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A Midnight Muse.

BY COSBY M. ROBERTSON.

In the shadow of the gloaming,
    When the crapy curtained night
Casts the outer world in darkness
    And the fire-fly wings his flight,
Comes upon my soul a sadness,
    Brims my chaliced cup with care,
While alone I sit and ponder
    In the midnight breathless air.

Though the inky shades enshroud me,
    And the darkness sends no ray
Through my throbbing breast, now longing
    For the pensive light of day;
Yet a hidden hand is guiding
    Through the ebon maze of night,
Lifting nightly clouds that hover,
    Chasing shadows into flight.
The Little Country Girl.

BY JOSEPH MACLAIS.

It is hardly to be supposed that as many and as various emotions ever at any given time throbbed within the bosoms of four simple country folks as throbbed within the bosoms of the Fledgeman family on a certain autumn morning not many years ago. Farmer Fledgeman was perhaps the proudest and the happiest man who at that moment trod this mundane sphere. The farmer was a plain, honest, intelligent man, who had enjoyed the advantages of a common school education. "'Twas certain he could write and cipher too," but it had only gradually dawned upon him that his son Jim was destined for a higher career than to walk behind plow-handles and live and die a second-rate farmer.

When Jim had been promoted, at the end of his first half term in the public school, to the second year class, being younger by several years than any boy in the class, his teacher had sent Mr. Fledgeman word that that boy of his would be President of the United States some of these days.

For five years Jim was at the head of the spelling class, except that every Monday he went foot until he should spell his way up again, which usually happened before Wednesday. Finally Jim had completed the course, and Miss Shippen,
purely for the sake of the love she bore to learning—and to Jim—organized classes in Latin and algebra, in which Jim soon rose to distinction.

It was then that Mr. Fledgeman began to have visions of his son in a silk hat and long coat, laying down the law to ignorant humanity; and it was from that time that he cherished the plan which was now about to be brought to glad fruition.

Jim was going to college. There was no doubt about it. It had been settled and arranged, and Jim's trunk had been packed, and the horses were harnessed to the carriage to carry him to the depot. Mr. Fledgeman was all bustle and excitement. He walked back and forth, issuing his orders and doing a great many unnecessary things—examining the straps of the trunk to see that they were secure, and tightening the harness, and so forth and so on.

In striking contrast with his beaming, red countenance and nervous movements was the pale face of his wife, who stood by the gateway watching the preparations for her son's departure. No one felt truer pride and deeper joy in his successes and honors than she, and no one entertained higher ambitions for his future; but her mother's heart rebelled against the hour which was to tear him from her. But even that would have been easy to endure in comparison with the fear that hung heavily upon her soul. She had had a brother who, years ago, had gone out on a morning like this with the future stretching bright before him, and afterward had been brought back home a physical and moral wreck, and had filled a drunkard's grave. To her a college was a place where the devil goes about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour. She had placed a Bible in Jim's trunk, in which her own hands had written a few appropriate lines of admonition, and had underscored certain verses that she thought would be helpful to him.

She drew him to her bosom and pressed kiss after kiss upon
his lips, but there was no moisture in her eyes, only a look of mingled hope and dread.

"God bless my boy!" she said. "God keep my boy! Make him a useful, an honest, and an honorable man! Jim, never forget that you are a gentleman. Never do anything that you would not be willing for your mother to know. Never touch a drop of intoxicating drink. Oh, Jim! don't forget to trust in Him who alone can deliver you from temptation."

How selfish we are in our sorrows as well as in our joys! Neither Mr. Fledgeman nor his wife gave a thought to the third individual, who shared their highest hopes and their deepest sorrow for the young man who was about to set out to battle with the great world. Not even Jim himself dreamed of the conflict that was going on in that little fluttering heart. This third individual moved about as quietly as ever, smothering her own emotions, and attentive to the comfort and wishes of others. Many a little item which, in the confusion of the moment, had been forgotten by them was supplied by her.

Jean Tiller was the orphan of Mr. Fledgeman's only sister. From the day when Mr. Fledgeman had brought the little weeping child to his wife, Jean and Jim had been devoted lovers. Jim loved her because she was lovable, because it was impossible to come under the influence of her gentle, unselfish ways and not love her. He was hardly conscious of the extent of his love, or even of the fact that it was more than ordinary brotherly affection. But Jean loved him with a love that is akin to worship. She would have indignantly resented the suggestion that anything he did was wrong, that he had a human fault or frailty.

He manufactured her wonderful toys; there was nothing too difficult for his ingenuity to achieve. But it was in school that the transcendent greatness of his genius was most in evidence. Examples always came right under his magic
touch, and the answers to all the questions in the book were
print to his mind. Jean herself was neither very bright nor
very stupid, but there can be no doubt that the desire to be
more like Jim, and to win his approval, was a great incentive
to her to put forth her best efforts; and Miss Shippen had
sometimes wondered why it was that Jean kept her place
next to head in the spelling class, and rarely missed a word
except when Jim was just below her. An examination of
Miss Shippen's class-book would doubtless reveal a very
uniform record of one misspelt word a week against Jean's
name.

There had been no conscious sentimentality in this love,
until Jean began to develop into an exceedingly pretty and
winning miss, and the boys began to show a decided prefer­
ence for her society.

Jean was the most popular girl in school. Every boy was
eager to do her some office or show her some attention, and
Jim began to realize that he was the successful aspirant for
her favor and the object of universal envy among his would­
be rivals. This consciousness changed the whole aspect of
the case. He discovered what he had never before been
deeply impressed with, to-wit, that Jean was very far removed
from being homely, and he thenceforth perpetrated certain
poetic effusions which, had they been received as rapturously
by the general public and the professional critics as they
were by the object and inspirer of their profuse and ornate
diction and their extravagant sentiments, would have entitled
their author to an unrivaled eminence upon the pinnacle of
immortal fame.

When it was fully decided that Jim should go to college,
his zeal for the pursuit of knowledge was greatly tempered by
the prospect of separation from the object of his dearest
affection. They took a sentimental walk together, and Jim
poured out his tale of love in terms which, to her delighted
ears, were as eloquent and as classic as he intended them to
be. They vowed eternal constancy, and sealed their vows after the approved manner of all true love-makers.

But this sweet prelude rendered the final fact of parting the more bitter—at least to Jean. There was so much to occupy Jim's mind that he had little time to brood over his grief. He took the dear little face in his hands and kissed it, and whispered another assurance in her ear.

How handsome he looked, how noble, how grand. She stood watching the carriage until it disappeared in the woods, and then she turned with sinking heart and wended her way slowly back into the house and up to her room. She sat, for a while, like one dazed, and then, as if the fact had suddenly become real to her, cried, "He's gone!" and threw herself across the bed and poured out her uncontrolled grief upon her friendly pillow.

For several days after Jim's departure it seemed to the poor girl as if every joy and pleasure had gone out of her life. She wandered from room to room, and they all seemed bare and friendless; she went from place to place on the farm, but even the cattle and the most familiar scenes seemed strange and unattractive.

How eagerly she watched for the mail, and, when the expected letter arrived, how ravenously she devoured its contents. Never was sacred writ more devoutly perused than was that letter. No doubt, too, it was a model love letter, if we could have seen it.

A greener and more rustic individual had rarely, if ever, put in his appearance at ——— College than the home-sick youth who made his way across the campus on the evening of that same autumn day. The reader will experience some difficulty in recognizing, through the sophomore's eyes, the heroic figure that he beheld through Mistress Jean's; but this seedy young man is no less a person than Jim Fledgeman.

It took several months to tone him down. He required an unusual amount of that salutary process which, in these de-
generate times, is unhappily falling into desuetude; but under its transforming influence, and through other civilizing agencies incident to college life, his true metal asserted itself, and he developed into a "gentleman."

From the very first he stood well in his classes, and before the end of the session his college-mates and professors had begun to prophesy a bright future for him.

It demanded a severe and manly struggle for him to accept the kindly offer of one of the professors, who was interested in his talents, of a position for the vacation; but he knew that his father's means were insufficient to meet his college expenses, which he had greatly under-estimated, and felt that duty demanded this self-denial.

There was one heart at least at home that choked with bitter disappointment when the letter was read announcing this determination, and one pillow that was again bedewed with tears.

Before the end of the second year Mr. Fledgeman was recognized as the leader of the sophomore class. He was a leading spirit in athletics, in the literary society, and in social circles. He won honor after honor, and scarcely a man in college enjoyed a more universal popularity. But Mr. Fledgeman had among the students one equal, if he had no superior. Miss Stella Crestwold had acquired quite as enviable a reputation among the female students as Mr. Fledgeman had won among his fellows.

The scale of intellectual life is like a pyramid—big at the bottom and small at the top, and those at the top naturally gravitate towards one another. So it was that the names of Miss Crestwold and Mr. Fledgeman were often coupled together in the minds and on the tongues of the students, and once the college weekly made a covert allusion to the fact that these two were not infrequently seen in one another's company.

His fellow-students were not the only ones, nor the first,
to discover this change that had come into James Fledgeman's life.

Jean Tiller, if she was no intellectual prodigy, was not a fool. She possessed the womanly instinct in a highly-developed degree, and she began to feel that something was wrong, and to weep herself to sleep at night, long before those eagerly-expected and devoured letters began to grow shorter and more infrequent, and to become stilted in expression and lifeless in substance. But she kept her grief and her fears to herself, poor soul, and wept and hoped against hope. "He is occupied with his studies; he is too busy?; but her heart could not echo the suggestions of her mind. She could perceive an increased culture and maturity in his style, and an inexpressible dread crept over her that he was becoming too great and too learned for a poor, ignorant country girl like her. His love for her was the love of ignorance and unsophistication. He must love a fine lady, who could talk with him about deep things and understand him. Too often his letters contained expressions and allusions that she could only treasure as cabalistic mysteries.

Mr. Fledgeman, Jr., struggled with all the vigor of his manly nature against the indifference on the one hand, and the attachment on the other, which he felt, but did not acknowledge to his inmost self, was growing up in his heart's affections. How simple and childish those little epistles that had once flattered his vanity and intoxicated his soul seemed now, and, in accordance with the well-known psychological law, he attributed this difference to a decline in the powers of the writer, rather than to his own intellectual advancement.

Miss Crestwold was indisputably a most fascinating young lady, and, what was more to the point, a very intellectual one.

Jean was right. Mr. Fledgeman had found some one who could understand and appreciate him. They studied together
and read together; they walked together and rode together; and together they went to the opera. It was the old story of the country free school. Mr. Fledgeman admired the most sought-after young lady in college, was admired by her, and knew that he was the envied of the most envied among his fellow-students.

It was commencement night. The great assembly hall was crowded to its utmost capacity, and the capped and gowned graduates were passing impatiently to and fro, waiting for the time to enter. Two of their number had not yet arrived. "Where is Fledge?" inquired one young man of another. "Where is Stella?" asked a sly young lady, and there was a general laugh.

Out on the campus two gowned figures were slowly approaching the hall. They were conversing earnestly.

"Stella," said one of them. "I can keep silent no longer. I must say what my heart has tried to say before, but what I could not say. When I was a green, country lad, I had, like every other lad, a sweetheart—a first love—and I imagined that love was as enduring as the eternal hills; but now I am a different person—I live in a different world; my horizon has broadened, and over it a new star has risen—a star whose brightness has paled all others out of view. Stella, I love you; I believe I have been fortunate enough—favored of the gods—to win your love. Let us on this, our graduation night, pledge to one another our troth."

There was no sign of emotion on Miss Crestwold's face. Her step never faltered, her hand never trembled. She turned an enigmatical look upon her companion.

"And what about the little country girl?" she said, in a voice as soft and natural as if she had been making a common-place remark.

Mr. Fledgeman winced. It was some little time before he could recover from the shock of Miss Crestwold's cold indifference and of her very pertinent question.
"A-ra-a—I have written to her and explained it all. I know it will be a blow at first; but that is better than to tie her to a man whom she can never understand, who will be utterly uncongenial to her, and—a—she is a sensible girl and will soon get over it."

A queer smile played over Miss Crestwold's face—a smile of amusement, Mr. Fledgeman thought—and she spoke in the same unemotional tone.

"Mr. Fledgeman, you have made a mistake. If there has been anything in my behavior towards you which you interpreted as love, I am sincerely sorry for it, and assure you it was unintentional on my part. I have been somewhat intimate with you because you were, of all men in college, most congenial to me. I have liked, and do like you, as a friend, and I have a most profound admiration for your talents; but my regard for you has never gone further than that, and I am surprised and grieved that you should have made this mistake. I hope you will experience no more difficulty in overcoming your affection for me than you did for the little country girl."

They stopped full under the arc light in front of the assembly hall door. Just before them stood a tall, raw-boned, sun-browned farmer, with a good, intelligent, open face. He lifted his hat, and Miss Crestwold, stepping to his side, said: "Mr. Fledgeman, this is my fiance, Mr. Hamlin, an old country acquaintance. Tom, this is my friend, Mr. Fledgeman, of whom you have heard me speak. You know I told you I wanted to take a walk with him before our pleasant college associations came to a close. But it's time to go in."

Mr. Fledgeman never saw Mr. Hamlin, nor exchanged with him one word of civility. The hot blood rushed to his face. His head swam; his hands and knees trembled. He drew out his watch and glanced hurriedly at it. It was 8 o'clock. "I can make it," he said, and, turning to Miss Crestwold, held out his hand. "Good-bye. Tell them I was called home, please,"
and before she could reply he had disappeared in the dark­ness.

In ten minutes he was seated in the train, and a little later was speeding homeward at the rate of sixty miles an hour. Never did eight hours drag more slowly and wearily by. Never did man so hate himself and curse himself as did Jim Fledgeman on that night. He knew now that he had been the victim of a passing and insane passion. He had neglected the dearest, the noblest, the truest woman on earth. He ar­rived at the little wayside station at 4 o’clock in the morning. Overcome by fatigue of mind and body, he slept away the remaining hours of the night in the waiting-room. As soon as the post-office was opened in the morning he hurried in and asked anxiously if a letter had come on the night train for Miss Jean Tiller. “Yep,” said the post-master, and, after fumbling an exasperatingly long time in the letter-box, he produced the missive, and threw it across the counter.

Jim seized it nervously, and went out, clutching it tightly, as if there were danger that its horrible secret would escape him. He tore it into a thousand pieces, and trampled them under his feet in the dust, and then he trampled the last vestiges of his silly delusion.

Two hours later a little white sun-bonnet was bending over a rose-bush in Mrs. Fledgeman’s garden, and a pair of dainty little hands were clipping roses for the breakfast table.

A tall, polished gentleman, dusty and dishevelled with travel, came through the gates, and stood before the young woman.

She raised her head and uttered a startled exclamation. Then she looked for one short instant into his face to read what was written there, and, with a cry of joy unspeakable, fell into his arms.
She and I.

BY LEROY L. SUTHERLAND.

We were in the sleigh together, she and I,
And the moon beamed down upon us from on high.
How the road did fairly glisten,
While all nature seemed to listen
To the words of lovers spoken with a sigh, gentle sigh.

"I believe you've ceased to love me," said the she;
"I know now only part of your love's for me."
And the moonbeams in her hair
Seemed to paint a halo there;
So I nestled very close, just to see, just to see.

"Sweetest heart, my love for you," said the I,
"Is so strong a passion it can never die."
And the spirits of the night
Closed their eyes up very tight,
For at times in lovers' lives you should not spy, never spy.

"Indeed, I love you better each hour of the year.
I often stop to listen if your sweet voice I may hear.
Since first I rested on your breast,
'Tis you I've ever loved the best,
Mother, dear; mother, dear."

The Day of Reckoning.

BY R. A. S.

THE mid-summer sun was darting down oblique rays of fire upon the old New Orleans Cathedral of St. Louis and upon its gloomy neighbor, the Cabildo, and the square in front, with its palms and banana and orange trees and all the diversified luxuriance of semi-tropical plants, looked weary and dust-stained; even old Andrew Jackson, on his
granite pedestal, wore an expression of tortured anxiety, as if fearful of flowing into the formless chaos from which he had emerged. From the cathedral arose, like a disheartened wail, the strains of the final vesper chant, which were in a moment lost in the dominant clangor of the great bell. Outside, in the scant shadow of one of the lofty pillars, there lay stretched, in the relaxed attitude of slumber, a solitary figure, whose costume displayed the squalor of the professional mendicant—a tattered "open-hearted" shirt, too large by a size, trousers of elaborate patch-work, and a woolen cap that only partly covered a tangled wilderness of nondescript-colored locks. Though the face might have been that of a boy of nineteen, nothing less than extensive excavations through a deep stratum of grime, could bring the true expression to light. A naked ankle displayed a loathsome sore, but, in the inadvertence of slumber, the trouser leg had been drawn a trifle too high, and showed the flesh firm and healthy just above.

As the last reverberations of the bell were wafted over the broad breast of the Mississippi, groups of worshipers began to emerge from the church, and passed the unconscious lad with amused glances and jesting remarks; but it was not until the last of the faithful were descending the steps that the sleeper aroused with a start, and, mechanically thrusting forth a battered tin cup, whined out an appeal for substantial commiseration in Creole patois that had the ring of a hard-won attainment. The van of the procession, however, appeared in no charitable mood, for in vain did the beggar adjure them with all the eloquence at his command, they passed on down the street after the others, and the square resumed its former deserted aspect.

The lad, seeing his efforts unrewarded, raised himself slowly, and, cautiously peering around, was apparently on the point of taking a sprightly departure on his gangrenous member when a queer-looking individual sprang from behind
one of the arches of the Cabildo, and obstructed the contemplated move.

The small amount of countenance of this person visible between the scraggy beard and the flapping brim of a great felt hat was of a villainous cast, and consisted of two obtrusive cheek-bones and two savage, stealthy gray eyes, ambushed below bushy, beetling brows. The ears were concealed by a thick mat of unshorn hair.

"Not a dime?" said the new-comer, in unpolished English. "You lazy houn'. You was 'sleep when them suckers come out. Not a sou? Wait till you gits home to-night. I'll flay the hide off'n you, you—nigger. I've a great mind to sell you up the river at the slave sale that's on, you wuth­liss cur."

The lad cringed piteously, and raised his arm as if to ward off a blow.

"I couldn't hep it," he whined. "I was so tired an' the sun was so hot. I couldn't hep it. You won't sell me up the river, will you? 'Fore long the crowd'll be out on the square, when it gits cooler, and thin I kin make up for it."

"Do it, then, or you go up the river, I swar. I'll buy another nigger that ain' los' the knack'."

The man accentuated his remarks with a vigorous kick, turned, and slunk hastily around the corner.

As soon as the oppressor was out of sight the boy cast off, to some extent, his former hang-dog expression, and sank down on the steps again in a sort of reverie, though, from time to time, convulsive starts betrayed the working of violent emotions within. As he sat thus, the sun sank in the West, and the vegetation of the square began to rally and resume its wonted freshness, and crowds of people, appearing as if by magic, filled the pleasant walks with life and animation—dark-eyed Creole belles and their swarthy beaux, negro "mammies" in elaborate gorgeousness of costume, crowned
with picturesque *tignons*, guardians of daintily-dressed young-
sters, Spaniards, American interlopers from the West—a motley throng of the types of a cosmopolitan city. Nor were amusements lacking to the pleasure-seekers. A mountebank took his stand and displayed his marvels to open-mouthed won-
derers, while peddlers hawked their gaudy trinkets in strident tones. Later several dusky musicians appeared, and negro men and women began to sway their lithe bodies "in curving lines of unhidden grace," chanting weird melodies to the accompaniment of bones and drums.

Now no sooner had the populace began to assemble than the beggar arose from the steps, and, limping painfully on the affected limb, passed in and out among the throng, and, without cessation, put up his piteous plea, which, if heeded at all, met with angry rebuffs. Unlike those just from the shadow of the altar, the merry-makers were offended and disgusted at the exhibition of the nauseous sore and the diversion from their pleasures, and one woman alone proved responsive enough to throw him a coin, with the urgent request that he get out of her offended sight. Thus continued the bootless quest until the shades of night began to fall.

As the last ray of reflected sun-light had disappeared and the glimmer of the stars in the moonless sky, together with the pitiful efforts of the street lamps, faintly illumined the square, no one remained but the beggar and a few love-
absorbed couples sitting here and there on the benches. The boy now timidly took possession of one of the vacant seats, and appeared to be lost in thought, until a rough voice in English ordered him to move on, and the tap of a stout stick lent emphasis to the command. Shrinking from the upturned instrument of the law, he slunk away through the paths down to the bank of the great river, over which the moon was just rising and silvering the almost placid surface with a glistening sheen.

He seemed to come to a great decision, for his whole
manner changed. After standing for a moment on the edge of the levee, he leaped with agility, regardless of his infirmity, down the embankment to the edge of the river, now at its lowest, and, plunging his bared leg into the muddy water, rubbed it vigorously with his hand, and lo! the horrible festering mass (a model of plastic art) peeled from a sound and sturdy limb, and the olive skin, with the muscles in strong relief, told of the lusty blood of youth beneath. He wiped some of the grime from his face, smoothed out his tangled hair through his fingers, and arranged his clothes in as orderly a way as he could. Then he drew himself to his full height again, and, raising his hand towards heaven, muttered a terrible curse, as if calling heaven to bear witness to some righteous deed. This done, he climbed nimbly up the levee and, crossing the square, stopped in front of a small pharmacy, and, in the light from the window, drew forth from his pocket a knotted handkerchief, from which he managed to abstract several coins, evidently reserved for an emergency. For these he obtained from the clerk, on some specious pretence, two vials of an opiate, and, turning the corner, hurried on, threading with practiced feet by-ways and alleys, crossing bridges, leaping over yawning slime-covered ditches, until at last he reached the suburbs, where the houses were of the most wretched description. A dilapidated little cottage at the remote end of a stubble-field proved the object of his expedition, and his rap on the flimsy door was answered by a soft, timid voice.

"Who dat?"

"It's me—Jacques; open the do'."

The crazy door creaked reluctantly on its rusty hinges, and exposed to view the form of a girl who was standing holding a flaring candle in the middle of a cheerless passage. On assuring herself of the identity of the lad, she led the way into a room unwinviting in the extreme, furnished with a plain deal table, a dilapidated cupboard, several decrepit chairs,
and a few tawdry attempts at ornamentation on the walls, only two objects of value, a plated silver pitcher and a brass clock on the mantel, serving to diversify the monotonous wretchedness of the abode.

The girl, seen in the full glare of the light, was of no mean beauty—flashing black eyes, glossy curling locks, and good features; only the broadening expanse of the nostril and the tendency of the hair to the slightest possible kink betrayed the negro taint, for the dark olive skin differed but little from that of the Creole sang pur.

As the boy suddenly kissed her full on the mouth, she recoiled from his embrace, and held her arms up to shield herself from a repetition of the familiarity.

"Master say you not touch me, an' s'pose he see you now," she said in her Creole English, as she glanced timidly around the room. "But you look so different. W'at you do to yo'sef?"

"Don' git skeered," answered the boy; "he'll be drinkin' till late. But you say I look different? Well, I got sumpin' to tell you. Why mus' I be a slave any mo'n him? I ain't no more nigger'n he is. When he kick me this evenin', 'cause I wen' to sleep an' didn' git no money, I swore I'd git even wid 'im, ef I had to kill 'im."

He glared fiercely, and shook his clenched fists with vigor.

"Yass, bien. Mais de law, dat git you. You is a slave."

"Let 'em. But I won' need to kill 'im. I thought o' sumpin' else. I don' hang 'roun' town all day f'r nuthin'. Listen. He wants you, an' you b'long to me; don' you, C'leste?"

"Yass, Jacques; I t'ink yass. But how you do nutin'? We neegers. He kin 'ave our hide take off."

Celeste shuddered.

"I ain' nothin' but a boy up to now, an' I was dog 'fraid o' 'im. I begged when he say beg, an' I let 'im beat when he beat, an' I come back here. An' why'd I come? 'Cause I
wan' you, C'leste; that's the reason I didn' run off'n hide. I might git away. Who take me f'r a nigger? I'm mos' white, anyway."

"Don' you tink you Le Jeune's son? Some peeps tink dat."

"I dunno. But what does that matter? He never treat me like no father. Now, listen, C'leste."

He leaned over and dropped his voice to a whisper.

"You ever think why he wear his hair so long? It's 'cause he got a clip in the year. And wonst, when he was sleepin' and didn' have nothin' on his chist, I saw a bran'—a H. I tell you, he was a nigger slave, an' a mean un, I reckon. Seems like he'd know howter treat us, seein' what he got."

"W'y you didn' tell dis lil gal 'fore?"

"'Cause I wasn't nuthin' but a boy, an' I was 'fraid all the time, but I ain' 'fraid no longer. Now listen. We can't put off what I wanter do. To-day, 'cause I didn' make no money, he say he goin' sell me up the river. Think o' that, C'leste. Up the river they kills niggers, an' I jus' soon die here. But he ain' sellin' me 'cause I didn' git nothin' to-day, but 'cause he thinks I'm gittin' too large an' might be lookin' at you, an' he can sell me an' get a little boy to beg for 'im."

The girl seemed to shrink together with horror.

"How you know dat?" she asked.

"I heared 'im say that to his chum t'other day, when he didn' know I was listenin'. If I go up the river, you know what happen. Now, we mus' do sumpin'. You ain' skeered to die, is you, C'leste?"

The girl glanced down quickly at her person and then at her face in a piece of broken mirror on the wall.

"Yes, I know you're pretty," continued the boy, "but remember the other."

The terrified look came into her eyes again, and she cried
without further hesitation: "Yass, I do anythin' you say so, Jacques."

"Well, our master is a nigger playin' white. I don' look so nigger he does. I ain' got swell lips an' kinky hair, has I, C'leste, an' you ain', neither. Wouldn't nobody take me for a nigger now, nor for the beggar on the steps. To-morrow's sale day at the slave market. Now, all this been comin' in my head for a long time, but that 'er kick brought it clear out. Jeune'll come in drunk to-night, an' I'll want some o' that 'er whiskey he keeps in his room fust thing. Gin 'im some, but fust pour some o' this bottle in it. It won' kill 'im; it's opium I bought. When he's sleep we'll take 'im in the wheelbarrow down to the inn an' put 'im in the stable with the other slaves. I'll stay in the tavern to-night, an' when everybody's sleep I'll go out an' give 'im another dose to keep 'im sleep till the sale's over. I'll make out he's drunk an' sell 'im cheap, an' when them planters git 'im up the river he'll 'ave a lot o' trouble gittin' away, I reckon. Don' many folks know 'bout us, an' we can go off somewhere nobody can't git us." (Jacques made a broad sweep towards those regions of the outside world which were so hazy to him.) "I know where he keep his money an' where his key is. He steal, an' if he do get back fum up the river, the p'lice '11 git 'im. Nobody couldn't tell we was niggers, could they, C'leste?"

"I don' t'ink not, I reckon," the girl answered. "If you t'ink you do all dat, I help you. I ain' skeered; no."

The fear of her impending fate, in case the boy was sold, seemed to steel her to anything, and she assented docilely to even the most hazardous proposals. The two continued to discuss their future, softly and fearfully, listening with tense ears for the dreaded foot-fall. When at last there was a distinct sound of steps in the distance, Jacques nimbly climbed through a hole in the ceiling to the loft above, from
which a little window might furnish exit in case of detection.

He thrust his head down through the hole.

"Be sure to do all I said," he admonished her.

"Don't be skeer," she answered firmly; "I know wat's wat is."

A lumbering crash on the door, that threatened to dash it from its hinges, summoned her speedily, and in her terror she opened without asking who it was.

"Why didn't you come sooner," thundered a voice, while the combined fumes of tobacco and gin filled the atmosphere. "Didn't you hear me knockin'?"

"I came fas' as I could march," she said, leading the way into the room.

"Sence my ole woman's ben dead, you've ben gettin' wuthlisser and wuthlisser; but I've got sumpin' good laid up for you. You don't know. I'll tell you to-morruh. But where's Jacques? Ain't back yit? The thief; I'll skin 'im alive when he does come. I've sumpin' fur 'im, too. I'll tell you that to-morruh, too; jus' wait."

(The thought seemed to inspire him with a fresh access of rage, and he brought down his fist upon the table with terrible force.) "Come here an' kiss me," he said, suddenly changing his mood.

As the girl hesitated, there came an alarming sound from the loft above, and, to keep the man from remarking it, she presented her cheek to his suffocating breath.

"Not that, my lady. The mouth, the full mouth."

He seized her head with his dirty hands and pressed a loathsome kiss upon her lips. She drew hastily away, and steadied herself against the table as if she felt an overpowering faintness.

"Now git me a drink, my love," the brute continued, "and let's drink to to-morruh an' what it'll bring forth."

For an instant the girl seemed to be collecting all her strength; then she walked unsteadily into an adjoining room. Taking a flask from the closet, she uncorked it, and, drawing
the opiate from her bosom, poured the drug into the whiskey. She then retraced her steps. As she re-entered the room Le Jeune watched her suspiciously, remarking something unusual about her which he was at a loss to explain.

"Come," he said, roughly; "drink! drink!"

He held her firmly by one arm and put the flask to her lips, but she recoiled with such evident horror that his suspicions became fully aroused.

"What, it ain't poison, is it?" he demanded.

"No, but I never taste none dat weezy."

"Well, 'bout time you was larnin', I reckon."

There was another stir and louder in the loft, and the girl feared that Jacques would be able to restrain himself no longer and all would be lost. In that one instant many thoughts shot through her brain. Should she call? Was that really poison, or could she trust Jacques's word?

The man relaxed his grip and listened.

"What's that noise? Ain't that sumpin' in the loft?" he asked excitedly.

"Nothin' but rats, I t'ink. Gimme. Lemme drink."

"So you come 'roun', my pretty missis," he said exultingly, and held the bottle to her lips.

To her it seemed that one draught required an age to consume but the man's eyes were avariciously measuring the slowly decreasing liquid, and carefully calculating what might be sufficient to affect her and yet leave him a good dram. The flask was jerked abruptly away, and she felt herself making a superhuman effort to stand while Le Jeune drank and drank—it seemed another age, but finally, as he placed an empty bottle on the table, her endurance was exhausted, and she fell limply to the floor.

Meanwhile, Jacques in the loft had been in an agony of perturbation. Twice had he started to descend and twice had a return of his old timidity kept him back. When he heard the man command the girl to drink, he could restrain
himself no longer, and crawled over to the hole and peered through. As he was on the point of leaping, the girl put the bottle to her lips, and horror chained him to his place. He was relieved to see her still on her feet after the draught, for the fear had come upon him that the pharmacist had given him some deadly poison. Now was the awful crisis. Would Le Jeune drink? The man's lust for liquor did not leave him long in uncertainty. He was drinking in long, feverish gulps. Enough to affect him certainly. The plan would work. But at this moment, to his horror, the girl fell to the floor. Jacques hesitated now no longer. Reaching the lower floor with a bound, he rushed to the helpless form, but just as he leaned over her he felt an almost stunning blow on the head, and, looking up, became aware that his master was glowering over him.

"Where did you come from, you lazy hound? I'll kill you now."

But the words were spoken slowly and listlessly, and, as the man raised a feeble hand to strike, the brain refused its function, and another helpless form lay on the floor.

Jacques, disregarding his master, picked up the girl and bore her to the wretched couch in the next room. To his relief her heart was beating slowly and regularly, and, re-assured as to her condition, he set himself to think of the course to pursue. Evidently this unforeseen disaster had upset all his plans, for the girl was to have assisted him in its execution. In an instant, however, his quick wit had adjusted matters to the new conditions, and he proceeded to act with decision.

He first passed into a room on the other side of the hall—evidently the master's—and, after rummaging in a closet, drew forth a suit of some respectability, which fit him very well, and consequently could not have belonged to the master's wardrobe, but was probably the booty of some thieving excursion. These clothes he proceeded to don, and, as a result of his labors, presented the appearance of a
very respectable Creole lad. He now returned to the girl, and, assuring himself that she still breathed regularly, pressed a kiss upon her lips, and went to Le Jeune, who was lying in the same position. He made a thorough search of the person of his captive, finding some coins and a few trinkets of no value. But the main object of his search appeared to be a little key, suspended from a string around his neck, in close fellowship with a small consecrated medal, which the ingrained superstitions of childhood induced this deep-dyed sinner to persist in wearing. Jacques seized the key with trembling hand, and hurried back to the man’s room, and, hastily removing a plank from the floor behind the bed, drew forth from its hiding-place an iron box. This yielded readily to the key, and, disclosed to view, lay a small heap of coins of various denominations and a bunch of papers. These latter Jacques opened. His inability to read prevented him from deciphering their contents, but he recognized his own name, which he had several times seen in writing. Carefully putting these papers in his pocket, he took possession of about half of the money, and, leaving the other, again consigned the box to its hiding-place. He now returned to Le Jeune, and, after stripping him of his clothes, dressed the body in a pair of ragged trousers, and left the shirt open, so that the brand on the chest might be plainly visible. Getting a razor, he carefully shaved his master’s head, which, denuded of its covering, displayed the negro type with startling distinctness, and the now unconcealed clip from the ear told also its tale.

Observing that the night was now well advanced, he hurriedly dragged the unconscious form from the house, and, placing it on a wheelbarrow that stood ready at hand, started on his journey.

The night was dark, and his progress was necessarily very slow, for there were ditches and ruts to be avoided, and, from time to time, he had to stop to rest, on account of the great weight of his burden. Noises in the bushes startled
him, and once or twice sounds of footsteps in the distance forced him to make wide detours. But finally he reached the deserted streets of the lower town, and, making for the river, proceeded for some time without molestation, until unexpectedly accosted by a watchman, who demanded to know the nature of his load. He glibly explained that it was a slave of his father's, who had escaped from the tavern and been discovered in this beastly condition, and that he found himself forced to take the man back, as assistance was out of the question at that hour of the night. The watchman, leaning over, smelled the man's breath and examined the scars on his chest, and, since the youth's respectable appearance lent weight to the story, allowed him to pass on his way. Without further interruption he reached the great gloomy tavern, near the slave market, and knocked persistently on its main door until a head was thrust from an upper window and a voice demanded:

"Who in the devil is that comin' this time o' mornin'?"

"The river boat's jus' come in," Jacques replied, mendaciously, "an' I gotuh nigger I wantuh sell to-morruh. He got drunk on the boat some way or nother, and I had to git a nigger to wheel 'im up here, an' I'll pay you well ef you'll take us both in, an' I'll treat you to to-morruh night ef he brings a good price."

The additional inducement seemed to decide the old man, and he came down to open the door without delay.

"Where did you git 'im fum?" enquired the host, as he peered out into the darkness.

Jacques had prepared himself for all contingencies, with wits sharpened from long practice as a dissimulator.

"Fum Natchitooches. Sent down by my pa to sell this wuthless nigger. He's strong as a ox, but he will git drunk. We got a town right near, an' ef somebody'll buy 'im in the country, where he can't git no liquor noway, he'll do all right."
The day of reckoning.

The beast got so much liquor on the boat I'm 'feared he won' sober up fuh the sale."

The tavern-keeper looked at the speaker sharply, but his tale appeared so straightforward, and the brand seemed such clear evidence to substantiate his statement, that he asked no more questions, but led the way to a sort of stable in the rear of the house. Opening the door, he ushered his guest into a large room nearly filled with recumbent forms, all attached to the wall by strong chains, and manacled besides. A few of these creatures stirred, and, raising their heads, gazed stupidly at the intruders, and then sank back to sleep, and all was quiet, except for the low moaning of one old woman in the corner. Two or three chains still hung idle, beside wretched beds of straw.

"Any o' these 'll do," observed the guide. "He'p yo'se'f. Bring in yo' nigger."

As no assistance was offered, Jacques returned alone to his captive, and, after pouring a dram from the second vial down the man's throat, wheeled him into the stable, and, with the help of the landlord, made him fast to the wall. The two then withdrew.

"You'll haf tuh take pot-luck in my house," remarked the host. "But," he continued, as Jacques slipped a coin into his hand, "I kin give you a good bed on the flo', to be sho'."

He then led the way through the hall into a room containing six or seven beds, surmounted by rent and tattered "mosquito bars." These couches were adorned by as many gentlemen, in various stages of undress—one almost completely clad, and extended across the foot of the bed.

"He come very late," explained the host, with regard to the last mentioned. "He won' know nothin' till late in the mornin'. He'p me to lif' 'im."

The guest expostulated in vain, until, observing that his voice threatened to awaken the sleepers, he consented to oust
the helpless occupant. The two grasped him firmly and laid him on the bare floor.

"Let 'im lie thar," said the host. "He ain't no good pay noway. He kin let my skeeters git a little out'n 'im, fuh he oughter leave sumpin' on the premises. And now good night—leastwise, what's left—and pleasant dreams."

At this juncture Jacques suddenly remembered the paper in his pocket, and felt an irresistible desire to know what it contained, so, waiting until the landlord had reached the hall, he followed him quickly.

"Sorry to have to stop you," he said, making an effort at precision of speech, "but I've got a French paper here I wan' you to read for me. You read French, don'cher? Well, turn this into American for me."

Jacques held out the documents, which the other took, asking him to hold the candle. Putting on his spectacles, the old man first spelled it out to himself.

"W'y, this is a baptism c'tificate," he exclaimed at length. "Jacques Pervier, son of Guillaume and Marie Pervier, baptized in the Parish of Laronne-sur-Seine the 24th of May, 1842."

He then read the other paper—a letter from Plaquemine, Louisiana, from Guillaume Pervier, commending his infant son Jacques to his friends, Jean and Marie Le Jeune, and naming certain monies which were to reimburse the Le Jennes for the trouble. The letter had evidently been written on the death-bed of the father.

During the reading of these papers Jacques made a desperate effort to control his emotions, but the revelation was too startling for human nature to bear with composure. He was certain now that he was the Jacques Pervier mentioned, and suddenly a host of what formerly had been the dimmest fancies began to take definite form in his mind—faint recollections of his mother and father, which he had hitherto dismissed as vain dreams. It seemed to him that his personality
was undergoing a complete metamorphosis—that he was sloughing off an old hated being and putting on a new.

"That paper seems to kinder upset you," remarked the landlord at length, as he took the candle again.

"Yes," assented Jacques, assuming as assured a tone as possible. "It's my mother I was thinkin' of. But I sutney am 'bliged to you, an' don' ferget the treat if I sells the nigger."

The landlord passed on down the passage, and Jacques repaired slowly to the vacated couch. He slipped under the mosquito-bar, dressed as he was, but not to sleep, though the dawn was already beginning to peep through the chinks in the shutters. Dismissing all thought of his present peril, he began to ponder deeply his position in the light of present disclosures. He began to see perfectly the past trend of events—that he, when still an infant, had been consigned, together with a sum of money, to this false friend, a former slave, who had managed to conceal his own identity; that this man had improperly disposed of the money put into his hands, and kept his ward to beg, willing to give him shelter as long as he proved a profitable chattel, but determined to sell him as a slave the first moment he became intractable or dangerous. But why had Le Jeune kept the papers? The man was unable to read. Was it with the intention of having them read some day when he thought it safe, under the impression that they might throw him in the way of getting more money? At any rate, there they were. Jacques thought of Celeste, and he understood that a wonderful change had come over him. The sense of race was asserting itself with no uncertain manifestations. The love that he thought he felt for the girl he could call love no longer. What should he do if he escaped safely from his present difficulties? Should he return to the house? What would happen then? Would it not break her heart if he told her. Better leave her there, and flee. The thought of her negro blood now revolted him.
He was white. The same prejudices that had rankled so in his heart, and the indignities that he had felt himself, now asserted themselves against the same race. With the discovery of his blood, he had assumed prejudices he had hitherto despised. The thought that he had eaten and drunk with the slaves now disgusted him. The kisses that he had pressed upon their lips were nauseous to him.

Before he had reached a solution of these problems the dawn had passed into brightness, and the ascending sun was a signal for the arising of the company. From under the "bars" the figures emerged—planters, with unkempt beards and dirty faces; cut-throat looking gentlemen of various breeds, and each one, as he dressed, took something from under his pillow and inserted it in his hip-pocket. When Jacques found it necessary to rise, the fact that he was completely dressed aroused no special comment, nor did the figure still on the floor in the arms of Bacchus call for any other demonstration than an occasional kick as a gentleman passed from the room.

Jacques's neighbor, a pleasantly villainous-looking gentleman, who was busy strapping on a wooden leg, looked up from this anatomical occupation and remarked that it was a nice day.

"Looks like it," replied Jacques.

"You must'a been kinder hilaratin' las' night, seein' you'se ready dressed."

Jacques acknowledged the exactness of the surmise.

"You looks kinder worn, suh," continued the man.

"What's your business hyuh?"

"Got a nigger to sell for my dad."

"Same business here, 'cept it's for myself. Truth is, I need a little pocket money, an' I'm a-sellin' an ole ooman that ain't much good. I kin tell you, as there ain't no danger o' you buyin'."

Jacques thought of the woman chained to the wall, and
felt a thrill of pity. The man had now finished the operation of buckling on the leg, and bade Jacques "good mornin'," hoping that they would meet again in the "cattle-yard."

The lad hastened down to the dining-room, where he found his host, who greeted him effusively, thinking of the night's treat. Paying the man more than the sum due, Jacques went out to the stable, where he found a scene of great animation. A crowd of white men were buzzing around the terrified slaves, some of whom were being kicked and ordered to get up, and others unchained and turned over to guards to conduct to the market. Jacques, indifferent to all these sounds, passed over to the place where his master was still lying. He observed with joy that the profound unconsciousness was still upon the man, but that his breath was short and irregular. He looked around, and, seeing that no one was watching him, leaned over and poured another dose of opium into the half-opened mouth. Then, calling a boy, he engaged him to wheel the man to the slave market. The two raised the form and placed it in the wheelbarrow, and, amid a crowd of hooting urchins, the cortege proceeded through the streets.

"I wonder who'd buy a nigger like that—dead drunk," observed a passer-by, and Jacques was the recipient of numerous other discouraging remarks on the way, which was fortunately short. He dismissed his boy at the gate and hailed the auctioneer.

"I got a nigger here, suh, I wantuh sell. He got drunk, but I gottuh sell 'im anyway, 'cause we needs the money."

The auctioneer eyed him curiously.

"You looks mighty young to be sellin' niggers. Where did you git 'im from?" he enquired.

Jacques repeated his tale, at which the dealer looked somewhat incredulous.

"Seems like your face is kinder familiar," he blurted out,
“but I don’ know as I’ve seen you for sho’. Well,” he added, changing his tone, “I’ll do what I kin for you, but ef that nigger don’t come to soon, I don’t promise you much of a price.”

Jacques, greatly startled at the first part of the man’s speech, turned away abruptly, and placed his man in line. Then, retiring to a less conspicuous position, he awaited the issue with a palpitating heart.

The New Orleans slave market was situated on P—street, near the river, and consisted of a large plot of ground enclosed by a high brick wall. The entrance was through a formidable grated iron gate. At one extremity was a sort of tribune, from which the auctioneer called out the bids, and beside this were pens in which the slaves were shut up to await their respective turns. Opposite were hitching posts for the horses of those interested in the barter.

This yard now began to fill with a motley throng—Yankee traders, with their nasal twang; country gentlemen of broken fortunes, anxious to realize a few much-needed dollars from a piece of “nigger” flesh; brutal-looking overseers, down to attend to their masters’ affairs, and possibly to turn an honest penny to their own account. Venders of refreshments lent their shrill cries to the uproar, and a crowd of imps, gathered about a poor deformed negress, were busily engaged in bantering her in bad Creole French. Some of the slaves looked sullen; some fiercely desperate, with eyes roving around as if searching an opportunity to escape. The one that attracted Jacques the most was the aged negress, whom he had noticed the night before. She was still weeping in convulsive sobs. So keenly did the woman affect him that, regardless of possible discovery in the crowd, he passed over to where she was and questioned her.

“What’s the matter, ole ooman?”

At the voice the woman looked up, and, seeing a sympathizing face, seemed eager to impetuously pour forth her
troubles. Her master had brought her down to sell, after twenty years of faithful service, because she couldn't do much work now, and so she had to separate from her little grand-child, the only being left to her on earth.

After a few moments, Jacques felt unable to endure her distress any longer, and turned again to his secluded corner.

The auction was now just beginning, and the expectant crowd drew closer around the stand. The first negro dragged up was a whimsical-looking creature, who set all the crowd to laughing with his queer contortions and droll sayings, and, withal, seemed so completely satisfied with his condition that, after a few bids, a benevolent-looking gentleman purchased him at a good price as an attendant for his children, thinking that he would afford them great amusement with his antics. And so, one after the other, the wretched negroes passed up, and, as his master's turn approached, Jacques's heart sank within him, for he knew of the thousand and one things that might happen to his undoing. At last there was a hush of expectancy as a helpless form was brought forward and placed before the auctioneer. The form, though rigid, showed signs of returning consciousness, and there was a twitch of the muscles from time to time.

"Now, gentlemen," the auctioneer began, "here we have a specimen somewhat disabled, but, at the same time, if you will examine the muscles and the limbs of this here animal, you will come to the conclusion that it's a mighty fine piece of flesh. His master brought him down yestiddy, but last night he got on a tear unbeknownst to his master, and he ain't come to yit; but you will observe, gentlemen and ladies" (as he observed two interested females who had just entered), "that he already begins to show signs o' life. Now, all that's necessary is to keep this specimen in the country, away from liquor, and to keep him always entertained with hard work, and I guarantee that you will have no trouble whatsoever. Now, howsomever, in consideration of the fact aforemen-
tioned, ladies and gentlemen, that he is addicted to the fiery, and, ladies and gents, we all have’s our little failings, his master has agreed to let him go dirt cheap, bein’ as he needs the money and is bound to have it. Ain’t I right, sir,” he asked, glancing inquiringly at Jacques, in the corner.

Jacques nodded in assent.

“Now, gentlemen and ladies,” continued the auctioneer, “what do you think of seven hundred dollars? Dirt cheap. Look at them biceps. I guarantee they kin do the work of six oxen. Look at them calves, ladies and gentlemen. They kin do the work of a dozen cows. Bound to have my little joke,” he continued, modestly. “Nobody at seven hundred?”

There was a silence. Evidently no one in the crowd was disposed to buy a drunken negro.

“What! not seven hundred? Then six.” No response. “Well, you’ll force me down to the ridikerlus figger o’ five hundred dollars. Ladies and gents, look at that ar chist. W’y, he could blow a bellus twenty-four hours without takin’ a fresh breath. Four hundred? No takers?”

He went on singing the praises of his wares, but no one would buy, though he came down to two hundred. Finally he called out to Jacques, whose fears in the meanwhile had been rising steadily: “Come here and take your nigger, and bring him another time when he’s sober. Ain’t nobody goin’ to buy a unconscious nigger, and I don’t much blame ’em. Maybe he won’t git conscious. Maybe he’s pisoned.”

Jacques, realizing that heroic measures must be taken, now came forward, with evident reluctance, and stood in the full glare, facing the crowd. The desperation of the situation steeled him. The form beside him was beginning to stir.

“Gentlemen,” he said, “I swar this man is soun’ as a dollar, an’ if he ain’ I’ll give you back your money. The sale ’ll be over in a minute, an’ we’ve gottuh have the money quick. Some doctor here kin tell you the nigger’s all right.”
Jacques exerted himself to speak as well as he could, and really the fact that he spoke in dialect excited no suspicion, as many of the white children—even of the better class—imitated the negroes in their speech.

A ready practitioner stepped forth from the crowd and gravely put his ear to the man's heart.

"See no reason why he won't come round," declared the doctor. "Suffering from slight alcoholic depression." In a lower tone he said, "Two dollars, please," and Jacques, without hesitation, slipped the money into his hand. Just then the boy noticed the auctioneer peering into his face with a peculiar expression that made him fear that he was discovered, but, as the man did not seem disposed to make any disclosures if he did know anything, Jacques plucked up courage and called out in a quiet voice, "Las' chance, gentlemen!"

To his delight a man stepped forth, whom he recognized as his friend of the morning—the man with the wooden leg.

"Brother," said this worthy, "I b'lieve I enjoyed a little conversation with you this mornin', if I ricollic' right, and I b'lieve I told you about a ole ooman I brought down here to dispose of. It seems like this here crowd to-day ain't a lookin' for bargains, so I'm gettin' feerd the ole gal won't bring nothin' 'tall, specially as she has her rheumatism on to-day, like your nigger his whiskey. I've got a proposition to make to you. I give you that ole ooman an' fifty dollars boot fer your drunken nigger, an' I guarantees I sober him up when I gets him, I does, by gimminy."

Jacques was about to cry out in his eagerness to accept the offer, but managed to restrain himself.

"That's mighty little, and I think your old woman ain't worth much," he replied.

He was interrupted here by fearful cries from the negress's cage. "'Fore Gawd, mister, don't buy me! Nobody don't wan' me. I wants to git back to my chile."
"Hush up," cried the gentleman of the wooden leg, "or I'll kick the holluh' out'n you."

"But," continued Jacques, "I gottuh sell, so I'll ask the auctioneer to put him up agin."

"Just as you say," assented the auctioneer, in a tone Jacques found it impossible to understand. "Here goes."

He called over all the figures he could think of, but no answer. Finally he said: "He goes to this gentleman."

"Wait a second," said the gentleman of the wooden leg. " Strikes me that e'er man said sumpin' that didn't soun' like nigger talk. Let me look at that specimen."

Jacques's heart was thumping madly as the man of the wooden leg leaned over the recumbent figure.

"Here's his brand and here's a nick in his year," he enumerated, and, placing his finger on the cartilage of the nose, "ain't got no groove here. Must sure be a nigger."

Just as he said the words the figure stirred and the eyes opened, and, with a stupefied look, the man said, "Mon Djie."

Jacques could hardly suppress his terror, but the eyes closed again, and the man with the wooden leg continued: "I beg your pardon, but it ain't common for a darky to say what I thought I heard him say; but, of 'cose, it's alright now, ain't it? Here's the money. Bring that ole nigger here. Here's your new master, Mandy."

The negress looked at Jacques with affrighted eyes, and began to whine.

"You ain't a-goin' to take me way fum my chile, is you?"

"No," answered Jacques; "you are free."

The old woman's delight knew no bounds. Regardless of her rheumatism, she danced for joy.

"I know what I'se gwine do," she cried. "I'll wuk till I gits enough to buy my chile. You'll sell my chile, won' you, master?"

"Yes, you ole fool; but I'm not thinkin' you'll ever make
enough to buy him. But the idee of a man’s what’s bound to sell a nigger settin’ another free. I never see the like. I’ll tell you good-bye, but I’d like to have your address, case this nigger don’t come to, when you’ll hear from me sho’.”

Jacques gave a fictitious address, while the auctioneer’s eyes were upon him all the time, piercing like gimlets.

“Well,” continued the purchaser, “I’ll chain up this nigger at the tavern till my 7 o’clock boat leaves.”

When the deed of sale and the emancipation paper were drawn up, the man with the wooden leg took his departure, accompanied by his possession in a wheelbarrow under the charge of a negro boy.

The crowd had now scattered, only a few over-inquisitive loungers waiting to witness the final transaction of the sale. The dealer was casting his accounts and figuring his profits.

“Take your part and gimme the res’,” said Jacques, coolly.

“Part, you beggar,” retorted the other, looking up abruptly; “you didn’t know I knew you, did you? Your talk made me suspicious, and afterwuds, when I saw you good there in the sun, you couldn’t fool me for nothin’. You’re that beggar varmint that lies on the cathedral steps, and I’ll keep every cent of this, and won’t enquire into where you drugged and stole that nigger from. But git out er here this minut, or I’ll have you strung up, nigger or no nigger.”

Jacques’s courage collapsed at this disclosure, and he found himself incapable of inventing a single explanation. He was dumbfounded. But realizing the loophole of escape presented by the dealer’s last words, he turned and almost fled, so precipitate was his retreat. Nor did he heed the words of the old crone he had freed as she called after him with words of thankfulness and of entreaty at the same time, beseeching him to help her to get back to her child. He heard nothing but the slave-dealer’s words ringing in his ears. On he hurried through the populous part of the city, and did not stop until he reached a great oak in the park, where many a duel
had been fought, and here he sat on a bench and tried to appreciate his present position. The predicament was terrible. Le Jeune's companions might visit his house not later than a week, to enquire of his whereabouts, and the truth would soon come out. On the other hand, the girl. Could he return to her to let her know that he and she were far apart? He lingered for hours without reaching a decision, until at last, as the shade of evening began to fall, he recalled that the man with the wooden leg had said that he would leave on the 7 o'clock boat. Jacques felt that he could do nothing unless he knew his master was still in captivity. So he resolutely started on his way back to the town, avoiding the frequented thoroughfares.

He reached the great wharf, and, gliding along among the cotton bales, secreted himself in a position from which he had an unobstructed view of the side-wheel steamer moored there. The gang-plank had been lowered and several passengers were going on board. Porters were trundling trunks and other luggage. Then came more passengers, all of whom Jacques scrutinized with feverish eye. Still the man of the wooden leg had failed to appear, and Jacques's apprehensions were growing stronger and stronger. The boat was getting up steam, an activity was noticeable on deck; a man was holding the mooring rope, ready to cast it aboard; the gang-plank was beginning to stir, when there was a cry to halt, and up rushed the man with the wooden leg, and behind him two burly blacks, dragging Le Jeune, who was screaming and expostulating and struggling mightily, despite the cords with which he was bound.

He protested vehemently to the man with the wooden leg that there was a mistake. He swore that his own slave had sold him, but, as he was unable to explain the brand, and the description he gave answered little to Jacques's present appearance, the man with the wooden leg concluded that his
captive was suffering from the surviving hallucinations of his spree, and exhorted the guards to hurry on. They continued to drag the wretch, screaming ceaselessly until some one thrust a cloth into his mouth, and then there fell a sudden quiet, until a dull thud announced that the burden had been lowered into the hold. Jacques could hear the man with the wooden leg remark, "That's the craziest nigger I ever run across, but I've got a ole stick at home that kin tame any nigger I ever see."

Suddenly there was the long, piercing shriek of a steam whistle. The hinged gang-plank rose slowly, high above the deck of the boat. The ropes were thrown aboard, and the noisy monster pushed off into mid-stream, and boldly set itself to struggle against the mighty current of the "Father of Waters." Jacques stepped from his hiding-place and hurried down to the levee to watch it, as its lights grew fainter and fainter until the last glimmer faded out behind the bend of the river.

The boy's figure was almost sublime in its majesty as he held forth a trembling hand towards the heavens, and muttered, with a smile, "I'm even at las'. Praise to holy Mary and Sain' James."

He stood still many moments longer, enjoying the ecstasy of accomplished vengeance, until, with a start, he thought of the girl lying unconscious, perhaps dead, upon the ragged couch, and he started back at a run towards the country, cold with anxiety and fear; but, after a few steps, the remembrance of his own race, together with its merciless antipathy, came upon him, and he wheeled suddenly around, and, with a defiant look, set his face towards the city.
Two Loves.

I loved a maid of beauteous face,
Of supple form and sylph-like grace;
And the wild, mad passion of my desire
Seemed quenchless then as eternal fire.
But Time, rough vandal, in his wonted way,
Soon made his reckless fingers play
On the fair face that won my heart,
And marred all trace of nature's art;
So Beauty vanished beneath the blight,
And Love, the rascal, followed Beauty's flight.

I love a maid of wondrous grace,
Whose sunny nature lights her face
And makes it glow with a beauteous light,
Dispelling all gloom like a thief at night;
Whose gentle soul, in its peaceful calm,
Exhales a sweet, ne'er-failing balm.
Here Time has failed at his old tricks,
As each day seems to closer fix
My fate with hers, and gladly
I submit unto my destiny.

—G. C. S.

Milly's Proposal.

G. H. WINFREY.

"DICK, you are a fraud. Don't you know you are cheat­
ing some girl out of a happy home? What makes you
so selfish?"

"Why—er—what do you mean, Milly?"

"I mean just what I say," answered Milly. "You have a
nice home and a good income, and still you are so selfish
that you don't want to share it with any one. You men are
so selfish."
“What! Do you mean that I ought to get married?” asked Dick, laughing. “I get married! Well, I never.” Here he broke out in a long laugh. “That would be too funny. But, seriously, Milly, I never thought of it in that light before. Upon my word, I never. I have been very happy, as I have never cared much for any woman in particular, and never thought that I was depriving any one of a home.”

“Well, you are,” answered Milly, “and it’s time you stopped it.”

“But, Milly, just think of it! I to give up my happy bachelor life just for the sentimental reason of giving some girl a home.”

“There it is again—your old self sticking out. Don’t you suppose that the girl would give up something in return? Just imagine how happy you would be, on returning from your work every night, to have a sweet, loving little wife to welcome, pet, and love you. Wouldn’t it be jolly?” exclaimed Milly, clapping her hands delightedly. “She would be such a comfort to help you over the hard places and difficulties of life. You are just living half your life. Why don’t you complete it? Make life and home what it was intended to be.”

“Don’t be so hard on a fellow, Milly. You make me feel almost like a criminal,” answered Dick. “But what must I do? I have never been with girls much, never loved any except the little girl years ago, and, what is still worse, I don’t know how to go about it—the courting process, love-making, etc.”

“Well, where have you been all your life?” asked Milly. “But, any way, I’ll help you all I can.”

“What do you know about it?” asked Dick.

“Oh, I can show you what I’ve learned from reading novels,” answered Milly.

Dick Woods and Mildred Carroll were old friends—old sweethearts we might say, for they had been sweethearts in
childhood. But Dick, on leaving home early in life and going to work in the city, had lost sight of his boyhood sweetheart. He had made a name for himself in the city which was now his home. Starting at the very bottom of the ladder, he had worked his way up by his own efforts, until he was partner in the largest manufacturing enterprise of the city. Strange to say, he had never returned home since his parents' death, a few years before, until the present summer.

Milly during Dick's absence had grown from a little girl in short skirts to a graceful young lady of twenty-three. Her hair, about which Dick used to tease her, calling it yellow, Chinese queue, etc., was a beautiful shiny mass of gold now, which exactly matched her wonderfully beautiful blue eyes. Her lips, a perfect Cupid's bow, were as red as carnations, and her teeth as white and glistening as pearls. Still Dick, unused to the fairer sex, failed to notice all this.

On his arrival at his old home, most of his boyhood companions having gone, he renewed his friendship with Milly. But to return to the story.

"First," said Milly, "you must promise to be good and to do just as I tell you. Do you promise?"

"Certainly," said Dick, "but—"

"But nothing. Do just as I tell you. Now sit down beside me," commanded the much amused teacher.

"Tell me," she continued, "that you love me, and that you can't live without me. Go ahead; don't be nervous; I'm not going to bite your head off."

Dick slowly repeated the words.

"That does pretty well to start on," encouraged the teacher.

"Now ask me if I don't love you a little bit, and, if you do, will you marry me?"

"Capital!" cried Milly, laughing gleefully. "You are an apt pupil, Dick."
"But," said Dick, "don't I take her in my arms and kiss her, or do something of the kind?"

"No, silly!" spoke up Milly, quickly.

"But in novels," said Dick, "I thought—"

"Oh, bother the novels; that is all foolishness. Besides, we are not lovers," she added, a little strangely.

Dick was to leave on the 8:50 train, and time never seemed to fly so swiftly by as it did now. For some reason or other, he felt that he was not himself, but, try as he would, he could not discover the cause. Stupid man!

Milly also felt out of sorts, but why—did she know? Ah! that was the trouble—she did know! How she hated herself for the mischief she had played with her own heart that afternoon. But it was too late now. The mischief was done, and she must suffer the consequences.

Repressing with a mighty effort the sob that arose in her throat, she came down to tell him good-bye.

"Good-bye, little teacher," began Dick, cheerlessly. "I don't know how I would have—why, Milly! What is the matter?"

Then he saw! He knew what was in her heart, and that the light of Love was breaking in upon his own heart as a ray of sunlight through the clouds.

"Milly, love, I won't leave if you don't want me to," said Dick, tenderly, taking her in his arms and kissing her troubled lips. "What do you say, darling? You know that I've always loved you, and I've been such an idiot that I didn't know it. Answer me, darling; if you don't, I'll take you just as you are," said Dick, smiling down upon her.

"Either one would suit me, dear," whispered the happy Milly, smiling at him through her tears.

Afterwards, as they sat together planning their happy future, she whispered to him: "Don't you think it was awful in me to do as I did this evening—that foolish little lesson I gave you?"
"Why, no, beautiful," he answered; "you have made me the happiest man in Virginia. But there is one question I want to ask you, and that is, am I the first man you ever proposed to?"

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An Explanation.

BY LEWIS E. CUTCHEON.

The time of day? 'Twas time of night!
Within, the gas burned not too bright:
Without, the sleet; the month December.
The maiden's name? I don't remember.
The fellow's? Well, that matters not;
Names cut no figure in this plot.
You heard a scuffle? What of that;
'Twas but a mouse, or maybe — rat!
You must not think there's ought amiss;
The smack you heard was but a kiss:
The screech an accident — then hush—
A sign of business — Bliss and Blush!

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Review of "Paul and Virginia."

BY COSBY M. ROBERTSON.

To speak of the merit of this beautiful little gem would be unnecessary; it tells its own story impressively, and in a language so simple, so natural, and so true that it touches the common chord in human hearts. It awakens within us a higher appreciation of nature, and, while it seeks to elevate and strengthen the understanding, it teaches and purifies the heart. In this the story of "Paul and Virginia" ranks pre-eminent.

This philosophical tale, while still a mere story for children,
seems to spring naturally out of the author's own heart, temperament, and environment. From his youth Bernardin de St. Pierre was a profound admirer of the whole work of creation; his heart was in sympathy with all living things. He studied nature with admiring and observing eyes; his love for all animals was intense.

Bernardin de St. Pierre was born at Havre in 1737. From his early childhood he had an intense passion for tales of voyages and adventure. His life was far from happy. Few people understood his disposition, and this, no doubt, had its part in tingling his imagination with that wild and tender melancholy so prevalent in his writings. On account of his timidity he was self-banished from society. He loved rather to stroll alone and to meditate on the wild beauties of nature. His tenderness of feeling is plainly exhibited in "Paul and Virginia." This work has an historical interest from the fact that it was written just before the great French Revolution, when the gathering gloom was evident, and we see in some degree the ideas that existed at that important era. Bernardin de St. Pierre belonged to the same school of philosophy as did Rousseau, and this philosophy of "nature loving" is plainly exhibited in the story.

The plot is simple. The story is intensely interesting, and a peculiar sadness is thrown over us as we draw on to the climax, which is wrought out naturally and forcibly. The story is laid on a little island not a great distance from France, and is represented as being related by an old man of the island who had lived there for a long time and was thoroughly familiar with it. The story was told to a traveler, who is on his way from Europe to India.

The island is characterized not only by its quietude, but by its suggestive beauty. On the eastern side of the mountain slope, which rises just above Port Louis, can be seen the ruins of two small cottages; around the ruins the land bears marks of former cultivation. On the left rises the mountain called
the Height of Discovery, from which the eye can perceive the sails of ships as they first cross the horizon. At the foot of the mountain is situated the little sea-port, Port Louis. On the right can be seen a road which stretches from Port Louis to Shaddock Grove, where a church of the same name lifts its head; from this a forest extends to the bounds of the island. The front view presents a bay, which is called Bay of the Tomb, and a little to the right is seen the Cape of Misfortune; beyond this the vast ocean spreads itself, bearing on the surface a few uninhabited islands, one of which is called Point of Endeavor. At the entrance of the valley murmuring sounds of the wind and the tumultuous dashing of the waves, breaking at a distance on the cliffs, are incessantly echoed by the mountain; but near the ruined cottages all is still and deserted; no living soul now wanders about these crumbling habitations.

Well might the traveler inquire concerning these surroundings, where once some humble family lived, toiled, and passed away. The little church in Shaddock Grove has its sad history, and the graves near the church have a story connected with them. Had this place been entirely forgotten? Was there not one living soul who should keep the records of this place from oblivion? As the traveler sat near the ruins of the cottages, pondering over the peculiar surroundings, an old man passed near the spot, leaning upon a staff of ebony. His hair was white and he wore an air of dignity. After some words of salutation, the traveler asked the meaning of the ruined cottages. Said the old man: "Twenty years ago this rubbish and this untilled land was the property of two small families, who found happiness in the solitude of this island." The traveler desiring to know more of the history of this place, the old man proceeded with the narrative:

Monsieur de la Tour, a young man, who was a native of Normandy, came to the island in 1726, bringing with him a beautiful wife, whom he loved tenderly, and by whom he was
no less tenderly beloved. She belonged to a wealthy and
noble family of the same province, but she had married this
man secretly and against the wishes of her parents, who re­
fused their consent because he was from parents who had no
claims to the nobility.

Monsieur de la Tour, wishing to form a plantation on the
island, embarked for Madagascar, in order to purchase slaves.
He reached Madagascar during the unhealthy season, and
soon afterwards contracted fever, from which he died. His
wife, who was pregnant, found herself a widow, with no
earthly possessions and no support except one negro woman.
Too proud to ask help after the death of her husband, she
resolved to spend her life on this lonely island, and with her
slaves to cultivate a small plantation. Desiring to be alone
and to conceal herself from observation, she left that part of
the island which was most visited, and came to this mountain
side, where she would be unobserved. The spot to which
Madame de la Tour had fled had already been inhabited for
a year by a young woman of a lively, good-natured disposi­
tion. Margaret (for this was her name) was born in Brittany,
of a family of peasants, with whom she might have passed
through life in simple rustic happiness if she had not listened
to the passion of a gentleman who had promised her mar­
rriage. He soon abandoned her, and, adding inhumanity to
seduction, refused to insure provision for the child with
which she was pregnant. Margaret then determined to leave
her native village, where she had lost the only portion of a
poor peasant girl, her reputation. With some borrowed
money she purchased an old negro slave, with whom she cul­
tivated a small portion of the island.

When Madame de la Tour came to the island she found
Margaret with her child. She soon became acquainted with
her, and, finding each other in similar circumstances, they at
once became bosom friends. They built two cottages close
to each other, and divided the plantation of about twenty
acres between them. Soon after the second cottage had been completed Madame de la Tour gave birth to a girl, who was named Virginia.

Margaret's slave, Domingo, was very attentive to the plantations of both Margaret and Madame de la Tour, and he cultivated each with equal care. His wife, Mary, the servant of Madame de la Tour, was also a faithful servant. She was devoted to Domingo, whom she had married on the day Virginia was born. It was the care of Mary to prepare meals, to rear poultry, and, at odd times, to weave baskets.

Madame de la Tour and Margaret were constantly employed in spinning cotton for their families. The little company all dressed very plainly, never wearing shoes except on Sunday, when they attended mass at Shaddock Grove.

At a very early age Paul and Virginia formed a great attachment for one another. As children they played together as brother and sister, and, indeed, called themselves brother and sister. It seemed, even at this early age, their only object was to please each other, for of all other things they were ignorant. They could neither read nor write. Neither were they disturbed by inquiries about past times, nor did their curiosity extend beyond the bounds of this mountain. They were willing and contented to live according to the dictates of nature, and there was never a trouble to beset their happiness.

Madame de la Tour had a very rich aunt in France, by whom she had been cruelly treated while she was still in her native land; but, after Madame de la Tour's husband died, she wrote to this rich aunt for help, but, seemingly, in vain. At length a letter was received from her aunt, who was just recovering from illness. The aunt desired to have Madame de la Tour and Virginia return to France, promising that if they would come she would leave to them her fortune, and would give Virginia a good education. When the letter was read to the little company they all were grieved at the
prospect of having the happy little society broken. Madame de la Tour finally decided that she would not go back to France herself, but would let Virginia go. The thought of Virginia’s leaving almost broke Paul’s heart. It was sad and pathetic to see how he pleaded with her mother not to let Virginia leave. It was a grief to both of the children, for they were now old enough to know what it meant to be separated.

On the evening before Virginia left she and Paul had wandered out to the Height of Discovery, and there, seated upon the rock, they spoke of the departure. Paul pleaded eloquently with her, saying that he would never again see her if she should leave. Finally Madame de la Tour could stand it no longer, and she promised Paul that she would not let Virginia go till she had considered it again. Paul was led away to spend the night by the old man, who wished to cheer him up.

The following day, when Paul was returning home, the first object he beheld was Mary, mounted on a rock, earnestly looking seaward. As soon as Paul perceived her, he called out from a distance, “Where is Virginia?” At this Mary turned her head and began to weep. Paul, distracted, began to retrace his steps, and ran to the harbor, where he was informed that Virginia had embarked at the break of day. He then returned to the rock where on the day before he had seen and had been with Virginia. From there he caught sight of the vessel that was bearing away Virginia, his only companion. He remained there a greater part of the day, with his eyes fixed upon the object. When it had disappeared he still fancied he could see it, and when at length the traces which clung to his imagination were lost in the mist of the horizon he seated himself on that wild point, forever beaten by the winds, and the hoarse murmurs of the water inspired a profound melancholy in the heart of the young boy. Then he wept bitterly, as he thought of the evening before, when he was with Virginia—on that same rock. For several days he
employed himself in gathering together everything that had belonged to Virginia—the last nosegay she had worn, the cocoa shell from which she used to drink.

Paul at last resolved that he would learn to write, so that he could write to Virginia. A year and a half passed, and there had been no tidings from Virginia, save a report which had been accidentally received that she had reached France in safety. At the end of eighteen months a loving, but sad letter was received from Virginia. Her aunt had been destroying her letters, and none of her letters had been sent. The letter plainly showed that the girl had been unhappy; her aunt was cruel to her, and she could not bear the artificial life in France; she longed to be back on the island again with her only friends.

Eight and a half months passed before Virginia was again heard from. One morning, at break of day (it was the 24th of December, 1744,) Paul, when he arose, perceived a white flag hoisted on the Height of Discovery. This was a signal that a vessel would soon arrive. This ship brought a long-wished-for letter from Virginia. Paul quickly carried it home, and, with eager hearts, the little company opened it. It said that Virginia was on her way home, and the vessel on which she expected to come would soon arrive.

At this season of the year the passage from France to the island was very rough, and even now a storm was gathering on these waters. It was now late in the afternoon, almost dark, and still the vessel had not arrived. A hurricane had arisen, and it was now dangerous for a ship to be at sea. As it grew darker cannon were heard out in the tempest, which was the signal of a ship in distress. In a short time many people had gathered on the shore to await the ship's arrival, among whom were Virginia's mother, Margaret, Paul, and the two negro servants. As night grew on there were large fires built on the shore, so as to direct the way of the ship.
All night passed, and still the “St. Geraud” (for this was the name of the vessel) had not landed. At daybreak the ship could not be seen, but the cannon, as they fired at intervals, gave evidence that the ship was not far from land. Finally the winds carried off the mist which had so long concealed the ship, and it could be plainly seen. It was in a perilous condition, badly broken, and the decks were seen crowded with people. As each billow bore it landward the people could be more plainly seen, and their cries could now be heard.

Paul had watched the ship with intense emotion. Finally he observed at the rear of the wrecked ship the form of a girl, with outstretched hands, crying for help. This girl was none other than his own Virginia, and he knew it. He dashed himself in the water; and said he would help her at the peril of his own life. But the angry waves bore him back on the land, senseless and bleeding. When Paul recovered from the shock he again attempted to help Virginia, but was kept back.

The ship at last went aground, and there stuck fast. It was almost shaken into pieces, and many people had already been engulfed in the foaming waters. The sea seemed to grow fiercer amid the cries of the distressed, and at length the mad billows swept over the whole wreckage, and the form of Virginia was seen to be swallowed up in the yawning billows, and borne landward, to be buried in the sand. At this spectacle Paul’s life was crushed forever. Never again was he to be happy.

On the following day the burial of Virginia took place. It was a simple affair. Many of the neighbors had gathered to pay their last tribute to Virginia. Never was seen a sadder spectacle.

Paul gradually lost his mind. He would wander alone and dream dreams of his past love. He would often go to Shaddock Grove, where Virginia was buried. The recollec-
tion of by-gone pleasures but added acuteness to his present sufferings. The little island that had in times past seemed so beautiful, so attractive to him, now lost all of its former beauty. The waters that had once sang sweet love ditties now chanted sad funeral dirges over her whom he loved. The wind that once played through the beautiful hair of Virginia now moaned and sobbed discordant cadences.

Paul could bear this but a short time, and before many weeks had passed he was also laid in Shaddock Grove by the side of Virginia. Both mothers were grieved to distraction, and soon Madame de la Tour bid a tender good-bye to Margaret, only to be followed by her in a few months. The once happy family had all been laid in Shaddock Grove, and none knew the sad story save the old man who related the narrative to the traveler, whose eyes were now wet with tears as he heard the pathetic story.

A Prayer.

O, thou almighty, ever present One,
Who marks each sparrow fall,
In truth Thou knowest all.

Thy great unbounded love inspires the sun,
And speaks through the robin's sad yet joyous tone
And through the violet small.

Thou gavest me a life oft tempted sore
With passions strong and wild.
Forgive thy erring child,
That they have left ajar his conscience door,
And through its crevice peers forevermore
The world's alluring smile.

—J. H. G.
St. Francis of Assisi.

BY JOSEPH F. CROPP.

Francis was born at Assisi (1182 A. D). He was a saint of the Roman Catholic Church, and the founder of the great order of the Franciscans. His father was a trader in goods, which he purchased chiefly in the southern part of France, to which he made frequent journeys. On one of these journeys his son was born, and, in consequence, received from his father the name of Francesco.

He did not have any special love for school instruction, and was by nature a merry-hearted and careless fellow; but his parents expected something great from him. His father formed expectations of a courtly career, but his mother, seeing more into the boy’s heart, would say to her neighbors, “If he lives like the son of a prince now, he shall hereafter be a child of God.” At the age of twenty-five Francis was seized with a severe illness, which altered his life greatly. At first his mind was turned towards military devotions, and then in a consuming spirit of self-sacrifice for the good of others. All his love of amusement and worldly display disappeared. He began to speak of poverty as his bride, and the poor and the sick and the leper became the objects of his peculiar care; he cherished in ministering to the wants of such as these. He made a pilgrimage to Rome, and, in his enthusiasm for poverty, flung all he had on the altar of St. Peter’s, joined himself to a troop of beggars, and gave himself up to a wandering life of alms-giving and charity. This his father did not like, and it was the cause of a separation between them. A short time after this an important event of his life took place in the old St. Damian Church, in the neighborhood of Assisi, which had fallen into ruins. The spot was a favorite one with Francis for meditation and prayer, and one day, as he sat in meditation among the
ruins, he seemed to hear a voice saying to him clearly: "Francis, seest thou not that My house is in ruins! Go and restore it for Me." The Divine voice seemed to silence every other voice in his heart—even the voice of conscience. He returned home, saddled his horse, took a bale of his father's goods, and set out to Foligno. He sold both the horse and goods, and rushed to the priest of St. Damian with the money to pay for the restoration of the church. This act caused his father to imprison him, but, by the tenderness of his mother, he was released. After this Francis renounced all dependence upon his father, and gave himself up to the profession of a religious mendicant. "I have but one, a Father in heaven, now," he said. The people were melted to tears by his devotion, and the bishop took him for awhile under his own care. Once more the Divine voice was heard sounding in his ears: "Go preach the Gospel to the poor, and provide neither purse nor scrip for the journey."

Gradually there gathered round his cell, which he had fixed outside the town, near a little church known as the Pontiuncula, a band of disciples as enthusiastic as himself (1208 A. D). In this manner was laid the foundation of the great Franciscan Order, which at first consisted of only seven members, but all of them followed the same rule of life. As he sent them forth, he said: "Go and preach two and two. Preach peace and patience, tend the wounded, relieve the distressed, reclaim the erring, bless them that persecute you, and pray for them that despitefully use you." The gospel of Divine poverty was proclaimed everywhere, and multitudes were added to the order day by day, and finally the Papal sanction was extended to the order.

Francis founded an order of poor sisters, as well as poor brothers, known by the name of "Poor Claras." It originated through Clara, a young lady of the neighborhood of Assisi, who, either attracted by the Saint's preaching or by his life of poverty, or both, resolved to devote herself to self-sacrifice,
as he and his companions had done. From this questionable beginning sprang the sisterhood, nearly as famous in history as the great brotherhood, and which survives to-day.

There was a third order also sprung up in the course of the Saint's lifetime, which was called "Brethren of Penance." Those who came under this order took general vows to abstain from worldly dissipations, such as the theatre, and otherwise to be scrupulous in all their conduct. Women were not admitted to this order without the consent of their husbands. Francis's conduct in this matter is sufficient to prove that, amidst all the child-like enthusiasm of the Saint, he possessed no inconsiderable vein of shrewd discernment and of practical ability. Meanwhile Francis was unceasing in his personal labors. He gained access to the Sultan, and proclaimed to him the gospel of poverty. He was for some time in the Holy Land, and everywhere he gained multitudes of disciples. The atmosphere of miracle everywhere accompanied him, and his fame was spread throughout Christendom. There are many traits of the Saint's character which are in no sense doubtful, but show with a clear and life-like impress what sort of a man he was. He was passionately fond of all living things, and found his chief happiness in ministering to the needs of his fellow-creatures or the enjoyment of the lower creatures around him.

Connected with his love of nature and all living things was poetry, for St. Francis was not only saint, but poet. The stream of Italian song, so soon to swell into the volume of Dante, began to flow in the rugged, but touching verse of the great preacher of Assisi. The most characteristic of his songs is a "Canto delle Creature" (Song of the Creation).

Marvelous as is the life of St. Francis, the marvel that followed his death (4th October, 1226) is more astonishing than any that marked his earthly career. It is said that when his naked body was visible after death, there was found upon it, legibly impressed, the marks of our Lord's passion; and the
sacred story is that one day, as he prayed in the solitude of Mt. Averno, near the sources of the Tiber and the Arno, there appeared to him the vision as of a seraph, with the arms extended and the feet as if fixed to a cross; and, as he thought in his heart what the vision might mean, there were revealed on his hands and feet the signs of nails, as in the Crucified One. There is no doubt but what some such marks were found on the dead body of the Saint.

"Of all saints," says Milman, "St. Francis was the most blameless and gentle. He was emphatically the saint of the people—of a poetic people like the Italians." And to this day the name, the life, and the long suffering of the popular Saint live in the hearts of the poorer and devout Italians.

A Memory.

BY ALICE WHITING TAYLOR.

My wandering feet have trod those paths to-day
Where I so late in joyful gladness went,
And gladly thitherward my steps I bent,
Turning me from the dust and din away.
And tracing with a quiet joy each spot,
Hallowed by some remembrance dear to me;
A smile, a tone that cannot be forgot—
Voices which echo words and looks of thee.
And therefore do I love that beauteous way,
And every spot which thou hast wandered o'er.
These paths shall hallowed be forevermore,
And their memory shall never pass away.
In this day, when every hour sees some new mechanical device given to the public, when every day sees some new book laid before the eyes of the reading world, when every week sees some of Nature’s secrets divulged for the benefit of suffering humanity, the man who keeps abreast of his age is worthy of no small measure of praise. The man who shall rise above his generation in such a time, and in so doing lifts his fellows also, merits the most unbounded admiration. But when a man throws off by his own mental force the black pall of mediæval barbarism that has hung for four hundred years over his ancestors and his nation, and rises so high that his laws and maxims are in use at the present day, then the human tongue recoils from the attempt to render a fitting eulogy to such a man.

Nurtured and cradled in a home which, for its remoteness from civilization, was not surpassed by the fabled wolf’s den from whence sprung the founders of the “Great White City,” this boy developed into a man of gentleness and culture.

He acquired wisdom not from the study of knotty legal propositions, he acquired knowledge not from the solution of complex mathematical problems, but as the Indian singer learned the story of “Hiawatha,”

“In the birds’-nests of the forest,
In the lodges of the beaver,
In the hoof-prints of the bison,
In the eyes of the eagle;
All the wild fowls sang them to him,
In the moorlands and the fenlands,
In the melancholy marshes.”
So Charlemagne grew into a thoughtful man from watching the inhabitants of the forest, and learned military tactics by observing the imperfections of his savage warriors. Taught to wield the spear and bend the bow by a father who knew the sword as the arbitrator of human rights, he grew to a man, regarding right and justice as the cardinal virtues of mankind.

If he sat by his father's hearthstone and listened while the chieftains told tales of victory and conquest, he heard no stories of generosity shown to the fallen foe; he heard no stories of generous provision for the women and children, the fallen and weak of the vanquished enemy. He heard the details of brutal butcheries and of foul assassinations rehearsed as though they had been deeds of great valor and unparalleled courage.

If he stood in his father's door and watched a conquering army return from the distant south, he saw only trophies that denoted the fact that the last vestige of classic civilization had been wiped out. He saw relics of art and of refinement brought home, to be gloated over by men with instincts no higher than the wolves that nightly howled in his native forest.

Wherever he turned his eyes he saw only evidences that civilization was a dim myth of the past.

Such was the ship of state when an inexperienced youth of twenty-odd put his hand to the helm.

Like many another man of true greatness, he realized that the Church was his strongest ally in the upward movement. Immediately upon his donning the purple robes, the news reached him that his ally, the Pope, was sorely beset by the Italian King. With that vigor which ever marked his movements, Charles the Great fell like an avalanche from the wild gorges of the Alps upon the Lombards.

Their king had returned to his slumber, to dream of the day when he should reign supreme over the fair lands of the
Pope, where the shepherd boy watched his sheep on the slopes of the Appenines, and he awoke to find himself a prisoner in the cold, dark walls of a monastery, and to find his crown on the head of the leader of the fierce men who had poured down upon him from the northern forests.

What leader would not have been appalled at the scene which lay before him? If he looked over the sea of morass and forest to the north and east, he looked to a land inhabited by the Saxons, a people daring until they were fool-hardy, resolute unto desperation, resourceful until they defied military strategy, the ancestors of a nation which dictates the present policy of the world, yet, withal, a people as barbarous as when Julius Caesar wrote of them, "Those who dwell across the Rhine are the bravest of all," and as hostile to Charlemagne's religion as the American red man was to the railroad and locomotive.

If he looked to the east and south, he looked toward the land where dwelt the Avaris, that scourge of Europe, dreaded for centuries by even the fiercest of their neighbors.

In a long series of campaigns Charles brought these people to realize that brain is superior to force; that though numbers may for a time triumph over merit and real ability, the victory will be short-lived.

Again and again did the Saxons rise in revolt against what they considered a usurpation, an oppression. Again and again did they show those qualities which caused Thomas Carlyle to say, "You cannot enslave an Anglo-Saxon." And as often did that wonderful leader heap crushing defeat upon their heads. Though never victorious, in a series of nearly two-score battles they were never subdued, but resisted until the Saxons who began the campaign and the Saxons who were finally overpowered were a different people.

A similar story relates the history of the Avaris.

Where one of their bodies was found, another, wearing the armor of the Frankish troops, lay beside it. On the field
where the overwhelming genius of Charlemagne overcame them the dead lay in ghastly heaps, but there were no tracks made by a retreating army. They died fighting in true savage style.

Still goaded on by the terrible maxim that "nothing succeeds like success," he continued his bloody work, smiting with an iron hand every enemy, and crushing with an iron heel every rebellion.

He fought them not for conquest, not for glory, honor, plunder, revenge, and not for love of fighting, but because he knew that, though they were stubborn and dangerous enemies, if they were converted to Christianity, and brought into subjection to the law, they would make the strongest allies of civilization; because he knew that behind these people lay vast unbroken stretches of forests, inhabited by people even wilder and fiercer than the Saxons, and that the Christianized Saxon would make a barrier against the tidal waves of barbarism which were sure to sweep in from that sea, stronger than any entrenchments that human hands could erect.

With all his dependence on the power of the sword, Charles the Great was not unmindful of the fact that, to be permanent, a reform must be genuine.

He induced Alcuin, the best educated man of his century, to come from England and establish schools in his kingdom. He even attended one of these schools himself. He built roads, he made laws, and defended right and justice.

In short, the proud nations of Europe took the first step upward during his reign, and the gray dawn, the light of civilization, which now shines in such dazzling glory over these fair lands, first showed itself when Charlemagne sat on the throne.

True, he, like the rest of mankind, made mistakes. He beheaded two-score hundred Saxon prisoners, but did not Oliver Cromwell find it necessary to adopt similar measures?

He directed a useless campaign against the Saracens in
Spain, and suffered his only defeat in the battle when his gallant nephew, Roland, performed the prodigies of which the bards sang for centuries.

But did not Alexander invade India, did not Napoleon lose an army in the snows, and did not Julius Cæsar die while preparing an expedition against the friendly Parthians?

All in all, he was a man whose like the world will probably never see again. Standing silhouetted as he does against the lurid background of mediæval degradation, contending like some mythical giant with the powers of darkness; possessing the power of Alexander, but lacking his cruelty; possessed of the genius of Napoleon, but lacking his greed, and conquering the same men with a wild rabble of barbarians that Julius Cæsar required the trained legions of Rome to overcome; and, finally, when his locks were whitened, and his body scarred by the wounds of many battles, going down to his grave at peace with all the world. "Claimed by the Church as a saint, by the French as the greatest of their kings, by the Germans as their countryman, by the Italians as their Emperor, and by the civilized world as their friend."

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**To R.**

Golden-haired fairy,  
Eternally gay;  
Bright as the sunshine  
A midsummer's day;  
Brimming with mischief,  
O'erflowing with glee,  
Wild as the wood-lark,  
Untamably free.

Ever so happy,  
Never a care;  
Cheeks wreathed in dimples  
Coquettishly fair.
Sweet-smiling charmer,
   You're flirting, I fear;
Still, there are sirens
   Whose voices we hear
Singing these songs
   That we cannot deny;
Such are the songs
   In your sparkling blue eye.

—J. H. G.

Sweet Memories.

"The heart that has truly loved never forgets."—Moore.

Dearest! I love you not, and yet
I have never learned to forget
Those sweet, sweet days I spent with you
Beneath the elm and maple too.
How sweet you were—how good, how true!
O, queen, I still do think of you,
And though you're now so far away,
We'll meet again, dear one, some day.

—F. G. P.

Lack of Perseverance.

BY ALICE WHITING TAYLOR.

Do you ever become cast down in fighting the battles of life? Do you let slow progress discourage you? Do you look upon your own life, a small part of the world, perhaps, unfit for the attainment of success and the world's good?

Think a moment. If Shakespeare, Tennyson, or Milton had decided that it was of little value to the world to use his God-given talent, there would be a great deal missing in the richness of our literature.
If you throw a tiny pebble into the water, the circles extend further and yet further, and, as they grow invisible, they are felt by waves beyond our vision.

Thus do you affect life. Your influence does not stop with you. It goes on and on, beyond our ken.

Believe in yourself, and learn to decide what your own course in life shall be, and then pursue it with all the intensity of your soul. Make it a point to decide what you shall do, whether it be to work or play. There is no time for mere resolutions. Many an enthusiastic person has failed to add anything to the world’s real good. If you ever have good ideas and noble aspirations, let them not die and leave the ashes of sad disappointment. Keep constantly before you that good ideas will bring success to your life and others. Do not sit and dream all the day, but put those ideas into practical use. Do not permit yourself to fall away from concentrative perseverance.

On to the work which is waiting for you to do.

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The Sabbath.

BY ALICE WHITING TAYLOR.

Gently the Sabbath breaks upon the hills,
As when the first blest Sabbath marked the course
Of time. The golden sunbeam sleeps upon
The woods. No cloud casts o’er the scene a shade.
The six days’ labor ended, man and beast
Enjoy the season of appointed rest.
The fields are lonely, and the drowsy dells
Scarce catch the whisper of the gentle air;
And now is heard far over hill and dale,
Up laughing valley, and through whispering glen,
The sweet-toned Sabbath bell. Oh, joyful sound,
Gladdening the solitary place, and sadder heart.
When from the Indian Isle the storm-tossed bark
Furls its white pinion by its cradled shore,
And the tired sailor on the giddy yard,
Centering the thoughts of years in one short hour,
Looks to the land, and hears thy melting peal.
In such an hour the grateful heart pours out
Its praise, that upward soars like the blue smoke
Rising from its bright cottage-hearth to heaven—
And from the deep empyrean the ear
Of holy faith an answering note receives,
To still the mourning soul, and dry its tears.
Sweet is the Sabbath to a world of care,
When spring comes blushing with her buds and flowers;
When summer scents the rose, and fills the grain,
When autumn crowns her horn, and binds her sheaves,
And winter keeps her cold watch on the hills.

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The Lover's Return.

BY JULIAN LICHTENSTEIN.

"The first sound in the song of love
Scarce more than silence is, and yet a sound;
Hands of invisible spirits touch the strings
Of that mysterious instrument the soul,
And play the prelude to our Fate."

I.

"WHY, my dear Ira, where have you been keeping yourself? Come, old man, fall in love with some pretty girl; you'll find it most helpful in your work."

These words were spoken to me by one of my old friends, Venno Hertz.

"No doubt, Venno, it would be found most helpful," I answered. "But when a fellow has ambitions, and is not a ladies' man—I mean, when he has the greatest respect for them,
but becoming a sweetheart, or some such, is not at all to his taste—why then he had better leave them alone, with this little maxim, 'To aspire is to be alone.'"

"Chut, chut! Stop that sermonizing and listen. There's a charming cousin of mine in town, and I intend to call to-night. Come along." He placed his arm through mine.

"Don't say you can't come, Ira," he continued, deprecatingly. "You are too staid and haughty in ladies' company. Be free and easy; just ramble along; don't talk on any sensible subject. If the theatre is brought up, confine yourself to the dresses and chorus, and you will get along finely. If you wish to speak about books, say I've read so and so; but, for goodness sake, don't attempt to go into particulars—the characterization, description, and sentiment; merely say you have read so and so. That's all that is necessary. To make quite an interesting conversation, criticise every one except her with whom you are conversing."

"No, Venno," said I; "your points are well taken, but they are such as I do not care to follow. Of course, circumstances alter cases. Speaking of this young lady, it is merely to accommodate you that I go. You know that I have the reputation of being a woman-hater. Well, that is far from the truth. I adore them, but my appearance gives one the idea that I'm a cynic or a misanthrope, and you can't blame them for keeping away."

"Pshaw, old man! You have the wrong idea. They think you are intelligent, but very cold and haughty. You are too sensitive, and inclined to feel insulted at every little thing."

Conversing thus, we reached our destination, a very large house—old, substantial, but not elaborate. We were ushered into the parlor, where the young lady and her hostess were seated. Venno was introduced to her—Miss Irene Ray—very pretty; about nineteen years of age; a little above medium height; brown hair, coiled above a pretty forehead;
blue eyes; a roguish and engaging smile; a nose, neither large nor small, but with the very slightest upward turn; lips that seemed irresistible. After his presentation, I was introduced to the hostess, Mrs. Realms, and to Miss Ray. Whenever it falls to my lot to meet young ladies a bashfulness seizes me; but, having by nature a somewhat haughty demeanor, it is rendered more so by the effort to appear natural.

Mrs. Realms had a young son whom I knew very well, and, as he was a very promising youth, I told her so, and I found myself in conversation with her for the rest of the evening, while Venno monopolized his charming cousin.

Speaking with Mrs. Realms, it was but natural to mention some of the nic-nacs, statuettes, curios, and fine paintings, in which the room abounded. It so happened that we entered very deep into history and art.

At times, glancing over to the other couple, I noticed that their conversation seemed to have languished, and Miss Ray was listening to me with an attentive ear. Have you not, while speaking in a company where there was a pretty young girl, felt that her eyes were riveted upon you with an intensity expressive of deep attention, and observed her face sad, bright, or sympathetic as you spoke? Somehow your thoughts become clearer, an inward energy urging you onward; at times you become really clever. I know not why, but I felt so then. From time to time, as I glanced in her direction, I observed her looking at me intently.

When the hour arrived for our departure my friend sought an engagement with her for the theatre, and requested me to go also, and I readily consented. We took our leave, wishing them good-night. While walking home, Venno asked me what I thought of her.

"I don't know, except that she is pretty."

"Old man," he said, "I never saw you do so well. You made an impression. Who would have supposed it was Ira Rhineberg talking—so witty and so eloquent!"
"Such a girl," said I, "would make a dumb man eloquent."

II.

It was Thursday when the visit took place, and the engagement was for Monday night. Venno had purchased the tickets, and sent mine to the house. That night I reached the theatre about two minutes before the curtain rose. The orchestra was pouring forth a rag-time medley. The view that greeted the eye was a vast mass of variegated color—pretty faces, handsome faces, and ugly ones, but, over all, there was a frothing and bubbling of suffused excitement.

Down the aisle I stalked, until the seat, which was next to Miss Ray, was reached. With a pleasant smile, we wished each other "good evening." She said: "I was just wondering who was going to take that seat!" (She already knew, so I afterwards learned.)

When I sat down she began to speak. "I saw this company once before, and they remind me of sticks."

"Yes," I answered, "I have seen them often, and would prefer sticks, for sticks, if they could act, would at least be sincere, and these remind me of frogs, with their monotonous croaking; but the enjoyment of the evening is the company that we're in, rather than the company which we're to look at."

The curtain rose. All was hushed. At that moment something—a haze—came over me. Imagine yourself next to—say, but an inch of space from—a beautiful creature, her pure complexion with the most delicate tints of crimson, hair fragrant with an exquisite perfume, a saucy nose, lips of carmine, a chin of most delicate mould, and shoulders and neck like ivory, tinted with the most dainty touch of an orient sunbeam! Then she turned her face; our eyes met—hers to drop, and mine to feast upon the beauty of her suffused blushes. The intoxication of that
moment! The haze began to deepen; an intense feeling of power slowly filled my being; my fibers felt as if they were strings of a violin, over which an invisible bow moved, silently drawing forth an ethereal harmony. The stage—all had vanished. I felt, more than saw, her hand move. Unconsciously mine followed hers. They touched. My heart was like a bud suddenly blooming forth into a rose, and the fragrance-like magnetic currents went thrilling through my veins, and my body trembled. Our hands clasped; a sweet calm, like a voluptuous dream, followed. Still holding her hand, we remained until the play was over.

When we reached the outside, Venno went pushing rapidly forward into the crowd, expecting us to follow. She did not move or call; neither did I. Certainly, it was wrong. I had a little reason then. But can a pinch of salt destroy the sweetness of a barrel of honey? After Venno had disappeared we took a car. Throughout the ride she gazed from the window at the starry sky and the soft rays of the moon. When we had alighted from the car, she leaned upon the proffered arm.

That night I shall never forget. Would that during such moments we could command Time to stand still!

The dream in which I became enwrapped was lined with rays of a rainbow, and I floated, not walked, through the streets on our way home. The lace-like foliage of the trees formed a cooling arbor, through which the moon sent its silvery radiance, and the leaves thrilled as if they, too, had become enamoured with our love. We spoke not. Could words describe our feelings then? My whole being seemed concentrated upon one point, and that a hazy dream of beauty—a vision of purity, and there seemed to be divine chimes tinkling in my ears.

Ah, inexorable Time! Thou that dost, forever on thy way, sweep across the magnificent castles, leaving only ivy-covered ruins; thou that dost turn the powerful oak, the stately pine,
into a rotten mass; the youthful bloom of innocence into hard, worldly ways; the beauty of our girls into the ugliness that goes with old age. But the memory of such moments as these thou canst not change!

We had reached her house. She left my arm, for some one was waiting. It was Venno. I must confess that I was somewhat disconcerted, but not so Miss Ray. She demanded, with indignation and astonishment: "Why, Mr. Hertz, what are you doing here, after running away from us in such a manner?" For a few moments the time was spent in an argument between Miss Ray and Venno, but what was said I do not know, but have only a slight recollection of being referred to by Miss Ray and Venno respectively and collectively. For the former, whenever she appealed there was a quick, silent nod of assent, but for the latter a negative shake. Several moments later the cloud had passed away—that is, the error was caused by Venno's impulsiveness, so she said. After a while we were chatting pleasantly together, and "sworn good brothers."

When we wished her good-night we both had promised to take a vacation from our duties, to visit her home, Temple's Farm, a half mile from Yorktown. Venno, being her cousin, was, without embarrassment, requested to make a brief sojourn at her house. Then, turning to me, she said: "Really, Mr. Rhineberg, you have a delightful reputation with my parents. Your last picture, 'Love's Best Gifts,' was so sweetly sad. The expression upon the man's face, as he sat at the table reviewing all the tokens of a love long lost and long forgotten, was so touching and beautiful that papa said you were really a coming genius. So, indeed you must come with Venno and honor our house, so that when you become a great artist we can boast of it."

There are a certain few from whom we are willing to stand playful satire.
A week later Venno and myself boarded a train, arrived at
West Point about 5 P. M., and thence took a boat to York­
town, whither we arrived at about 9 o'clock. As the boat
neared the wharf, through the darkness could be seen
groups of people, while others were moving to and fro,
swinging lanterns. All was a bustle of excitement. The
travelers leaned on the rails to observe the sight, while the
townsmen pressed forward to see who should land that night.
Above all sounded the creaking of rolling trucks, as the
negroes loaded and unloaded the boat.

We were met by Miss Ray, her father and mother. We
were led to the family carriage, and, having seated ourselves,
were driven up the hill, through the town, out into the
country where was Temple's Farm.

A light lunch was served, which was followed, of course,
by a general conversation. As the conversation turned more
and more upon personal affairs, I requested to be excused,
leaving Venno to talk with his relatives.

I did not make a light in our room, but sat down near the
window, and gave myself up to meditation. I could now, in
my mind's eye, see Yorktown as it appeared to me when, as a
youth of fourteen, I had visited Captain Jarvis. It was a little
town of about three hundred inhabitants, quiet and slum­
brous, both by day and night, only more so by day. Down the
main road would creep a pair of yoked oxen, drawing a cart,
upon which sat a darky clothed in ragged pantaloons and a
red shirt. The postmaster would be sunning himself in a
garden. The inn-keeper, with several others, would be re­
clining upon benches, drawling forth little bits of politics,
crops, and fishing. In the fields the negroes were slowly
plowing the ground. Over all hung the languor of laziness
and the ennui of sameness. There stood the first custom­
house in America, now dilapidated and used as a negro meet­
ing hall; a few steps farther down is the house of the noble Nelson, still inhabited, though the English balls have left their rents, and Father Time has touched it with his ruinous hand.

Can this place be a seed of the consummate flower of our earlier civilization? All is now hushed save the murmuring waters, whose low voices seem to sing a lullaby which rocks the place into a sweet slumber, while the fresh sea breeze kisses the earth with dew-drops. And here fond memory longs to dwell and recall old days of American chivalry.

Venno's steps are now heard, and I light the lamp. After we had seated ourselves, and lit our pipes, he said: "Ira, Irene is the only girl in this world for me, and the rest of my time is going to be spent in an effort to win her."

"That is the same idea I have myself," said I, calmly.

"What's that? You are not going to give up that unknown girl, of whom the very sight makes you think of angels, and whom you have so often said was the very embodiment of all that a woman should be?" asked he, incredulously.

"We all have our raving moments," I answered. "We see a beautiful girl, and imagine that it is love at first sight, because we feel a slight thrill creep over us. It is true a beautiful woman's eyes have this effect, and for a moment we forget ourselves, even though we do not know her; but it passes away as a dream on the awakening. Now, Irene is one of those who make us conscious of our bad qualities and long to be good, which can only be done under her guidance. But you, old man; how about Miss Gladys Gardner?"

"That is only a passing fancy," he said, irritated, "which shows me what true love is, and that I have for Irene. Indeed, Ira, I'm sorry for you, for when we were about two years old our engagement was made—when Irene and myself were little tots, babies. Our families lived in the same house
and we were so cute that our parents promised each other that when we grew up we should marry."

"Bah!" I broke in, impetuously. "Marry? Nonsense! Who ever heard of such a thing? Engagement from babyhood! A little joke for the moment. A girl should marry whom she loves, and not be bound by any foolish promise as that. Come, Venno, let it be a friendly rivalry. If she loves you, then she is yours; but if she loves me, then she is mine."

We shook hands upon it.

IV.

A week passed. Every morning Irene, Venno, and myself took a morning ride, every afternoon a sail, and every eve a walk down the shore. It must be confessed that these little outings were not very enjoyable, since the conversation was a continual argument (for some inexplicable reason Venno and I always disagreed, contrary to former days). While not in argumentation, we were engaged in a modern game known in polite society as "knocking." We shall pass over this.

A week had passed since the agreement had been made, when Venno was forced to pay a visit one afternoon to some country friend. Irene and I went sailing together. How danced the rippling waters! The green waves in ceaseless joy frothed their milky foam and kissed each other with murmurings low and sweet. The breeze sang and toyed with the sheet. Yonder on the horizon, against the clear blue sky, were ships which, like white-winged birds, seemed to be vanishing to realms far beyond. Yielding to the moment, my brain burned with the liquid fire of love to touch that hand, so pink and white—a longing to hallow it with kisses. How we glided through the air, borne upon perfume and wafted through the beauty of all that vivid imagery-inflamed divinity which surrounds the loved one! Forth from the
waters bubbled glittering diamonds, assuming fairy shapes, and pointed to her alone. Dazed, intoxicated, with heavenly wine, I seized her hand. She snatched it away as if there was contamination in my touch.

"Sir," she said, coldly.

"That's quite uncalled for," I said, as best I could, through mortification.

"What do you mean, sir. My hand is not included in the conventionalities that go to entertain a guest."

"Really, is it a hand? I thought it was a jewel with five ivory prongs, tipped with rubies."

"I am not to be persuaded by flattery. I request you to be careful in your remarks."

Then upon me burst the thought—my race. I could not restrain these angry, incoherent words: "What a fool was I even to think to love you! Bah! what has beliefs to do with it? All that life is worth living for, the jewel of existence, the music that urges, directs us to the noble, the true, the sublime—is to be denied because I am a Jew. Because some have been evil and avaricious, they all must suffer. Because the world judges not by its reason, but by its prejudices—the world condemns and knows not what it condemns—I must not even speak to you. Here I feel my spirit breaking its bonds, soaring free aloft; the whole nature that comes from those who knelt in the house of God when your race were pagans."

Suddenly I gained control of myself.

In moments of great danger, or when a great calamity has befallen, we lapse into a state wherein the great danger and sorrowing of the future seems as nothing, and for the present we become calm. Like a ship in the centre of a whirlwind, there is peace for a while, and the unwary mariner (in life there are many) notes not the threatening evil, and acts as if he were out of danger. So did I then. All love for the moment seemed to have vanished, and, turning the boat to
the shore, I spoke to her politely, but coldly. I thought I had found the reason for the withdrawal of her hand.

It so happened that very night that an old sea captain, a very good friend of my father, wished me to go with him down across the river, about five miles, where lived his family. I willingly accepted, and about 9 o'clock we put out, just as the steamer landed at the wharf. Sitting in the bow of the boat (which Captain Jarvis was rowing), I was already repenting for not having pleaded my cause with Irene. "To-morrow I shall come back and make amends for the cruel things I said. How sensitive she must have been under my harsh words. I was like a ruthless savage breaking priceless statues."

At this moment Captain Jarvis said, "Look, the search-light is shining on the monument." The brilliant light pierced the heavy gloom of night; the waters seemed to my heavy thoughts to beat like a sorrow-laden breast. I raised my eyes. How beautiful stood forth that tall spire, so white against the blackness—the crystallization of liberty? What! Yonder at its base sat Irene and Venno. The light had been but momentary, and when it was again turned on the monument they were gone.

Ah, then, she loves Venno. She is his. She merely played with me that night at the theatre. Heartless creature! That is what love is—a trusting fool and a sphynx. Love is but a mockery—imagination. Like children, we allow ourselves to pretend, and deceive ourselves. Love—life—all is but a mockery—a shadow."

After awhile our boat touched the shore. Jarvis got out and went to a mound upon which stood a little grave-stone. I saw this old man of sixty years, hale and robust, who had fought upon land and sea, braved the tempests, faced the foe—I saw him bend down before this tomb-stone. His frame shook and his voice trembled with emotion as he said: "Molly, Molly; these ten years you've been gone, but I love
you still, and one of these days, before long, we will be together."

All my woes were forgotten at this touching sight, and with him I wept—he whose love was throughout life and everlasting. The world is not all bad!

I need not dwell upon the greetings of his daughters as they hugged their dear old father, nor the shy greetings to the young man with fame, with whom as a child they played.

V.

Four days had passed at Captain Jarvis's house, and on that evening, about 8:30, I was rowing along the river. These four days were filled with conflicting emotions—of jealousy, hatred, anger, and, in short, all the painful feelings that love is heir to. A poet has said:

"Strange that we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown;
Strange that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone."

And thus it was that through the heart's painful throes, and the despondency of what seemed a lost love, her image would still shine forth—would illumine all. Her purity shone as a lily; her eyes burned, glowed, with spiritual fire; her manner, her voice, her tones—every word—would come back to me, not painfully, but so sweetly sad that my heart would throb, throb, throb, as a caged bird fluttering against its bars.

That night, as the moon tipped the waters with its shimmering gold, voices from the deep—strange, mysterious voices—twinged the heart-strings, touched hidden chords, until the flesh grew cold and shivered. The spirit, for a moment, reveled in ecstasy, and then deadened—a feeling of loneliness, sadness, dreaminess, numbness. All around, the
waters lapped and whirled so cruelly. Then her image would
loom forth so angelic, so sweet, but surrounded with dreariness, oppressiveness, and darkness.

Just to look at her once again. Just one look—then all sadness, all melancholy, would vanish. There, in the mind's eye, she stood, but so vague and shadowy. Let the spirit, for an instant, assume flesh and blood; let her rippling laughter tear away the silence. The desire to see her fused the blood with fire, and, as though it were a life race, my arms pulled with powerful strokes the oars. How the skiff shot through the waves; how it rode the billows, faster, faster, to the spot which her purity made crystal, her loveliness holy!

The boat grated on the sands, and I jumped out and wended my way up the hill where the mansion stood. On reaching the top, suddenly the search-light from the steamer (which had just come in) scoured the country with its brilliant rays, and for a moment it shone upon me. As it crossed the mansion I thought I saw a white figure disappear through the doorway. Was it only fancy?

On nearing the house, all seemed dark and quiet. For a long while I lingered under the window, and then walked around the house. Some little time had elapsed when, as I neared the dining-room window, which led upon the veranda, there was heard her laughter, not sweet nor rippling, but loud and boisterous. Impelled by strong curiosity, I mounted the porch and slightly turned a blind. The table was filled with edibles, and there were bottles that seemed to be wine and champagne; but there were only two persons at the table—Venno and Irene. They were each drinking a glass of champagne. There burst from her a loud, tipsy laugh—tantalizing, maddening—while Venno kissed her lips.

Was this my goddess—my angel—who indulged in midnight suppers? I adored this woman. Oh! what more could blood stand? I tore aside the blinds, threw open the window, and
rushed upon Venno, and hurled him, with all my might, to the farther end of the room, where he lay stunned. At that Irene rose up, and, with a look of shame, hung her head. Slowly she raised her eyes, and, as they met mine, in a frenzy she threw herself into my arms, sobbing, sobbing, while her whole frame shook. She kissed me. God! I could swear she was not drunk at that moment. I caught her tight, crying: "Irene, Irene, this is some cruel joke against me. What is it? You were merely acting just then?"

She looked at me with the frightened eyes of a deer, and, suddenly letting me go, said in that tantalizing tone: "Ain't you going to (hic) kiss me?" With a shriek of pain and pity I rushed from the place—I know not where.

It so happened that I went down to the river, where, fortunately, Captain Jarvis was preparing to set out for a night's fishing. I was staggering and faint. He carried me to his home, where for a month I lay in a raging fever.

VI.

A year passed, and I had made my studio in New York, where my best picture, "The Lover's Return," had proved quite a success. One day I received this letter:

"Mr. Ira Rhineberg:

"It is with unbounded delight that we hear you are mounting the ladder of Fame, for such is to be your estate. It so happened that my husband and myself were at the art exhibition where your picture was so well received, and we noticed that the character representing the faithless woman had a great resemblance to myself, and so the other two characters resembled you and Venno, who is now my husband.

"We have purchased the picture. But what I wish to do is to clear up a little misunderstanding. That night (I need not specify), it was not champagne we drank, but merely
ginger ale. It was a plan proposed and sanctioned by my father to alienate our affections. (I say our, for then it was mutual.) Since I had a little knack at acting, papa thought I could carry the farce through. But when I beheld your accusing eyes—the eyes then beloved—I spurned that hypocritical farce, and could not help throwing myself in your arms. But the voice of duty, the love for my dear father and mother, called me to my senses, and again I had to be—Well, enough of this.

"My dear father and mother begged me, on their knees, to marry Venno. And could I, for one instant, cause her pain who nursed me on her breast and showered love upon me always? What love is greater than the love of duty?

"It is with my husband's consent that I write to you; for I have found out that he is so noble and good, and the only one that I could love throughout life.

"You must come and see us. The little baby, Venno says, is just my image; but he really does look like Venno.

"Wishing you success throughout life,

"I am, sincerely,

"Mrs. Venno Hertz."

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To ———.

Far away from me thou art,
Still dost thou linger in my heart.
Thy face, thy smile,
Thy 'witching wile,
Do me in sweet enthrancemenc hold.
I love thee well, I'll love till death,
Forever and forever.
Thy soul, thy mind,
From hands divine
OUR great crises have confronted Virginia. On the banks of the James our sturdy English forefathers fought a life-and-death struggle with the native savages, with poverty, and numerous other foes. But the combative Anglo-Saxon blood, unused to surrender, maintained the fight, and at Jamestown, in 1607, established the foundation of English colonization in the western continent.

About one hundred and fifty years later, when the colonies grappled with the mother country for representation or no taxation, Virginia, which, of all the colonies, seems to have been strongest in the mother spirit, opening her womb, gave birth to the patriotic Henry, with his "liberty or death" message.

A few years later, when the thunder of musketry from the far north told the sad news that our mother country had forgotten justice and attacked her own offspring, did Virginia again meet the demand. She not only furnished her quota of the Continental troops, but also gave, as leader of those troops, Washington, "the father of his country," who both trained the raw recruits and, in their hours of despair,
encouraged them by his own example of fortitude and bravery. When, at last, the "eagle of victory" did perch on the Continental banner, no more suitable place could have been chosen for laying the corner-stone of the "temple of American liberty" than Yorktown, in our own beloved Virginia.

Again, in 1861, a third great crisis confronted her. Once more the battle-cry was raised, and she was called upon to furnish her quota of troops to coerce her Southern sisters, who had seceded, back into the Union. Believing, as she did, in the sovereignty of the State, she at once refused to comply with the demand, and threw in her lot with the Southern States. When the beloved flag of the new Confederacy was unfurled and flung to the breeze, it was in the hand of no less a man than Robert E. Lee, Christian, soldier, gentleman, another of Virginia's illustrious sons. In the struggle that followed not only did she sacrifice her own sons, but hers was the soil made sacred by their blood, and most fittingly has she been called "The Battle-Ground."

To-day, at the dawn of the twentieth century, a fourth, and even more dangerous, crisis threatens—nay, is even now gnawing away the sap, life, and principles of our State. If the enemy threatened us with drawn sword and fixed bayonet, if it was a question of arms, I would have no fear of Virginia's course. I know that she would resist strength with strength. But, when this enemy, so subtle, so insidious, so engrafted into our civic life, threatens us, I am constrained to be dubious of the result. Need I mention that this threatening enemy is the licensed saloon? It has so engrafted itself into our very being, either by inherited taste or social custom, that we have become accustomed to it, and are therefore passive towards its evils. Herein lies the danger.

But, Virginians, sound the battle-cry, awaken your slumbering energies, prepare for the battle. The fight is on, the crisis is upon us, and must be decided in the next few years. It is a well-known historical fact that revolutions never
move backward. That, when a revolution is over, either the ends of the struggle are accomplished, or we sink back into a worse state than that from which we tried to escape. That the anti-saloon movement is a revolution, we may easily see, when we hear the reports coming to us from the ice-clad hills of Maine to the sunny plains of South Carolina. During the year 1903 Ohio raised sixty thousand ($60,000) dollars to put down the saloon. If each saloon closed in that State during the last eighteen months was allowed a frontage of thirty feet, it would require a street three miles and a half long to contain them. In the State of Maine there has not been an open saloon—one that has its signs out, so that a person who does not know the ropes can get whiskey—for fifty years, with the probable exception of Bangor, the worst liquor town in the State, which has one or two saloons. In our own State the organized anti-saloon movement is in its inception; but, since the organization of the Anti-Saloon League, three years ago, five hundred and thirty saloons have been closed. During the year 1903 over four thousand ($4,000) dollars were raised for this movement.

Let us not, however, be deceived in thinking that the activity is all upon one side. The saloon men recognize that now is the time to crush this movement, and have accordingly raised five million ($5,000,000) dollars for the fight. It is almost needless for me to say that a large proportion of this sum is the hard-earned wages of the daily laborer, which should have been spent to put fuel in the stove, food on the table, and good cheer in the heart and home of his self-sacrificing wife. Nor does the evil stop here. This money is to be used in the coming elections, throughout the length and breadth of our land, to bribe voters, influence judges, corrupt politics, and, if possible, decide the vote in favor of the licensed saloon.

I need not enter into a detailed account of the harm the open saloon is doing. Every right-thinking man will concede
that the saloon is a curse, and you, my readers, know far better than any words of mine can picture horrible instances of crime and degradation, in all of their sickening and harrowing details, that may be attributed to this, the curse of our civilization. If, however, there is any doubt in any mind, let him consider for a moment what influence is most potent in filling our jails and penitentiaries, almshouses and asylums. Think of the widows and orphans, the broken-hearted mothers and fathers, whose whitening hair shows the depth of their sorrow for their drunken boy. Think of the deserted wives, and the ruined manhood of so many bright, intelligent, and promising young men, caused by this demon, alcohol, leading often to the destruction of that which the Creator alone can give, life. Consider the incalculable harm the "social glass" is doing. For it sows the seed that, having fructified, will develop into a love for alcohol as strong as any chains worn by the criminal awaiting execution. Think that from the loins of this man will come the blood, thus tainted, that is to course in the veins of his innocent babe. Remember that this polluted blood will rob his baby of its birth-right—that which it has a right to demand pure of its father and mother, and for which, if impure, it will call them to account before the Great White Throne. Better had he break the glass from which he sips the poison, and, with its rough edges, sever the jugular vein of his babe, and, when its rich, red life's blood has trickled forth, with his own hands place it in its little white casket, than transmit to it such a birth-right.

Alcohol in itself is a great enough evil, but when we add to its own inherent harmful influence the additional evils of the saloon in which it is sold, and of the class of men who hand the poison over the counter, it becomes the "black plague" of our country, crushing out our manhood without respect of person.

In the first place, let us consider the class of men that run
a saloon. I believe that, in the great majority of cases, the one word, mercenary, would best express their leading characteristic. I do not maintain that they are all bad men. In fact, often they are very kind, generous men; but they are in the business for money, and money they are determined to have, regardless of consequences. I think that nothing I can say will show the dangerous character of these men better than a speech delivered by a liquor dealer in a recent convention of liquor dealers in the State of Ohio. In substance, the speech was as follows:

"Gentlemen of the convention, our patrons will die just as the patrons of every other business. In order that the saloon may live, we must have a basis from which we may draw. Therefore I say treat the boys and youth of America to strong drink, in order that they may learn to love it; and I say, furthermore, that every dime so spent will, in the course of a few years, return to you as a dollar."

Talk about putting down anarchy! Why, here is a class of men who are chaining to our American youth a habit that not only renders them incapable of making law, but also makes them lose all respect for law already enacted. And remember, fellow-citizens, that you and I, by our vote at the polls, are licensing the saloon.

In the second place, what about the saloon itself? We all know that in every human breast there is a longing for social life, for the society of congenial companions. I believe that, to a large extent, it is this very desire for company that crowds our saloons night after night. Young men who, in the first instance, have no desire or intention to drink, frequent the saloon because it is bright and cozy. The saloon-keeper makes enough money to buy the best lot in the city, to put up one of the finest buildings, to make it beautiful with works of art—sometimes of a questionable nature—to put in enough lighting apparatus to turn night into day, and, by means of the modern electric sign, to emblazon on the sky

VIRGINIA'S SUPREME CRISIS.
"Old Henry" and "Raleigh Rye." The young men—a great many of whom are strangers in the city, and have no homes here—follow the desire for company, and congregate in the saloons, where they often learn to gamble—for whiskey and gambling go hand in hand—or, yielding to the invitations of friends, and influenced by the desire to be sociable, they gradually begin to drink; and, once started, they drift, and drift, and drift until they become drunkards in this world, fill a drunkard's grave, and spend a drunkard's eternity. Moreover, in the saloon a young man meets and associates with women, who, in catering to the passions of us who call ourselves men, have given rise to a class that makes a Southern girl blush to think of her sex.

Nor are these the only evils that may be attributed to this craving for sociability; for six or eight young men will get together, and go out with the intention of taking only two or three drinks, but at one saloon one fellow will treat, and at another saloon another will treat, until it has gone the rounds, and all hands are drunk.

I know that we cannot legislate this habit out of a man, but we can do a great deal towards lessening his temptations by closing the saloons. Of course, the process must be a slow one, and there must be first certain moral reform in the people of the State. But I claim that such a reform is in progress, that such a ground-swell has passed over Virginia, as indicated by the enactment of the "Mann Bill," and by the anti-saloon movement all over the State, notably in the city of Danville, where local option has been in operation for more than twelve months with glorious results.

Moreover, by closing the saloon we will remove the tinsel, glitter, and enticing social features of drinking. Nor will a man who is striving to overcome this habit be met time and again, on his way through our streets, with the fumes of liquor pouring from the doors of saloons, to set his very blood on fire. No one of us who has not made the struggle
has any idea of what a noble fight some of our brothers are putting up, day by day, while we continue to vote for the licensed saloon, the stumbling-block of our friends.

When we talk of abolishing the saloon some one hurls at us the old argument that prohibition does not prohibit; that we have no right to infringe upon the personal liberty of any man, as we would be doing if we took away his business; that if we take away the saloon we will kill all business industry, and bankrupt the State. But don't go too fast, Mr. Objector! Let's see.

As to the personal liberty objection, I would like to ask if any one can build a glue-factory right under the nose of his neighbor? Can you shoot quail on your own land more than four or five months in the year? If you have small-pox or diphtheria in your home, are you not at once quarantined? Now isn't our personal liberty restricted very often? Can any one do just as he pleases? Since, then, all nuisances are checked by law, why should the greatest nuisance be allowed to go unrestricted?

As to the objection that prohibition does not prohibit, I would like to quote Mr. Littlefield, Congressman from Maine, who has traveled extensively through that State, and who says that the prohibitory law against the sale of liquor has been as well enforced as any other prohibitory law on the statute books of that State. Of course, no law is perfectly enforced, but because all law is sometimes broken would any one, on that account, say that we should have no law?

This is not a question to be measured by dollars and cents, since it means so much to the moral, intellectual, and spiritual welfare of our State. However, even by this standard we can prove that it is both practical and beneficial. In the State of Maine, for the last fifty years—with the exception of two years, when it was repealed, but at the end of that time re-enacted—there has been what is known every-
where as "The Maine Law." This law prohibits the existence of an open saloon in that State. Since this is the only unique feature in the legislation of that State, any difference (good or bad) in the various phases of her life must be attributed to this cause. This law was first enacted about 1852. Previous to this time there was not a single savings bank in Maine. Now, fifty years after, without the saloons—she has deposited in her savings banks (in round numbers) sixty-six million ($66,000,000) dollars, while Ohio, one of the States that pays the largest revenue tax, and hence handled the largest amount of liquor, with a population six times as large as that of Maine, has only forty-four million ($44,000,000) dollars in her savings banks, or twenty-two million ($22,000,000) dollars less than Maine. The wealth per capita in Maine, during the last fifty years, has increased two hundred and fifty-two (252) per cent.

Since 1850 the pauperism in Illinois has increased one hundred and ninety (190) per cent., in Ohio one hundred and eighty-three (183) per cent., while in Maine it has actually decreased two hundred and forty-five (245) per cent.

The increase in insanity in Illinois in this period has been five hundred and twenty (520) per cent.; in Ohio, two hundred and eleven (211) per cent., while in Maine it has only increased one hundred and four (104) per cent. I have chosen Ohio and Illinois because they are two of the States that handle the largest quantity of alcoholic spirits. We must attribute this general state of prosperity in Maine to the absence of the licensed saloon.

That the abolition of the saloon does not kill business industry is shown in a marked way by the city of Danville, in our own beloved State. As I have said before, they have had local option for more than twelve months, and during that time the American Tobacco Company has opened one of the largest warehouses in the South. Twenty-five out of forty vacant business houses on Main street, of that city, have been rented
for good, reputable businesses. There has been a marked increase in attendance in both the public and private schools of that city. The total income tax during the year 1902, when they had the saloon, was one hundred and forty-five thousand ($145,000) dollars. The total income tax during the year 1903 (without the saloon) was one hundred and sixty-one thousand ($161,000) dollars, or a net gain of sixteen thousand ($16,000) dollars. If this is bankruptcy, then may old Virginia be bankrupt forever.

Then, men of Virginia, "seeing that we are compassed about by so great a cloud of witnesses," let us heed the call, and ask ourselves with all earnestness, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Let not Washington sit yonder in the Capitol Square, or Lee recline in Lexington, merely so much bronze and marble, but let their lives and deeds be ever before us, a living, breathing influence, calling us on, as a siren voice, to do battle against this dread enemy, whose victory or defeat will mark the close of Virginia's supreme crisis.

"One?"

BY F. G. P.

"Give me one kiss," I asked, "just one?"

As I held her hand in mine.

But promptly said she, "No, not one!"

I took just eight or nine.

Curiositas Mulieris.
THE IMPORTANCE OF A GOOD EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

That a student should obtain only pleasure from a duty like that of reading and noting the values of the college monthlies goes, or ought to go, without the saying. Besides an increase of knowledge of institutions scattered through the country, there is a reflex benefit upon the editor who undertakes the sometimes tread-on-your-corn duty of criticism. His task done, will see him in possession of ideas of criticism never perhaps before entertained. Facts and thoughts lying about in the magazines become his own. The energy of this business manager or the progressiveness of that editor gives hint of an improvement in his own college periodical. And the upshot of it all will be that, if a conscientious criticism be rightly understood, both critic and criticised will gain mutual profit from an Exchange column.

We like to think of this particular portion of college magazine literature as a kind of assay department, where different colleges send their productions to be tested and appraised. Ours should be the same patient industry, the same sense of duty, as characterizes the work of the pains-taking mineralogist. For the time being, we should lay aside the schoolmaster’s cudgel, and, in a more helpful mood, should live the life of the students whose efforts we criticise, should see their opportunities and drawbacks, and, if they have failed to live up to these, should not mince matters in mentioning their shortcomings. And, just as the assayer has different standards for the valuation of his minerals, so we, too, ought to criticise judiciously. In the nature of things, there can be no hard-and-fast rule of criticism, no single six-foot-three up to which they must all measure. A critic, in order to be just, must first be judicious; in order to be beneficial, he must have been
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considerate of circumstances and conditions which, perhaps, tend to handicap college and students. For instance, he is not to judge the juvenile high school paper by the same standards of literary excellence as the more pretentious university essay into the field of college literature. Each demands a separate consideration, just as much so as does the *pteris* of the botanist in the different stages of its growth.

The writer is one of those unfortunate mortals who delight in conflict, no matter the kind. Born indolent, it takes the clash and thunder of resounding arms to send his blood tingling through every artery. In his case, at least, opposition is good for the soul; so you need not be angered if at any time we twit our exchanges about their doings. Sometimes, no doubt, we may seem to strain at a gnat in order to bring on battle. The best you can do is to attack us in turn—go at us with all the vim in you; but do not get vexed and withdraw your magazine from our table. We recollect once speaking of a certain instrument whose name is that of one of our most esteemed exchanges as being dull, and in need of sharpening. Instead of the hair-pulling to which we looked forward with expectation and delight, our friends withdrew their publication from our sight. Nothing is more unwise, not to say timid. The right way would have been to roll up their sleeves, take the mightier-than-the-sword instrument in hand, and storm our house of the many glass windows. We know our faults, and are men enough to defend ourselves if attacked. So make your columns spicy; put some life into your articles by an occasional skit at us and the others. Exchange criticism is, at best, but a hum-drums sort of writing (or rather we should say criticism as it is usually indulged in); the usual allotment of "nice" and "excellent," which can be of no interest to your readers. In vain do we peer about among the exchanges for any diversion of a pugnacious character. Anything, friends, to relieve the monotony of the department—even bloodshed. Serve your courses up with
sauce, and that of pungent ingredients. And you, too, dear fair ones, remember that what is sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose; so, if we accidentally offend you, make use of your hat-pins for a lunge _en quarte_. And let all of the Exchange editors write longer and better criticisms than usual, and, if possible, give every magazine that reaches you a write-up in the column you edit. The end will be that what is ordinarily left unread by college men will rise into its true place of honor, and be a monument to the intelligence and energy of the editor.

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**LATE AGAIN.**

We trust that the College at large will not heap abuse upon us for taking so long to get out this issue of _The Messenger_. We can say honestly that we went to press just as soon as we had the material to go to print with. We trust that you all will feel repaid for having to wait so long, after you have seen the results of our labors.

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**THE 1905 ANNUAL.**

It is with a great deal of pleasure that we record the fact that Richmond College is to have an annual this session. As is well known to most of us, _The Spider_ has not crept forth among us now for several years, and we feel assured that he will receive a most cordial welcome when he greets us in June next.

Certainly _The Spider_ has the co-operation and support of _The Messenger_. While we are putting in a word in our own behalf, let us urge upon the entire student body the importance of lending our whole-hearted support to the annual.

Great interest has already been manifested in the publication of the 1905 annual, and this interest seems to be increasing each day. Let every one of us make up his mind to
EDITORIAL COMMENT.

try to make at least one contribution to *The Spider*. Let every one of us take an active interest in its welfare, and put forth every effort to make it a success. We have had creditable annuals in the past, and we see no good reason why the one of 1905 should not eclipse even the best of them in point of excellence. “As we sow, so shall we reap.”

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Prospects tend to show that we will put on the field this spring one of the best teams in the history of the College. Most of last year’s team have returned, and these, with the abundant new material which compose the freshman class, will most probably make up an excellent nine. It is to be hoped that the base-ball men will do as much of their class work as possible during the winter term, in order that they may give a good portion of their time to base-ball in the spring.

Because we must win that cup this year, and, to accomplish this, much hard work is called for. As is generally known, neither Hampden-Sidney nor Fredericksburg College may contest for the base-ball cup, on account of not having put a foot-ball team in the field last fall. This is the rule laid down by the Virginia Intercollegiate Athletic Association. So to win the cup we have to defeat only Randolph-Macon and William and Mary. *The Messenger* never prided herself much on being a prophetess, but in this case she does risk guessing that by June next the 1905 base-ball cup will be in our library. We *can* accomplish this if we will only work for it.

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Let none of us forget that there is awarded annually by the two Literary Societies a medal to the member who contributes the best article to *The Messenger* during the year. There is no better time than the present to write this
article. Let us endeavor to make the number of contestants for this honor larger this year than ever before. Whether you win or not, we venture to say that you will be benefited if you make an honest effort.

FREDRIC BOATWRIGHT. We extend to Dr. and Mrs. Boatwright our deepest sympathy in the loss of their son Fredric on January 10th. Fredric was a general favorite with us all. He was always so bright and charming that he had won the love of our entire student body and faculty. We miss him already, and the heart-felt sympathy of the entire College goes out to the bereaved family.

The Philologian Society will hold its annual public debate in the chapel on the evening of March 3d. These public debates at Richmond College are always well attended, and deservedly so. We congratulate the Philologian Society on the very able speakers they have chosen for the event.

The Mu Sigma Rho Society held its annual reception and social in the Society Hall on the evening of February 16th. As we remember, the Mu Sig. reception last year was a thoroughly pleasant occasion, and this year's proved equally as enjoyable. An exceedingly attractive musical and literary program was rendered.
Alumni Notes.

Mr. Hugh W. Sublett is now a pastor in Richmond.

Mr. P. P. Deane, '02, is at the University of Virginia.

Mr. T. T. Belote, '02, is working toward his Ph. D. at Harvard.

Mr. H. Lee McBain, M. A. '01, is attending Columbia this session.

Mr. G. B. Ish, '04, is teaching at Chesapeake Academy, in Lancaster county.

Mr. M. Lankford, '04, is in the Law School at the University of Virginia this session.

Mr. T. T. Wright, '04, is taking a special course in engineering at Cornell this year.

Messrs. W. M. Thalhimer, '03, and D. S. Freeman, '04, are attending Johns Hopkins University.

Mr. C. A. Sinclair, '02, who is practicing law at his home, Manassas, Va., was married on February 1, 1905, to Miss Taylor, of the same place.
Entertaining Biographies in the Richmond College Library.

COMPILED BY CATHERINE ELSWIT.

Agassiz, Louis—His Life and Correspondence. By Mrs. Elizabeth Agassiz.

This biography by his wife gives pictures of Agassiz’s early life in Switzerland, tells of his friendship with Cuvier and Humboldt and other distinguished scientists, of his scientific work, particularly in geology, of his work at Harvard, including the founding of the Agassiz Museum. The enthusiasm which he always kindled in others, and his rare personal charm, are felt throughout the book.

Cellini, Benvenuto. Life Written by Himself.

He was the first goldsmith of his time, an adequate sculptor, a restless traveler, an indefatigable workman, a Bohemian of the purest water, a turbulent bravo, a courtier and companion of princes; finally, a Florentine who used his native idiom with incomparable vivacity of style. Those who have made themselves thoroughly familiar with Cellini’s Memoirs possess the substance of that many-sided epoch in the form of an epitome. It is the first book which a student of the Italian Renaissance should handle in order to obtain the right direction for his more minute researches. From the pages of this book the genius of the Renaissance, incarnate in a single personality, leans forth and speaks to us.


In this volume the more scientific part of previous works is omitted, although during certain periods of Mr. Darwin’s life, when the scientific and personal elements were alike in
teresting, both parts have been retained. For instance, the part of the story relating to the writing of the "Origin of Species" has been told in full.

**Herbert—Edward, Lord Herbert of Cherburg. Life Written by Himself.**

"The autobiography of Lord Herbert is of a style so charming, and of a manner and matter so singularly characteristic of his order, age, and nation, that one might easily believe it was written by some skilful student of the period. As you read, you cannot help thinking that Thackeray himself could not have done it better, if he had been minded to portray a gentleman of the first James's time. Yet this picture, so frank, so boldly colored, so full of the very life of a young English noble, is one of the most remarkable instances of self-portraiture in any language. A rare sincerity marks the whole memoir, and gives it the grace of an antique simplicity. Herbert, not only as James's ambassador to Louis XIII., but as a sort of soldier of fortune in the low countries, and a peaceful traveller in Italy, saw everything that was best worth seeing in the Europe of his day."

**McCulloch, Hugh. "Men and Measures of Half a Century."**

Mr. McCulloch, in his official position as Comptroller of the Currency in 1863, Secretary of the Treasury from 1865 to 1869, and again in 1884, had an unusual opportunity to acquire an intimate knowledge of the men and measures of his time.

A fairer, kindlier book was never written. It is refreshing to find an able man treating so generously his rivals or opponents.
Creston Clarke came to the Academy a short time ago in the title role of "Monsieur Beaucaire." His acting was artistic in the highest degree, his French accent well-nigh perfect, to say nothing of the grace of his every movement. What surprised us was the able manner in which he played the part, for, in our humble opinion, "M. le Duc de Chateau-Neant" was a part for the proper portrayal of which Mr. Clarke's natural characteristics totally unfitted him. There was a certain leering expression of countenance, a something je ne sais quoi, as "Beaucaire" would say, an air which pervaded the entire impersonation, which caused us rather to think of an intriguing fellow than of the high and truly noble character which charmed the beautiful "Lady Mary Carlisle." Yet such was the art of the actor, and such the charm of his acting, that the production was a splendid success, and posted another in the ledger of his brilliant triumphs.

"The Woggle Bug" is to be dramatized in the near future.

Sothern and Marlowe are now on a starring tour in Shakespearean productions.

Ole Bang, a young Norwegian writer and playwright, is giving a series of Ibsen recitals in this country.

Lewis Morrison, who bade us farewell—a "final farewell"—last season, is again on the road in his "Faust."

Miss Bessie Toone has purchased Eugenie Blair's production of "Iris," and is now producing the drama in Texas.

Mrs. Leslie Carter is producing "Adrea" in New York at the present writing. Critics in general give the performance unqualified praise.
Richard Strauss is working on an opera, “Salome,” based on Oscar Wilde’s play of that name. It is soon to be produced in Germany.

“The Little Minister” continues so popular that its days have been considerably lengthened. Later Miss Adams is to appear in a new piece, written especially for her.

Madame Gabrielle Rejane, the great French actress, is touring the North and Canada in a repertory of French comedies. She has achieved quite a success in her productions.

In the performance of “Tristan and Isolde,” in Munich, a new moveable cover for the orchestra was introduced, by the use of which pianissimos were softened and fortissimos strengthened.

The San Carlo Company recently attempted a performance of “Lohengrin” in London. The critics state that the performance was an utter failure, owing to the superficiality of the Italian vocalization and instrumentation.

Charles Frohmann is to produce “Friquet” in New York on the 31st. This is the piece in which Mme. Polaire, “the ugliest actress on earth,” as she styles herself, made such a hit in Paris. Marie Doro is to have the title role.

The composers who have set to music Shakespeare’s “Romeo and Juliet” are numerous—Benda, Zingarelli, Garcia, Steibelt, Vaceaj, Bellina, and Gounod especially, and others. Now the Italian Ferroni has just written the score and libretto of another.

The achievement of George Ade’s career is “The College Widow,” in which Dorothy Tennant appears in the title role. David Warfield, in “The Music Master,” and Edna May, in “The School Girl,” are some other star successes. Mrs. Fiske, in “Leah Kleschna,” gives as artistic a piece of work
as was her "Becky Sharp," which play the former succeeded at the Manhattan.

Fritze Scheff is successful in her revival of favorite comic operas of former years. The production of "Fatinitza" is about to give way to "Girofle-Girofla" by the great musician Lecocq. In the spring she is to revive "Martha," "The Bohemian Girl," and other rarely-played favorites. She is one of the two prima donna recently lost by grand opera, the other being Schumann-Heink, now starring in "Love's Lottery."

Just as "Hamlet" is the goal of the ambitious actor, so does "Magda" appear to be the aim of the likewise ambitious actress. Especially is this true of the strongly emotional actresses, like Nance O’Neill or Madame Modjeska. The possibilities of the character are such as to clearly demonstrate the presence or absence of the qualities of higher dramatic art. The scenes in which "Magda" appears on the stage are one and all strong and capable of intense dramatic power, and in the hands of a great actress cannot fail to thrill. Miss Elizabeth Kennedy essayed this difficult role on the 28th of December at the Academy. The drama, under her hands, became one of the most soul-thrilling, thought-impelling plays that it has ever been our lot to behold. Throughout natural, in the quieter scenes she was admirable. And then, when she undertook the scene where "Von Keller" offers to marry her, provided she will rid herself of their son, her acting became thrilling in the intensity and sincerity of feeling evinced in her outburst of maternal love for her offspring. Here, as in every other scene, her acting was artistic, and possessed of a depth that could not fail to make the show a success. But her chief merit—and it is the pearl of great price in acting—was naturalness of acting; nothing overdone, but all delivered with a voice and gesture that made real to her audience the life and struggles of the wayward prima donna.
We repeat that it was one of the most intensely interesting and supremely tragic productions ever exhibited in Richmond. Miss Kennedy is to be complimented on the strong cast with which she surrounded herself, notably the able Charles W. King in the role of "Colonel Schwarze," "Magda's" father. Miss Kennedy is an actress of the first rank, and was prudent enough to see that the brilliancy of the supporting company would not lessen her own claim to honor, but rather enhance it.

It is to be regretted that the management saw fit to curtail the cast from fourteen to nine characters. The financial advantage is certainly doubtful, while the excision of characters like "Professor Beckmann" and "Herr von Klebs" certainly detracts from the dramatic force of the play. True, it may be extenuated by the fact that Mesdames Elbrich, Schumann, and von Klebs, serve the one especial function of developing and accentuating the character of "Magda," and that as characters in themselves are of little importance; but all the more are they necessary if they will bring into bold relief one latent impulse of the leading character's heart. The propriety of the act is questionable, and its advantages are overbalanced by several concomitant disadvantages.

On the 11th ultimo Madame Szumowska-Adamowska gave a piano-forte recital at the Academy. She came heralded as the only pupil of the great Paderewski, and in every way she fulfilled the expectations with which we awaited her coming. Her technique was simply wonderful. The runs that she accomplished were, to say the least, astonishing. Her ten fingers seemed to obey the laws of neither space nor time, as they compassed the seven and a third octaves of the Hamlin Grand. We verily believe she left not a note in the whole range unplayed—sharps and all. The marvel of it was that there issued from the piano nothing harsh—not a discordant chord or a dissonant note. The greater marvel of
it was her exquisite tone—now the melting of successive
notes, and again the clear, distinct staccato. And how she
played Chopin—with how delicate a touch did she finger the
valse in D flat major! And then, as a finale (excepting one
encore), the exceedingly difficult “Campanella” of the Abbe
Liszt! Seldom has the Academy resounded with such soft­
ened strains, and few are the hands that can draw such
effective speech from the piano-forte.

Musical comedies galore have lived their ephemeral life on
the Richmond stage this season. Most of them were so
poorly staged and the companies so hastily and injudiciously
made up that the productions were necessarily failures.
Exceptions were “The Girl from Kay’s” and “Terence.”
In the former were seen Miss Clara Palmer and Jack Bernard
(whose brother Sam is starring in the same play out West),
while Chauncey Olcott did good work in “Terence.” The
failure of “The Jewel of Asia” and “A Chinese Honey­
moon,” et cetera, was due not to any lack of merit in the
comic operas themselves, but wholly to the poor players who
strutted their brief hour before the local footlights.

Musically considered, the present season surpasses far any
previous year during which the Academy may have been
filled with the vibrant waves of soul-stirring music. The
English Grand Opera Company, soon followed by “Parsi­
fal,” with the noted female Polish pianist in the interim,
gave an impetus to the cause of music that each succeeding
year will see increasing in volume and uplifting the masses of
Richmond, to be likened in its all-embracing grasp to one
of the immortal crescendos of Wagner. Never has a more
hearty welcome been extended a dramatic performance nor
more crowded houses rewarded the prudence and laudable
motives of a Richmond manager.

We have reserved last what was first in our appreciation—
namely, the performances of grand opera in English. To de-
scribe the magical enchantment of those four performances in
a brief note would be like compressing a world into an acorn
or crowding an infinity into the finite. It seems now as if a
halo of mystery surrounded those three brief days, and as if for
the time being we had left the earthly and base and were
treading tip-toe on waves of harmony such as the stars in their
courses softly waft through space for the ears of all that is
spiritual around us. Looking back at what happened a
month since, it all appears to be a dream—a short sojourn with
"Tannhauser" in the cave of Venus. If we observed that
"Lohengrin" was grand on Thursday, we pronounced "Car-
men" a masterpiece of music and drama twenty-four hours
later. And then the two coming on Saturday, which may
be justly regarded as the best of the four, any one of which
would be the event of a season—the two, widely divergent
as may be the treatment of a German and an Italian com-
poser—these two, we say, necessitated an addition to our stock
of adjectives. The others were superb. "Il Trovatore" was as
tuneful and melodious as we could desire, but "Tannhauser,"
sublime in its magnificent music, absorbing in the dramatic
intensity of its tragedy libretto, capped the climax, and was
such a production as, we venture to say, the Richmond stage
has rarely, if ever before, seen.

Of the singing too much could not be written. The prime
donne were all thorough musical artists. Miss Rennyson, as
"Elsa" and "Elizabeth," sang as probably few others can
sing, while Miss Brooks sang "Leonora" and "Machaela"
almost as well. But, above all, if viewed from the stand-
point of singing and dramatic power of acting, was Miss
Ivell. As "Carmencita," the cigarette girl, if we say she
was the coquettish Spanish girl we grant her only what is
her due. And again, as "Azucena"—who, by the way, is
the character of the play, instead of the somewhat insipid
"Leonora"—she gave us a realistic impersonation of the
supposed gypsy mother of "Manrico." In both roles her voice was well suited to the parts, and, besides, her dramatic ability proved her a great actress as well as a great singer. William Wegener, singing the title role in the two Wagnerian music-dramas and also "Don Jose" in "Carmen," was a tenor of the first rank.

Of the music itself little need be said. The orchestration was good and the conducting excellent. The chorus work throughout was simply grand. In the "Wedding March" in "Lohengrin" and the chorus to the Toreador song in "Carmen," and the thrilling anvil chorus in "Il Trovatore," the work was especially good. But the "Pilgrim Chorus" was the event of the musical festival, and affected the audience as but few isolated operatic selections can. For the ensemble, the effect of the whole four performances, words fail us the description. Music is of that airy and spiritual quality that baffles every human effort at any adequate treatment. The half can never be told. The music heard and felt, it is left to ferment and bear fruit in the soul of the individual. The human heart is the field wherein are sown the seed. Who dare assert but that beneath even the most uninviting externals there exists in every bosom good soil waiting to be impregnated? Let us remember that few forces are so potent as wholesome, uplifting music. It speaks to the heart alone; yet through the uplifting of the heart is the intellect made strong.
The High School Student, hailing from Newport News, comes to us all decked in a new holiday suit. Evidently the Christmas turkey was plentiful, for the January covers enfold pages numbering forty-eight. To say that we welcome the improvement expresses not a tithe of our appreciation. They have, indeed, doubled the price, but they gave their readers more than double the intrinsic value. Indeed, the whole magazine is a credit to the staff, as pictured on page 64—and a fine looking set they are, especially one, but her name we will only whisper sub rosa. Such was our surprise on receiving the heretofore meagre publication that we could not resist a desire to show it boastfully among our friends as an evidence of Newport News's progressiveness.

Why cannot the Richmond High School have a similar monthly? Some of the graduates might mention the matter in the high places of our civic education.

Both prose and poetry are above the usual high-school work. We can have nothing but praise for a superintendent who rates the ability to read and write good English above certain studies that too often, to our knowledge, have (somewhat as weeds) crowded out the more desirable attainment. All this we know, and more, to the credit of Professor Jenkins. Surely the children of the public schools of Newport News will rise up and bless him and his progressive corps of teachers.

The poem on “The Years” is particularly rhythmical. As it will require less space to incorporate this beautiful poem in our “Clippings” than to pick out the individual beauties for your appreciation, the reader may see there the verses in their entirety.

But one fault, in our opinion, mars this handsome issue. In the main editorial some three pages are devoted to educa-
tion in Sweden. Interesting as this undoubtedly is, it smacks too much of encyclopædia consultation. A few lines about school affairs, on some topic of interest to the pupils, would have been vastly more appropriate, not to speak of their desirability. So far as *editorial* is concerned, the couple of lines that follow the above are far preferable to any information concerning the schools of Sweden, that the editor may get from any educational review. Give us a few spontaneous lines on something you *know*; give us your opinion on some school issues, and let the Swedes be relegated to the literary part of the magazine.

"Roosevelt may be a strenuous big I, but for all that he requires specs."

*The Phœnix* comes to us with dainty covers. Matter, however, seems to be scarce at Swarthmore—of course, we mean literature, and not foot-ball material. We hardly think it prudent to publish extracts from the classic authors in college magazines. Give us original articles. And more—the exchanges should not be criticised *en masse* and dismissed with a few words of general censure or praise. Give each the space and words due to its merit or demerit. Thus only can we build up a column worthy the name of Exchange Department.

The *Buff and Blue* does not wear the coat of many colors, which its name would lead us to believe covered it. There is the usual dearth in poetry, and, in the December issue, of prose also. But three literary articles, and one of these an address by a graduate of a generation back! And the poem given is of the most watery sort, and would, at best, make but poor prose. The story "A Study in Color" is the usual college story of love between Jack and Jill, with an Alden who, like his namesake of Puritan fame, gains the affections of the Priscilla of the story. The girl is a student of hair
color as a concomitant of certain conditions of neutrality. Red-gold hair denotes brains, nerves, etc., she thinks. So when Alden comes on the scene with his cupric curls we are not surprised at a sudden change of affection on the part of Jill. The finale comes after the gentleman with the burnished copper hair clandestinely steals a launch and bears his heart's idol to the station, where she is to meet a girl friend on the 12:30 train. The reward for such a heroic service is, of course, Jill's own dear self. Except for several individuals of varied shades of hair, the story appears to be a colorless study in color, thoroughly insipid, and with nothing to deserve being set in type save the editor's need of matter.

A little more space to the exchanges in the Lesbian Herald would add to an already attractive paper. There is a good deal of praise for the author of "The Simple Life" in the article on "Charles Wagner." Having, as yet, not had the pleasure of reading the book, we can but judge of "The Simple Life" by second-hand reports. If we can tell anything from the conduct of the famous apostle of the doctrine, we would think that luxurious feasting finds apology at least in his gospel. Lionized and feted as he has been by the society sets of London and New York, is there not ground for the opinion that, after all, the "simple life" is only a fad of a day? Fostered by the rich of two lands, somewhat as the innocent babes were suckled by the wolf, it would seem as if the idea is to be strangled while still in its swaddling-clothes, and that the doctrine will soon be swallowed up in the oblivion which promises to be the portion of its author after the novelty of his book has ceased to give him the carte blanche to our aristocratic circles. We recollect certain other meteors that have shone for a time, but soon "vanished into thin blue air."

Latin seems still to be a language for literary expression. Time was indeed when men of Milton's stamp would write
Latin hexameters, or when Johnson might glory in his ability to converse in Latin with certain of his continental friends. But the times have changed, and the bones of these sturdy scholars have long since become dust, while their Latin works are laid away in the dust of the book-shelf. Save for the irksome writing of exercises, the art of writing Latin is a lost faculty with the strenuous sons of the twentieth century. But no, it is not a lost art; for in the *Niagara Index* there is a Latin ode entitled, "Ad Catherineæ Laudem"! My, but how odd does English look when clothed in the Roman toga! We would not have thought that the exchange of attire would have made us look so awkward. Is it that Cæsar's sons have dwindled into degenerate dwarfs, and cannot fill out the clothes, or is it rather our lack of skill in adjusting this simple dress suit? We will not say, but will only counsel the poet (?) to use good old English woolens for psalms hereafter. Do so, and we venture to say that that at least will be read. We might go on, and learnedly compare the ode to the body of a celebrated Roman, and say, "In this place ran Cassius's dagger through," and so on with the rest of the mutilations of the Latin tongue. But as these thrusts at a *dead* language are as vain as Falstaff's stabbing a dead Percy, we will acquit the author of any wilful, malicious language slaughter. The fact is, we never formally indicted him.

The "Observations on Modern Skepticism" are more pretentious, but none the less faulty. "Emerson describes Montaigne as a man who sought solace and contentment in the system of skepticism after he had been thoroughly disgusted. * * * Montaigne, a confirmed skeptic, having fostered a system of absolute freedom from moral restraint, became thereby a *man so immoral*” [the italics are ours] "that his works bespeak the evils of the system”—i. e., of skepticism. We wonder if "J. N. P." has read Emerson on Montaigne. We doubt it, for the above distortion is so absurd as to belie any first-hand acquaintance with
“Representative Men.” Taking up my Emerson, I read:

“In 1571, on the death of his father, Montaigne retired from the practice of law. * * * Though he had been a man of pleasure, his studious habits now grew on him. * * * Downright and plain-dealing, and abhoring to be deceived or to deceive, he was esteemed in the country for his sense and probity. In the civil wars of the League, which converted every house into a fort, Montaigne kept his gates open and his house without defence. All parties freely came and went, his courage and honor being universally esteemed.”

And this of that “so immoral man”! As to what “J. N. P.,” says of the “Essays”—that they “would bring shame to any man who had fallen into the same degradation as their author”—I will quote Emerson, thus: “Shall we say that Montaigne has spoken wisely, and given the right and permanent expression of the human mind on the conduct of life?” And the context plainly states the answer, “Yes.” We would advise “J. N. P.” to read his Emerson first (whom he has falsely quoted), and then to read his Montaigne. A multiplicity of absurd statements follow, which space is lacking to point out, until he states that Boyle’s writings contain hardly “a single line which would not lead the reader to the brink of incredulity and moral destruction.” Does he know that Boyle is mainly biographical, and not argumentative? Does he recollect that Pope said of him that “he was the only man that ever collected with so much judgment and wrote with so much spirit at the same time”? “J. N. P.” mentions some of the abstract teachings of Hume, Kant, Fichte, etc., to show the absurdity of skepticism. Granting his contention (which space compels), we will agree to show him doctrines still more absurd in St. Anselm, Augustine, Tertullian, and his other “philosophers.” His other contentions are so weak and illogical, so numerous and biased, that space is lacking to take them up individually. We do not see how
any student of "philosophy" could have written this essay, not to speak of its publication in the Index:

The little poem on "Immortality," save for a false simile, is as dainty and delightful as we could wish. The rest of the magazine is but mediocre.

We regret that we have not time to review our other exchanges. Most of them are very attractive in Christmas covers—some few wearing the coat of many colors, and most artistically decorated. They are: The Chisel, The Lesbian Herald, High School Student, The Limestone Star (as attractive and neat as ever), the William Jewell Student (one of the best), Ouachita Ripples, The Emory and Henry Era (very inviting), The Ivy (an excellent little paper), The William and Mary Literary Magazine, Hampden-Sidney Magazine (both of these up to their usual high standard of excellence), The Randolph-Macon Monthly (inviting and full of matter), The Winthrop College Journal (pretty as ever), Yankton Student, The Phoenix, The Pharos, The Buff and Blue, and the University of Virginia Magazine.

Clippings.

Miss Maude Green has the smartest class in the Model School Department. Here is an essay handed in by one of her boys:

"Essay on the Human Body.—The human body is composed of three parts—the head, the chest, and the abominable regions. The head contains the eyes, the nose, the mouth, ears, and brains, if any. The chest has the heart, the lungs, and a part of the liver. The abominable regions are devoted to the vowels, of which there are five—a, e, i, o, and u, and sometime w and y."—Ex.
A Song at Twilight.

Veiled in the mists of the twilight time,
When the crescent moon is low,
Dim as the dream of a fleeting rhyme,
Come visions of long ago—
And voices, faint as a distant chime,
That peals in the after-glow.

Call through the dusk, and they bring to me
The fields of the river shore,
Where the iris flung its fragrance free
The dew-bedecked meadows o'er,
When I wander again, dear heart, with thee,
Through the days that are no more.

Dear little maiden, the day is done,
And the swallow seeks its nest;
The lengthening shadows, one by one,
Stretch far from the darkening west;
But dreams fade not with the fading sun,
Nor die when the world's at rest,

—University of Virginia Magazine.

Patient (in the hospital and about to be operated on for appendicitis): "Doctor, I wish to have my pastor present at the operation, if you have no objection."

Doctor: "I see, and I appreciate your position; you wish to be opened with prayer."—Selected.

"I fear you are forgetting me,"
She said in tones polite;
"I am indeed for getting you;
That's why I came to-night."

—Ex.
The Years.

The wind sweeps with a lonely sound,
The snow-flakes fall on the frozen ground,
The Old Year, wrapping his mantle round,
Feels the end of his life-time nearing;
His face is sad, for his heart is sore,
The past is a memory now—no more,
And he, like thousands of Years before,
Stands ready for disappearing.

But ere he enters the great unknown,
Whither the Years of old have flown,
He cries to the World that has been his own,
In a voice of love and yearning:
"Oh, World, when I this step have crossed
You may count the year as surely lost;
You have not improved it, and mine is the cost,
For me there is no returning."

The bells ring out on the waste of white,
The snow continues its downward flight,
And the Old Year, like a ghost in the night,
Goes out in the darkness, dying.
The World, when it hears him speaking there,
Thinks of lost opportunities fair,
And its heart is filled with dull despair,
And knows of no replying.

But as the Old Year passes through,
And the clanging bells their tones subdue,
There on the threshold stands the New,
The glad New Year returning.
Old hopes revive, impulses stand,
New chances seem again at hand,
And to the boundaries of the land
Comes the sound of the new leaves turning.

—A. V. Godwin, '07, in High School Student.
Inside Facts About Authors.

For how much did Eugene Sue?
For what he let George Borrow.

But wasn't he Owen Wister?
Yes, but so did Harriet Martineau.

When did George Ade?
When he found Clement Shorter.

Why did Josephine Dodge Daskam?
Because she had George Wither.

Why did Charles Lever?
Because he didn't wish to see Samuel Lover.

What made Victoria Crosse?
Because Albert Herter.

What made Winston Churchill?
Because he let Eliza Cook.

Why couldn't Joseph Cook?
He didn't ask Julia Ward Howe.

What gave Albert Bigelow Paine?
To see Grace Duffie Boylan.

What made Maxwell Gray?
Because he saw Jessie Lynch Williams.

How do you know Mrs. Campbell Praed?
Because Johann Herder.

Whom will Mrs. Humphrey Ward?
Hamilton Wright Mabie.

What did William Ware?
John Godfrey Saxe and Edward Noyes Westcott.

Why was Irving Bacheller?
Because he couldn't Marie Corelli.
Where did Henry Cabot Lodge?
On A. Quiller Couch.
Is that the kind Robert Burns?
Yes, and I saw Mrs. Hodgson Burnett.

—Everybody's.

We always laugh at a teacher's jokes,
No matter how bad they be;
Not because they are funny folks,
But because it's policy.
—Ex.

A Congressman once declared in an address in the House:
"As Daniel Webster says in his great dictionary—"
"It was Noah who wrote the dictionary," whispered a colleague who sat at the next desk.
"Noah, nothing," replied the speaker; "Noah built the ark."—Ex.

They tell how fast the arrow sped
When William shot the apple;
But who can calculate the speed
Of him who's late for chapel?
—Ex.

"This looks like a good thing," said George, looking up from his paper. "Here's a firm that advertises a furnace device warranted to save half the fuel."
"Oh, George, let's buy two, and save all the coal."—Ex.

What shall we do with the old maids?
'Tis a problem hard to solve;
It has puzzled harder heads than mine;
Young man, make your resolve.
—Ex.
Sonnet to Falstaff.

When the great bard of Avon gave to man
Those matchless songs, whose beauty never dies,
Which, when once heard, must yet be heard again,
Yielding each time some new and glad surprise;
He swept the chords of the great human heart,
Struck notes of love, fear, hate, and sorrow grave,
Ran the whole gamut in its every part,
With deeds of hero, coward, queen, and knave;
Then, deftly changing from so sad a key,
Lest we should long to laugh away our tears,
He struck a lighter note and gave us—thee,
Thou living jest, improving with the years.
Thy mirth for others' sadness well atones;
One hearty laugh is worth a hundred groans.

—O. L. Shewmake.

Teacher: "What is an Indian wife called?"
Pupil: "A squaw."
Teacher: "Correct. What is an Indian baby called?"
Pupil: "A squawker."—Ex.

Ethics Professor: "Well, you seem to understand all that; now let us pass on to immortality, the life of the hereafter"
Student: "Not prepared, sir."—Ex.

For every wound you give another,
The beauty of his life to mar,
Oh! bear in mind, my thoughtless brother,
Your own poor heart must wear a scar.

—Ex.

The Man: "The poet says that genius is akin to insanity."
The Maid: "Well, there never was any insanity in your family, was there?"—Ex.
Loneliness.

A solitary pine tree, mid the snow
Of wintry wastes and regions desolate,
Sways in the winds that from the northland blow,
As though recalling some remoter mate.

And where the tropic sun with burning rays
Beats down upon the desert's torrid sands,
A quiet pool, through all the burning days,
Dreams of the lakes of distant, greener lands.

Yet ever, through the lengthy Arctic nights,
The north wind whispers softly to the tree—
The pool the weary traveler delights—
But I, dear love, shall ne'er again greet thee.

—J., in University of Virginia Magazine.

Freshman (paying matriculation fee): "Colonel, how much additional is my diploma fee?"
Colonel: "Plenty of time for that, dear boy."—Ex.

How dear to our heart
Is the price of subscription,
When any subscriber
Presents it to view.
Of him who'll not pay up
We shrink from description,
For per chance, dear reader,
That one might be you. —Ex.

A little bird sat on a telegraph wire,
And said to his friends, "I declare,
If wireless telegraphy comes into vogue,
We'll all have to sit on the air." —Ex.
CLIPPINGS.

Our Class.

1 is the sign that we're up-to-date,
9 is the hour—and we're never late;
0 is the number of faults we've got,
7 the sacred, is in our lot.

M. K. H., '07, in High School Student.

Silence gives contempt.
Look before you sleep.
Displays are dangerous.
Naught is lost save honor.
As you sew so must you rip.
Consistency thou art a mule!
Economy is the thief of time.
What is home without another?
Saint heart ne'er won fair lady.
Many are called, but few get up.
Eat your steak or you'll have stew.
The quill is as mighty off the wing.
A lie for a lie, and a truth for a truth.
It's a strong stomach that has no turning.
A bird on a bonnet is worth ten on a plate.
The poor ye have with ye always—but are not invited.
Misery loves company, but company does not reciprocate.
People who live in glass houses should pull down the blinds.
God gives us our relatives. Thank God we can choose our friends.

—Cynics Calendar for 1904.
Mountain Pines.

In scornful upright loneliness they stand,
Counting themselves no kin of anything
Whether of earth or sky. Their gnarled roots cling
Like wasting fingers of a clutching hand
In the grim rock. A silent spectral band,
They watch the old sky, but hold no communing
With aught. Only, when some lone eagle's wing
Flaps past above their gray and desolate land,
Or when the wind pants up a rough-hewn glen,
Bending them down as with an age of thought,
Or when, 'mid flying clouds that cannot dull
Her constant light, the moon shines silver, then
They find a soul, and their dim moan is wrought
Into a singing sad and beautiful.

—Robinson Jeffers, in The Occidental.

Sunday-School Superintendent: "Who led the children of Israel into Canaan? Will one of the smaller boys answer?"
No reply.
Superintendent (somewhat sternly): "Can no one tell? Little boy on the seat next to the aisle, who led the children of Israel into Canaan?"
Little boy (badly frightened): "It wasn't me. I—I just moved yere last week f'm Missoy."—Ex.

God in His wisdom placed on earth,
Adam, endowed with life;
And he'd no doubt be living yet
But for his curious wife.

—Ex.

"Whatever a man seweth that will he easily rip."—Ex.
Cave Canem.

Malus puer, passing by,
Vidit apples, hanging high,
Bulldog, autem, vidit lad,
Canis chaseth puer lad.
O Tempora! O Mores!
Puer runs cum might et main,
Fugit, tamen, all in vain;
Tandem concidit on his chin,
Et canis bites his trade-mark in.
O Tempora! O Mores!

"When Up is Down."

"Up came the Republican party
And raised the negro to their level;
Up came old Roosevelt, plotting,
And straightway raised 'the devil.'"

"Man is like a kerosene lamp. He isn't especially bright,
usually smokes, frequently goes out at night, and is often
turned down." — Ex.

"Be Sunny."

Jim Dumps once loved a pretty girl—
She kept poor Jimmie in a whirl.
He asked her, "May I kiss you once?"
"Why, no," she said, "you stupid dunce."
At this reply his eyes grew dim.
"Use force," she cried—he's Sunny Jim.

— Emory and Henry Era.