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CASS.

CHAPTER I.

There have been changes at the Hard since 1860. The boatmen have easier times and are less jovial; the steamers bluster in with an air of proprietorship, lie by and shriek shrilly, take up their cargoes of excursionists and baskets and bluster out again, with much hauling of ropes, much shouting and counter-shouting, and oaths tempered to the ears of polite pleasure parties. In the year 1860 the boatmen watched their rivals jealously and were eloquent in the language of abuse. Their rivals have multiplied; the boatman of to-day is gloomy and has no longer the spirit to rail. It is still a place of mysterious charm to the ragged, shoeless, cheerful town urchins who congregate near the water's edge. The shops do a brisk trade still in boiled beef and ham, buns and pastry, flannels and printed cottons, shellfish, nautical instruments, and beer and stout drank on the premises; and still, indoors and out of doors, the wholesome odors of rope and tar and seaweed pervade everything. But the shops nearest the sea have gone; after the fire in 1860 they pulled down the two old houses and built again on their sites. And Cass, who used to stand there, with her brown arms bare to the elbow, her hands on her hips, fearless as the sailors, and as ready with her laugh and jest and abuse—Cass is gone with the old houses and the old times.

Cass was the beauty of the Hard, and knew it, and enjoyed the knowledge. She enjoyed it as a Prince enjoys his title and an old poet his renown; she would have scorned to let admiration flutter her. She sat on the doorstep of the shop when she was a child and looked up into the faces of strange ladies and gentlemen who pointed her out to one another suddenly as they passed, and was unabashed when they stopped to survey her closely. She looked steadily up at them with fearless eyes and rare blushes. The fine gentlemen smiled at her, the fine ladies lifted their gowns a little and bent down to question her in simple language.

"And what is your name, little girl?"

"Cass Brady. What's yourn?" she said, and looked at her friends the boatmen to approve and applaud her coolness.

The gentlemen would laugh as they strolled on; the ladies would murmur something gently about manners. Cass had sharp ears and a clear young voice. Her voice would follow the strangers on their way.

"Manners! An' where's yer own? Manner's good as yourn any day, I reckon. When I pays me penny a week I won' come your way. No fear!" And the boatmen applauded loudly.

"Give 'em as good as they brought," said Cass.

"Trust you," said the men admiringly.

Cass was pretty at 8 years old and prettier at 18. Her skin was as warm a brown as that of the young Italians who sung in the streets in picturesque attire; her eyes were as brown as theirs and brighter and more fearless; her hair grew long and swept back in big waves from her brow; her teeth were white, her lips rosy without being sensual; her head was well poised, her figure strongly yet slenderly knit. If she laughed and talked too loudly for the public street; if her repartee was sometimes more rough than decorous, her audience was not critical on these points. The old men grinned at her benignly; the young men liked a girl who could hold her own, cap jest with jest, turn the satire against the satirist, laugh indifferently at compliments and whistle and hum unmoved when the chapel preacher and the temperance missionary came down to the Hard to proselytize.

The shop, the doorway of which Cass loved, was a shop that sold cooked meats, hot and cold; potatoes browned at the top, moist with gravy beneath, steaming tea and coffee, home-made cake of a rich and weighty kind, and many other delicacies—a shop which described itself vulgarly as an "eating house." A hard-featured, gray-complexioned woman sat behind the counter, served her customers deliberately with no unbecoming eagerness, and served all alike without favor, meting out the exact proportion of butter to each slice of bread, the just amount of fresh mustard to each plate. Her lips were straight, and opened and shut without lending much expression to her face; her eyes rested shrewdly but without interest on her customers and acquaintances, on Emily, her gentle niece, and on Cass, her daughter. She was a woman who had seen trouble, and her troubles had made her stolid.

Mrs. Brady's was a well-populated house; every room had its lodger, some more than one. The lodgers were for the most part old, lonely weather-beaten men who turned in at night and out in the morning and made little work. They took their breakfasts, and sometimes teas and suppers, in two dark little rooms behind the shop, where the tables had oilcloth covers which could be washed down and dried on the spot at a moment's notice, without expense. Emily, in a patient, gently way, brought the meals; Cass came in and out and brought laughter to season the meals, and heard complimentary comments on her bright eyes, her pretty lips and complexion, and was in no way disconcerted. And when Jim Cross, the youngest lodger, with whom Cass for the last four years had been "keeping company," looked up sternly and disapprovingly, Cass staid longer and laughed more gayly to prove her freedom.

Things were going wrong between Jim and Cass. Perhaps some one was making mischief secretly; perhaps the "preachings" Jim had attended lately, and his new, severe religious views made him clear-sighted about Cass and the ungodly bent of her nature; perhaps—it is useless speculating—things were going wrong, and Cass was unconciliating and too proud to attempt to set them right. And at last they reached a crisis.

It was late in winter. The short afternoon was almost over, and the gas, just lighted in the public house next door to the Brady's, shone out through the red curtains and made the wet street darker and colder. Cass looked at the gray water and the moored boats and shivered, and up at the starless sky and shivered again. There was no one to talk to and nothing to look at. The Hard was deserted. Presently a sailor passed Cass, and said, "Good-night, me dear," familiarly.

"Good night," said Cass, friendly ever, whether to friend or stranger. "How long have I been yer dear?"

Her mother, sewing in her shop, raised her eyes from her work just then, and called to her in flat, level tones to come indoors; and Cass at her leisure obeyed.

"What be doin' there? You'm a'ways in th' streets," said her mother. And the remonstrance was spoken, not querulously, not anxiously, in a dull, grim, even way of her own. "Take an' bide in, can't 'ee? 'S no good to be got in th' streets. An' Jim don' like to see 'ee. Get an apern an' sit down decent."

Cass had some rudimentary notion of filial deference, but none of wifely. She opened a drawer in the counter and took an apron and some needlework therefrom, and donned the former as a symbol of decency, whilst she threaded a needle with a yard of cotton. So much was in deference to her mother's prejudices; but she protested against her lover's.

"If Jim don' like my ways," she said, leaning against the wall to sew, and putting visible stiches in some cotton garment, and speaking with a little jerk between the stitches, "I ain't so bent on marryin' with Jim."

"He's a stiddy man," said Mrs. Brady, cheerlessly, in an absent-minded way, as one who speaks in the present with her thoughts in the past. "They'm none so easy found."

"If Jim thinks I care," said Cass, inconsequently, but fiercely, "I don't. Jim's took up with th' preachin' now"—jerk, and a bigger stitch than usual in the white calico—"he'd bes' marry one of they."

Mrs. Brady was sewing, too, slowly and monotonously, with an action as unlike her daughter's as was possible. "There was yer father," she said; "he'd never a good word fur th' chapel folk; an' as fur stiddiness, he drinked 'nself to death, an' that you know."

There was a moral somewhere connected with these reminiscences, but Mrs. Brady was too depressed to point it clearly. Cass pursued her own line of thought unchecked.

"There's Em'ly," she said. "If he wants a saint he'd best take up with Em'ly. I'm willin'."

Conversation between Cass and her mother tended to become soliloquy. Mrs. Brady took up the thread of her own reflections. "The life I led with 'n!" she said. "If th' Lord 'd sin fit to take 'n twenty years afore He did, 'twould been for th' best, an' I'd been thankful. But there! I lived with 'n; nobody else knew 'n in same way. But Jim, he's a stiddy man."

Cass smiled a little involuntarily and drew out her cotton with more gentleness. It was not unpleasant to her to hear Jim's praises sung.

"An' serious thinkin'," added her mother, "He's was fond o' 'ee—a while back he was. Em'ly's quieter spoken an' not so took up wi' th' men."

If there were gaps in her mother's train of reasoning Cass was quick-witted and filled them up. She was seized with a sudden restlessness and took her needlework to the door, where, however, it was too dark to sew. The wind swept in coldly from the sea and blew about her hair and her dress. She put up her arms and clasped her hands behind her head and looked up the street, where the lights seemed brighter. Presently came a step she knew, and she turned quickly and looked out at sea into the darkness.

The step was firm and heavy—not a slothful and not a hurried step—the step of a man with goodly length and strength of limb. It stopped where Cass was standing in the doorway.

"Oh, it's you," she said, looking around for a moment and looking away again. "It's dull to-night—not a soul about."

The man before her was a tall, broad-shouldered young fellow, who wore a blue, darned fisherman's jersey, and whose face and throat and brawny hands and wrists were tanned with sea air and sun. His eyes were frank, straight-glancing, uncompromising. His lips were firm and a little stern. Both eyes and lips looked as though they seldom smiled.

"Come indoors, Cass," he said, and he spoke authoritatively and a little wearily.

"Are you goin' in? I shan't then," said Cass. "It's duller still indoors."

Jim took off his woolen cap and shook the rain from it, and did not speak.

"Em'ly's indoors," continued Cass; "you can go an' sit wi' her. She's fitter company 'n me. I ain't no saint an' I don't set to be."

"There's nothin' to be proud of in that, Cass," said the man, with a grave, perhaps irritating forbearance.

"I don't know," said Cass. "They'm a poor set, a poor, pasty-face' lot—if Em'ly's a pattern. I'd be ashamed to look on the men like that, as though I was afeared on 'm—as though I expected 'm to make love to me if I didn' turn down me eyes an' look ugly. I'd be ashamed to look a man in th' face if I couldn' have me laugh with 'n nat'rel, an' cheek'n back when he cheeked me."

The rain came down in a thick, heavy drizzle. The tide splashed dismally against the stones of the Hard. Cass, with her hands behind her head, stood looking out and humming as though a cheerful sun was shining on a merry world. The song she hummed was a bit of a vulgar little pantomime song, which the street boys had been whistling all winter. Jim looked down on her, and in his mind was the picture of a different woman, gentler, softer-voiced, with quieter, more retiring ways, with graver thoughts and less worldly smiles and laughter.

"I don' know 'bout all that, Cass," he said coldly; "but I know this—an' I say this—I'd like the girl I'm marryin' to be a modest an' good woman, who'd mind her home an' bide there, an' bring up her children to think of other things than flirtin' an' finery an' play-goin'. An' there's where a man who married Em'ly 'd be sure. An' if you, Cass—"

But Cass interrupted him. She turned upon him suddenly, her face crimson, her eyes flashing.

"You'd bes' be off wi' me now," she said. "You'm tired of it—an'—an'—I'm tired of it. We'd best have done wi' one another."

"Maybe we'd best," said Jim slowly.

Cass laughed; but the laugh had in it more of bravado than of mirth or indifference.

"That's settled, then," she said. "You'm free now to take up wi' Em'ly. I'm willin'; I shan't grieve."

CHAPTER II.

It was a week or two later. March was nearly over; the clouds put on their white spring dress, and sailed by happily across skies that were blue again; the water danced and sparkled in the sunshine, beat merrily against the gray old stones of the Hard, and rejoiced in the good time coming. Excited children appeared, stumbling over the stones, talking vociferously to basket-laden, umbrella-laden, shawl and wrap and cloak-laden elders. Fine ladies in wide crinolines came tripping daintily by. Lazy young men, with their hands in their pockets, sauntered down with an air of indifference. The Hard was gay again.

Cass was the gayest of the gay. She found funds of mirth in every one's everyday jokes. She stood in the doorway and took an unflagging interest in everything that passed around her; raised the laugh against the careful pleasure-seeker who staid to bargain with the boatmen; sent the shaft of satire after the parsimonious who departed; joined volubly in every conversation; took a decided side in every quarrel, and proved to the meanest intelligence that her heart was light and her interest in life keen.

If she suffered she made no sign. She had a creed of womanly virtue—a creed of strange omissions and certain out-of-date beliefs writ large. To love a man who scorned her love was a shameful thing—a thing to be hustled away out of sight, ignored, laughed down, forgotten as soon as possible. That her face crimsoned when Jim looked at her; that her pulses throbbed when he touched her hand by chance in passing; that her heart sank and all her being seemed to ache when he turned away from her and lowered his voice to speak gently to Emily, made her weep as bitter tears of shame at night as any repentant Magdalen might have shed.

It was a clear, bright, breezy night at the end of March. The shutters of the shop had been shut two hours ago. The last of the lodgers had stumbled away to bed, stopping a moment at the bottom of the dark stairs to strike a match and light a pipe to bear him company. Mrs. Brady looked, in a dull-eyed, listless way, at the crumb-littered table and the dirty plates and glasses in the little back room, and noticed that Cass had a duster in her hand and that Emily was bringing water. She was full of housewifely cares with no housewifely enthusiasm in the cares. "Put them bits by on a plate, Cass," she directed. "An' there's the cheese; don' let it bide out; th' mice gets to it. You needn' empty th' jug; th' milk 'll be good by th' mornin'." And after looking on for a moment at the girl's work she slowly lighted a candle and went her way.

Emily was washing up the supper things. Cass held a damp, unlovely cloth, and wiped the plates and forks as Emily took them, one by one, from the water. For some minutes there was no sound in the room but the clatter of plate touching plate and the hiss of the gas turned low. Cass stood upright at her task; Emily stooped a little, with an air of weariness or weakness which was habitual to her.

Neither had spoken. Emily looked as she always looked—her thin little face almost colorless, her eyes cast down, her light hair drawn tightly back into a little hair-pinned knot behind, her print gown limp, her manner gentle, deprecating. There was no obvious change in her to-night. Yet, before many minutes had passed, it somehow became clear to Cass that Emily was excited, that something unusual had happened, that Emily had something on her mind that she desired to tell.

"They'm most done," said Emily at last. Although the remark referred to the dishes, Cass understood that it was in some way preparatory to a more important communication. It broke the silence.

But it was not an answer that called for answer or comment.

"There's th' tumblers," added Emily gently, after a minute.

"Yes," said Cass.

"Best change th' water," said Emily waveringly.

Cass, without a word, took the bowl and changed the water rapidly.

"It's funny," said Emily in a timid and reflective tone, as she dipped the first glass in the clean water and bathed away the traces of rum and sugar, "it's funny to think how all the days is th' same—layin' meals, washin' up, brushin' an' cleanin' an' makin' beds—an' yet how differ'nt—sort o' differ'nt—some days seems."

Cass was wiping a glass with needless vigor. Somehow she knew beforehand what was coming. Emily raised two light, timid, pathetic eyes, and looked at her with a sort of deprecating glance.

"I'd like to tell 'ee somethin', Cass; but you'll be angered wi' me."

"Not I," said Cass shortly. "Angered?" Not likely!"

But the assurance did not convey much encouragement. Emily bent again to her work in silence.

"It's you an' Jim, I 'spose," said Cass after a minute, as the silence lasted.

"Yes. Don' be angered, Cass—don't be vexed—not 'long wi' me. He wouldn't take 'no;' and I did say 'no' to 'n at first. An' he was a'ways differ'nt to th' other men—kind about things—an' serious, an' no nonsense an' jeerin.' On'y I was afeard you might—might take it unkind, Cass—an' be angered."

There was a long pause. Cass was striving after impressiveness, eager to tell her lie with force, with truth-like intensity. She put both hands on the table, and, leaning on the downturned palms, bent across and looked steadily and calmly at Emily, whose eyes fell.

"You'm in love wi' Jim," she said, "an' you think all th' world's in love th' same. If I'd been in love wi' 'n, Em'ly, should I have cast 'n up? Tell me that. Do I look as if I was frettin'? do I? Why, I threw 'n up meself. I—I was tired of his preachin' ways; we'd been keepin' company long enough, an' I was tired of it. It's all one to me what he does, an' where he goes, an' who he marries. An' I'm glad he's took up wi' you; you'm made fur 'n—just his sort—an' you've set yer mind on 'n fur th' last two year. It's naught to me—an' I'm glad. Don' talk o' my bein' angered. Angered? What about? Might marry a dozen wives fur all 'twould fret me—might be brought in drowned to-morrow an' I shouldn' fast meself."

Emily was crying in a nervous, feeble way. When Cass stood dramatically and spoke forcibly Emily was always a little frightened. Perhaps, too, the picture of Jim with eleven rival wives and the reminder of the daily jeopardy of Jim's life at sea seemed malevolent.

"I'm goin' to bed," said Cass in a gentler tone. Tears, in spite of herself, always softened her; her instinct, like a man's, was to run away from them. "You'd bes' come, too, Em."

Emily followed obediently, wiping her eyes in the sleeve of her cotton gown and crying still because she had once begun. Cass looked at her uneasily, feeling conscience-stricken, as though in cowardly fashion she had struck a child.

"I'm glad if you'm happy, Em," she said. "Not carin' fur Jim meself, I can be glad, you see."

"An' you don' care fur'n?" said Emily dubiously. She was not shrewd at gauging others' feelings; but indifference to Jim seemed an incredible, an impossible thing. She was not sure now that she had wished Cass to be thus indifferent; she had thought, perhaps hoped, that Cass would envy her a little. "Didn' you ever care?" she added. "Did you like th' other men jus' th' same? He isn' like th' other men, Jim isn'; he doesn' think o' drinkin, an' spendin', an' layin' out all his money on hisself in plays an' drink. He's a chapel man, Jim is."

"He's a saint," said Cass.

Emily was following wearily up the stairs, and for a moment or two was silent. "You don' speak very kind o' Jim," she said presently, in a tone of querulous, vague resentment.

Cass laughed a little as she reached her door. "You'm able to do that yerself, Em," she said. "Speak kind and do kind; that's fur you. What I say an' do's no odds."

She entered the room where her mother was sleeping and shut the door behind her, and Emily went on to her little cupboard-like bedroom near the sky. Sleep came quickly to neither to-night. Emily was too happy to go prosaically to bed; she was tired with the day's running to and fro, but sleep was far from her eyes. She sat at the foot of her bed and leaned her head against the wall, and in slow, happy fashion her thoughts rehearsed the interview of an hour or two ago—what Jim had said; what she had answered; at what point in the interview Jim's grave, gray eyes had smiled at her; how she had looked down at her cotton gown and wished she had starched it on Monday; how Jim had kissed her and she had hastily pulled down her sleeves from her elbows to her wrists with a feeling that it was not seemly to be courted thus, without her holiday attire, with bare arms and turned-up gown; how Jim had kissed her again and she had cried for happiness, and continued to cry because it proved so sweet to be comforted. Her pale little lips relaxed in smiles at the pleasant memories. On Sunday she would wear her best drab gown, with the zizzag trimming at the bottom. On Monday—but there her thoughts became confused, and passed slowly into dreams in which ambition was not bounded by sordid probability, and her best gown was lilac silk, and her crinoline of fashionable dimensions.

Cass even then was wakeful. She lay still, with her hands clasped above her head upon the pillow, careful not to move lest her mother should awake and wonder at her sleeplessness. The tide down below was beating in noisily against the stones, but the sound was hushed in the distance, and Cass was used to the long, monotonous muffled splash. Her bed faced a window, and now and then when the clouds parted the moonlight shone coldly in. The clouds traveled up swiftly, shut out the light and rolled by toward the west. The wind had risen; she listened to it as it whistled mournfully along the bare passages of the house. And at last she slept.

It was dark when she awoke. She awoke suddenly and sat upright with a quick, vague sense of danger. She held her breath for a moment and listened, scarcely knowing why she listened and what she feared. Next moment, above the splash of the tide and the whistling of the wind, came a strange sound as of glass loudly cracking in some room below. Cass sprang out of bed and ran out upon the landing. The air that met her seemed hot and stifling. At that moment the clouds rolled back and the moonlight streamed in through the staircase window, and she saw that staircase and passages were filled with smoke which came up in dense volumes from some room below. Crying loudly the alarm of "Fire!" she ran back to her mother to awaken her. Her mother was awake; in another moment all the house seemed to be awake; doors were opening, footsteps hurrying through the passages, friends calling to friends, those who slept below calling lustily the alarm to those who slept above.

A moment's pause in her mother's room, and Cass fled up stairs. The Babel was great, but the men slept soundly, and some might still be sleeping. One of the younger men, Dan Earthy, was just before her, speeding upward on the same errand. He ran up the narrow staircase to the garrets, and Cass passed hurriedly from door to door on the floor below. The doors were open; no one answered when she called. She heard Dan Earthy's voice above, and heard him descending again. The open doors seemed to shut out the moonlight; she had to grope her way back through the passage to the stairs.

On the landing and the stairs below, as she ran down, all was noise, rush, confusion. Every one was escaping. Only, through the smoke, Jim was coming up. He was breathless; he looked at Cass and looked beyond her. Cass understood. In a moment, at the first sight of him, two thoughts had flashed through her mind. Emily slept in one of the garret rooms; Jim had not seen her. Dan Earthy must have passed her door and overlooked it; his call had not aroused her, and Jim was daring danger to awaken her. There was peril in the errand; his face betrayed it. Before he reached her she spoke.

"Go back, Jim. Safe—she's safe. Em's gone. I saw her go."

He turned at once. There was a little lad, belonging to one of the watermen, on the landing just below him. He caught the child in his arms and ran down with him through the smoke. Without a moment's pause Cass turned, too, and ran back to the topmost story to Emily's room.

The moon was hidden again behind the clouds, and the passages were dark. Cass called as she mounted the steep stairs, but there was no answer from above. The smoke that ascended with her seemed denser than ever—stifling, blinding, suffocating. She went briskly on, bruising herself against a jutting angle of the wall and a wooden chest standing in the passage. The door of Emily's room was open. She entered and called again. But the room was empty. Emily was gone. She had been sleeping lightly, had been the first to hear the alarm, the first of all to escape. Cass looked around, and turned again to retreat.

Two houses were destroyed in that fire in 1860. And one life was lost. "One life only," said the local papers next day. The houses had been so old, the alarm so late, the spread of the fire so rapid after the alarm, that there seemed almost room for congratulation in that "one life only."

Only Cass had failed to escape. Why she had failed remained a mystery. Strangers who had not known Cass offered an explanation which to themselves was satisfactory. It was a simple matter enough. She had not estimated the danger and had gone back to her room to save some bit of finery—some favorite necklace or bonnet or gown. Draw a moral—preach a sermon—let the Vanity of Woman be the text!

The boatmen derided the conjecture. They had known Cass better. Only one of them leaned to the strangers' theory. That was Jim.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

The Newest Designs in Tights.

"Tights are among the chief goods we sell," said a stage costumer recently to a reporter of the New York *Mail and Express*. "They are used in almost every show in the country, and the demand for them just now is very large."

"Do they wear out easily?"

"That depends entirely on the show the wearer is acting in. Circus riders buy the most. The rosin on the horse's back causes them to wear out very quickly. Then the wearer's perspiring makes it necessary to have them washed every time they are used. A bareback circus rider will wear out two pairs of tights a week. They cost from $2 a pair to any price the purchaser wishes to give. The average price paid by circus riders is $6 a pair. They are plain woven tights, but are very strong. There are innumerable varieties in materials, in styles, in colors, and still more in fits. The cheapest varieties are made of cotton. These are made in all colors—flesh, white, black, unbleached, chocolate and brown. Then there are fine cotton tights, worsted tights, lisle thread tights, French cotton tights and silk tights."

"Do you sell them ready made or make them to order?"

"The best qualities are all made to measure. We have the makeup or model of a number of actors and actresses, and can make them as often as they are wanted."

"What do you mean by the makeup?"

"You don't suppose those people have the goods made to fit their true forms, do you? Not more than one-fifth of them have their tight-fitting clothes made without padding. How would a premier danseuse look posing before her audience if her costume were not made to give her a soft, rounded appearance? We make padded skirts, padded hips, padded arms, padded insteps, padded thighs, padded legs, and, in fact, padded everything. The pads are made of fine lambs' wool. When a large ballet is being organized we have to go into this padding business very extensively. Some of the prettiest girls are slightly knocked-kneed or bow-legged. We have to straighten them out and produce the fine, Venus-like looking forms that you see on the stages. We have artists who make a specialty of this, and in some particular cases they make a model of the actress, perfect the model and then make the goods up."

A Nation of Cowards.

"Thugism is on the increase," said an officer, "and there is but little fairness shown in fights nowadays. I don't know exactly to what to attribute it, but it is a fact that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred where arrests are made by the police the complainant or the man who gets the worst of it declares that the other fellow took him unaware. When I was a boy if one person had anything against another he went up to him and 'cussed' him and dared him to take off his coat and have a square rough and tumble fight. Then the bystanders would form a ring and by preventing anybody from interfering would see that the best man would win. But it is different now. If a man has anything in the way of a score to settle with you he walks up alongside of you and hits you on the jugular vein or over the eye with his fist, a sandbag or a pair of brass knuckles or slungshot, and stretches you on the pavement. Men come into the Central Station every day and night with cut heads and faces, and say they were knocked out without provocation and before they could even get in position to defend themselves. Here is a nice question for philosophers: Are we getting to be a nation of cowards? This kind of fighting certainly argues to me that we are. Saloon keepers and their bartenders do a good deal of this one-sided slugging. They usually have a billy or a soda bottle handy, and when a man comes in drunk without money and makes himself disagreeable, they crack away at his head, knock him down and drag him out to the sidewalk. A bartender said to me last night: 'I take no chances. If a man comes in here and gets to monkeying or makes a nuisance of himself I am not going out from behind the bar to put him out and run the risk of getting done up. I take a bottle and hit him once, and then I have no trouble getting rid of him.'"—*Kansas City Journal.*

HE SAT DOWN.—The curtain had gone down on the first act, when a bullet-head man, who had come in ten minutes late and disturbed a dozen people to get to a chair in the center of the row, got up. It was time for beer. He had been in there twenty-two minutes by the watch, and was suffering untold agonies for a glass of lager. He started to put on his overcoat, when the strange lady at his side inquired: "Going out?" "Yes'm." "Coming back after you get a drink?" "Y-yes'm." "Well, I came prepared. I have two bottles—one whisky and the other with beer. Which one will you take?" "Wh-w-what!" he stammered as he looked down upon her with bulging eyes, and gradually his arms fell, his overcoat sank down on the railing in front of him, and he dropped into his seat with a thud that jarred everybody in the row.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Senator Vrooman is recovering from his recent attack of inflammatory rheumatism.

WATCHING AND WAITING.

Chicagoans in Jerusalem Looking for the Second Coming of Christ.

The following letter was received by Mrs. S. J. Bishop, of Chicago, from a lady friend who left Chicago some years since with several others, and went to Jerusalem, in Palestine, to await the second coming of Christ:

JERUSALEM, November 23, 1887.

My Dear Friend: Your letter, which was duly received a week or two ago, brought your face very clearly before me, and I remembered how you used to come to see Mother Gould from time to time, and how you always spoke to me of my own mother. It is a long time since I met you there, and many things have taken place since then. I was glad to hear that you were well, and interested in this land and this city. And I am very glad to tell you a few of the glorious things that we have been witnesses of during the six years we have been here. When we arrived here, six years ago the 26th of September, we numbered fourteen adults and five children. As we drove up from Jaffa we were deeply impressed with the desolation of the land. Not a spear of green could be seen anywhere; the olive trees and vines were so covered with the gray dust of a hot, dry summer, that you never could imagine there could be any green undergrowth, and the whole earth seemed dried to its foundations. We realized to the full that it was a land under the curse of God still, for sin. But we have never seen it look like that since that time. Every year it looks greener and greener, and now, so many of those barren hillsides are covered with vineyards, and olive yards, quite changing the appearance of everything.

You will ask, what is the cause of this great change? God has promised that like as He brought all this evil upon this land, so He will bring great blessings unto it, and it has evidently begun by God sending more rain than for many thousand years. He sends beautiful showers and heavy dews where there used not to be any, and He sends clouds in summer, which were never known even twenty years ago. This tempers the heat, so that it does not dry up the ground so. Five years ago He sent, in July and August (months in which it never used to rain), three hours of rain in Jaffa and sixteen hours in Damascus, and much all around it, so that the American papers remarked upon it as a proof that the climate of Palestine was changing. Also, when we came here there were very few Jews coming back to this land, but the persecutions in Russia and Germany and other places began to drive them out, and, in spite of the edicts of the Sultan, they began returning to this land, buying land, planting and building, and getting possession of the trade of the city; and so to-day there are many thousands more than when we came here.

Jerusalem is in reality now in the hands of the Jews, so far as trade is concerned, and the Jew is no longer under the heel of the Mohammedan as he once was. They are also rapidly building up a new city, exactly on the line of the description in Jeremiah xxxi, 38-40, and Jeremiah xxxii, 43-44, so that even the Turks, who are in power, are taking notice of it, and are saying one to the other, "It is God, and what can we do?" And, dear friend, what can we say to all this but that God is rapidly fulfilling His word and the covenant He made with Abraham in our day, and we are witnesses of these things. God told us to come to Jerusalem and sit down and be instructed by Him, and also witness what He was about to do in the earth that we might tell it to the generations following. Had we listened to our friends and not obeyed God we could not have seen the land just as it was, with the curse on it, and so been able to contrast it with what it would be when God began to restore. For no one has eyes for these things in Jerusalem but ourselves; nevertheless they are facts.

There is no mission work in this land that is doing any real good. The lives of the Christians are so contrary to the word of God that they are only false witnesses for Him, and we are not looking for any good results to come from that of work for Christ. But we are looking for John xvii. to be fulfilled—where Christ says that "when He had a body made perfect in one even as He and the Father are one," then the world will believe that He was sent of the Father. For this we are pressing as a great prize set before us, and we are looking for such mighty things as the world never saw before. These are glorious days, and our hearts are full of joy at what is coming upon the earth.

AMELIA GOULD.

Emotional Development in Girls.

It is precisely in that natural aptitude for emotion, in that type of mind which is exquisitely sensitive to impressions and generously swayed by sympathetic feeling, that one of the great dangers to the perfection of womanhood, physical and mental, may be said to reside.

Many and varied influences tend to increase this emotional excitability until it often becomes a fixed habit of mind; an undue sensibility of the supreme centers to emotional ideas is created, which can only be maintained at the expense of sound health of body and of mind. First among these are certain home influences that are brought to bear upon a little girl from her earliest childhood, which foster in self-consciousness and introspection.

She is generally permitted narrower limits, within which she can play, can dress, can succeed, than are allowed to her brother, even when her physique is equally able. She is housed more closely, her out-of-door sports are fewer and less interesting, and her dress is too often a limitation to her freedom. Such restrictions of her liberty, and constant reference to the fact that her sex denies her this or that employment or pleasure, tend to make a child self-conscious and emotionally overactive. Methods of family discipline which depend upon appeals to emotional natures of children have like unhealthy results, for they promote a condition of mental commotion and unrest harmful to children, who require an even atmosphere for the mind as well as for the body. There are often undue claims made upon little children for the demonstration of their affections, and this is especially true of girls.

In a paper on "Emotional Prodigality among Children," read before a dental society some years ago by Dr. C. F. Taylor, it was argued that stimulation of the emotions among children conduced not only to disease of the spine, but also to dental caries.

Dr. Taylor says: "In my large practice among children, I am certain scores are literally killed by the excessive amount of emotional excitement which they are forced to endure. All this hugging and kissing and talking to them is to excite responses of the same emotional nature in the child for the pleasure and gratification of the parents and friends." And again he says: "I believe that three-fifths of the spinal diseases which occur in children are directly traceable to mental overaction. And this because a large proportion of these cases gets well without other treatment than a withdrawal from the exciting cause of emotional disturbance."—*Dr. Mary T. Bissell in Popular Science Monthly.*

The Importance of Pure Milk.

In an article upon "The Adulteration of Milk and its Detection," written by Prof. C. H. Henderson, and published in *Popular Science* for February, he says:

The absolute necessity of maintaining a certain standard of purity in food-products, has led, in most of the States, to a comprehensive and somewhat stringent legislation concerning adulterations. Particularly is this the case as regards the product of the dairy. The official inspection busies itself with both the qualitative and quantitative value of these articles. Of all the foods supplied directly by nature, milk is the only one which contains all the elements of nutrition in the relative proportions required by man, and in a form easy of digestion; it is therefore the food best suited to young children and invalids—persons who can ill afford to have their food tampered with in any way. This consideration, together with the universal use of the article, has determined the adoption of a system of public inspection in nearly all of our large cities. The States of Massachusetts, New York and Michigan have given particular attention to the honesty of the milkman, and the standards of quality and methods of analysis established by their public analysts have been generally adopted by chemists all over the country. Yet, in spite of the vigilant eye which is thus constantly watching this department of the farm, pounds of butter weighed according to a system of units not recognized in the arithmetic, milk which contains an abnormal percentage of water, and cream whose composition will not bear investigation, are daily sold in the market-places of both city and country.

But they are, of course, two sides to the question. Not unfrequently the milkman is accused entirely without cause. There are few housekeepers who do not sincerely believe, in spite of an otherwise general faith in mankind, that he, at least, will bear watching. The analyst, however, is a perfectly unprejudiced person. He cares little for the protestations of the vender, or the suspicions of the customer. He simply says, "Your milk should have such and such a specific gravity; it should contain such and such percentages of fat, of other hydrocarbons, of mineral salts, and of water; if it contain these, it is an honest milk; if it does not, it is adulterated." And generally, the analyst is not open to argument. He has implicit faith in his hydrometer and analytical balance.

Man's Relationship to Animals.

Only the briefest reference can be made, says Professor E. S. Morse, in *Popular Science* for February, to a few of the numerous contributions on the subject of man's relationship to the animals below him. The rapidly-accumulating proof of close relationship between man and the quadrumana make interesting every fact, however trivial, in regard to the structure and habits of the higher apes. Dr. Arthur E. Brown has made some interesting experiments with the monkeys in the Zoological Gardens in Philadelphia. He found that the monkeys showed great fear, as well as curiosity, when a snake was placed in their cage, though they were not affected by other animals, such as an alligator and turtle. On the other hand, animals belonging to other orders showed no fear or curiosity at a snake. These experiments, repeated in various ways, lead him only to one conlusion, "that the fear of the serpent became instinctive in some far-distant progenitor of man, by reason of his exposure to danger and death in a horrible form, from the bite, and that it has been handed down through the diverging lines of descent which find their expression today in Homo and Pithecus."

The same author, in an exceedingly interesting description of the higher apes, says: "A. R. Wallace once called attention to the similarity in color existing between the orang and chimpanzee and the human natives of their respective countries. It would, indeed, seem as if but half the truth had been told, and that the comparison might be carried also into the region of mind; the quick, vivacious chimpanzee partaking of the mercurial disposition of negro races, while the apathetic, slow orang would pass for a disciple of the sullen fatalism of the Malay."

Dr. Brown has also given a description of the grief manifested by a chimpanzee on the death of its mate. His grief was shown by tearing his hair or snatching at the short hair on his head. The yell of rage was followed by a cry the keeper had never heard before, a sound which might be represented by hah-ah-ah-ah-ah uttered somewhat under the breath, and with a plaintive sound like a moan.

The Name of America.

The meaning of the name Amerigo has been often discussed, the only thing certain being that it was one of those names of Teutonic origin like Humberto, Alfonso, Grimaldi or Garibaldi, so common in Northern Italy, which testify to the Gothic or Lombard conquest. Americ, which occurs as early as 744 A. D., is probably a contracted form of the name Amalaric, borne by a King of the Visigoths, who died in 531. A Bishop was present at the Council of Salisbury in 807, and an Americus Ballstarius is mentioned in the close rolls (thirteenth century). It has been conjectured that the stem is *im*, from which we get the name of Emma. The meaning of this is not known with certainty, though Ferguson thinks it may denote "strife" or "noise." Since, however, the name is probably Gothic origin, and since the Amalungs were the royal race of the Ostrogoths, it is more likely that the stem is *amal*, which was formerly thought to mean "without spot," but is now more plausibly connected with the old Norse *aml*, labor, work. The suffix *ric*, cognate *rex*, *reich* and *rick*, means "rich" or "powerful," and, therefore, the most probable signification of Amerigo is "strong for labor."—*Notes and Queries.*

INFLUENCE OF FOOD ON MILK.—The per cent. of solids is not necessarily increased by heavier grain feeding. In other words, a cow giving milk containing 11 or 12 per cent. of solids on a moderate grain ration may and may not give 13 per cent. of milk when fed a richer ration. The influence of the feed on the milk is usually controlled by the animal's constitution and character. This position will be fiercely assailed, because the general impression is that richer feed will make richer milk. This may be comparatively true so far as the fat in milk is concerned, but all feeding tests on record that are accompanied by analysis go to show that there is no assured influence of food on the quantity of milk solids other than fat. A cow may give milk with more solids in it when fed on a comparative poor ration than on rich food. The relation between food and solids is therefore unfixed, but depends upon the animal. But the mixed milk of dairies almost invariably runs about 13 per cent. of solids.—*Farm and Home.*

CARP OUT OF WATER.—With regard to the ordinary carp, they will live out of water for a very considerable time. I may mention that on one occasion we received a batch of fine carp from the estate of V. F. Bennett Standford, at Tisbury, Wilts, a distance of ninety-five miles from London. They were packed in straw. On their arrival at Brighton they were placed under a sharp stream of water, and in a very short time they were sufficiently recovered from their dry journey to be placed in the show tank, where they lived for a long time.—*Public Opinion.*

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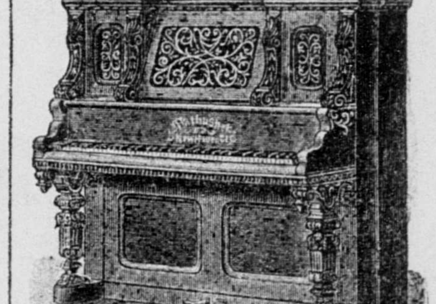

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WALTER W. LOW, Administrator.
Dated January 20, 1888.
TAYLOR & HOLL, Attorneys for Administrator.
j21-law4wS

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF WILLIAM VERITY, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, executor of the last will and testament of WILLIAM VERITY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary affidavits or vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to said Executor, at the office of Taylor & Holl, 630 J street, in the city of Sacramento.
G. W. BAKER, Executor.
Dated January 20, 1888.
TAYLOR & HOLL, Attorneys for Executor.
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