for the better man of the two, so far as you know." What shall a man do? Should he cast to the swine that intelligence with which he has been endowed, or shall he stand upon the merits of his own individuality? The same principle would apply in every election. That individualism which is so characteristic of the American citizen should assert itself at all times. The same principle that applies to parties should apply to all other institutions. Institutions are made for man and by man. As the creator must ever be greater than the creation, so it is man we must immortalize, rather than a party or any institution. Men and institutions both die, but the institution lives longer, because of the man (the individualism) woven into it. Institutions last just as long as a progressive civilization has use for them, but man is immortal. Says Carlyle: "What of heroism, what of eternal
light there be in a man and his life, remain forever a new
divine portion of the sum of things."

"Unity in diversity seems to be the fundamental law in the
universe." The student of history recognizes that the basic
principle of progressive civilization consists in the expression
of two forms of opinion, expressed in other ways besides
speech—namely, the conservative and progressive elements
in all activity, if they may be so called. Both must exist—
the one holding back, the other pushing forward. The one
hide-bound, and representing inactivity, self-satisfied adher­
ence to long-established customs, traditions, and institutions;
the other fiery, zealous, progressive, grasping at every innova­
tion. Both wrong and yet both right, as paradoxical as it
may seem. We get as a product that which civilization must
feed upon—the essence of the good in conservatism, and the
best that is in progressiveness. And this product is brought
about by the expression of individual opinion, in that we
accept some and reject others of the elements of conserva­
tism and progressiveness. We must not sacrifice the one for
the other. Both must work together. The best civilization
aims at the development of both the individual and the
organization of society. Greece speaks for the development
of a part of the individual—the intellect and body—at the
expense of society and institutions. China represents the
development of institutions and society at the expense of a
dwarfed individualism. The Dutch Republic, England, Ger­
many, and America to-day represent the growth of both. "If
life is to be filled with drudgery, what need of a human
soul?"

In studying the political history of the Democratic party
for the past ten years, we are struck with the prominence of
two men—namely, Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Bryan. To say
that the one represents conservatism and the other progres­
siveness is perhaps a wrong use of the words. Conservatism
is too small a word to apply to Mr. Cleveland, and progres­
siveness is a perversion of the meaning of Mr. Bryan's doctrines. They both seem to stand at the very opposite poles of the magnet. The point to be noted is that both gained their prominence by unerring allegiance to their own doctrines and the expression of individuality. What was it that gained for one man the nomination for the Presidency in two successive administrations? Was it not the expression of individuality that heads up in the language, "Thou shalt not press down upon the brow of labor a crown of thorns, nor crucify mankind upon a cross of gold"? Was it not the expression of individual opinion that caused Mr. Cleveland to take the position he holds?—the man who outgrew his party, who became greater than his party—yea, who actually became a party, which stood upon a Cleveland platform. True, it called down upon him the vilest invectives and the most unjust criticism, yet he stands to-day the peer among statesmen and a champion of democracy.

Not that the doctrines of either man are wholly right or wrong, but the point is that by the expression of individual opinion we get at the right and wrong in both. The solvent to detect error is the expression of opinion, which heads up in public opinion, which, in time, we may accept as the right course to follow as the guardian angel. For it is by the clash of opinions that the heart of truth is revealed. Truth will come at last. What society needs for its best interests, what it must have, it will have. To stifle individualism is to curdle the blood of the Anglo-Saxon element in our country. To suppress individuality is to crush the dynamic force that made the American nation. Verily, verily, just as we reserve the right to express individual judgment we can become echoes or "living voices."
EDMUND DREXEL stood watching the deft fingers of the young girl before him, as they flitted over a piece of dainty embroidery. He never tired of looking into the pretty fair face, with its dark eyes and abundant blonde hair.

He might often be found in her widowed mother's home, in the little Massachusetts hamlet. Marie's home showed the ingenious touch of women who had developed their own artistic resources through lack of that wherewithal that often makes the homes of the wealthy mere exhibitions of rich and expensive rarities with which they are cluttered.

The home was agreeable to Dr. Drexel, and the fact that Marie was, like himself, of German descent, would have drawn him to her, even had he not divined by the light of her eyes when he was present that her pleasure and contentment matched his own. At least he thought so, although there was that wealthy fellow, Bierdstadt. But the time for the test had come. The opportunity so long looked for, to pursue his studies abroad, was now open. He told the girl, watching her face the while.

"You will be gone long?" she asked quietly, bending her head very low over her work.

"A year—or longer. Will you—do you think you will miss—miss our evenings?"

She looked up quickly, a tell-tale flush suffusing her cheeks—for she was only eighteen, and had not yet learned to dissemble.

She arose hastily, and the next moment he had imprisoned her hands in his own, which were trembling violently.

"Say you will be so sorry, dear"—and the next moment he had clasped her closely to him. He could feel her heart
beating against his own, and her face was hidden on his shoulder.

"What would you do, dear heart, if to-day
Over the seas I sailed away—
Out of sight of your earnest eyes,
Out of the sound of your low replies?"

he whispered, softly adding, "Yes, parted for a year, or perhaps longer. Will you care?"

Marie's answer was so sweet and low none but a lover could have caught the words, "I shall miss you so—so much."

He raised her little hand, and, before she divined his intention, had slipped a simple golden band upon her finger.

"I wish it were filled with sparkling jewels," he said. And Marie lifted her face, radiant with joy. She knew Dr. Drexel was not wealthy; she knew, too, of the mother whose aid and support he was, and she would not have had it otherwise.

He bent his head until his lips rested upon hers. And after that first kiss, with all its purity of passion, he breathed a sigh that shook him through and through.

"You are mine, liebchen," he whispered. "And you—do not care for Bierdstadt—with all he could give you?"

She laughed for answer, and threw her arms about his neck. And he was content.

Perhaps Mrs. Vosse did not show as much interest in the engagement as her daughter expected. Her look was very non-committal, and she treated the whole affair as a girlish fancy that would soon pass away. This troubled Marie, and, as the days dragged on, she began to realize that there was no one to sympathize with her in her newly-found joy and sorrow. But then came Edmund’s letters, which she often shared with his mother, who lived about a mile from her home.

Carl Bierdstadt had never thought at all of Dr. Drexel as
a rival, but he felt a sense of relief that the young fellow was gone. Marie was dreadfully perverse, but he was accustomed to having his own way. The combined pressure of the girl's mother and her admirer led her to accept his many invitations to attend concerts, theatres, and social affairs; so people in general fell to coupling their names together, much to Madame Vosse's delight.

They were returning from a reception one evening in Mr. Bierdstadt's luxurious carriage, Mrs. Vosse having purposely excused herself from the role of chaperone on the plea of a bad headache. Marie was wrapped in a mantle of soft white, her head thrown back, her eyes bright with the evening's excitement. The young man beside her, unable to restrain himself, slipped his arm around her waist, and sought to draw her to him.

"Marie, Marie," he said, passionately.

She drew away, as best she could in the carriage, saying, "Mr. Bierdstadt, you have no right."

"Dear Miss Vosse—Marie, if I may venture to address you thus—don't be angry with me. You must know—you must have seen—I have thought many times during the winter I would seek an opportunity to tell you how I love you."

"Oh, Mr. Bierdstadt! Have I ever done anything to lead you to suppose—"

As they passed by the light in the street he could see how deathly pale she had grown as she said those words.

"No! no!" he replied, intensely; "a hundred times no! But you have accepted my attentions. I could not think you did not care."

She turned her face away, saying, "Oh, I feel so wicked; so untrue!"

He started. "Marie, is there any one else?"

"What shall I do but tell you. I shall never—never—never marry you!" and, burying her face in her dainty handkerchief, she wept.
Just how to console a woman in tears who had just said she would never marry him was a problem to Carl, but, fortunately for him, it was solved by the carriage stopping at Miss Vosse's house. Gently he bade her "good-night."

Re-entering his carriage, he fell into a smiling reverie. No doubt as to the ultimate result entered his mind; he was too profoundly wrapped in his own egotism and the surety of his financial position.

The next day, knowing it was Miss Vosse's habit to walk for an hour or so in the afternoon, Carl Bierdstadt spent the time with Marie's mother. When Marie returned she was surprised to find them together—her mother flushed, flustered, and flattered, the young man smiling and assured. What had passed between them she could not know, but a pang shot through her—a premonition that there was something in this contact to the undoing of her peace of mind.

Her mother took her hand tenderly. She was afraid to meet the young man's eyes, but he at once put her at her ease by drawing her into a discussion of the last opera they had attended, ignoring what had happened the previous evening.

Mrs. Vosse pressed him to remain for dinner, and he accepted, to her great delight and Marie's consternation, for she supposed it meant an evening alone with him, to which occasion she feared she was not equal, although she crushed the letter hidden in her bosom close to her as if to absorb strength from it. But, to her relief, her mother lingered with them, and, in fact, did most of the entertaining. There was an elation in her manner that puzzled Marie, and Carl assumed a gentle, deferential air of proprietorship. And so the evening wore away without reference to the event of the previous night.

As time wore on there was considerable visiting between the Bierdstadt family and Mrs. Vosse and her daughter. There were gifts which Marie fell gradually into the habit of accepting, and she soon grew to expect Mr.
Bierdstadt’s visits, and missed him when he did not come—she was so lonely. At the same time she told herself she had not forgotten her pledge to Edmund, and she wrote him full accounts of how she spent her time. There were no other callers.

Gradually she began to realize that she was being looked upon as Mr. Bierdstadt’s betrothed, and, young and inexperienced as she was, she found no way of resistance, but drifted farther and farther into the snare; so that when, one evening, after bringing her home from the theatre, he took her hands and kissed them, she did not rebuke him.

“I think we are growing fonder and fonder of each other,” he said, looking ardently into her eyes. She drew back from his gaze with a sickening sense of something lost, but he only drew her suddenly to him with a laugh, and kissed her lips.

The maid entered with a note for Mr. Bierdstadt. Taking it, he read, changed color, and said, “My father is ill, and mother has sent for me.”

“I hope, Mr. Bierdstadt, that it is nothing serious,” said Mrs. Vosse, who had joined them.

“She does not say, but asks me to come immediately.” So, bidding the ladies “good-night,” he held Marie’s hand affectionately for a time, then, raising it quickly to his lips, was gone.

“Oh, my daughter! Can’t you see how that man adores and worships you?” cried Mrs. Vosse, impatiently, as she watched her daughter’s drooping face.

“He is always kind to me, mama. I am very sorry about his father. Perhaps we shall hear better news in the morning,” replied Marie evasively, in terror lest her mother should push the affair to an issue.

As the young girl retired to her room a little shudder passed through her, and she looked about as if she were taking leave of something. She gazed long and fervently at
the photograph of Edmund Drexel, and, with a sob, lay down to sleep.

About half-past 7 o’clock in the morning a note was brought to her room by her mother. Breaking the seal, she read:

"DEAR MARIE:

"My father, I fear, is near the end. He has asked for you. I will send the carriage for you and your mother at 8 o’clock, and I pray that you will not refuse to come.

"YOUR DEVOTED CARL."

She handed it to Mrs. Vosse.

"Dear, dear!" said the latter, "this is very sad." And she drew her brows as if some thought annoyed her. Then her face cleared a little. "Well, we will go, dear. Come, I will help you dress. What is that noise?" And she peered through the blinds. It was the carriage.

Marie had no time for thought. Hastily preparing themselves, they entered the vehicle and were whirled away, and before the startled girl was able to collect herself the door was opened, and mother and daughter were received by Carl.

With trembling voice he welcomed them. "Father is very ill—the rector has just said prayers at his request, and he has asked again for you, Marie."

They ascended quietly the handsomely-carpeted broad stairway to the hall above, Carl and Mrs. Vosse lingering behind to exchange a few hasty words. Then they entered the bed-room, to stand beside the bed on which Carl’s father was dying, in the midst of his luxury and magnificence of surroundings.

Marie was awed and silenced. As she came near, Mr. Bierdstadt put out his weak hand to take hers, murmuring under his breath, "Be it so." Then he looked around for some one—it was his son, his only son, he wanted.
“Mrs. Vosse,” he said, faintly, “you understand—you know—” his voice broke. “Carl,” he said, with a new effort, “take this hand—Marie’s hand.” Then he was silent a moment.

“Marie,” he continued, “won’t you gratify my dying wish—won’t you make the last hours of my earthly career bright by becoming my son’s wife?”

Oh, the stillness of that moment—the beating of the girl’s heart! Poor Edmund—so very far away!

She knew not what answer she gave—she had been taught that the request of a dying person was something not to be disregarded. She envied the dying man before her. She vaguely felt she must have consented, for the marriage service was being read there in the solemn approach of death. She seemed wrapt in a trance, and, when the time came for her to reply to the question, “Wilt thou have this man for thy wedded husband?” she tried to move her lips, but no sound came forth; her head was bent in acquiescence.

After the rest of the service was gone through, and Carl Bierdstadt and Marie Vosse were pronounced man and wife, she fainted, and knew no more till she opened her eyes to find herself on a couch in a luxuriously-furnished room. Looking up, she beheld her husband. He leaned over her, not daring to touch her, asking if she felt better. Like a flash came the thought of poor Edmund. She broke into sobs—deep, continuous sobs—much to the distress of her young husband; and, even in that moment of heart-break, she felt that he was very kind and sympathetic.

“Marie, darling, can’t I comfort you? I know it is all new to you, but I have thought of the day often and often when you were to become my own. Don’t cry so, poor child, for my own heart is nigh broken. Father has passed away, mother needs comforting, and you, too.”

She sprang to her feet in a last hopeless pang of submission
to a chain of circumstances too strong for a nature trained to yielding.

"Carl, forgive me. I am selfish—so selfish. Let me help you as a—wife—should."

He took her in his arms, while she hid her face to avoid his kiss. He led her gently down-stairs to their mothers, to find one broken down with grief and the other not daring to express her gratification that her connivance had borne fruit.

When Mrs. Vosse prepared to leave, the young wife, with a start, reached for her wrap, but her husband drew it gently from her. She was again bewildered, and turned her pleading eyes to her mother, who pretended to be busy with her mantle. Then Mrs. Bierdstadt came to the girl, put an arm around her, and permitted her to sob convulsively on her shoulder, comforting her with quiet words.

After the funeral the house was closed for a while. Mrs. Bierdstadt went to her parents' home to recuperate, and Carl, ever kind to the young wife, decided to take her to the seaside and mountains. As she waved "good-bye" to her mother, she said in her heart: "Oh, mother, I cannot help feeling this is all your doings. When Edmund comes home what can I tell him?"

In her quiet hours Marie decided to write to Edmund. She could not bring herself to tell him what had happened; she was unequal to the situation. She could not bear the thought of losing his love, and in a moment of imprudence she wrote to him in the old way, signing her name "Marie." The sweet comfort of his reply led her to continue the correspondence in this way.

Her husband trusted her implicitly—trusted and sought to please her. She could show but little interest in all they saw, for her heart was heavy. She felt nothing but respect—and perhaps a little fear—for her husband, yet she tried to be thoughtful for his comfort.
A beautiful home was built and furnished, and in it Carl Bierdstadt installed his wife. After settling down to domestic life, it became Marie’s custom to spend one afternoon of each week in her old home with her mother.

One letter after another had come to her from Edmund. Marie had by no means rested content in her deception, and finally, after a severe struggle, made up her mind that she would be honest and tell him all—how she had wronged him, imploring him to forgive and forget her. She had been living in a state of mental confusion for the past few months. Now her duty was clear to her, and her conscience stung her unsparingly.

In the parlor, where Edmund had told her of his love, she prepared to write the fatal missive that would destroy the last remnant of her dream. She was seated with her back toward the long window that opened on the piazza. Hearing footsteps, she did not look up, thinking it was her mother returning from the garden, where she had been gathering flowers. Suddenly a long shadow was cast, and she realized that some one had entered. She raised her head, and the pen fell from her trembling fingers.

“Edmund!” she cried, forgetting everything.

“Marie, my darling, I wanted to surprise you”; and, catching her in his arms, he covered her face with kisses, trembling with the stress of his joy. Then taking her hands, laden with sparkling rings, he stood off, gazing at them in some bewilderment.

“Oh, Edmund, Edmund!” she moaned, as she realized her situation. “I longed to tell you all—yes,” as he loosened his hold, “let me go; you will hate me, I know, and justly.”

“Marie, Marie, I don’t understand. Hate you? Why?”

“Listen! I have basely deceived you. I am Mrs. Bierdstadt.”

His face became livid, and she cowered under his burning gaze. “Marie, Marie—you did that?”
She raised her hand as if to ward off a blow. He recoiled as from something venomous, and said slowly: "May God forgive you; I cannot."

Marie fell fainting to the floor, overcome by the knowledge that he now despised her.

As Mrs. Vosse came in from the garden, her hands full of flowers, she was indeed surprised and thrown into a state of consternation to find Marie lying in a swoon from no apparent cause.

"Marie, Marie! What is the matter?" she cried, and, dropping the flowers, she called loudly to the maid for water.

Presently Marie drew a deep sigh, and opened her eyes. But she soon closed them, saying, languidly, "Mother, mother, let me die!"

"Why, my daughter, what is the trouble?" Then, turning to the maid, she said: "Send for Mr. Bierdstadt; tell him his wife is ill."

"Now, my daughter," she said, when the maid was gone, "what is the trouble?"

"Oh, mother—mother, you have ruined my life!" moaned the girl, having courage in her desperation.

"What do you mean?" asked the mother, paling.

"Edmund has been here!"

"Yes, I know," she replied, in a low voice. "But is it possible you still care, and with such a good husband, and everything—"

"No more—no more, mother. But where is he—what is he going to do?" she asked, raising herself excitedly.

"He is going to South America as a surgeon in the army service. Forget him. How can you reproach me after all I have done to see that you were well settled in life and—"

Marie dropped back. She never knew whether Edmund had told her mother of how she had wronged him—she did not care. She had fainted again.

Night and day for two weeks Carl watched at the bed-side
of his beloved wife. His devotion seemed almost divine. It was only for a moment now and then that she would know him; then she would stare vacantly into space, crying, "Edmund, Edmund, why don't you come to me?" Carl's face would darken, but the mother would pacify him by saying, "It is nothing but delirium—it means nothing."

When the crisis of the fever was over, Marie looked at her husband and knew him.

"Where am I?" she asked, faintly.
"In your mother's home, dear."
"Have I been very ill?"
"Yes, love; but now you will soon be better."
"Let me think what made me sick—yes, I fainted." And as the thought of Edmund Drexel came to her mind she commenced to weep, which distressed Carl exceedingly.

"There, darling; don't grieve. I will take good care of you always." And the sweetness and kindness of his touch soothed her gently to sleep.

In a fortnight's time Marie was able to be moved to her own home, and she gained strength rapidly. But her husband, who had never been a very strong man, began to show the effect of his constant care and anxiety. And something seemed to weigh upon his mind—he was thoughtful and distraught. Marie hovered anxiously about him—he had been good to her, and she felt a deep sense of gratitude towards him. He would smile kindly upon her, but the old zest never returned to his eyes. Then there was a slight cough, and a trip South for his recuperation; but Carl's constitution gave way, and, before the year was ended, Marie was—alone. The doctors pronounced it "hasty consumption."

Oh, the loneliness of that great house! Marie's mother offered to make her home with her, but the younger woman preferred solitude. She could not forget the early injustice—that she had been almost sold for wealth and position.
Three years passed, and Marie Bierdstadt employed her time and money in charitable acts. She had, with the help of her mother-in-law, built a hospital, to carry out the wishes of the good old father, now dead and gone. Many of the weary hours of the sick there were brightened by the sweet face and sympathetic words of Marie, and the flowers carried from her green-house, with their sweet fragrance, were a gentle reminder of her daily visits.

Far to the South, Dr. Drexel, in his busy life in the hospital wards, has no time to think of his personal loss—of the cruel blow dealt him by the woman he so loved.

The weekly letters of his good mother are a comfort to him. To-day, when his duties were over, he would take time to open his birthday box. It contained many homely gifts, made beautiful by love. Unrolling one small bundle, he paused. Something on the scrap of newspaper about it attracted his attention. It was the announcement of the death of Carl Bierdstadt. Great God!—then Marie, his Marie, was free. But what could it possibly mean to him, since she had shown herself capable of such cruelty. But stay—had not the dread of losing him been the motive for her deception? But why had she married Bierdstadt in the first place? Why—why had his mother not written him of the marriage or of the death? It was all a mystery. And the death had occurred three years ago. He closed his lips and resolved to remain where he was, at his post of duty. Then, irresistibly, the thought swept over him: "She is free, she is free; I will go to her. But will she receive me?"

There was little sleep for Edmund that night, and by morning he had decided to give up his place in the hospital and return home. He started for Massachusetts a few days later, not even taking time to write to his mother.

On a lovely summer night Marie stood on the great piazza, with the moon-light playing over her white gown. She was serene, but lonely. She thought of the kindly mate in his
grave, and almost longed to look upon his face—to feel his protecting presence.

"I did not love you, poor fellow. Ah, God! the injustice of it all!" she murmured. Then her thoughts flew to the one love of her life.

Suddenly she started, feeling a presence near. She turned, and there beside her stood Dr. Drexel. Sorrow had made her calm in the face of surprise, and, mastering the riotous emotions of her heart, she extended her hand.

"You are welcome, Dr. Drexel. This is indeed a surprise. Will you not come in?"

"Let us stay here," he replied, tugging at his collar as if it were choking him. How beautiful she was in her mature womanhood. There was a long silence.

"Marie, won't you," said he, in an earnest tone, "won't you welcome me more warmly? Or do you bid me go by your reticence?"

"Dr. Drexel, I am not worthy to have you come under my roof, but it is my duty to explain to you at last why I bear the name of Bierdstadt. Listen. I was urged, at the deathbed of Judge Bierdstadt, to marry his son. I had been, in a measure, forced to receive Carl's attentions. I never encouraged him. I never—forgot you. I had not time to think. The clergyman was there, and, before I was aware of it, I was married—yes, married. Then, dead to all thought but that of you, my wronged lover, I fainted. In after days I could not write it to you, for your letters were the only thing that kept me alive. Good, confiding Carl, whom I also wronged, never knew my heart's secret. Oh, how precious to me was the love of your missives!" This she said in a low tone, with downcast eyes. "But I do not expect you to forgive that wrong, Dr. Drexel. I only wanted you to know, and when you are gone perhaps your thought of me will not be so bitter." She drew herself up with a new reserve and dignity.
“Marie,” he said, softly, “it is for me to ask your forgiveness. You were a poor, confused little child, and I know it was not in your soul to wrong me. I should have given you time to explain the last time we met. I—I have never forgotten you. When I knew that you were free, I had to come to you—God help me—I could not stay away.”

She looked at him quickly, and, with her hand on her heart, tried to pass him. His eyes were cast down in despair. Suddenly pausing, she touched his hand.

“Edmund,” she said, “I have been looking and waiting for a surgeon to place at the head of our hospital. Yes,” she said, in reply to his look of inquiry, “my work in it has been my sole occupation for the past three years. If you will accept the position, we can make all of the arrangements to-morrow. I need the help of such a man as yourself. The main responsibilities of a hospital are too much for a woman.”

He looked at her intently, and felt, in what she had said, her intention to give him full freedom to speak. His voice was husky as he replied, drawing her hand to him and clasping it to his breast.

“I am not penniless, Marie,” he said, proudly. “I have laid aside a good deal, and, although I cannot match my fortunes with yours, I feel myself in a position to lay what I have at your feet. Beloved, I have waited so long.”

With a glad cry she yielded herself to his embrace.

Thoughts on Wordsworth’s Ode to Immortality.

BY E. D. HUDGINS.

IN youth, the spring-time of our lives, while we are enjoying to the uttermost the very fact that we are alive, it is hard for us to believe that some time, sooner or later, our spring must give place to winter. And if this thought does come to us, we put it off as something hazy and very far
away. We may even have a vague idea that this may happen to others, but for ourselves it is scarcely true. We intend to do something wonderful—live an ideal life, so that possibly we may be carried up to Heaven in chariots of fire, like Elijah of old.

Then, as we grow older, reason dawns upon us, and we realize that we too are living our spring, and it will pass from us as from others. This thought brings a sadness with it, and we have not the same enjoyment, the same delight in living, we had before. Wordsworth means this in the following lines:

“To me alone there came a thought of grief;
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong.”

“Utterance” refers to some of his earlier writings, when he was beginning to realize that he was mortal, but before he had become reconciled to that fact. But now, though he knows he must die, the fact worries him no more, for in it he sees the invisible hand of Him, as Browning has it,

“What said, a whole I planned;
Youth shows but half; trust God in all,
Nor be afraid.”

Then let us rejoice in the animal spirit we have; be glad, even as the lambs and birds are, for

“The fulness of your bliss I feel—I feel it all.”

Why? Because we have all the animal vivacity that dumb creatures have, and the man that has not the capacity for enjoying the spring-time of life with the joy of lambs and birds is out of harmony with nature, fails to see the great plan under the rules of which he was designed—a poor, unfortunate being.

We must not stop here. Wordsworth says:
"But there's a tree—of many, one—
A single field which I have looked upon;
Both of them speak of something that is gone.
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is now the glory and the dream?"

This tree, this field, is our soul, the immortal part of our being, which in childhood causes us to have dreams and ideals which some day we hope to attain. And this it is which distinguishes us from the brute creation. For have we not the same joy and gladness that lambs and birds have on a sweet May day? But have they the dreams and visions which we have? As youth slips away from us so do our visions. Where do they go? "Where is now the glory and the dream?" The fifth stanza is a very, very good answer:

“Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul, that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar,
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.”

Here the poet makes use of the pre-natal doctrine, not that he believes in it, but simply to get the figure which tells so beautifully that the immortal part of us came from God, and with Him is our home. This soul, bringing with it the God germ, and having so recently left its place of abode, makes us more God-like in our youth than later in life, and, as we journey westward in the wake of our guiding star, these slight recollections of our former existence grow dimmer and dimmer, until we, taken up with worldly pleasures and everyday affairs, entirely forget, or only remember in a vague way, what our ideals were, though we are none the worse for having had our dreams and ideals. Browning expresses this thought well in these lines:
“Shall life succeed in what it seems to fail?
What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me;
A brute I might have been, but would not sink in the scale.”

We should be thankful for this heritage, “be it what it may,” which has served us as a master in our childhood, has been a guiding light all our lives, and has made us have noble thoughts, noble aspirations, which have removed us further from a brute and nearer to God.

And now, because we have animal vivacity, we should enjoy living as animals do, not with their abandon, but with a knowledge sobered and soothed by human suffering, not loving nature less because we have lost the brightness with which we read it, but more because from its study, tinged with a human faith, we have gathered strength and “a faith that looks through death.”

Now, knowing of this mortality, our lives should be so that when our sun is setting that another race hath been and other palms are won, for

“Do we not feel that we are greater than we know?”

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Stories of the Opera.

III.—“Francesca.”

BY DOUGLAS S. FREEMAN.

The maid came to my lodging in about half an hour, and excitedly addressed me: “Come to ze Mademoiselle’s! A strange man has come, and Mademoiselle is frightened.” Not conjecturing what had happened, I hastily walked to the house, and, upon entering the room, I found Frances seated on the floor with a man’s head in her lap. Her hair had fallen loose down her back, and she was crying, as she bathed
the man's head. A glance assured me that he was ill with fever. He called again and again for Frances, but not even her soothing words could stop him. I thought at first he was drunk, but investigation showed more serious trouble. With the help of a neighbor's man, I put the boy in Frances' own room, and sent for a physician. Meanwhile, with the girl almost beyond herself with anxiety, I did what I could for the boy. He was raging in his delirium, and his broken utterances were pitiful to hear.

The doctor, a good fellow, soon saw the trouble, and would have removed Tom to the hospital, seeing that his fever would probably be of some duration; but Frances would not hear of it, insisting that he should remain with her. At her request, I spent the night on the place, and, with the nurse who had been called in, watched by the sick lad. The face, writhing on the bed before me, was not debased; except for that drawn appearance about the mouth, he seemed innocent. There were all the signs of a gentleman, but the words which now and then escaped him showed the dissipation of the man.

Of course, the debut had to be postponed, for two weeks saw the sufferer only free from the delusions of the delirium. From that time on, however, he rapidly improved. And then Frances' attitude changed. Until now her womanly heart had been so stirred by the sad plight of her cousin that she had forgotten all else. Now that he was out of danger, she recoiled from her position, and turned headlong to her work. He must have noticed it—I am sure all the rest of us noticed it—but she went blindly on. I felt sure about the cause of the trouble. Her heart had begun to feel another impulse, her soul was stirred by another fire, and she was making the struggle between art and heart—whether she should surrender to the love she had for the boy, or whether she should stifle that love for the career before her. I saw the struggle, I say, but could do nothing either way.

Two months more passed, and Tom was up about the flat
in a rolling-chair. He seldom saw Frances now, for she was to appear within the next few days, and her time was spent in preparation for the great trial. I felt sorry for the boy, spending his days there waiting for his body to regain its strength; but I had even more pity for the woman trying to hide her affection in her work. I knew the struggle was hard; I knew not what would be the result. My own spare moments were spent with Tom, for we too renewed our friendship of the journey on the train. The lad was unhappy. He was yearning for the company of the girl who had, through his long illness, been his constant companion. He talked of her constantly, telling me the story of their childhood, which I wish I had time to tell you here; and from the hour she left for the lesson until it was time for her to return he would look at the clock every few minutes.

And she—she almost aggravated me. It seemed as if she was doing everything she could to keep away from Tom. The barest pretence sometimes took her away for hours, and the fact that she was acting against the impulses of her own heart made it all the more distressing. I told her one day that Tom was no longer improving, and, when she asked the reason why, I said that he did not see enough of her. She made no reply to this, but blushed and hung her head. That day she stayed with Tom all through the morning, and only went out in the evening to take a final look at some costumes. But the next day she had apparently forgotten all that I had told her. I would not have you blame her for this. I suppose it is perfectly natural for a woman to hide her love for a man in every way possible, but still—it’s rather hard on the man.

III.

Finally came the day of Frances’ appearance. The costumes were all new, some stage effects had been added, and everything was in readiness. At Madame’s all was preparation. Frances went through the opera in half voice for the
last time; with Roberson, Bourchier, and myself she repeated the action, and Madame confidently repeated that the greatest triumph of the school would be with Frances. As Madame's oldest pupil, I spent most of the day at the theatre, seeing that nothing was lacking for the complete success of the little singer. In the afternoon, as was the custom, I rested, but 6 o'clock found me up again and at Frances', to escort her to the Opera-House. I found her absolutely calm when she parted with Tom there; there was not a quiver to her voice. I, poor fellow, groaned inwardly, for I feared that in the struggle art had triumphed over heart. I never saw any one more composed than Frances, as we rode toward the theatre, talking of mere trivialities. As we turned into Broadway, at Fifty-Ninth street, I hailed a news-boy, who was yelling "Extra!" with all his might. Frances leaned over my shoulder as I opened the damp sheet, and I could hear her catch her breath as I read the broad head-lines:

**NEW STAR AT THE METROPOLITAN!**

**SIGNORITA FRANCESCA SMIZZINI,**

—Pupil of—

**MADAME BEAUMONT,**

—in—

"Tannhauser."

Great Audience Assured.

I laughed at the expression on her face, and told her that all New York knew of her appearance, and that the eyes of all musical America were upon her. She only smiled and hummed her opening air. At last we were at the theatre, and, as we drove under the arch at the stage entrance, I could see the throng already entering the house-door. In the air seemed to be a thrill of a triumph; everything pointed to a great success, and not once was my confidence in Frances shaken. I knew she could triumph.
When we had left the flat Tom was sitting there by the fire, in the rolling-chair, with a red rose in his hand which Frances had given him. He was still too weak to leave his chair, or he might have gone to the opera and heard her sing. As it was, while the cab was rolling down the street he sat there thinking, half forgetful for the moment. He remembered the old days and the old happiness, and then his mind centred on the resolution he had made but the day before—to leave forever the ways he had been following, and, as a man, to seek the love of Frances. And then he thought of her triumph. He did not know a great deal about the stage, and imagined that when a man or a woman passes on, the other world is shut out once and forever. He believed, then, that when the curtain went up that evening Frances could be his no more—that there was no hope for his ever reclaiming her. He sat there lamenting this fact, when below him, in the street, he heard a news-boy calling the extras—probably the same boy we had met. Tom sent the servant down to purchase a copy, and, when he returned, read the announcement of Frances' debut. There was a large picture of Frances in the paper, and this seemed to haunt him. He read the full account—how she was to sing in the greatest of all the Wagnerian operas; how, next season, she would probably go abroad to sing in Paris; and as he read the gap seemed to be widening. The girl who had just left him, who had given him that red rose, would soon be another creature in another world. Suddenly he made a resolve. The old negro man who was attending him started.

"Good Gawd, Mars Tom; lay back dair, sar. What you movin' roun' like dat fer, sar?"

"Jack," said Tom, weakly, "go to that switch-board there and ring for a hansom."

"Fo' de Lawd, sar, what you gwin' do wid er hansom?"

Tom made no reply, but was thinking rapidly. Demur-
ring no little, the old man turned the key and waited for an explanation.

"Jack, bring my clothes from that wardrobe in the other room."

"Mars Tom, you ain't gwine out dis day, is you?"

"Jack, bring those clothes, quick!"

As if overpowered by his master's energy, the negro brought out the garments. Slowly, very slowly, for he was weak, Tom dressed himself, with Jack's help, and just then the bell-boy announced the carriage ready. When Tom rose he staggered, so weak was he, and but for Jack he would have fallen. It seemed a thousand miles to the elevator, and, once in the cab, Broadway was interminable. The hansom moved like a snail. Jack was snuffling beside him, and with each motion of the hansom Tom was wrenched by the jar. Finally they reached the Opera-House, and, hardly knowing what he did, Tom ordered the man to drive around to the stage door. The carriage stopped, and painfully, heavily, Tom stepped forth. It was only a question of will then whether or not he could hold out till he reached that door above him there. Each step was an effort, every motion caused intense pain, but one by one he mounted the steps.

Just at that moment I tapped at Frances' dressing-room, and she bade me enter. I found her standing there like some little princess of dream-land, in the rich robes of the play. She was ready for the curtain, and I seated myself to admire her.

Tom had reached the top of the steps; fortunately or unfortunately, the door-keeper had turned away for a moment, and he slipped in. He met some one whom he never knew as he crossed the wings, and was directed to Frances' dressing-room. Now the struggle was the hardest; his feet seemed almost to refuse to move; his movements gave him pain inexpressible. After an eternity, it seemed, he came to the door. He paused a moment and listened. Within he could
hear Frances laughing lightly, and perhaps my own voice was audible. That maddened him, and he threw open the door. I shall never forget the look of the man at that instant—a look as of a haunted soul, a famished creature seeking some hope. Not recognizing him for the moment, or, rather, not believing her eyes, Frances screamed, and I sprang from my seat. I saw it was Tom, and paused, while he tottered slowly into the room. Just then down the wings came the boy, knocking and calling "Curtain, ten minutes," while from without came the strains of the orchestra tuning up for the overture.

"Tom, what are you doing here? Don't you know you will die from such imprudence?" she exclaimed.

He spoke with an effort. "Frances, Frances, I have come for you. You are going into another world, where my love cannot reach you, and I must have you." He groaned as he spoke.

There was a silence then, a silence I cannot explain, and through the world of drops and shifts came those strains of the "Pilgrim's Chorus," faint, but clear, like the call of a bold soul in the midst of darkness. Frances stood there, the crown still on her head, her robe spread as for a queenly pose. In his place, against the door, Tom stood, swaying now and again, while the pain wrung him.

"I tell you I must have you! I have loved you ever since that day in the meadow. I cannot, will not, let you leave me now. Oh, Frances, for mother—remember mother." And I could see the fever in his eye again. He was growing wild.

"Oh, Tom, I love you, of course I do; you know it; but I am here to-night, and I must sing; every one is expecting me. Look here," and she held up the extra with a laugh, "there are people from a great distance here to-night to hear me sing. I cannot disappoint them; can I, Mr. Millar?" I could only bow my head. And then again, bolder and stronger, came the triumphant swell of that chorus, like the
victory of Faith, like the glorying of Strength. Again he groaned.

"But, Frances, you—you will leave me now; you will get into a world where I—I cannot follow you—oh, Frances, now, now!" He staggered against the frail door, and I caught him. Then down the wings came the stage-boy again, calling the three-minute curtain. The orchestra was now droning the succulent call of Venus and the allurements of her charms. Frances stood a moment, looking at Tom as he stood there, then at me, as if I represented the other world he was talking about; and then, as she made a move, those strains came upon her ear. She paused, she listened, she turned around, and then, by the merest chance, she saw her own likeness in the long mirror on the wall. It was a queenly form, for the hair-dresser had arranged those dark tresses well, and the costumer knew well his art. Then Tom spoke again, and she turned to him.

"Frances, give it up; give it all up for me. If you will leave it all I—I will—Frances, if you love me, if you love me!"

Another pause, and without I could hear the principals going to their places, and the orchestra was swelling again that tremendous chorus with all the power of the hundred instruments. Frances looked again; she paused, and gave a despairing look at me. I was loath to break in, but the necessity was great, and I cried, "If you are going on, it is time; listen, the chorus has begun!"

He turned his gaze on me—that agonized, heart-crying look—and she gave a little scream. He was still standing there against the door, his hat thrown down, the fever rising in his eye. He represented one thing; the swelling, glorious music, filling alike heart and soul, drifting through the wings, embracing all things in its melody, was another. Between these two she was now to choose. I remember how she stood there, head high, listening to the music, while her
eyes could not but be fixed on the man. The choice had to come; the moment was at hand. "Choose!" he cried; "choose!" He stretched out his hand, and then, like the song of some mystic angel, there came through the theatre the first notes of that glorious _entree_ of the tenor. I caught the refrain; it wafted me along. She, too, heard the strain, and its power struck her. And then she made a move. I saw the moment was come; it was heart or art—I knew not which. He stood there like some oppressed spirit, she like a shadow of some golden-aged dream, and over all was that music. She slowly went to the glass, gazed there a moment, and then her hand went to the crown on her head. Did she lay it aside?

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**A Brief Survey of the Panama Situation.**

*BY MENALOUS LANKFORD.*

_The mighty wheels of progress roll in upon the twentieth century. In their tracks are results of the most stupendous industrial activities ever realized by primitive man in his fondest dreams. The currents of electricity which burst asunder the canopy of heaven, suddenly ushering in the brightness of the mid-day sun from the inky blackness of the stormy night, have been harnessed and made subservient to the will of man. Majestic Niagara still rolls on in all its pristine glory, but no longer is it interesting only to the poet and lover of nature, for labor and capital have united in husbanding its strength, and to-day she stands the envy of the industrial world. And yet the energies of mankind have not alone been confined to the surface of the earth and the air above, but, impelled by that restless spirit of progress, they have burrowed into her hidden depths until the very bowels of the earth tremble with the application of physical and mechanical principles. Progress is the watch-cry of the_
miner, buried thousands of feet below the earth's surface, and from the hoary mountain top, echoing from peak to peak, and resounding through crevice and valley, comes the answering watch-cry of progress.

Such is the spirit of our time, and strictly in accord with that spirit is the construction of the Isthmian Canal. For a hundred years this question has been rife among the nations of the globe, but the movement has been so often retarded, and so numerous have been the obstacles placed in its way, that it began to seem almost hopeless until recent political events changed the course of affairs, and now it seems practically assured that the movement will be crowned with success.

The first event which is of direct importance in the present situation is the old treaty of 1846 between the United States and New Grenada. In this the United States bound herself to protect the traffic of the isthmus, and to allow the territory of New Grenada to remain inviolate. New Grenada has gone to pieces, and out of the original territory several independent States have been formed. Colombia has taken the lead, however, and, since Panama has for a long time been under her dominion, she has fallen heir to the treaty of 1846.

The lot of Colombia is and has been far from happy. Her career has been marked by revolutions and all sorts of political disturbances. The fortunes of one party of corruptionists would yield, after a short revolution, to another as equally corrupt, and they in turn, after robbing the treasury and plundering until they became unbearable, would yield to still another. Business is far from prosperous, for the profits derived from honest business methods are small in comparison with the fortunes made in corrupt politics; so there is little inducement to the honest merchant or entrepreneur.

The Roman Catholic Church has always been a dominant factor in shaping the lives and destinies of the Colombian people. Their education lies entirely in the hands of the priests, who, true to the characteristics of their order, have
instilled into the minds and hearts of the Colombians a deep-rooted distrust of every change or tendency towards progress. Nowhere has the baleful influence of the priesthood exerted itself more disastrously than in these South American republics, and in so doing they have wrought the Colombians an irreparable injury.

The people of Panama are somewhat like those of the other South American countries—chaotic, revolutionary, and hardly more capable of self-government than the rest. The spirit of progress, however, seems to have struck a responsive chord in the hearts of some of her citizens, and their eyes are beginning to be opened to the real needs of their country. Her history has also been marked by numerous revolutions and insurrections, and she has long fretted under the galling yoke of Colombian oppression and mismanagement. The first effort was made by the French Canal Company, who bought the right of way through Panama from the Colombian Government. De Lesseps, the famous Suez Canal engineer, was in charge of this enterprise. The company failed to accomplish anything within the limit of time set by the contract, and an additional six years was granted by Colombia. This time was extended again and again, but to no purpose, for it appeared after awhile that one of the greatest and most disgraceful robberies in the history of the world was carried on in connection with this enterprise. The question was then dropped for some time, much to the disappointment of Panama, who ardently desired the canal.

The United States, however, realizing the necessity of such a gateway between the Atlantic and the Pacific, took up the question a short while ago, and, after much discussion, settled on Nicaragua as the most suitable place for the next attempt. Pressure was then brought to bear on the Government by the adherents of the Panama route, and it was shown that, by purchasing the interests of the French Company and paying a suitable amount to Colombia, the canal could be cut
much cheaper through the original track. Negotiations were entered into with the French Company and the Colombian Government. The former offered to yield its franchise for $40,000,000, and $10,000,000 were offered to the latter. The cupidity of the Colombian senators, however, led them to decline this offer, and then came the dead-lock. They were not especially anxious for the canal, for their policy, due to the influence of the priesthood, has always been most conservative in regard to outward changes, and their chief object in allowing the enterprise at all was the amount of money they were to receive for the right of way. Thus they hesitated, believing that the Nicaraguan project had been abandoned, and expecting that the amount would be increased. Their delay exasperated the Administration beyond measure, and terms were about to be concluded with Nicaragua, when Panama, overwhelmed by the prospect of her long-cherished hopes doomed forever, rose in rebellion, declared herself an independent State, and offered to the United States, on most acceptable terms, the right of way for the canal.

Colombia claims, and not without cause, that the United States then violated the ancient treaty, for at the outbreak of the insurrection troops were stationed at strategic points, for the purpose of protecting the railway interests, and at the same time an order was issued forbidding the entrance of Colombian troops on Panama soil. It is certainly true that in stationing these troops, and the following proclamation, the clause of the treaty relative to territory was violated. However, if the United States had allowed a civil war to ensue, traffic would assuredly have been interfered with, and thus the other clause of the treaty would have been violated. The situation was most peculiar, for the fulfillment of one condition necessitated the violation of the other, and about the only conclusion to be reached is that it is Colombia's misfortune and Panama's good fortune, for the presence of United States troops made it impossible for Colombia to subdue her
seceding province, and thus paved the way for the independence of Panama.

Then it was that the Administration took a step that has been so severely criticised and so stoutly defended. Whether it acted wisely and honorably in recognizing the independence of Panama in so short a time is the point which has burdened the consciences of so many of our fair-minded citizens. The Administration defends its policy on the grounds that Panama is a more progressive country than Colombia, union with which is detrimental to her welfare; that she has risen again and again, and, though she has been whipped back into submission, she has never been given a suitable form of government under which she could develop her resources; and, finally, that her geographical position was of such worldwide importance that the opportunity could not be lost. The world demanded the canal, and it was not to be frustrated by the whining of a few Colombian senators, who had lost their influence through their cupidity.

The opinion held by many of the Southern States is that they regret the means, but, all things considered, they are justified by the results. They wanted the canal, and instructed their representatives to vote for the ratification of the treaty with Panama.

There is another side to the question, however, and opponents to the President's policy are scattered indiscriminately throughout the North and South. Senator Gorman, one of its bitterest opponents, characterizes it as hasty, covetous, void of principle, and totally out of accord with the spirit of our Constitution. Many of the Republican States are also violently opposed to it, believing that it is hypocritical, in that it favors secession, and feeling that no good can come of a foreign policy to which a stigma is attached. They prefer to wait until another opportunity presents itself, believing that an enterprise, however great, is worthless if steeped in dishonor. The discussion has already reached such a point
that it will probably be one of the most important party
issues in the coming Presidential campaign.

This is about as far as the situation has been developed,
and it is only a question for speculation as to what will be
the final outcome; but, whatever occurs, public sentiment has
been aroused on the subject. The country, and the South espe-
cially, wants the canal, and that they will have one in the
near future is practically assured.

What the canal will mean for the South is beyond the
power of man to calculate, and even the most pessimistic
must admit that the dawn of the new era of Southern pros-
perity will only have begun when the gateway between the
world's mightiest oceans is thrown open. Yonder in the no
distant future we can see the Southern seas plowed by the
countless prows of foreign merchantmen. We can see the
smoke ascending from a thousand factories, sending out the
results of their activity over the slender threads of steel that
bind our country closer than military treaties, and we can
hear the scream of the powerful engines plunging over deep
ravines and through peaceful valleys which are now the
haunts of the stealthy panther.

When that day of our prosperity arrives, however, let us
not forget the infant republic, Panama, who struck out so
boldly for liberty from the rod of the oppressor, and, doffing
our caps to her out of respect for her principles of progress
and liberty, let us wish peace forever to linger within her
walls and prosperity within her palaces.

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The Awakening of Donald Burt.

BY JULIAN LICHTENSTEIN.

Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below and saints above,
For love is Heaven and Heaven is love. —Scott.
But to see her were to love her,
Love but her and love forever.
—Burns.

It was midnight. The city slept. The air was permeated with that desert stillness which, when one travels through the streets at midnight, causes even the happiest heart to feel lonesome.

On the outskirts of the city, near the reservoir, at this late hour, the old Cruikshank mansion is all ablaze with lights. No entertainment is being given; no guests are in the house. Why this strange behavior?

The front door opens; a tall young man leaves the house and pursues his way to the city. Mr. Cruikshank, his wife, and only daughter are standing in the doorway, bidding him remain until morning. Behind this family group stand the male servants of the house, armed with pistols and guns.

An hour or so before all in the house were asleep. Suddenly they were awakened by a loud noise in the dining-room below. Quickly did the servants arm themselves, and, followed by Mr. Cruikshank and his family, make their way down-stairs to investigate the cause of the disturbance.

On opening the dining-room door, the tall figure of a young man was seen to stagger from an open window, as if he had been struck by some one, and fell to the floor, crying: “You shall not touch her. Only over my dead body shall you pass. Therese! Therese!” And he made an attempt to rise, but fell back senseless.

The lights were turned on. Mr. Cruikshank advanced to the body and recognized it as Donald Burt, one of the young society men. While the servants made a search of the house and grounds, which proved fruitless, restoratives were being applied to the senseless man. After a while he opened his eyes. “Therese, Therese! Is she safe?” he asked faintly.

“Yes, here I am,” she answered, for Therese was no other than Mr. Cruikshank’s daughter.
“How came you here?” demanded Mr. Cruikshank.

“I will tell the truth, and only the truth, for it is only the truth that will help me here,” answered Burt. “I love your daughter, but I have never told her of my passion because I have not money enough to support a wife if she loved me, and, poor as I am, it would have seemed as if I were marrying for money. But I love her, so much so that it is part of my being. I could not sleep to-night, I know not why. I felt some danger was about to befall her; so I came here in order to satisfy my fears. No sooner had I approached the house when I perceived two men climbing through yon window. Thinking that they had come to kidnap Therese, I climbed the ladder after them, to help Therese, even though it took my life. But as I climbed through the window the two men, who were helping themselves to the silver-ware, dropped it and rushed upon me. They escaped by striking me on the head, which rendered me dizzy and then senseless.”

When he had finished this recital Therese kissed him, saying: “Donald, I have loved you. I thought you cared nothing for me, and I could not make my love known. I always thought you such a hero. Yes, Donald, I love you.”

This is why the house was ablaze with lights, but the reason for Donald wishing to leave the house is another matter.

Who is this Donald Burt? A society man? Yes. Society looked upon him as a clever and handsome young man. He came from a good family, and always had plenty of money; that was sufficient. If he had money, why look deeper into his character?

This was the opinion that the world had of him. O, foolish world! If you would only think and look into what you are doing, what a better world you would be. Look not at a man’s money, but at his heart. Look not at a man’s ancestors, but at the man himself.

Donald Burt did not remember his father or mother. His
mother had died at his birth, and his father two years later. His father's brother had then taken care of him.

His relatives were vain, selfish people, who barely loved their own children, much less an adopted child, even though a relative. It seems as if the mother had instilled a hatred into her children for this little unfortunate boy. His life was a series of blows, knocks, and scoldings. Never was there a kind word to ease that sensitive heart; never a little brother or sister whom he could love and be loved by in return; never a father to ride him on his back; never a father to tell him delicious fairy stories; never the sweet kiss of a mother to allay the pain when he had hurt himself; never the sweet voice of a mother to waft him away into voluptuous slumber; never a little girl that he could fancy he loved—no, no—only scoldings and blows.

His little cousins told their playmates stories of him. They shunned him. At school the scholars shunned him. He hated them; he hated all; he hated the world—a little child of nine hating the world. His aunt allowed him no money. One day he saw a few pieces of silver lying around. He took them. His aunt, on discovering the loss, asked him about it. He lied. A servant was discharged, yet he heeded not. This stealing grew on him, yet by his cunning he always escaped.

His school education being finished, he was sent to college. He held himself aloof, hating all, thinking only of a time when he should take vengeance on the world. How many rich men there are, he thought—how quick they get rich. Can they have received the money honestly? No. I will find their secrets, and mould them as wax to my every wish. I will gain the confidence of some, steal their money, and blame it upon others. I will poison husbands against their wives.

The gentle reader will say: "This is extravagant. Does
not a college education ennoble and broaden the minds of those blind to the truths of nature?"

On one condition, no. It is impossible to attain virtue by the aid of reason without love.

The world knew nothing of Donald Burt's heart, so he went on his path unhindered. He had learned that Miss Therese Cruikshank had jewels valued at half a million. He would make entrance into the house and steal them. He knew how careless Mr. Cruikshank was with the place, and he thought it a better plan than to take them from her at some entertainment.

So, accordingly, he had made entrance into the house, but carelessly knocked over a small table of silverware. He was about to make his escape, when, like a flash, there passed through his brain the plan—that love for Therese had brought him thither.

Did he love Therese? No. Did Therese, saying that she loved him, soften that evil heart? Again, no. True love is mutual, and the love of one cannot affect another who has not that spiritual spark.

His work of the night had not proved fruitless. Although he had not stolen the jewels, he was on a speedy way of marriage with Therese. He would thereby get all of Mr. Cruikshank's money. He wished to go out into the open air and give full reign to his joy.

He wandered along, he knew not where. Suddenly he was seized from behind; he struggled; he felt a knife pierce his side; he felt dizzy. A window opened above him; he heard a scream. The highwaymen fled. He felt himself growing weaker and weaker. A door opened. He was dragged into the house. Everything was swimming before his eyes. Ah! what a beautiful picture—no, a face. He felt a strange sensation thrill his body. Before his eyes everything was dim but a face—such a face as would have caused Guido to clap his hands with pleasure. His soul seemed attracted and
drawn to an invisible world, where music swelled in the breeze, and all was permeated with the sweet breath of morn, the sun delightful in its orient beams, the flowers fragrant with the morning dew, and the evening wind sending forth its delicious breath, and, amid all these beauties, the most beautiful was that angelic face that stood forth with its sweet smile, such a smile as Venus must have smiled when, borne from the waves, she beheld the glorious earth. He collected his remaining strength to ejaculate: "Ah! Love!" and fainted.

He had regained his senses. He paid no attention to his surroundings—he could only think of that face. What strange feeling is that which now possesses him? Is it love? How can he know, he that had been without love all of his life? He cannot analyze that strange feeling—he can only think and feel beautiful thoughts. He remembered his old life—how distant, how evil, how wicked it seemed. Why is it wicked? Is not revenge justly his—he whom the world had treated like a dog? But that face—how it haunts him with sweet dreams and fancies; he hates himself for his old life; he can only think of her now. Who? To what society does she belong? Is she good or bad? God would not give such a face to any one who is not an angel. He believes in God. What a transition! His heart overcomes him; his will is nothing; he knows now what is love—love! Now he realizes what is life. She must love him. He will put away his old life, the life of evil, and become good—yes, good. She will be his goddess. He will worship her; supplicate to her; lay down his life for her.

O Love, thou supreme goddess! What a mysterious being, that looks not for gold or standing, but only into the interior—the heart—and what is good.

The door opens; she appears; she advances. He feels weak, but the sight of her gives him strength. He arises, stands up, and advances to her. His brain is overwhelmed
with pleasure so keen it is pain. He said to her: "As I walked along to-night I was a monster, but when I saw your face I became your slave. My life until now has been empty; my life has been evil, but the sight of you fills my heart to the brim." His passion overcame him, and he fell on his knees. "O being of loveliness!—one of my heart—I love you. Say that you love me, or kill me with a glance. Never before have I known what love is, but now God has sent love into my heart—love for you. Tell me I am yours; tell me you are mine. To say no—even to give me a disdainful glance—would kill me. Speak! Speak!" He was in a frenzy; his love rendered him almost mad.

Love was mutual between them. But O, woman! how strange thou art! She looks at him with almost disdain.

"What! Are you crazy to speak thus to me? Who are you? I have saved your life. Is it a mad man's life I have saved? Come, the excitement has weakened you."

A crazy man! She calls him crazy. O! to die of grief. She will not and does not love him. He will kill her and then himself—to return to his old life he cannot. Kill her and then himself, and all will be over; their souls will wander in another sphere. Kill her! Fool! Fool! Madman! Kill her, who is his star, his hope, his life, his soul! What evil has caused him to think thus? Kill her! Rather kill himself first! O miserable! And, overcome by weakness and conflicting emotions, he, fainting, sank at her feet. She bent over, lifted his head, and kissed him. Two souls were one. The good of one had conquered the evil of the other. He, who had lived for evil and vengeance, now lived for the good and pure. What has caused such a change? A woman's love.
JUDGES AND PUBLIC DEBATES.

There are certain qualifications which a judge should have. Along with maturity, experience, and general information, there is one qualification some overlook—viz., he should be representative of the audience. Now there is one thing which will destroy this qualification, and that is a previous acquaintance with the debator's manuscript. He should be as near as possible on the same level with the audience, so that he may judge one essential thing—the speaker's effect upon his hearers. The best way for him to judge of that is to feel it upon himself as fresh as it falls for the first time from the lips of the speaker. In that way he will have no more time than the general audience to think his own knowledge into the words of the debator, and the speaker's words will mean more nearly to him just what they mean to every other mind present. But to give him the advantage of previous reflection upon the speaker's thoughts will obviously place him in a different relation to the speaker from the rest of the audience. This difference will be a mental attitude. He has already passed judgment upon the speech; his mind is made up in advance; hence his impression of the speech will not be the common impression. And when he made his mind up the argument was not reinforced by the presence of
the author's personality, his inflection of voice, his telling emphasis, his impassioned eloquence—things which in the debator should go "twinned as horse's ear and eye." To separate them is to weaken the effect. Nor can they ever come together again with just the same force and propriety and charm. They will fall flat upon the ear of whoever has dulled his interest upon the naked skeleton which they are designed to clothe and beautify, and render the whole thing sweet and insipid. I fancy that the Athenians would not have tarried to hear Demosthenes had a newspaper given them his speech a day in advance of its delivery. Nor would the faculty of Dartmouth College have listened so patiently to Daniel Webster had it been their privilege to examine a type-written copy of his speech as they sat before their evening fire the day before. What a strain of patience to sit through the reading of an address written by an absent author. How much of effect is due to the man? Why, practically all. And in "the bivouac of life," is not the audience the final judge? And does it not judge debate by hearing it? Though some of us may read Demosthenes, do we not strain our ears to catch an echo of that magic voice still sending its tiny reverberations through the centuries? And though we read Webster, what would we not give to hear the roll and thunder of his logic, and feel the weird witchery of his eloquence?

Then let us have our judges of the audience as well as in the audience. Let us feel that they, too, are there to be convinced at that time with the audience. Then we shall do our best. Then we shall not feel the discouraging thought that we have been judged and condemned even before we begin to speak. Then we will not have the feeling that the judges are hanging on the external form of our thought and ignoring the thought itself. We shall be speakers in a miniature world, where the very same conditions prevail as obtain in the larger world, and we shall be nerved thereby to greater
exertion. Now, as the audience requires both perfection of form and stateliness of logic, the judge will reflect their judgment more exactly the more representative he is of that audience. Hence the necessity of his having no advantage over the audience, such as a previous acquaintance with the speaker's manuscript would give. The judge must be representative of the audience.

There was once a fight between two dogs over a very choice bone. While they were snapping at each other's throats a cur standing by seized the bone of contention and made off with it. The fable is apropos of a certain writer's view of our opportunity afforded by the Eastern war. This writer foresees that England, France, and Germany may be drawn into the fracas. In that case the commerce of the world will fall almost entirely into American bottoms, provided the United States keeps out of the trouble. This, of course, will be of incalculable profit to America, and elevate our nation to a position of commercial pre-eminence for many years to come. Therefore the thing to do is to stay out of the war by all means. In other words, no matter what alliances we have made, or what obligations bind us to England, or what ties weld us together; no matter what common interests of kinship and national love and common purposes of civilization make of us one nation, stay out for commercial reasons—play the cur and run off with the bone! This is a contemptible reason for peace. Peace at any price is ignoble. "Would you have peace at the price of chains and slavery?" cried Patrick Henry; rather, "Give me liberty or give me death." Would you have peace at the price of dishonor, and buy dishonor with trade? Rather let us lose our trade, if by that means we may retain our honor. Treason is dishonor, and treason is disobedience to
the call of patriotism. To-day the ocean waves that lap the boundaries of a nation no longer cry into the ears of patriotism, "Thus far, and no farther." It leaps the oceans, and takes in humanity. If famine comes to any part, the world responds; if war threatens, the world arbitrates. From the mountain peaks patriotism thunders its call to duty around the earth. To disobey is treason. To feed on the strife of other nations, when, by a timely display of force we might hasten a settlement, is worse than treason.

THE LIE IN LITERATURE.

The "lie" is taking its place in literature. We do not mean the exaggeration. We mean the "lie." Comic art has long claimed it as its own, and dished it out to the omnivorous American in the impossible caricature. "Gaston" and "Alphonse" are lies; the "Katzenjammer Kids" likewise. Humorous literature seizes upon it, and does a degree better with it than comic art. We were lately entertained by a reading in which two young fellows in the piece engage in a lying contest. They are plainly lying. They know it, and everybody else knows it. Of course, they were not lies in a moral sense; there was no deception of any kind, or intent to deceive. There was, however, a distortion of physical fact that was excruciatingly funny. Why this should be, go to Professor James for information. The fact remains, nevertheless, that things out of joint are laughable. We were in an audience which witnessed experiments with liquid air. When a kettle of the liquid was placed on a block of ice, and forthwith began to steam and boil, everybody seemed more or less amused. They had been accustomed to seeing the kettle boil over the fire. You remember the old joke at Niagara Falls, in which the unappreciative Englishman replied to the enthusiastic American, who asked him if all that water tumbling down there was not a wonderful sight, that if all that
water should go tumbling up there it would be a more wonderful one. The distorted fact somehow upsets our gravity. The accustomed order of nature and life makes us serious. We may laugh at some other nation’s ways, but not at our own. This is the humorist’s art—to distort the familiar and commonplace, and to call attention to the sins against fact, common sense, and the established rule of things. There is nothing so rich in humor and fun as “Innocents Abroad”; nothing so irresistible as “The House-Boat on the Styx.”

But, as a rule, the humorist doesn’t label what he writes as a “lie.” It is exaggeration, and he wants you to understand that. But this later product of literature is handed to you with that brand upon it. It wears the look of innocence, but the name of infamy.

With this issue of The Messenger our connection with it as Editor-in-Chief terminates. The man who comes after us is better fitted, both by experience and literary ability, than ourselves. We bespeak for him a deeper enthusiasm among the members of the two Societies for the success of the College magazine. The work, as well as the honor, now falls on the shoulders of Mr. Douglass S. Freeman.

Prizes for Economic Essays.

To the Editor:

In the interest of students who may wish to compete for these prizes, kindly insert the enclosed as information in your columns, and send me a copy of the number in which it appears. Very truly yours,

J. Laurence Laughlin.

In order to arouse an interest in the study of topics relating to commerce and industry, and to stimulate an exam-
ination of the value of college training for business men, a committee, composed of Professor J. Laurence Laughlin, University of Chicago, Chairman; Professor J. B. Clark, Columbia University; Professor Henry C. Adams, University of Michigan; Horace White, Esq., New York City, and Hon. Carroll D. Wright, National Commissioner of Labor, have been enabled, through the generosity of Messrs. Hart, Schaffer & Marx, of Chicago, to offer four prizes for the best studies on any one of the following subjects:

1. The causes and extent of the recent industrial progress of Germany.

2. To what is the recent growth of American competition in the markets of Europe to be attributed?

3. The influence of industrial combinations upon the condition of the American laborer.

4. The economic advantages and disadvantages of present colonial possessions to the mother country.

5. The causes of the panic of 1893.

6. What forms of education should be advised for the elevation of wage-earners from a lower to a higher industrial status in the United States?

7. What method of education is best suited for men entering upon trade and commerce?

A first prize of one thousand dollars, and a second prize of five hundred dollars, in cash, are offered for the best studies presented by Class "A," composed exclusively of all persons who have received the Bachelor's Degree from an American college since 1893; and a first prize of three hundred dollars, and a second prize of one hundred and fifty dollars, in cash, are offered for the best studies presented by Class "B," composed of persons who, at the time the papers are sent in, are undergraduates of any American college. No one in Class "A" may compete in Class "B," but any one in Class "B" may compete in Class "A." The committee reserves
to itself the right to award the two prizes of $1,000 and $500 to undergraduates, if the merits of the papers demand it.

The ownership of the copyright of successful studies will vest in the donors, and it is expected that, without precluding the use of these papers as thesis for higher degrees, they will cause them to be issued in some permanent form.

Competitors are advised that the studies should be thorough, expressed in good English, and not needlessly expanded. They should be inscribed with an assumed name, the year when the Bachelor's Degree was received, and the institution which conferred the degree, or in which he is studying, and accompanied by a sealed envelope giving the real name and address of the competitor. The papers should be sent on or before June 1, 1905, to

J. Laurence Laughlin, Esq.,
University of Chicago,
Box 145, Faculty Exchange,
Chicago, Ill.
C. P. Ryland is located at Windsor, Va.

L. J. Haley, B. A., D. D., still presides as bishop of all the country about Buckner's, Va.

P. W. James, who took his sheepskin last June, is making his headquarters at Nashville, Tenn.

Jacob Sallade is now co-pastor with the famous Dr. Conwell, Temple Church, Philadelphia, Pa.

Otis Hughson, pastor in Lexington, Ky., sends best wishes for the College and regards to Dr. Ryland.

H. M. Fugate, Grant, Va., sends money to the College, and seals it with good wishes for his old mother.

E. C. James is gaining great éclat as President of the Greenville Female College, Greenville, S. C.

R. H. Bowden has left Lebanon, Va., and gone to Princeton, W. Va. He wishes all a happy New Year.

W. T. Hundley has left the pastorate in Barton Heights, Richmond, and crossed the line into North Carolina.

H. Rhodes Hundley, principal of the Greenville (Ohio) Academy, says he rejoices in the prosperity of his alma mater.

J. B. Essex, Leetown, W. Va., sends five dollars to the College. We believe him when he says it is a pleasure to send it.

Among the oldest of the alumni is H. G. Crews. Mr. Crews is a quiet man, scholarly, and successfully doing work at Scottsburg, Va.
William B. Daughtrey has taken up his home in the good town of Blackstone. He is so happy that he sends best wishes for everybody.

C. R. Cruikshanks has also found a home in West Virginia, and will be a good man to go to see in the summer time, as his home is at Gladesville.

T. A. Hall has won the pastorate at Bruington, Va. He thinks he has got the best place on earth, and sends best wishes to the noble College.

O. W. Copenhaven still clings to Marion, Va. He makes money and sends some of it to the College. J. A. Brown, Due West, S. C., does likewise.

J. R. Bagby, D. D., still occupies an exalted position in the hearts of the people at Ballsville, Powhatan county, Va., where he has long had his home.

C. S. Dickinson has gone from Virginia to the "Land of Fruits and Flowers"—Anderson, Cal. He is pastor of the Baptist Church there, and says the climate is fine.

S. C. Clopton, D. D., of Smithfield, Va., is soon to dedicate the new Baptist Church of that place, and expects E. C. Dargoon, D. D., of the Theological Seminary, Louisville, to preach the sermon.

Dr. C. H. Ryland, who has been with us "from the beginning," has lately passed his thirty-year mile-stone in his service with the College. He is still at his post, though his locks are not as brown as they used to be.

Garnett Ryland, M. A., Ph. D., of Hopkins, is now Professor of Chemistry and Physics in Georgetown College, Kentucky. This is his second experience of life in the Blue Grass, and it is believed that he will now stick.
L. M. Ritter, who contributes to this number of THE MESSENGER a thoughtful article on “The Individual in Politics,” is now at the Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky. He sends greetings to those of his old friends who still linger here.

Alumni L. Lankford, of Norfolk; George Braxton Taylor, of Hollins; A. W. Patterson, of Richmond, and C. S. Gardner, of Richmond, were put upon the Board of Trustees of the College at the last annual meeting. We think this is a safe policy for the Board, and our alma mater will be safe in the hands of such loyal sons.
Exchange Department.

By some chance unforeseen it fell upon the present editor to review at press time the many exchanges lying upon our table. It will therefore be impossible for all to be read and carefully criticised.

The Emory and Henry Era, which gave us so kind a criticism of our December number, inclines us to return a like encouraging comment, if possible.

"Billy's Philosophy" strikes us as being so clever that we insert it elsewhere. The poetry generally of the Emory and Henry magazine seems to be about as high in poetic quality as ours of December fame was judged to be.

The short, compact, meaty stories and essays of the Central Magazine are a very attractive form of literature.

The William Jewell Student comes a long way to us, but brings the perennial freshness of the West in its poetry and in its prose. The very air of the West is in this, is it not?

Oh, sing me a song of the far, far West,
Of the scenes by the deep, dark sea,
Where the pride of my heart, the one I loved best,
Sleeps the sleep of eternity.

In the Randolph-Macon Monthly we have another poet who sings with a true note. Who has not looked into the fire and lost himself in reverie? Who has not had that common mood of the soul in which we cease to think, and watch passively our fancies and memories as they flash up into consciousness and fade like so many shooting stars?

"I dream, I dream in the fire-light,
Where the dancing shadows fall;
I have no need of the lamp-light,
For my dreams are all in all."
In the *William and Mary Magazine* we have an extremely interesting and suggestive essay on “The Parson in Literature”—but rather the parson in poetry, for the writer confines himself to the poets, from Chaucer to Goldsmith. It would have been as easy for him to have found instances in early and later prose of this character.

With this, and our impression that the college literature of February in all the magazines has been of a high degree of excellence, we must end this brief and rather hasty notice of a few of the magazines.

Upon our table we have the following: *The College Message, The Critic, The Yankton Student* (January), and the *Niagara Index*.

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**Clippings.**

**BILLY'S PHILOSOPHY.**

**BY BILLY.**

**I.**

Granper said thet he wuz goin' bawl.
Gramma said, “He's moultn'. He's a bird.”
Bofe of 'em laughed, an' then I heard
Granper say: “Jes' gittin' smart. Thet's all.”
“Y—see, my hair grewed so deep in my head
Tel they wan't no room fur my brains to grow.
Now gramma, ain't thet right? Jes’ so.
I'm gittin' smart. Thet's all,” he said.

**II.**

Teacher said I mus' be a fool
'Cause I couldn't spell at all.
Wunner ef my hair—ef I go bawl
Wull I be head in spellin', at school?"
Las' night I pulled out thirteen hairs
So's not to cramp my brains, you see.
I went to school as soon's could be—
Got there in time fur openin' prayers.
Then spellin' come. I got "canoe"—

* * * *

I spected to go head to-day.
I pulled them hairs—but—say,
I must 'a' pulled my brains out too.

—Emory and Henry Era.

Well-Known Philosophy.

Better swallow your good jest than lose your good friend.
Sweet are the uses of adversity, bitter are the uses of prosperity.
The rising generation owes much to the inventor of the alarm clock.
If vanity were a deadly disease, every undertaker would buy fast horses.
When the last trump sounds, some women will ask Gabriel to wait a minute.
A good field of corn is one thing a farmer doesn't care to have crowed over.
The oil of insincerity is more to be dreaded than the vinegar of vituperation.
The dead march is not necessarily the one that the musicians have murdered.
Never strike a man when he is down, especially if you are going to strike him for a loan.
The man who cannot be beaten is he who holds his head up when he has been beaten.
A walk may improve your appetite, but a tramp will eat you out of house and home.