Allene.

BY S. H. ELLYSON.

JACK SHELBOURNE had at last returned—"sober and manly," said he who told; "and he's brought back a wife."

"Wife," I sniffed. "Well—er—has he stopped coming home to lunch yet?"

"No," said he shortly. "Why, man, she's—she's—oh, I don't know what she is!"

"And is your wife jealous?"

"Now, look here, Jim; I'm not feeling well this morning, and I'm out of temper, but, by George, if you don't stop your fooling, I'll land you up side that post!"
I kept quiet, because I don't think it's honorable to take advantage of a man when he's sick.

"I'm not telling you this to let off steam," he continued. "There's a hopping good story for your paper, if you will just come with me to my office."

And I followed ahead.

By the time we were seated comfortably, I had found the story rather interesting. This Mrs. Shelbourne had gone around to the Woman's Club—a stranger—and hadn't sat on the back seat either. Before that meeting was over she had won and melted her way into the hearts of the members until she had to remind them that it was supper time.

What could the ladies do but receive her with open arms and call her an angel. She could sing them into a region where hearts live on eternal, thrilling joy! She could entrance their very souls until they swayed in expectation at each motion of her lips! Her bursting, happy nature allowed no other thought but of pleasure to remain within her pale.

Smith said all this, and he swore it was every bit true—he must have been reading poetry.

Flying home, Smith's wife had completely astounded and enraptured him with these reports, and they had set out for the "angel's" house with only a light supper.

"And she was an angel, too," he resumed, "but she had lost her flaming sword which turned every way." Nevertheless, I was utterly rattled, and was on the perilous edge of many mistakes, until, at last, Jack, who, it seems, was unprepared for so much popularity, came down. Soon, the parlor having been filled with guests in the mean time, the conversation drifted, with the help of many shoves on the part of a few, around to the immediate interest of the meeting. Jack was gracious and obliging, so, after a slight instigation upon my part, he took the hint and began the story of the 'Loveless Young Man and the Beauteous Maiden.'"

"'Twas seven years ago, about, when you sent me on a
free wing to California. I acknowledge that I had been very wild; and I would have been wilder still had I known my punishment. I was exultant, and you cared little; so on the whole I think the train people were the only ones who regretted my leaving. As the miles flew by, and there were still more to come, my attention grew away from the window to the poor worn-out inhabitants of the train. My attention was secret, yet suspected. Pins grew in the seats over nights. Babies squalled suddenly, and many things happened which caused the conductor to grow red and the cook to put coffee in my tea.

"Slowly, as the day wore on, head after head, one by one, turned with a scowl and transfixing look, and endeavored to embarrass those innocent eyes of mine. A second and a third day passed. People sat up when they heard my footstep. The seat in front of me was always vacant; and the conductor could not prove anything. On the fourth day, along towards evening, the train must have snapped. The conductor passed through the car, pulling the cord as he went. With set teeth and worried brow he rolled his eyes upon me, as a mad bull may eye a danger signal, and went on. The train stopped, and I, as usual, went out and stood by the coach. Nothing moved save the conductor, who strolled over to a group of cowboys.

"The sun was going down in a glory which is rare out East, and I was lost in contemplating the beauty of the several neighboring buttes, shining in prismatic colors and seeming great blocks of variegated ice-cream. I was suddenly awakened by the hiss of the train cord and the feeling that I was being looked at. Glancing around, I met the gaze of a band of cowboys, with ready hands on revolver hilts, not a yard away and cutting me off from my coach. Slowly the train creaked and groaned and limbered into action; slowly and cruelly these men drew and cocked their pistols.

"'Dance!' they sang, with a crack ten in one. 'Dance!'
they rang out again. And I, in my turn, did my best to the patter of the bullets and the farewell of the train.

"But I did not care; the country was fine, the riding exciting, and anxious friends were absent. 'Twas a strenuous land. No pampered fool could exist there, so I went to work on a ranch. I was only eighteen, and I looked younger. Being the only green one in town, I soon learned that the Chopine 'hotel' was not the place for me. So it came about that I could not spend my money very freely. It accumulated, and in my second year I decided not to work, and stayed behind when the others set out in the spring for the ranches. And then I realized that the village had but three inhabitants—Pete, the bar-tender, who worked a small crop in the summer, Mrs. "Pete," and Widow Smith. So I got out my bronco and bought a supply of food, and started for the nearest things that I had not examined, which were the buttes. I found them very interesting. Some of them were very difficult to climb; and all had curious places which delighted my never-fading boyish nature.

"One evening I came to the foot of one to which I had been traveling half a day. I staked my pony, fixed my fire, and by dark I was rolled in my blankets. In the night I awoke with a start. The whinny of my horse still lingered in my ear, and I supposed that another had spoken first. Then presently a rustling came down from above and a rock or two spattered near me. A burro on top? I wondered why its owner should want to be on top. So I fell to thinking and dropped off to sleep.

"In the morning it was some time before I thought of the occurrence. When I did, my head came up with a jerk, and the rest of the day was spent in looking for a trail up to the top. I found it the next day, and, climbing up and around it, I at last came out on what may be called a top, but it was all chopped up into hills and valleys. Presently, around the turn of a dell, I came upon a lovely green, and a door led
into an adjutment of the hillside. Before the door sat Allene. Our eyes met and—er—we fell in love.

"We were standing petrified, like two fools, since we had not been introduced, when, with a sudden little in-catch, she sighed. Then, quickly glancing back through the doorway, she sprang up and forward towards me with entreaty and fear in every feature. As she came I shook myself together and advanced as if to help her. But, no; I was mistaken. Wringing her hands and shaking them at me, she pleaded as she came: 'Go! go away! Oh, please, please go away!' And I stopped still, and stared in a stupid manner, and went away. And I kept on going, in a weak-kneed fashion, until late in the night I stumbled into camp. After that, for many days, I went up there to see her, and to be driven back.

"I stalked around day in and day out until at last the end had to come. I was seated on a shelving rock, a little distance from the ground. A small avalanche of sand was trickling down the rock wall at my ear, and I raised my eyes up—up to where under a ledge it moved and gathered force. Glancing higher, my eye caught a dark object projecting beyond the edge. It was a beautiful head, and I was as crazy about it as the last time I had seen it in the door-way on top. We two stayed and stared. Slowly the sand stream grew. A rock joined in and another, but this dirt could have buried me and I would not have noticed it. Suddenly, with a rough tumbling, a large rock fell and numbed my foot so that I sank down with a cry. I heard a scream and a masculine voice expostulating feebly. Looking up, I beheld my Allene, with feverish face and frantic tugs, pulling a great, burly, whiskered head back from the edge. Then suddenly I seemed to move nearer.

"My heart bounded. They were falling! O God! Screeching and scraping, the broken shelf fell, bringing Allene and the old man with it. With a cry I sprang up, and the descending mass, striking a projection, bounded far out into
the sands. The old man went with it, but Allene fell on towards me. I was wild. I leaped out, farther than I can do again, and caught her, and fell—fell under her to the ground.

"Regaining consciousness, I stood up dizzily. She was limp and pale, but unhurt. And out on the sand the old man lay dead. So I picked her up and staggered up the trail, which was not far off. I came to the door and looked in on a rough, dismal cave. There was a pile of straw, and an unwieldy chair, and several blocks served as stools. A small door led from this room to somewhere.

"Laying Allene on the straw, I picked up a stone and knocked hard and loud on the floor. There was a shuffling of feet within and the door opened. A great, burly man stepped through. He was the twin of the one below. Seeing me, he advanced, rubbing his hands together in a most patronizing manner.

"'Ah, my friend, what is it?' he said, his teeth flashing ferociously through his beard, and his eyes glittering strangely.

"But he caught sight of the figure of Allene lying on the pile of straw, and an expression of curiosity crept over his face. He passed over to her, without waiting for reply; but he did not seem to know her.

"Apparently he was a doctor, for he felt her pulse and listened to her breathing, muttering some technical terms all along. Then he thought for a while, and gradually the fire in his eyes increased and a perceptible agitation crept over him.

"'Come with me,' he said quickly.

"The room I entered was larger than the first. It was strewn with medical instruments, and a large table, covered with books and adorned with a lamp, stood in the centre. A sumptuous bed was in the corner, and in another corner stood a small steel safe.

"He advanced to this and laid his hand upon it.
"'Won't you open this, please?' he asked. 'I have never quite got the hang of it.'

'I assented readily, for the combination was pasted on the outside. At each click of the lock he grew more excited. He crouched by me as I opened the door. The place was empty save for a pistol and a bottle.

'Give me the bottle,' he said, with a voice which was scarcely controllable. Reaching in, I picked it up, and as it came into the dim light of the lamp, the danger sign of medicine grinned up from its side. He extended a shaky hand for it.

'Glancing up, I was startled by the man and his look. His face was twitching, and his whole expression focused itself upon the bottle in a wild, frantic gloating. Mad! that's what he was. I saw it instantly! Give him the poison? Never! Rising up, I bore away from him and he followed, pressing hard. The veins stood out on his face and neck.

'Give it to me!' he hissed.

'I was too horrified to speak. I only retreated. Suddenly he stepped back and, like a mad bull, charged! I, weak from my exertions that day, was swept down, my head striking the table. I heard the bottle crash against the stone floor, and all was blank.

'When I awakened my face was wet, and over in the corner Allene was weeping, while the old man lay a great dark mass upon the floor. I got up and walked over to her. She did not look up, and a great temptation came over me. So I leant down and kissed her. And then we both felt freer and happier, and we have lived in bliss ever since.

'Presently we turned to the old man. He lay with his face turned up, and his mouth and beard were covered with a wet, glistening mass of poison, glass, and dust.

'We buried the first one, her father, and the second, her uncle, in the sands. Both monomaniacs; one living for the want of a pistol, and the other for the want of a poison.
Fugitives from the unjust wrath of man, their friends had helped them live on the mountain with the girl, who would not leave her father. And, that they might remain, they put in the safe things which they could not stray far from.

"We went down to the town and lived with 'Pete,' in the Chopine 'hotel.' He remembered Allene quite well. At last I wanted to come home; so I have come.

"Now, Jim, I reckon that is all you want to know; so it is up to you to go to see them."

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**Sweet Sixteen.**

**BY “SEEZER.”**

Dancing eyes, entrancing eyes,
   Eyes of the deepest hue;
Glancing eyes, lancing eyes,
   That pierce my heart clear through.

Dashing eyes, flashing eyes,
   Eyes sharp as Cupid's darts;
Crashing eyes, abashing eyes,
   That smash us poor men's hearts.

Beaming eyes, gleaming eyes,
   What a lovelight in their gleam;
Dreaming eyes, teeming eyes,
   Would what they meant they seem.

Pouting lips, doubting lips,
   Lips crimson as the holly;
Trouting lips, routing lips,
   Compel our hearts to folly.

Cooing lips, wooing lips,
   Lips love's laughter riven;
Sueing lips, luring lips,
   For kisses, how we've striven!
SWEET SIXTEEN

Curling hair, whirling hair,
   In a fluffy auburn mass;
Furling hair, purling hair,
   Playing ringlets—alas!

Waving strands, raving strands,
   Just o'er her pinkish ear;
Saving strands, paving strands,
   That win my heart to her.

Rippling laughter, dimpling laughter,
   Clear noted as the nightingale;
Tippling laughter, impling laughter,
   I'm drunk of nectared ale.

Cunning smile, running smile,
   That lurking hearts beguile;
Funning smile, punning smile,
   Coquettish is thy wile.

Dainty feet like Cinderella;
   Ankles shapely as Dian's—
Tripping lightly o'er the hillocks,
   Hearts pursuing—but not men's.

Fairy form, slim and trim,
   Lithe and graceful, smallish waist;
Aching arms, tempting charms,
   An armful just to suit our taste.

Fairy girl, airy girl,
   A vision of poppyland this;
Drowsy flowers, pass the hours,
   Dripping sweet, such bliss—thy kiss.

Vision fair, of the air,
   Float on in gloaming haze;
Weary eyes may surmise
   Thy beauty's wildering maze.
Galloping rhyme, keeping time,
   Echo to my misty thought;
Gallop on till thou’rt gone—
   See the image thou hast wrought.
Smoky air, glowing fire,
   Fancying into thee I stare;
Reverie, lost to me
   Is the weary world and care.
Dearie come, I’m lonesome,
   Soothe me with thy tender hand;
Burning brow, cooler now,
   Love’s healing strokes a cure demand.
Thou art here, then not mere
   Dreams, these charms of thine;
Soothe me still, if thou will;
   Ah, Love, be always mine.
Soothe me still, if thou will,
   Drowsy tinkling of the fold;
Lulling me, dulling thee,
   Misty song by minstrels told.
* * * * * * *
What is this? Sure not bliss?
   It’s cold as arctic ice.
Been asleep, lovelorn sheep—
   Shivering’s not so nice.
Shiver and shiver and shiver,
   The fire is long gone out;
The green moon rays so silver,
   Make ghosts to dream about.
The success of Washington at Boston and of Moultrie at Charleston had sent a wave of exultation over the land. But this brief period of rejoicing among the defiant American colonies was followed by a feeling of depression, occasioned by a succession of unbroken disaster lasting for a half year.

After leaving Brooklyn Heights, the Americans could no longer expect to hold New York, so their next position was on the heights along the Harlem river. Washington, desiring to ascertain the strength and probable purpose of the enemy, sought some capable man who would be willing to attempt the dangerous task. Nathan Hale, a brilliant young captain, but twenty-one years of age, volunteered his services. He crossed the Sound of Fairfield, reached New York, made a careful study of the enemy's fortifications, and was waiting for the ferry to return by way of Brooklyn, when he was recognized and betrayed by a Tory kinsman. His arrest followed, and on the next day he was hanged without a trial, being refused the services of a clergyman and even the privilege of reading the Scriptures.

Fully cognizant of the peril involved in the hazardous enterprise, he willingly jeopardized his life in the performance of the dangerous mission. With consummate skill and undaunted courage, he entered the very stronghold of the enemy, and by marvelous dexterity he eluded the minute scrutiny of combined English genius, until shamefully betrayed by him whose patriotism was so shallow that he preferred an enemy's protection to the allegiance to that cause which had been espoused by his own countrymen.

In the exigencies of war, he who dares to perform so hazardous a feat not infrequently meets the fate of him who paid the penalty for his marked intrepidity on that September
morning. But it is his unselfish devotion that we would commend, and his patriotic fervor that we would praise. No such enticing offer as was usually held out to American Tories would have been for one moment entertained by him. Neither immunity from suffering and hardship nor pecuniary compensation would have been sufficient to allure him from the faithful discharge of duty in that service in which his heart as well as his honor had been enlisted. He would have spurned the thought of such action as afterwards characterized the ignoble Arnold.

In the long list of illustrious men who have served their native land, whose heroic deeds have inspired the hopes and strengthened the hearts of their fellow countrymen, Hale deserves recognition and perpetual honor. While the pages of the nation's history are aglow with the recital of the exultant daring, and the courageous exploits of America's most valiant sons, and while a rejoicing republic wafts on the wings of song the happy pæan to her great and her brave, the name of him whose patriotic devotion impelled him to the sacrifice of a life dedicated to the service of his native land is often consigned to oblivion.

As the seer of old, with prophetic vision, looking down through the vista of time, Hale doubtless foresaw the ultimate triumph of that cause so just, and the inevitable victory which would crown the faithful effort in so noble a conflict. May we not believe that the far-reaching results of the struggle in which the Colonies were engaged were spread in panoramic view before him, whose cultured intellect discerned, and whose sympathetic heart felt, that all mankind would share in the glorious end?

The great event in the annals of the continent, that prodigy of modern times, at once the wonder and the blessing of the world, was the American Revolution. With no tremor of voice, with no word of fear, but with firm step and confident heart, Hale met death for the sake of the millions who would
enjoy the privileges of the first republic in the history of the world.

He stands as a type of the American spirit, and as an expression of the noblest citizenship. In the dawn of the nation's existence, and on the very threshold of her greatness, he has lifted the standard of true American manhood, "that in those days of disaster, which, as they come upon all nations, must be expected to come also upon ours, desponding patriotism may turn its eyes thitherward, and be assured that the foundations of our national power are still strong."

It is fitting that the nation, in its marvelous growth and development to a position of world-wide significance, should pause to consider and act, the spirit of which, if it endures, will permeate our complex citizenship, and ennoble the activities of so potent and influential a people. Now, as ever, in the history of the republic the demand for that spirit is imperative, and the allegiance to so lofty an ideal greatly enjoined. Without the constant recurrence to such heroic and inspiring fidelity in the discharge of public duty, there is the probability of neglecting the very principles upon which the republic was established, and of disregarding the unselfish impulses which stirred the hearts of those upon whom the perpetuity of the nation depended. Peace, with prosperity and splendor, obscures lofty ideals and chills patriotic fervor. The glittering prizes to be dishonorably obtained, and the rewards held out to ambitious young manhood, frequently lose their charm in the contemplation of faithful and noble service.

A nation's glory is not in her wealth, not in her dominion, but in the patriotism of her sons. We glory in such a hero, with life so noble, ambition so unselfish, and devotion so true. No braver soldier fought at Marathon or at Blenheim, no loftier spirit fell at Bunker Hill or at Saratoga. No more fearless heroism was displayed by those who followed the Roman eagle to the field of battle or returned under
triumphal ensigns into the Imperial City. With the iron will of a Cromwell, the unselfishness of a Washington, and the devotion of a Jackson, Hale achieved that which is more enduring than stone and more lasting than bronze. As a stepping stone over which others might pass to liberty, peace, and happiness, his life was partially hidden from view, but the nobility of his example can never become obscured.

His loftiness of character was left unsullied by the exigencies of war, and his purity of motive untainted by the temptation to evade the perplexities of so critical a period. He will ever stand as a reproach to the lethargy, intrigue, and selfishness of Gates, Conway, and Arnold, whose names are stained with perfidy and whose honor is hopelessly blighted. Exalted in our hearts, rather than perpetuated in bronze and stone, the memory of Hale will be commensurate with the existence of the nation he loved, and for which he gladly offered his life a willing sacrifice. A noble manhood, nobly consecrated to man, never dies, but his deeds will live in human gratitude forever. The lustre of the brilliant service rendered by Hale could not escape the poet, who has sought to immortalize it in panegyric lines, and the glory of his unselfish act is related in loftiest lays by the American bard.

We can fancy that his knowledge of classic lore availed him in the last hour, and that the immortal line “Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori,” must have filled his heart with a new courage, and strengthened his resolution for the trying ordeal; for his last utterance, “I regret that I have but one life to give for my country,” is a voice full of hope and confidence, bearing a message of encouragement and expectation to his struggling countrymen.

May his spirit never depart from the land for which he surrendered, in the very incipiency of a brilliant career, a life so full of promise, but may that heritage which he has bequeathed be sacredly cherished, and that meritorious example affectionately emulated.
Among the many great characters which were developed in the eighteenth century, none attracts more attention than Napoleon Bonaparte.

It is my purpose to present the good he accomplished, rather than the evil, which the uncharitable English historians have so unmercifully heaped upon their worthy foe. Both English and American historians have united in denouncing him as a bloody monster, who fought for the sake of fighting. Sir Walter Scott has done himself more injury in his life of Napoleon than he has the great man he slandered. It is a deplorable fact that man has not yet attained that lofty height where he can impartially record the noblest deeds of a deadly foe.

The Reign of Terror was over; and for many months the best blood of France had flowed freely through the streets of Paris, and every town in the state had a Revolutionary Tribunal, whose function it was to empty the prisons filled by the Revolutionary Committee. The constitution had been suspended and anarchy reigned supreme. The people were tired of bloodshed and weary of reform. Reaction was setting in, and all that the Revolution had achieved was about to be lost. It was at this political crisis that the military genius of France came like a thunderbolt in the midst of a mighty storm. He grasped the helm of state from the feeble Directory. He saw at a glance the sad condition of France and realized that he alone was able to save the sinking republic.

The whole continent trembled at beholding the audacity of his designs and the miracle of their execution.

And whether we think of his amazing genius; his unparalleled power of embracing vast combinations, without
losing sight of the details necessary to insure success; his rapidity of thought, and equally sudden execution; his tireless energy; his ceaseless activity; his ability to direct the movement of half a million soldiers in different parts of the world, and at the same time reform the laws, restore the finances, and administer the government of his country; or whether we trace his dazzling career from the time he was a poor, proud, charity boy at the Military School of Brienne to the hour when he sat down upon the most brilliant throne of Europe, we find him the same wonderful man, the same grand theme for human contemplation. He instilled the spirit of nationality into the minds and hearts of his countrymen, and awoke them from the long sleep of mediævalism. Aroused by the marvelous works of this great leader, the people realized that they had been sowing their wild oats, and that now they had to reap the results of their folly.

Napoleon saw the sad condition of France, and took advantage of her helplessness to place her on the highway to greatness. He knew that many of his countrymen were joined to their ancient idols. Some provinces still clung with an ardent devotion to the old customs and many showed a disposition of feudalism. The First Consul, who was a son of the Revolution, saw that its work was about to be lost. He knew that it would require the most vigorous measures on his part to check the retrogression.

The peasants said, "We will not accept these reforms of the Revolution; we are tired of revolution and reform, and we will live as our fathers lived and die as our fathers died." Napoleon said, "You must." His indomitable will prevailed. He scourged Europe with bloody wars and yet she refused to obey. He scourged her again and again, each time more severely than before. The Reformer said, "These old ideas must die, if it costs the lives of all those who cherish them." When he saw that the peasants were willing to die for their ancient customs, he marshaled them in armies of hundreds of
thousands. He dispatched them in various directions, until they were scattered from the vine-clad hills of sunny Spain to the frozen realms of Russia's snowy plains. The soldiers of these grand armies, notwithstanding their glorious victories, laid down their lives on many a bloody field. They perished of heat and cold, of hunger and thirst, of fatigue and disease, from the burning sands of Africa to the frozen waters of the Baltic. When these armies became exhausted he raised others to take their places. He continued this game until the old manners and customs perished with their victims.

And when Napoleon's work was done the advocates of feudalism were sleeping beneath the sod of every country of Europe. The boys who heard the widows' wails and the orphans' cries during the Reign of Terror were modern men when they met Wellington at Waterloo. Feudalism was dead and southern and western Europe had entered upon a new era.

When Napoleon appeared on the stage of action he arrayed himself on the side of progress, and looked out over his beloved country, and saw her lying prostrate, bleeding, and dying, like a wounded soldier on the field of battle facing his last enemy. He saw insurrections, rebellions, and uprisings raging like angry flames throughout the land. He saw this great reactionary army preparing to overthrow the weak government which still remained. But beyond the borders of France he sees a sight which would make any heart but his quake within its breast. Poland is suffering her final partition and her remains are divided among Prussia, Austria, and Russia. It is an alarming fact that Poland is no more. But what is still more alarming, her greedy mercenaries are marching their combined armies toward Paris, with the vain hope of devouring a richer spoil. Napoleon led forth his splendid troops to meet the approaching foe. Again and again victory perched herself upon his banners, and the retreating host which came to crush him
proved to the world that the new republic was superior to the allied armies of feudalism.

The First Consul conceived that his mission in the world was to spread the reforms of the Revolution. And while he was great in the field, he was greater in the cabinet.

His policy was one of general reconciliation. Those who were living in exile were allowed to return to France. They were taken into favor and even appointed to offices of trust. More than 150,000 refugees were also allowed to return to their native land. He restored the Sabbath, which had been abolished by the Revolutionists. He permitted the priests to resume their sacred functions. The churches, which had so long been closed, were opened. Thieves and robbers were put down. He organized the Bank of France and restored a sound financial basis. He introduced a new system of education. He revived commerce and manufacture. He built great roads, which facilitated transportation. Like Justinian, he revised the laws, and gave to the world the Code Napoleon. This code was introduced into foreign lands and carried with it the principles of equity, upon which it was based, and diffused the benefits of the Revolution beyond the borders of France. Thus we see the Emperor wiped the blighting curse of feudalism from Europe and gave the people laws worthy of obedience. If Bonaparte had not executed the reforms of the Revolution its work would have been a failure. His people loved their brilliant leader. The soldiers who refused to follow Lafayette and Dumouriez followed Napoleon from country to country and from continent to continent, and whether he led them amid Alpine rocks, Arabian sands, or Polar snows, they followed.

But at length that wonderful mind was to be quenched in the night of the grave. And nature, as if determined to assert the greatness of her work to the last, called him out of the world with one of her greatest storms. Amid the roar of the blast, and the shock of the billows, as they broke where a
wave had not struck for twenty years; and amid the darkness and gloom and uproar of one of the most tempestuous nights that ever rocked that lonely isle, Napoleon's restless spirit passed to that unseen world where the sound of battle never comes and the tread of armies is never heard. And his name will live in the minds and hearts of his grateful people when bronze has rusted away and hard marble crumbled into dust.

She.

BY WALTER JÖRGENSEN YOUNG.

It was she that, in the summer,
'Mid the galaxy of flowers,
Gave to me life's sweetest memoirs,
Fragrant as the moonlit bowers.

It was she that, in the autumn,
Her final "au revoir" telling,
A kiss, that lingered in its sweetness,
Uplifted eyes with fondness welling.

It was she that, in the winter,
Brightened study of weary hours
With letters long, brimming tender,
Nectar of love of rapturous powers.

It was she that, in the springtime,
Rained upon my soul her gladness,
Crowned me with the gayest garlands
Of love's rapt, ecstatic madness.

It was she, as the love-apple, rosy,
Lips full as the ripening cherry,
Form dainty as a fairy,
Dimples that chase the smiles so merry.

It was she, blind god of lovers,
As the heaving surge of the sea
Breaks upon the shore, shattered my love,
Because she preferred another to me.
Beyond the Alps Lies Italy.

BY FRANK LEWIS HARDY.

THE contest between Carthage and Rome makes one of the most charming and thrilling pages of ancient history. He whose heart does not thrill with a desire to do deeds of heroic valor as he reads that page must indeed be a man of stone.

In this dream of life, clothed with a heroic purpose, his heart throbbing with a mighty desire, stood the erect form of Hannibal, as a colossal figure among the actors on that brilliantly-lighted stage. He was destined to become the leading man in that great struggle for power, and as we study that page we can but stop and look upon the giant son of destiny, and, looking, we see in him the true picture of a soul on fire with one mighty passion. All the energy—yea, every fibre—of his gifted manhood was to be consumed in this, the one desire of his heart. It was to be his guiding star through the dark vicissitudes of his life. It was the fuel that fed the flames of this mighty passion. The height of his ambition was to hurl Rome from her pinnacle of fame, and to plant on her battlements the Carthagénian standard.

Long had the sons of Carthage been goaded by the resistless power of the arms of the Imperial City. To break this chain that bound Carthage a prisoner in the hands of the Roman was the calling of this gifted Carthagénian. In the very beginning of life he had been taught to hate Rome as the enemy to all that was dear and sweet to his beloved Carthage. We see him as a mere boy swearing at his father's knee and in the presence of the gods eternal vengeance against the despised foe of his native land. All through the changing scenes of his checkered life he never forgot the import of that oath, and as we study this strange but gifted soul we can see that every action and movement was tending
in the direction of the one desire of his heart. He wished to be the one who should lock the doors of Rome and thereby make Carthage mistress of the treasures of earth, with a pathway unguarded by her despised foe. Nothing would be too hard or too daring for him to undertake which would in any way thwart the plans and purposes of his enemy. The last vision that caught his gaze, as he lay himself upon his couch, was a picture of Rome and her despotism, and that same sight greeted his eye as he arose in the early gray of the newborn day. As the days passed into weeks, and the weeks into months, and the months into years, the fire of vengeance was never allowed to grow dim, nor want for that which would give it life.

But between him and his heart's desire there arose a mighty barrier in the form and shape of the Alps. She in her majestic grandeur lifted her snow-capped peaks into the very presence of the heavens, and there kissed the evening star as it shone forth in its radiant beauty. With her rough and rugged side covered with one great sheet of white, her trees laden with ice and snow until they bowed themselves and groaned beneath their weight, she stood, and as the morning sun rose from beneath the purple clouds of the east, shedding his warm rays of golden light, there was reflected, as it were, the brilliant hue of a myriad of diamonds.

The question that now faced him was, how to transport his army from the shores of Spain across this great barrier down into the broad plains of Italy. No human foot had ever disturbed the slumbering peace of those gigantic heights. There upon her loftiest crag the eagle built her nest and reared her young, undisturbed by the presence of man. There the wild goat had his home, never to be broken up by the onward march of civilization. Beyond her snow-capped heights, beneath the beautiful southern sky, lay Italy, as a babe nestled in its cradle. There all was quiet and serene. There the morning breezes, freighted with the sweet perfume of
wild flowers, wafted sweet strains of music and songs of melody, like that which breathed forth from the golden harp of David of old as he sang before King Saul. There her silvery streams, as they glided towards the majestic sea, murmured sweet songs that sounded like the melody of some organ within the deep recesses of an ancient monastery. And it was amid this environment of joy, peace, and beauty that the Imperial City was swaying her golden sceptre of power, after having made herself mistress of the world.

A less bold and daring spirit than that of Hannibal would have grown faint at such an undertaking, but these obstacles were but spurs to drive him on to his great task. Day after day, and night after night, as his worn and weakened army would become discouraged and disheartened, he would thrill them with new life and renewed determination by painting to them in glowing colors Italy beyond those heights, and, as they listened, every soul caught a mighty desire to cross those rugged peaks and to strike one eternal blow at the very heart of their enemy. They climbed from crag to crag, from peak to peak, leaving their pathway strewn with the dead bodies of their comrades, whose bones, bleached by winter's chilling blasts and summer's rains, would tell to generations yet to come the story of the heroic struggle of the patriotic sons of Carthage.

At last, after weeks of hardships and suffering, he reached the summit of the Alps with the fragment of what was once a magnificent army. As this army paused upon the summit they beheld Italy in all her beauty. But between them and her sunny plains were mighty cliffs, and rocks, and caverns. To stay on the mountain heights meant starvation; to return to the shores of Spain meant ignominious defeat; to go forward meant the meeting of an enemy fresh, strong, and powerful. As true sons of Carthagian sires, they could but choose the latter.

Watch them as they descend those rugged heights, see them
emerge from out the dark shadows of the mountain fastnesses into the light of the beautiful plains of sun-kissed Italy. Up to this time they had been fighting against rocks, crags, and the mountain's chilling blasts, but now they must come face to face with armed men, and wade through blood to the very gates of the Imperial City. They had crossed the turbid floods of the Rhine and driven back the Gaul from their pathway. They had fought against nature and snatched from her a glorious victory. By the passage of the Alps they had made the name of Hannibal immortal. By victory after victory they added new lustre to the already glorious history of Carthage.

There is no more inspiring picture in all ancient history than that of Demosthenes standing by the sea-shore speaking with pebbles in his mouth. Born with an impediment in his speech, but with a great desire to become an orator, he overcame these difficulties, and reached that place where he could sway the multitudes with the power of his eloquence.

In the world of history we find here and there the name of some commanding genius that stands out as a landmark, and shines out with a lustre that time has no power to dim. Such is the name of Christopher Columbus. Little did he dream, when he stood before the throne of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella, that his project would unfold to the vision of man a new world. For seven long and weary years he fought against stolid opposition and suffered the pangs of starvation, that he might gain his desired goal. After months of fighting against the stormy billows of old ocean and the mutiny of his men, he came to land. In this great work he had done far more for Spain, his adopted home, and the world, than he was ever permitted to know or enjoy. He had opened the pathway to a continent, vast in its dimensions, unknown before to civilized man; a continent containing magnificent rivers, destined to become great highways of commerce; lofty ranges of mountains, extending for thousands
of miles, and concealing within their cavernous sides mineral wealth that would require centuries to develop; a continent blessed with every variety of climate, from the icebergs of Labrador to the sunny dales and valleys of the land of flowers; a continent whose eastern shores are washed by the stormy billows of the Atlantic, and whose western silvery strand is bathed by the placid waves of the Pacific.

Napoleon, the little corporal, had to fight many a hard battle before he became the most hated enemy of England and the greatest son of France. It will hardly be disputed that, among rulers and statesmen of all ages, Julius Cæsar must be placed at the head, and that in the still higher domain of literature William Shakespeare ranks first, and that among military leaders the greatest the world has yet seen was Napoleon Bonaparte.

Luther, though confronted by the Pope and the combined forces of the Catholic Church, nailed his thesis on the old church door at Wittenburg, and thereby gave the world the Reformation. In spite of these forces, he led the world in the greatest movement of the sixteenth century.

The thirteen colonies, standing united, dared to defy the mightiest government in the world, that they might thereby gain liberty. For months that army could be tracked over the hills and valleys of this land by the blood-stains left from their marching. That glorious, but pathetic struggle culminated yonder on the banks of the old York, when that prince of American soldiers received the sword of Lord Cornwallis. On that battle-field, amid the shouts and rejoicing of the Continental Army, was born the mightiest republic the world has yet known.

The painter, before he can paint a masterpiece that will merit the praise of the world, must have paid the price of fame.

The musician, before he can compose a wonderful piece of
music, that will thrill the very hearts of men, must first overcome the difficulties that lie in his pathway.

Lincoln, the great leader of our American people in the most trying period of our national history, cut his way from a log cabin in the backwoods of Kentucky to the highest place of honor within the power of our nation's government to confer upon a single one of her sons.

No country offers to its youth such possibilities and glorious opportunities as America, the grandest nation on the face of the globe. Her fields are rich and fertile, her beautiful plains and valleys are watered by silvery streams, in whose bosom is reflected her ever-changing skies, her mines are resplendent with rich jewels and precious metals. Scattered broadcast over her land are schools, colleges, and universities, and side by side with these her churches lift their golden spires into the very presence of the heavens. Here Liberty sits enthroned, a beautiful goddess, dispensing peace, joy, happiness, and freedom to thousands whose ancestors never knew these, the sweetest boon to the human heart.

There are thousands of young men, born in poverty, cradled in want, hemmed in on every side by seemingly insurmountable obstacles, without friends, or opportunity of education or advancement of any kind, who every year conquer adversity, unlock the fetters of poverty, and scale with determined purpose the lofty and dangerous heights of their Alps, and descend with majestic splendor into the beautiful plains of their desired Italy.

Nancy Brown's Unexpected Return to the Track.

BY BASIL M. WALTHALL.

NANCY BROWN, considered to be one of the best race-horses in her time on the American turf, won the Brandon Handicap for two successive seasons. But this time she
was ruled out, and was thought by the best judges to have seen her last racing days. This sad news was confirmed at her trial spins; so she was sold at public auction to the highest bidder, Teddy Smart, a well-known sporting man being her new owner. Teddy was very fond of out-door sports, especially racing, but had never before owned a race-horse, and only bought Nancy Brown for a swift driving animal.

* * * * * * * * * *

It was the 12th of June, the day of the great Brandon, and the crowds were surging through the gates of the race-track to the grand-stand, while other eager spectators thronged the inside fence and half circled the track. Book-makers could be seen passing through the crowds, gathering up the small bets, while the sporting fraternity closed around the betting stands. Each horse came in for its share, but the majority of the money was staked on Princess, a sorrel two-year-old.

It was to be a great race, and Teddy Smart would not have missed it for his life; so to-day he was driving Nancy Brown to a light sulky. The space set apart for vehicles was crowded with jumpers of the sporting bachelors, runabouts bearing the lovers, carriages bringing the whole family, and, lastly, the tally-ho containing those jolly fellows, the college boys. This space being crowded, Teddy drove farther down the track until he came to a break in the fence used for the passage of the scraper, this being closed merely by a wide strip of cloth, which he allowed Nancy to chew upon. Teddy lit a cigar and looked around, nodding occasionally to familiar faces. A book-maker greeted him:

"Hello, Teddy old sport; how goes it?"

"Fairly well; but there is nothing doing in your line. I'm out of it to-day, as far as the betting is concerned, but Princess is my choice."

"That's what they all say. Odds are twelve to one on her. That's a nice piece of horse-flesh you're driving, Teddy."
"It is, eh! It ought to be. Nancy Brown's got the real stuff in her."

"You don't mean it. She used to be 'it' here last year. I'd forgotten you bought her. But your racing days are over, though, old girl," he said, patting Nancy on the flanks. "You used to be a 'peach' in your time. Had everything on the track whipped to death in the Derby. Well, Teddy; I'll see you later."

At this moment there was cheering in the grand-stand. Teddy, looking up, found it was a bluff. It had now been over a year since Nancy Brown had been on a race-track, but she had not forgotten those old days, and soon began to realize she was near her happiest ones again, and she commenced to neigh and champ the bit, so Teddy tightened the reins.

"You want to get in it, don't you, old girl. I almost wish I had put you in now. I believe you could come out a winner again." But Nancy only neighed her approval.

More cheering was heard, and Nancy furtively glanced in that direction. The horses, covered with blankets, were entering the track for inspection. Into the seats leaped the jockeys, eager for the line-up. Soon they were ready, and the six horses stood abreast. There was a pistol shot, the word "Go!" was heard, and they were off. Nancy bolted at the shot she had heard so many times before. On sped the racers in the midst of a cloud of dust, which Nancy saw; and as it neared she pricked her ears and began to prance. Things were getting too familiar for her, and she wanted to get into them. The crowd was cheering as nearer and nearer the horses came. Nancy's sporting blood was up, and as the cloud passed them and the riders became visible she could stand it no longer, and, before Teddy knew it, she backed her ears and gave a mighty plunge, broke through the flimsy obstruction, and was going at full speed behind the other horses. She had managed to get the bit between her teeth,
and Teddy soon realized he was powerless to check her, so he just kept a tight rein and let her go. This was Teddy’s first race, and he was enjoying it immensely. Nancy was once more at home, and all the old vigor and fine breeding again showed itself.

This pace was kept up some time, when one of the other horses broke her trot, which made an opening. Into this Teddy guided Nancy. Their presence was then noticed, and a fresh out-break of applause could be heard. One by one the other horses lagged behind, until only Nancy and Princess were left, the latter leading. But now Nancy Brown had caught up with Princess, and they passed the grand-stand neck and neck, and were rapidly approaching the judges’ stand. The crowd cheered furiously, and shouts of “Nancy” and “Go it, Teddy!” could be heard above the uproar. Teddy waved his hat and gave a yell. He was having the time of his life.

“Go it, old girl! We’ll beat ’em all!” he yelled, and this seemed to put new vigor in Nancy’s veins, for she strained every effort, and was gaining on Princess, whose driver was furiously lashing his horse. The entire grand-stand was in an uproar, people standing in their seats waving their hats and yelling like wild men, while the tally-ho parties could be heard in the distance. Shouts of “Nancy Brown!” came from all sides, and great confusion reigned among the book-makers, because men were trying to change their bets and put them on Nancy Brown; but of course this was not allowed, as Nancy was not eligible for this race. But this was unknown to Nancy, and she kept gaining on her opponent inch by inch, until she passed under the wire the winner for the third successive season of the Handicap. This set the people wild, and they crowded down around Teddy, cheering themselves hoarse. The din was something terrific.

Teddy’s book-maker friend elbowed his way through the crowd and grabbed him by the hand. “Great,” he shouted.
"Finest race I ever saw. She's in better condition than ever before." The latter remark was seconded by all who had ever seen Nancy race. After Nancy had been cared for by a stable boy, Teddy was grabbed by four or five men and carried bodily on their shoulders to the judges' stand, where he was asked to make a speech. He quietly arose, and, after apologizing to the judges for his intrusion into the race, declared it was purely unintentional on his part, and, as he was powerless to stop Nancy, he just urged her on. They all plainly saw with what result. Of course, Nancy couldn't get the stake money, but she was awarded the honor of having won one of the finest and most unique races in the history of the track, and Teddy was made an offer of double the sum he paid for her if he would sell. But he finally declared he wouldn't take triple the amount. So sporting men will hear with great delight that Nancy Brown will again return to the track, and her driver will be Teddy Smart.

Edmund Burke.

BY SAMUEL GLADSTONE HARWOOD.

MEN are born with certain capabilities, and in the working out of these circumstances play an important part. Both in developing talent and in giving its expression enduring fame, environment is no mean factor. When a man of ability happens upon a crisis in the world's history, then his name lives after him through the succeeding generations.

Such was the case with Edmund Burke. Gifted in political philosophy, he lived in an era of change and expansion—an era that needed a man who could see where lay the foundations of law and order. And, in accordance with our expectations, we find his fame enduring, and, indeed, increasing with the passing years.
Edmund Burke was born in Dublin on the 12th of January, 1729. His father was a solicitor in good circumstances, and his mother was of good connections in Cork. Doubtless the fact that his father was a Protestant and his mother a Catholic influenced his mind in favor of toleration. At any rate, we know that, in an age when Catholicism was persecuted and dissent frowned upon, he did not let prejudice overrun justice in matters of religion. And it is reasonable to suppose that, recognizing the good qualities in both of his parents, though they were widely different in church matters, he early learned the lesson, and that too from his own home life, of consideration for those of a different faith.

Burke, according to his own testimony, was singularly fortunate in his youthful school-days in having for his master Abraham Shackleton. To this teacher he ascribes the most valuable part of his education, and by that he means not simply the education of books, but the influence of his master's uprightness and simplicity of heart as well. References to him are frequently made, and always Burke expresses warm admiration and grateful appreciation of his friendship. The school-master's son, Richard, was likewise a warm friend of Burke.

In 1743 Burke was sent to Trinity College, Dublin, where in 1748 he took the B. A. degree. He spent much time with books—he says three hours daily in the library—though he studied in a desultory way. Instead of pursuing a definite course, he followed his inclinations, applying himself only to such subjects as appealed to him. This mode of getting an education seems attractive, but when an indolent student remembers that Burke, after all, knew more, even on uninteresting subjects, than most college graduates of to-day, there is small ground for shirking Latin and Greek and History.

A trait observed at this period, and, indeed, a characteristic of Burke throughout his life, was his fondness for the country. His time for recreation while a student was spent under
the trees and in the gardens. There was a subtle bond of sympathy between his poetic, conservative temperament and the varying, but always beautiful, English country-side. In his later life we find him breaking away, at times, from that busy, throbbing centre of the world, London, and refreshing himself by a season of application to the peaceful arts of husbandry. He loved order and beauty both in nature and society.

In 1750 he came to London and entered the Middle Temple to pursue a course in law. For the next seven years we have scarcely any sources of information. Burke's health was not good, and probably, in an endeavor to improve it, he spent most of this period in traveling with his brother.

Before he had been in London long, Burke began to show his preference for literature rather than law. This was a disappointment to his father, and it is supposed that he stopped his son's allowance, or, at least, decreased it, inasmuch as Edmund's income was straitened about this time. However this may be, Burke now began to write for the publishers. In 1756 he published "A Vindication of Natural Society," in imitation of Bolingbroke's style. This was published anonymously, and was so admirably done that few suspected Burke of any hand in it. The contention of the work is that the ills of mankind are due to political organization which man devised in place of the simple life of nature; that a few may profit by the state, but that is all the advantage of such a policy. It is an ingenious piece of reasoning, but, of course, thoroughly ironical.

At the same time he published "The Philosophical Inquiry Into our Ideas on the Sublime and Beautiful." Coleridge passes an adverse criticism upon this work, while Morley and Gibbons commend it. The treatment is good enough, but so full that one wonders why Burke ever spent so much time on such a subject. However, such things were characteristic of that day.
In 1757 he married Miss Nugent, the daughter of his physician. She was cultured and possessed of such qualities as best suited his vehement nature. The home life was very happy. There were two sons, Richard and Christopher.

The period was one of a stirring nature, and Burke soon became acquainted with men in public life. William Gerard Hamilton—nick-named “Single Speech”—with whom Burke had become acquainted, in 1761 went to Ireland as secretary to Lord Halifax, and he took Burke along in some indefinite capacity. Burke was in Ireland for two years, and he took this occasion to obtain a thorough knowledge of Irish affairs. In his after life we can observe the truth of his statement that in Ireland he had “a clearness of instinct, more than he could justify to reason”; though his standard of action toward Ireland was justice, not partiality. To be as liberal as possible in Irish affairs, and, as he says in his letter to the people of Bristol, “to make the most of actual circumstances”—such was his attitude toward that thorn in the flesh of English statesmanship. And not even the loss of his constituency could turn him from what appeared to him to be just and right for Ireland.

Hamilton found Burke an invaluable auxiliary. In 1763 he obtained for him an annual pension of three hundred pounds from the Irish Treasury. In return for this he desired Burke to bind himself to him for life. Burke refused to surrender his independence, but gave up the pension and severed all connection with Hamilton.

However, Burke was not to remain long in private life. Rockingham, First Lord of the Treasury, in 1765 made him his private secretary. Rockingham felt his own inability, and was confident that Burke, already famed as a veritable encyclopedia, was just the man he needed. And though the old Duke of Newcastle tried to poison Rockingham’s mind against Burke by means of slanders, nevertheless the two men worked together in perfect confidence. Until the day
of his death, Rockingham was a firm friend to Burke. Rockingham was in power one year and twenty days.

Meanwhile, through the influence of William Burke upon Lord Verney, Edmund Burke was returned in 1765 for the Borough of Wendover. A few days after the opening of the new Parliament, Burke made a speech on the American situation, which was complimented by Pitt; and Dr. Johnson remarked that Burke had won a greater reputation by his maiden speech than any other man had done.

Shortly after this speech he wrote a pamphlet on the "Present State of the Nation," in answer to Grenville's statement that the new ministry was ruining the country. Here he lighted up his marvelous grasp upon facts and figures by those principles which are vital to any free and stable government. This ability to interweave with the transitory the foundation ideas of free government of any age has made Burke's writings mines of political wisdom.

Just here it may be proper to consider what is a mystery to Burke's biographers. In 1769 Burke—whose income up to this time was so small that we wonder how he could afford to enter Parliament—bought, in the county of Bucks, an estate for upwards of twenty-two thousand pounds. Where did he get the money? It is said by some that he got it by gambling in East India stock. We know that his brother and Lord Verney and William Burke did gamble in East India stock, and lost by it. As to Burke, we have no proof. We only know that there was a mortgage on part of the property; that he borrowed some money from Lord Rockingham. The fact is, Burke was always hampered by a lack of funds. He owed Rockingham thirty thousand pounds, which debt that nobleman cancelled in his will. There is something unsatisfactory about this transaction by Burke—he seemed to be buying what he could scarcely hope to pay for; but, judging from the tenor of Burke's life, I would not be the first to condemn him. There is too much sincerity in
his actions and writings for me to hastily take the position that he was dishonest.

During the session of Parliament in 1771 there was a contest as to whether debates in Parliament should be reported by the newspapers. For a time printers were imprisoned who dared to make public the discussions. But, owing largely to Burke's influence, the right of knowing what their representatives were doing was secured to the people, and there is no more important factor in English politics to-day than the close connection which exists between the public and the Government through the medium of the press. Thus it is that the London Times, the official organ of Parliament, has won its unique place in the world.

In 1773 Burke supported the bill for the relief of the Dissenters from the test provided by the Act of Toleration. It may be said here that, while Burke was tolerant, yet there was one class for which he had absolutely no use, and that was the class of atheists.

A visit to France at this time strengthened him in his conservatism. The lightness and laxity of the French life was distasteful to his solid, constitution-loving nature. In the tone of the French writing of that day he saw the beginning of the anarchy of the Revolution. On his return to England he sounded a note of warning against this new and unsettling tendency.

In 1774 he was returned for Bristol. Lord Verney was in financial straits and had to sell his seats to the highest bidder. This, of course, deprived Burke of Wendover; and for a time he thought his public career was at an end. But Bristol had observed his ability and requested him to be a candidate for that city.

Shortly after the assembling of Parliament Burke spoke for three hours on the American question. He showed the errors of the past administrations; the impossibility of peace without justice; the necessity for considering facts and
present circumstances, rather than theories. One sentence will show us the spirit of his speech: "Not what ministers say I may do, but what humanity, justice, and reason tell me I ought to do."

In regard to the speech on "American Taxation," the speech on "Conciliation with America," and the "Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol," Mr. Morley says: "It is no exaggeration to say that they compose the most perfect manual in our literature, or any literature, for one who approaches the study of public affairs, whether for knowledge or practice." As I said before, he has illumined these writings—born of the hour—with so many fundamental conceptions of society that they are immortal.

His attempt (1780) to secure a system of merit and economy in office holding was defeated by North.

In 1788 Burke refused to be a candidate for re-election for Bristol. He had always claimed the right to follow his own convictions, though by no means was he careless of his constituency; but this independence undermined his popularity, and, seeing defeat before him, he declined the nomination.

But even before this Burke had become unpopular in Parliament. His unflinching fidelity to his conception of the rights of men, whether Brahmin or Irish, often collided with English prejudice, and we find that he was treated by a large class in Parliament with great disrespect. He was called "the Irish upstart."

Burke had been watching India for years. The iniquity of such men as Warren Hastings aroused his indignation. So, in 1788, he began the impeachment of Hastings. His speech in Westminster Hall glowed with ardor, color, and fire. It was a grand effort against the cruelty and oppression of the English in India, and particularly against Hastings as the chief sinner; but the House of Lords acquitted Hastings. The man escaped, but Burke's speech doomed the system. It marked the beginning of a new order of things in the East.
In 1790 Burke published his "Reflections on the French Revolution." A book never caused a greater stir. George III. praised it as "a book every gentleman ought to read," and by European monarchs in general it was admired. On the other hand, it was heartily condemned as oligarchic and reactionary. After all has been said, it must be acknowledged that, for its political truth, it is a great work. No matter if it is one-sided; no matter if Burke did fail to see the oppression previous to the Revolution; in it he has enough ideas on the stability and continuity of government to make it live in the library of the world. We can only regret Burke's gross ignorance of those conditions in France which made some things absolutely necessary. True, the form of government set up was so radical, so theoretical, that it could not stand; and this was about the only fact that Burke could see. The anarchy of the moment overshadowed for him the tyranny which produced it, and the good which eventually was to result from it, and, because we honor his greatness, this error of Burke's judgment hurts us. The failings of our friends distress the more because they are our friends.

Naturally, the "Reflections" aided the tide of reaction which set in soon after the Revolution.

The "Reflections" had results other than political; it was the occasion of the rupture between Burke and Fox. When, in 1791, the ministry introduced a bill for the better governing of Canada, Fox, in his discussion, spoke adversely of the "Reflections." Burke arose, in violent heat, to reply. The House would not hear him. Later, when the bill was recommitted, he said that his last words would be, "Fly from the French Constitution." Since Fox was on the other side, he felt it to be his duty to the Government and all concerned to renounce his friendship, and it had been a very real friendship. The scene was dramatic. There was hardly a dry eye in the House.
From 1791 Burke became the “Demosthenes against Philip,” to use Morley’s expression. He is no longer the calm, sane philosopher. He is unbridled in his denunciations of anything savoring of the French Revolution. The picture is pathetic. These last are not pleasant to consider. Burke’s son Richard died in 1794. This crushed a fond father’s hope and left an old man desolate. Still he raged against France. He could not see the truth there. Otherwise, he was the old reasonable Burke to the end. He died on July 9th, 1797.

Burke was a thinker; he was an orator; he was a statesman. But he was not infallible. And for his weaknesses we mourn, the more so because “he had made great tides in human destiny very luminous.”

It is fitting to close with the words of Woodrow Wilson: “There is a tonic breath of character and generous purpose in which he writes—the fine sentiments of a pure man—and we are made aware that he who could write thus was great, not so much by reason of what he said or did, as by reason of what he was.”
Editorial Comment.

AN OPEN FIELD FOR THE HISTORIAN.

Probably no man could do more in the interest of American history, and, incidentally, enlarge his purse, than he who will exert his effort and ability in publishing a judicious collection of valuable sources concerning the history of Virginia. It is a recognized fact that the history of early Virginia is, to a large extent, the history of early America. It is also true that source material relating to our primitive as well as later history is in existence. Yet, strange to say, this material has never been collected and published as a source book of Virginia history. Richmond, being our present capital, and so near Williamsburg, our first capital, is the best location for one who undertakes this work. We hope that ere long some student at Richmond College will wake up to the fact that he is the man to copy the early charter of Virginia, extracts from John Smith's works, and the proceedings of the House of Burgesses, letters from the King to his Governors and their replies, letters and records pertaining to Bacon's Rebellion, French and Indian War, Revolutionary War, etc.; arrange them systematically, with good notes, have them printed in type that is easily read, and bound with an attractive cover.

It has been well said that any college can publish some sort of an Annual, but only a good college can publish a good Annual. We have a good college, and by the time this is read we will have a good Annual. We may even go further, and state that the 1906 Spider will compare very favorably with any Annual in the State. The success of this year's publication is largely due to Messrs W. H. Brown, our competent editor, and K. L. Burton, our able business manager, who have
EDITORIAL COMMENT.

The sooner every student in Richmond College realizes the fact that our magazine and Annual are dependent upon our advertisers, and undertakes to apply the principles of reciprocity by making all of his purchases from those who advertise with us, the greater the probability of our having these publications next year.

The merchants who advertise with us handle as many grades and styles of goods as are made, and they also give us as good and often better prices than those who do not advertise with us. It seems incumbent upon us, for these reasons, that we buy our goods from those who advertise with us. This duty is more strongly forced upon us when we realize that the merchants advertise with us as a purely business proposition—viz., to increase their business by gaining our patronage through advertising with us. Now, if they do not increase their business by our trade when they advertise with us, why should they advertise? There is no reason why they should, and, furthermore, it is absurd foolishness to expect them to advertise with us unless they receive our trade in return.

This is no "hot air" argument, but a plain presentation of plain facts, made clear to us by the extreme difficulty in obtaining "adv." for both this year's Messenger and Spider. If never before, we now must patronize our advertisers. Start next year right; buy all your goods from those who patronize us by advertising, and see that the new men, or "rats," do likewise.
There is no place dearer to us than our college campus, and we feel even more pride and pleasure in it when spring adorns it with her beauty. There is always an alluring invitation to put aside Chemistry, Greek, and other necessary evils, and spend more time out on the dear old campus; but the month of May has brought with it the dark cloud of approaching examinations, so we must needs hasten back to the study room to "bone."

This sudden return to work has been led by the Seniors, who are anxious to carry away with them in June the much-longed-for B. A. The Co-eds. are represented in the graduating class this year by Misses Barnes, Harris, Smith, Bristow, Harrison, and Thalhimer.

Miss Mary Hawes Tyler was hostess at a house party given to several of her friends at her home, in Gwathmey, during the Easter holidays. Her guests were Miss Rebecca Taylor, of Nashville, Tenn., and Misses Mattie Brown, Corinne Norment, Virginia Binford, and Helen Baker, of Richmond.

June will be the month of farewells and good-byes. Some of us will return to College in September; others will go away never to come back again. Wherever we are, we shall never forget our College days, and will always declare that they have been the happiest.

Miss Mary Hawes Tyler will attend the Zeta Tau Alpha convention in Knoxville, which will be held from the 14th till the 17th of June. Afterwards she will visit in Nashville.

The Chi Epsilon Literary Society will hold its last meeting for this year on Friday, May 11th. An interesting programme has been arranged.
Miss Francis Ligon, a 1906 graduate of Hollins, will be the guest of Miss Helen Baker during Richmond College finals.

Miss Helen Baker will visit in South Carolina and Georgia before returning to her home in Memphis, Tenn.

Miss Isabel Harris will spend most of her summer with her sister, Mrs. Hancock, in Lynchburg.

Miss Noland Hubbard will return to her home, near Danville, immediately after commencement.

Miss Florence Young has just returned from a visit to friends in Petersburg.

Miss Bertha Knapp will spend the summer at her old home in Indiana.

Miss Maria Bristow will be at her home in Conley, Va., after June 15th.

Miss Leila Willis spent her Easter holidays in Washington, D. C.

Miss Leila Willis goes to Virginia Beach for the summer.
The State Oratorical Contest was held this year at Richmond College, seven of the eight colleges being represented. Roanoke College, for some reason, did not send a representative. Mr. W. F. Semple, of Washington and Lee University, spoke first, his subject being "Public Opinion"; Robert R. Carman, of the University of Virginia, "The Triune Legacy"; H. E. Widener, of Emory and Henry College, "Atheism of Force"; J. M. Mast, of Randolph-Macon College, "The Promise of the Future"; J. B. Terrell, of William and Mary College, "A New Russia"; J. A. Wilson, Jr., of Hampden-Sidney College, "The Changing and the Unchangeable"; W. J. Young, of Richmond College, "Imperialism." The first place was won by Mr. H. E. Widener, of Emory and Henry College. Mr. R. R. Carman, of the University of Virginia, was a very close second.

The decision of the judges was followed by a reception, which closed a most enjoyable evening.

It is with sadness that we announce the death of Mr. John Ryland, of King and Queen county. His death occurred on April 9th. He was the only surviving member of the first student body of Richmond College.

An exhibition game with Randolph-Macon, on May 7th, closed the base-ball season at Richmond College. Although we did not win the championship, our team played some very good games, and we do not feel at all dispirited.

The spring series of the Thomas Lectures were delivered by Hon. Walter H. Page, editor of The World's Work, of New York. The subjects were good and the lectures thoroughly enjoyed by those who attended.

There is much interest taken in the class base-ball teams.
and the games played by these teams. We believe class organizations are a good thing and should be encouraged.

Field Day was held May 18th, on the College campus. A very attractive programme was arranged, and it was one of the liveliest and best Field Days we have had for many years.

Dr. LaFlamme, a returned missionary from India, delivered two very interesting and instructive addresses before the student body, on "Missions in India."
The warm balmy days of spring have a softening effect on everything in nature. We are seized with an indescribable feeling of languor, that places us in an attitude of passive resistance to anything akin to work. The trees and the grass are so inviting on the outside that we leave off the heavy duties, and roam about making love to our great mother, Nature. It is only in this way that we can account for the small number of college magazines on our desk this month.

The warm spring sun, that causes the honey to drop from the flower, also causes the pen to drop from the listless hand of the writer. However, in this the season when a "young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," it seems reasonable to expect that our fancy would move us sufficiently to make us desire to place those finer emotions in a more substantial form. We had hoped to enjoy a copious supply of love ditties, and fairy stories of heroes and heroines who live only in the world of fancy, but our fond expectancy was doomed to be dashed to pieces against a confused mass of historical fictions and dry poetry.

We cannot deny that the tendency is too far advanced in all the colleges of our land to subordinate interest in things literary to athletics. Not that we would for a moment depreciate the importance of athletics to college life, but should not athletics be subservient to the true object for which a college should stand? We hail the time when the average college man will devote his best interest to the cultivation of his powers of expression, both in written and in spoken language, and when the college hero will be the man who excels in literary attainments, instead of the big fellow who carries off the prize in athletics. Not until such a change is effected will we see the standard of college publications elevated from their present status.
Owing to the small number of exchanges received for this month, our remarks will only be of a general nature, but there are some especially deserving magazines, of which we desire to speak.

*The William and Mary Literary Magazine* comes out in a charming red Easter suit, which gives it a most attractive appearance. The list of contents, while not as extensive as usual, nevertheless contains some very creditable matter. "The Doctor's Easter Lily" is an ingeniously-wrought little story. The setting is very appropriate and the plot well conceived. The poetry is in great abundance and of good quality, the best selections being "Eine Geliebte Aufgenhen," "The Noble Ten," and "Reflection." "In Memoriam" is also a touching eulogy on our Southern hero, Gen. Joseph Wheeler.

We receive this month our first copy of the *Minnesota Magazine*, and we are thoroughly delighted with its contents. It is a publication of a high order, its articles showing a clear insight and deep research. We hope that it will continue to come to our desk, and we take this opportunity to extend a cordial invitation.

*The Carolinian* is always good, and comes near to its usual standard this month. "The Younger Brother" is a story of love that we enjoyed throughout. It is written in a clear, flowing style that holds the reader.

*Ouachita Ripples* comes from away down in Arkansas, but it seems to lose nothing *en transit*. It is usually here on time, and is a bright, newsy little paper. The current issue contains several historical articles of literary merit.

*The St. Mary's Muse* is also a new addition to our exchange list. Of small proportions, it is nevertheless a bright little paper, full to the back with creditable reading matter. Come again.

Clippings.

Gasoline—Solemn Scene—Extra!

Johnny played with gasoline
And matches, with his sister.
“Yea, they were borne heavenward,”
Softly said the minister.

There is one consoling feature
Of such a solemn case;
How happy the reporter is
To see them go in space!

Literary Hash.

Cooke a Green Crabbe till it Burns;
When it’s Shirley Donne add More;
Then, while the mixture is Browning,
Boyle a Hogg or a Lamb that is raw.

Next Peele off a Cole slice of Bacon
(Provided you have a Good Steele,
For a dull knife will raise up the Dickens
With even a Vere nice meal).

If it’s Winter, a Hare will improve it,
Or even a juicy young bird;
But be sure that you’re Swift in your movements,
For the hash will get Stael, I have heard.
CLIPPINGS.

Progress.

Biggs: "That watchmaker has quite a unique sign-board, hasn’t he?"

Jiggs: "Yes, it’s a sign of the times."

Englishman: "Are the trains fast in America?"

American College Man on the Continent: "Oh, yes. Why, one day I was kissing my mother good-bye, when the train pulled out suddenly and I kissed a cow thirteen miles up the track."

Two Miles a Minute.

Twomilesaminute,  
Geehowwefly!  
Swiftasameteor  
Streakingthesky.

Whatisthatblur?  
Onlythetrees.  
Lookatthemwave;  
Mywhatabreeze!

Ahonkandarush,  
Aflashandasasmell;  
Whatdidwehit?  
Didsomebodyyell?

Ajarandascream—  
Itlookedlikeahorse.  
Notellingnow;  
Keepthecourse.

Outoftheroad!  
Givesusashow!  
Twomilesaminute  
Geehowwego!
Purpose.

Prime resolutions are of life the dynamo,
Impelling onward, upward to the mountain heights,
Where great hearts live and burn and glow as beacon lights
To guide the midnight climber from the vale below.

Aspiring to be greatest, one will not be least;
For, though he never fully realize his aim,
Or but half way to his ideal high attain,
Awakened hope is to his soul a sumptuous feast,

Attended by the joys that enervate and heat
The spirit, shattered by the sudden shocks of chance,
And vanquished often in the fight with circumstance,
To rise and wrench a final victory from defeat.

A lofty purpose has a power that none can know
Save him whose life is held beneath its regnant sway,
And happier far to be in bondage thus for aye
Than wand’ring aimless-free eternal ages through.

Mother Goose in Boston.

Hey, diddle, diddle!
The feline and the violin.
The bovine described a parabola over the luminary sphere.
The small canine cachinated to observe such disportations;
During which occupation the receptacle for edibles deserted
With the ladle.

A Boarding-House Blessing.

Oh, power of love, come down from above,
And bless this skippery ham;
And bring us some meat that’s fit to eat,
For this ain’t worth a damn.