WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

Scenes in and Around Ilkley and Bolton Abbey.

Pen Pictures from the Quaintest Old Town of England, the Former Home of Robert Collyer, the "Yorkshire Blacksmith," with Account of Loiterings About Bolton Abbey.

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ILKLEY, England, April 3, 1891.

Where the fierce winds of the German Ocean meet the wild winds from the Irish Sea, and both, in savage convolutions, roll icy fog banks along the barren hills, lies a little vale, set like a nest between the highest Yorkshire moors. This is Wharfedale. All around are dreariness of scenery and the griminess and hardness of the countless mills. But within this one dale, as if in blessed compensation, are numberless winsome spots and scenes. Ilkley, quaint and old in its characterful village life, shining and new from its innovations of rich loiterers drawn hither by the hygienic wells, and from the very love of the sweet old spot, as Ruskin and Turner were, is the Wharfedale's tiny metropolis. It was the *Olicana* of the Romans. All Saints', its ancient church, stands on the site of a former Roman fort and station. The entire region roundabout is filled with Pictish and Druidic remains. While the valley sides and craggy moor scars rising above, are exquisitely set with hedge and copse, lawn and bloom, with here and there the walls of ancient manor-house, or of battlemented castle, showing statelily against the outjuttings of the highest crags.

Innumerable English antiquarians, naturalists and tourists, come to Wharfedale. All visit the classic shades of Bolton Abbey, four miles above Ilkley. Few Americans have seen it, because of its remoteness. The ancient priory was founded in 1151, and owed its origin to a pathetic tragedy, best told in Roger's ballad, "The Boy of Egremond." Lady Alice, wife of William Fitz-Duncan, nephew to King David of Scotland, was the founder. Just a mile above the abbey, the River Wharfe is compressed within a deep, torrent-like rocky channel, called the Strid, because one can stride, or leap, across it. The son of Lady Alice attempted to cross the Strid, leading a hound in leash. The latter, suddenly shrinking back, precipitated "the boy of Egremond" into the torrent. He was drowned. In dolorous memory Bolton Abbey was built. Among all the abbey ruins of Great Britain, Bolton, blended with surroundings, is certainly the most attractively picturesque. Melrose is incomparably more interesting as an ecclesiastic art relic; ivy-buried Dryburgh protects the grave of Scott; Kirkstall, as an impressive ruin, is far superior; and Fountains is more perfect, spacious and splendid; but Bolton Abbey stands as both an impressive and picturesque olden shrine in a perfect dream of natural beauty and repose.

The ruins are situated on the west side of the Wharfe upon a gentle grassy eminence where the river curves broadly to the east, breaking in rippling shallows along its sunny way. The ancient conventual walls are so fallen in places as to be overgrown with grass and shrubbery; other portions of the wall still stand high and lofty, subdued in their jagged outlines by masses of ivy. The shell of the great priory church is yet entire, and into its splendid nave has been built a parochial chapel—almost type of a truant faith still clinging to its mother church, while the daintiest parsonage, eyes ever beheld, has been built out of the ruins, over against where once stood the court of cloisters. An ancient escutcheon is emblazoned on its gateway, its porch is buried in ivy, and in summer wild hops and lady-bower kindle the dark masses with bloom. To the student of ecclesiastic art Bolton Priory offers but few distinct and fruitful studies. There is a fine old arch still standing which once led to the chapter-house. In the nave is a wooden screen of remarkable Tudor work. The decorated windows of the transepts are excellent examples. The early English work of the west front of the nave has a magnificent recessed doorway enriched with fifteen moldings, while the west window is as exquisite an example of the Perpendicular style as may be found in England. In every direction the eye falls on matchless scenes of sweetness and rest. The very air and sunlight of the little vale seem eloquent of repose. The inner sense dreamfully dwells upon the sacred and classic memories of the ivy-hid ruins, the Wharfe modulates its wimplings to the spirit of the spot, and even the birds loving the valley as a retreat from the ever-crowding of the grim and smoky mills, sing here in their Wharfeside sanctuary their softest and tenderest songs.

Outside of all quaint and pleasant things about old and new Ilkley, it is a delightful place to visit from the human interest of the town and its neighborhood. The ancestors of that sweet singer, Bishop Heber, lived and died here. It is the land of the Fairfaxes, whose noble blood was transfused to our own Virginia. It was the passionately-loved haunt of Turner, who never spoke of sweet Wharfedale "without a quivering of the voice," while Ruskin "discerned little bits of Ilkley scenery hanging on to the Alpine hights when Turner came to paint them." But the personality above all others that links the American heart of to-day to old Ilkley is one our country has held in loving regard now these two-score years, the great-hearted man, who, at Philadelphia, Chicago and New York, has made other men, Romanist or Protestant, orthodox or heterodox, better and happier for his ministry among them—grand, gray Robert Collyer—who, when he passed from the iron to the spiritual anvil, knew no change in the real man that was in him, which made a great preacher and teacher out of the "Yorkshire Blacksmith" of Ilkley.

Of his lineage there was a grandfather who fought under Nelson and went overboard one dark night in a storm. He was on the father's side. On the mother's side was another grandfather sailor who went beneath the waves with his ship. The two widows fought the wolf while they were able, and died presently of the fight. Then, as the century was coming in, Yorkshire, with its great mills and factories, came to be the land of promise to all in the south of England who wanted to better themselves. So a bright lad in London, who knew the songs of the anvil, and a lass from Norwich, were caught by the same impulse of betterment that took their bairn, Robert, across the sea, when grown to manhood, and the then little collection of thatches known as Ilkley soon became the humble couple's home. What the boy, "Boab," first learned to notice was a woman, tall, deep-chested, with shining, flaxen hair and laughing blue eyes, a damask rose-bloom on her cheek, a laugh that was music, too, a step like a deer's for lightness, and an activity that could carry its possessor twenty miles a day over the rough northern hills, and had her safely home at night. She would have led an army, like the old Queens, or governed a kingdom, Collyer thinks of this mother of his. What she did govern was a house full of great, growing, hungry, out-breaking bairns, keeping them well in hand, smiting all hindrance out of their way, clothing them and feeding them bravely, and paying for the schooling as long as they could be spared to go, out of the eighteen shillings a week the quiet, manful father made at his anvil. The old villagers say the kindest heart that ever beat in a man's breast was his. It stopped beating in a moment, one hot July day, while the father was fashioning the humble fortunes of his family at the forge.

But in these brave old days those that were left were all together in one of the sweetest cottage-homes that ever stood under green leaves in a green valley. There was a plum tree, a rose tree, a wealth of ivy, and a bit of green sward outside; and, inside, one room below and two above, with a floor of flags, scoured so white you could have eaten your dinner off it, and no harm been done except to the floor; whitewashed walls with pictures of Bible scenes hung where there was room; and in their own places kept so bright as to be so many dusky mirrors, a great mahogany chest of drawers, high-cased clock, polished elm chairs, and a corner-cupboard for the china that was only got out at high festivals; a bright, open sea-coal fire, always alight winter and summer—with all sorts of common things for common use, stored snug and bright, like the goods and chattels of Ed'ard Cuttle, mariner. This was Collyer's home in the day of small things, matched then and now by thousands of cottages in the sturdy old shire of York.

Collyer got all his "schooling" from an odd character many of the Ilkley folk still remember, by the name of Willie Hardie. In those days, by favor, all cripples were fiddlers or teachers. Willie Hardie was both. He was about the worst cripple and best fiddler and teacher the Ilkley district ever knew. He had a strange squint in his eyes, but for all that was a great marksman with the ferule. There was no use of dodging. If you did, the ferule would find you out and thump you all the harder. Collyer and his young companions swore solemnly to thrash him when they grew to be men. In 1871 Collyer came back here from America, with a friend, "to thrash 'owd Willie,'" and they found him at Fewston teaching and thumping just as they had left him. Crossing the worn threshold they very sternly inquired:

"Is this Willie Hardie?"

"And if it is?" he answered cannily.

"How are you getting along, sir?"

"I'se weel enough, but I doan't know ye."

"We used to be your scholars, sir. We have come to give you back your thrashings!"

"Noa, noa—an' ye will not!" shouted "owd Willie" at the intruders, instinctively grasping his ferule.

"Then they made a rush at him, telling him who they were, and giving him a great hustling, until he purchased freedom by a promise to play for them a tune on the old fiddle then and there; and he gave them "Sweet Home," until there was not a dry eye in the little, low schoolhouse.

At 14 Collyer was "'prenticed" to "owd Jackie" Birch, the Ilkley village blacksmith. The lad was pretty steady. "About middling, about middling!" he will himself tell you, with a twinkle of the old Yorkshire light in his eyes. The old, old women of Ilkley tell me they were pretty sure of the orthodoxy of any little village fun he had a hand in. One recalls a certain night long ago, when there had been some "doings" which held until 2 o'clock in the morning, at which time she overheard, from the window of her chamber, a little conversation between the miller and his wife, who was awaiting the truant, something after the manner of Tam o' Shanter's good dame. She greeted him with:

"Why, David, mon, thaa be out too late!"

"Noa, noa, woman, Boab Collyer's yet behind me!" he retorted in an injured way.

"What! Boab? Then thaa be home full airly!"

But these were days of insatiate book-hunger for the young Yorkshire blacksmith. The only industries of Ilkley at that time were "wool-combing and ludgers." Wool-combing is gone; but, now, in the summer time, thousands come here as "ludgers," for rest and health-getting at Ilkley's famous hydropathic institutes and springs. One of these wool-combers, John Dobson, a farmer's boy named Tom Smith, another lad named John Hobson, and the 'prentice boy Collyer, became friends, and formed a compact about books, reading and study. Morning, noon, night and Sundays they "took turns" reading aloud, exchanging ideas and aspirations, and thus grew into the possession of noble, self-reliant manhood. The wave of Wesleyanism was still strong over the northern moors. A local preacher named Bland, now in Canada, preached a sermon one Sabbath which took a wondrous hold on the young blacksmith, though no "revival" was in progress; and, "at last, the light came." The Methodists took him on "probation" and put him in "old Jim Delve's class." A few nights after Delve was absent; and, as Collyer has often told me, "up spoke Tom Smith from across the room: 'Naa, lad, thaa mun lead t'class t'night; thaa can do it if thaa tries!'" So he took hold and led. In a little while they made him a local preacher. His first sermon was a great event in the district. It was preached at Addingham, a little hamlet three miles up the Wharfe from Ilkley.

"Oh, I thought I had a capital sermon though!" Mr. Collyer once said to me. "It was in three parts, each, of course, essential to the others. They didn't allow a fellow paper in those days, either. Their curious eyes were all wide open, and I thought I had done splendidly; but half way back to Ilkley I suddenly remembered I had left the 'secondly' out entirely. I was quite overwhelmed about it. But the joke of it all was, that I had bodily stolen my 'secondly' from a fine sermon preached by a good Presbyterian brother named McChine. I felt the weight of that judgment on me so heavily that I have never stolen a sermon since!"

Then they must hear him at Ilkley. All the boys and girls were there, and the young blacksmith thought he had made a great impression. While this was glowing in his mind on his way to the forge the next morning, the old village cobbler called out to him from where he was hammering away underneath his porch:

"I say, lad, come here. I ha' summat to say to ye. I heard thaa preach last night." There was a broad grin on his face.

"Did ye, though?" returned the blacksmith proudly.

"I did. And I think thou'lt ne'er mak' a preacher as long as thaa lives, Boab!"

He was stunned by this, for the cobbler was the village oracle. The latter saw how sorely he had hurt him, and kindheartedly added: "Now, doan't mistake me, Boab. Thou wants to *reason* too much. Thou may'st lecture, but thaa can never be a preacher!"

When you stand by the ancient church of All Saints and look in upon its mossy graves and the Runic crosses, your hands will grasp the bars of its huge iron gates. They were forged on "owd Jackie's" anvil by this same stout-hearted "Yorkshire Blacksmith." And somehow as one turns away from Ilkley the feeling comes strongly that there was wrought into these rods and bars a hero-grit more impressive and imperishable than is revealed in all other monuments or tokens left in Wharfedale since the days when the Romans trod these pleasant ways.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

[For the SUNDAY UNION.]

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

As softly as the falling of the blossoms at my feet,
Steals the old-time sweetness o'er me; and the vision is complete;
Till I close my eyes and linger, loth to break a spell so sweet—
Of reverie.

I'm near thee! 'Tis the fragrance of the tinted petals weaves
These dreamy recollections—paints the picture —self-deceives.
I could touch thy hand that reaches for the blossoms through the leaves,
So daintily.

Through apple boughs and blossoms pink the merry sunshine flings
Flecked shadows on thy upturned face; and glints with gold thy rings
Of soft brown hair. I hear thy rustling dress —the bird that sings
In melody.

O! sweet face, framed in flowers, thine eyes speak love! Thy soft warm hand
I take in mine! For all time, true; but death, can break the band!
Nor fragrant breaths from fairy land, a sweeter dream e're fanned,
To ecstasy.

* * * * * *

I wake—no song—no sunshine bright. O! bitter sweet the pain
The wakening brings! The shadow falls; and never more again
Will life seem half so sweet, or love so true.
Tears fall like rain
In memory.

—LUE TANNEHILL.

Sacramento, April 7, 1891.

BEECHAM'S Pills cure sick headache.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

"Kajanka," the Great Spectacular Pantomime.

Herrmann's Latest Illusions—Plenty of Amusement In Store for Sacramentans—"Lend Me Your Wife"—General Stage Notes.

"Kajanka," the latest spectacular pantomime, will be seen at the Metropolitan Theater on May 14th, 15th and 16th. According to the Eastern papers it is a wonderful production. The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* says of it:

"To a house packed to the doors, and beyond them, the gorgeous 'Kajanka' began a week's engagement at the Grand last night, and surpassed all expectations by the magnificence of its scenic effects. 'Kajanka' is as near perfection as modern stage manogement can make it. The story is entirely new and typifies the battle of good against bad in the guise of spirits. Electra is the good fairy of nature, and Beelzebub is of course her arch enemy. They do battle and the plot is the combination of schemes and counter-schemes indulged in by the minions of the two. A priceless gem, at first in the forehead of a heathen idol, is the bone of contention, as with its possession goes everlasting life and limitless power. The staging of the extravaganza is gorgeous in the extreme.

"At the rising of the curtain the audience gazes into Beelzebub's cave, a pit of blackness illuminated only at intervals by sepulchral flames. Changing scenes display successively the Janish Idol Temple, a fairy grotto, the floral bower, an artist's studio, Electra's home, and the grand final transformation scene. Good comedy work is done by Charles W. Ravel as the clown, William Ruge as harlequin and Joe Allen as the high priest of the temple. The specialties are of a high order, of which Mlle. Bertoto, the baby premier, takes the lead. She is apparently no more than six or seven years of age, but can dance like a fairy and change her costume in the twinkling of an eye. Her toe dancing is a wonder to every spectator. The eight Mariposa skirt dancers tried several intoxicating measures, and wear wonderful skirts. The Marlinis, French acrobats, eight in number, perform difficult feats, and every member of the company can sing. As a whole 'Kajanka' is a great success."

HERRMANN'S NEW COMPANY.

The great Herrmann, the eminent prestidigitateur, will be seen at the Metropolitan Theater May 20th. His fame is widespread throughout two continents, and his name is a household word. For thirty years he has mystified young and old with his wonderful optical and mechanical illusions, and in all that time he has never disappointed the expectations of the audience. Of this fact he is more proud than of his title, "King of the Magic World." Nothing has been left undone that foresight could suggest to make the present tour a culminating one in the series of successes inaugurated and maintained by Herrmann. He will be aided by Mme. Herrmann; Abdul Khan, the Oriental fakir; Prince Awata, royal Japanese juggler and equilibrist, and others. Among the many notable features of this season's entertainment may be mentioned "Strobeika," his latest illusion; "New Black Art;" "Florine, Child of the Air;" "A Slave Girl's Dream," and other mystic sensations.

"LEND ME YOUR WIFE."

Roland Reed and his excellent company will appear at the Metropolitan Theater on the 1st and 2d of May, in the farcical comedy "Lend Me Your Wife." The press throughout the country speak in high terms of the piece. It is bright, brisk and full of mirth. The Boston *Globe* says that "Mr. Reed's Captain is a personation quite distinct from Bundy in the 'Woman Hater,' and Smythe in 'Cheek,' and yet it is effective."

THE ACTORS' REST.

A. P. Dunlop, publisher of *The Stage News*, that best friend of the dramatic editor, winds up his last "clipping sheet" as follows:

"Dear old Broadway has put on spring attire once again, and the sniff of violets is in the air, although it is sunshine with the chilliness of winter. Never has the old thoroughfare turned out more stunning costumes, never have the shop windows been more temptingly dressed and never did it cost more to promenade up and down its clean pavement. It's a mistake to think that it costs no money to walk on Broadway. It takes good clothes, hat, gloves, shoes, etc., and the confidence inspired by a few dollars tucked away, ready for a call, and the precise knowledge of where bed and board may be found when the walk is finished. Without these, Sixth avenue is likely to be the strolling place, and if dead broke, a sneak down Seventh or Eighth avenues is the safest, at least for the profession, who must show a 'good front' when in Gotham, and at least give the 'bluff' reflection of a good season. Some of the romantic companies have already 'come in,' and it looks now as if the season of '90-91 will be a short one, and end abruptly with the first touch of warm weather. This shortness will tell heavy on the frugal actor who has worked steadily, and the many who have had a 'broken' season will be what is theatrically called 'in a hole.'

"As a whole, the season about ending has been very bad. Big money has been made in spots, but the average manager has made no profit, and thereby the salaries of the rank and file of the profession has been forced down so low that saving for the summer's rest is almost an impossibility. The old idea that actors are a reckless class of folk, who live on old bill-board posters during the summer, after a winter of riotous life on the road, may have been true. It is not so now. Most of them have cosy flats Harlemwards, in which they enjoy their vacation without splurge or bluster, and it is these who will unfortunately suffer most during summer. The fly-by-night fellows who make 'Rome howl' on the Rialto, come in dead broke, whether the season has been good or bad. They are perhaps the ones to throw the catching glamor about the profession, but they are also the ones that partly robs the greater part of it of its respectability."

STAGE NOTES.

John W. Jennings will continue with "Dr. Bill" next season.

Arthur Dunn has signed with Manager David Henderson for this summer and next season.

John W. Hamilton is to manage "A Wolf's Wedding" for Frank Reynolds next season.

W. D. Coxey will star Sadie Connelly next season in a farce-comedy called "A Hippodrome."

Richard F. Carroll has left the Pauline Hall company, and will contest his wife's suit for divorce.

William Gould, Nellie Burt and May Howard are all engaged for "Natural Gas" next season.

Frank Dupree's comic opera "King Kalico," is to have a run at the Academy of Music, beginning June 1th.

"Yon Yonson" made another big hit at Pittsburg last Monday. Its present season will come to an end May 4th.

Ted Marks will next season pilot "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows" through the country for Manager Charles Frohman.

"The Crystal Slipper" is doing an enormous business in the West. On Monday more than 200 were turned away at St. Paul.

During two nights at Omaha Stuart Robson scooped in $2,700—the largest receipts yet taken in that city in two performances.

Isabelle Urquhart and Sylvia Gerrish have gone to Europe. They carry a ton of letters of introduction to the high rollers of London.

Rudolph Aronson has offered Nat Goodwin $1,000 a week to sing at the Casino. As Goodwin makes more than double this sum he naturally refused.

Georgie Dennin, the soubrette of Tuthill & Sellers' Fashions Company, was compelled to leave that company suddenly on April 4th, at Grand Rapids, Mich., to attend her dying mother.

Mr. McCann, who writes in collaboration with Nugent Robinson, editor of *Once a Week*, and is the author of many plays and novels, has sold a play to Augustin Daly, entitled "Ada Rehan."

Little Alice Pierce is playing "Lord Fauntleroy" in the Carl Haswin Company this season, and people who have seen her say she is the best of any of the children who have attempted the part.

"Thou Shalt Not" has made an unmistakable failure at the Union Square, New York, and managers on the road have asked a cancellation of its dates. The press, instead of jumping on it with both feet, faintly damned it.

Robert Graham's farce-comedy, "Larry the Lord," will be in the front ranks next season. Mr. Graham is going to produce it on an extensive scale and has associated a great company with him, which includes Will Rising, the clever singer. In the meantime Mr. Graham is still frolicking as Don Bamboula in "The Sea King."

Nearly every paper in England is having a whack at Ibsen just now. Yet his plays are being continually produced. In April his newest work "Hedda Gabler" is to be brought out in London, under the joint management of the Misses Elizabeth Robins and Marion Lea, the first time two ladies have been associated in management.

The Danes say that "a very little mound sometimes upsets a very big load," and this often happens outside Denmark. All the big dailies have given long accounts of Leonard Jerome's life—the life of a sportsman to his fingers' tips, and still he was never seen inside a barroom. Actors are now asking themselves if the upper crust of their profession are never seen leaning up against one, and it is conceded that they do not, and it is bad form to look upon the whisky when it is amber, and can be bought by every Tom, Dick and Harry for 15 cents a drink. The consequence is, that instead of the delusions of swearing off for a specified short time, the best people in the profession have concluded that barroom fun is a waste of time and good money, and consequently it has become the fashion to give the "nose-paint shops" a wide berth.

PEOPLE WHO ARE TALKED ABOUT.

General Boulanger has taken a small house in a suburb of Brussels. He will live there permanently.

Count Herbert Bismarck, according to the Galignani *Messenger*, recently lost $70,000 in the Nice clubs.

Verestchagin, the Russian novelist, can afford to ride, though a literal translation of his name is "Walk a Mile."

President Carnot is said to be very fond of German sausage and sauerkraut, much to the disgust of the French.

It is estimated that a half million of copies of Edward Everett Hale's "The Man Without a Country" have now been sold.

Professor Sumner of Yale, who went to Europe in January for his health, has derived no benefit, and will remain abroad the rest of the year.

General Pacheco, Mexican Minister of Public Works, resigned his post to establish an industrial colony at Mortzorongo, where he will teach Mexican boys to raise sugar.

Mrs. Frank Leslie having announced her purpose to befriend her sex in the provisions of her will, receives multitudinous applications from every source to hurry up and do it now.

Dr. David Starr Jordan, President-elect of the Leland Stanford University, is an athlete and sportsman, as well as a scholar and parson. He says of himself: "Six feet one one-half inches high, I weigh 215 pounds, but I can swim, play baseball and talk Norwegian," and you cannot tell him much, if anything, that he does not already know, about trout, rods and reels.

The Pope is pronounced in better health than he has been in the past ten years. No outsider, however exalted in rank, ever received an invitation to Leo XIII's table until Easter Monday, when, for the first time since the commencement of his pontificate, he entertained at dinner a small company, including the ex-Grand Duchess of Tuscany, the Austrian Ambassador and wife, and several Cardinals.

The volume of Marie E. Wilkins' short stories reprinted here last year, says a London correspondent, has made her unique artistic powers familiar to cultured people in England. This month a higher compliment has been paid to her by Mrs. Parr, who, in the April issue of *Longfield's Magazine*, publishes as her own a story called "Sally," which is an unblushing plagiarism of Miss Wilkins' "Humble Romance."

A Norwegian steamer came in past Sandy Hook the other day flying a signal that meant: "Want immediate assistance; police authorities." The police boat Patrol went at once to meet the steamer, and the officers found that the only mutineer was a little man who struck the captain with his fist while they were in Cuba. The Patrol people wondered that the Norwegians had not summoned the fire department.

The other day a law class in New York instituted for the education of women exclusively, finished its first year's course of study. It has been conducted under the auspices of the University of the City of New York. The lecturer was Mrs. Emily Kempin, LL. D., graduate of the University of Zurich. Of the ladies who have attended the lectures this year five are type-writers and stenographers, three are school teachers, and one is a saleswoman.

Sophia Gunsberg, who is credited with being the originator of recent attempts on the present Czar's life, was tried in November, 1889, together with several others, she being charged with being the chief actor in a plot to murder the Czar. She was sentenced to be hanged, but the sentence was not carried out. She is now said to be lingering in a cell in St. Petersburg. It has also been stated that she died in prison, but of course nothing definite can be known on this head by the outside world.

The late J. B. Grinnell, esteemed in Iowa and many another place beside, was the man to whom Horace Greeley said: "Go west, young man, and grow up with the country." He was a young Congregational minister in New York State before he acted on this advice. Such was the high regard in which this public spirited man was held by his fellow citizens that when he was buried the other day, the roads being impassable, his casket was carried by a squad of old soldiers to the cemetery, and the distance was nearly a mile.

Ex-President Seelye of Amherst is responsible for the startling statement that if matters go on as at present by the end of the century the women will know more than the men. This is not a reference to the Greek Kalends. The end of the century is drawing uncomfortably near. The worst part of the outlook is that if Dr. Seelye's prediction comes true it will take the women the whole of the twentieth century to learn that there is after all nothing in it to brag about.—*Philadelphia Times.*

The bulk of Barnum's property will go to Barnum Seeley, his only grandson. Barnum paid taxes on about $1,000,000 worth of real estate in his home city, Bridgeport, Conn. When he had, by the accumulation of wealth, passed all question of financial trouble, he used what his foresight had secured to him for the benefit of the poor people of Bridgeport. He established the system of building houses and selling them to the working people on long payments and low rates of interest, and hundreds of the pretty residences now owned by the working class in that city were secured through Mr. Barnum's generosity.

"Uncle Daniel McGary," remarks the Galveston *News*, "inherited another trick than knocking out the bull's-eye from his ancestors, the famous hunters of Kentucky. They did not shoot bullets into squirrels, but, as the phrase was, they barked them. The shots went between the chins of the small animals and the limbs on which they stood, and sent the game to the ground in a series of somersaults, with the breath knocked out of them, without spoiling their skins and flesh. The old man never mangles his game. He is an example of democratic simplicity in his everyday make-up, but not averse to social enjoyment."

THE PROFESSOR.

His Benign Scheme Spoiled by His Wife.

Mrs. Bagsley Is Not a Good Subject for Experiments in Hypnotism—Jealousy Ruins an Important Scientific Investigation.

The Professor was seated, in an attitude of meditation, on the tongue of a deceased watering cart, in a vacant lot, some little distance from his home on Q street.

He politely agreed that, from present appearances, there would be a fall of rain, if, as seemed probable, the wind did not change and insure a continuance of fine weather.

"Have you ever studied animal magnetism?" he inquired, accepting a large pinch of fine cut.

"No, I can't say I have, though I have heard a great deal about it, one way and another, and seen some wonderful stage exhibitions."

"Ah, well, I had been reading an able article on the subject in the New York *Medical Times*, wherein the writer explained the methods employed by different operators to exert the influence and bring their subjects under control."

"Yes?"

"And it immediately occurred to me that if I could develop this wonderful power and bring it to bear on Mrs. Bagsley it would have a wonderfully beneficial effect."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. You see my wife is of an active, restless temperament, and possessed of an unusual amount of vital energy."

"I see."

"And allows herself to worry over trifles that are, really, not worthy of a moment's thought."

"Exactly."

"In fact, in her case, the brain is too active, and unless she can, by some means, be brought to control her nervous energies, the mind will wear out the bodily tissues."

"Undoubtedly."

"Well, after reading that article in the *Medical Times* I became persuaded that, by a judicious exercise of the magnetic, or, as it is often erroneously termed, *hypnotic* influence, on my wife, her nervousness and irritability might be gradually soothed and all friction of the mental faculties cease, leaving the mind calm an tranquil, in repose, as well as firm and clear in the exercise of its waking functions."

"Quite so."

"I did not, however, wish to court certain failure by attempting to subdue so difficult a subject as Mrs. Bagsley, without, first, practicing on one more susceptible to the magnetic influence, and was wondering where I could find a party willing to submit to a few initiatory experiments, when, as luck would have it, my wife was suddenly called to nurse a lady on H street, dangerously ill with la grippe, and, in consequence, obliged to hire the daughter of a neighbor to finish a large wash which she had in hand at the time.

"This girl was, I felt satisfied, of deeply a emotional nature, and therefore singularly susceptible to the magnetic influence, so, when my wife had put on her bonnet and left the house, I had little difficulty in persuading her to submit to a trial of my power."

Here the Professor craned his neck forward and looked, cautiously, around the corner of the fence. Then he continued:

"I placed the girl in a semi-recumbent position on the parlor lounge, and, seating myself close to her, concentrated my gaze on the pupil of her left eye, at the same time assisting the operation with the usual passes.

"In twenty-three minutes I asked her:

"'Do you feel drowsy?'

"'Yes, lovely. I feel as if I would like to go to sleep and never wake up again.'

"Delighted with this evidence of success I concentrated the whole force of my will power on the subject, and, in twelve minutes more, succeeded in putting her in a profound mesmeric sleep.

"I may explain that, to put the subject to sleep is as far as it is safe for an amateur to proceed with a first experiment; so, having obtained such flattering results at this first trial I was more than satisfied, and at once commenced to reverse the passes so as to de-magnetize the subject and restore her to consciousness.

"Just so."

"While thus engaged judge of my surprise and alarm, to hear my wife returning. I knew, by the way she closed the front door, that something had occurred to put her in a state of violent agitation, and I dreaded the result to the sleeping subject, of what is known, in scientific *parlance*, as the cross magnetism of a third party which would, certainly, exert a disastrous effect if Mrs. Bagsley entered the room in her then state of mental perturbation.

"Therefore I hastily locked the parlor door and went silently on with the reversed passes, intending, when I had succeeded in awakening the girl, to get quietly out the back door and go through the next yard to the other side of the railway track, where I very often pass a quiet hour with Shakespeare or my friend Emerson, because I felt sure that Mrs. Bagsley, who is of an unreasoningly jealous disposition, would certainly misconstrue the simple fact of our being in the parlor together during her absence."

"She would be apt to do so."

"Well, I continued the reversed passes, though growing more and more alarmed lest my wife should try the parlor door before I had time to get away, and my nervousness, of course, communicating itself to the subject, with whom I was now *en rapport*, she awoke suddenly with a cry of surprise.

"It was fortunate that she did so before Mrs. Bagsley came into the room, which she now did by the side door, laboring under strong excitement. Otherwise the result might have been fatal, because the subject, under magnetism, shares, in a tenfold degree, the perturbation of the operator, and, sometimes, goes into convulsions if the former becomes suddenly alarmed and loses his mental balance."

"The poor girl had a narrow escape then?"

"She had, indeed, and"—

"And Mrs. Bagsley; what had she to say? What brought her back so suddenly?"

"It seems she had lost too much time making arrangements about the washing, and, when she got to H street, the lady had engaged another nurse. That and the long fruitless walk both contributed to the excited state of mind in which she returned."

"And finding you locked in the parlor, with the hired girl, and the wash *in statu quo* did not tend to allay her irritability. I wouldn't have stood in your shoes for a small world."

"Well," said the Professor, with dignity, "I paid no attention to what she said to me—our dispositions are dissimilar, and I make due allownnce—but I felt deeply mortified when she assaulted the unoffending girl and threw her down the back steps, because she had consented to the experiment to oblige me, and I, in turn, was seeking to develop a power to be exercised solely for my wife's benefit. But, being in a state of temporary anger, and, naturally, an unwilling subject, I much fear that she cannot be brought under control either by gazing into the eyes or by the usual passes, unless the operator be possessed of extraordinary vital force, coupled with great powers of concentration."

And it certainly looked that way when Mrs. Bagsley, weighing 192 pounds, came suddenly around the corner of the fence, with a large stick and herded the Professor home to wash the kitchen windows.

"He Takes the Whetstone."

Our Saxon forefathers had many ways of rebuking liars and boasters, and three object lessons in reproof have come down in proverb to our time. One was the presentation of a cake to a confirmed prevaricator, whence the proverb: "He takes the cake." At feasts a large wooden knife was sometimes provided by the host, to be presented to the most outrageous boaster of the company, and by him to be retained until he found a braggart more intolerant than himself. The third was the presentation of a whetstone to a man noted for his lack of regard for the truth, as a hint that he would need to sharpen his invention if he intended to continue in the business. A slanderer was sometimes set in the pillory with a whetstone hung about his neck, the whetstones of three centuries ago being provided with a hole, and by means of a cord were hung from the belts of butchers and other persons who were obliged frequently to use them.

CURRENT NEWSPAPER WIT.

It is not a good time to read the Bible while your wife is out in the rain cutting stove-wood.—*The Ram's Horn.*

Teacher—"To what circumstance is Columbus indebted for his fame?" Tommy—"To the circumstance that America was not already discovered."—*Texas Siftings.*

"How's this, Dauber? You've painted Father Time with a mowing machine instead of a scythe." "That's all right. We artists of the modern school keep up with inventive progress."

Bellamy—"If the theories of socialism were adopted, sir, men would live as happily as children do now." Smith—"Yes; each one watching greedily to see that nobody else got a bigger apple."

"Intelligence has just reached me," began Mr. Blodger, as he sat down to the dinner table. "Thank heaven if it has, at last," exclaimed Mrs. Blodger, and the food was partaken of in silence.—*Lowell Citizen.*

Mr. Saymuch (to Opera Queen)—"You are like a lily of the field. You toil not, neither do you spin." Opera Queen (slightly offended)—"Then you haven't seen my dance in the last act."—*Christian Register.*

A wealthy man was asked not long ago to subscribe to a worthy charity. "I should like to contribute," said he, "but I have $800,000 in the bank not earning a cent, and I really can't afford it."—*Boston Traveler.*

"I think you are a perfect heathen, Mr. Boggs," said Mrs. Boggs, a prominent worker in the church charities. "I wish I were," said Boggs. "You might pay me a little more attention then."—*New York Herald.*

Wife—"You don't tell me that Professor A. has been struck dumb?" Husband—"Yes, last night. And he was master of seven languages." Wife—"Is it possible? And he was struck dumb in all seven?"—*Texas Siftings.*

Mrs. Hicks—"Who was the most impudent man you ever saw?" Mrs. Dix—"Well, I always thought pretty well of a fellow who used to drink my milk on the front step every morning, and ring the bell for a napkin."

Young Husband—"Well, my dear, did you succeed in finding a stove to suit you?" Young Wife—"Indeed, I did. Such good luck! I got a stove that will never cost us a cent for coal. The dealer said it was a self-feeder."

Jagway—"Was that you I saw driving around in a carriage the other day? And yet you cannot afford to pay me the five dollars you owe me." Travers—"That's nothing. You ought to see the bill I owe the livery stable."—*Harper's Bazar.*

"I say, doctor," said a nervous patient, "could you arrange it to send your bill every two months instead of monthly?" "Why, certainly; what for?" "Why, I thought that perhaps I might in that way skip a relapse or two?"—*Boston Post.*

Mr. Jason—"I have half a notion to sell that corner house. I can't make it bring more than 6 per cent. to save me." Mr. Jason—"Why don't you cut the price of it down one-half? Then it would bring in 12 per cent."—*Minneapolis Journal.*

Country Storekeeper—"There's a sayin' that 'Time is money,' but I don't take much stock in it." Loafer—"You don't, eh?" Country Storekeeper—"No, I don't; an' I wish you'd spend a little more of your money here an' a little less of your time."—*West Shore.*

Daisy Flutter—"Oh, Maisy, I don't know what to do. Old Mr. Doddering and Jack Margin have both proposed, but—" Maisy Marigold—"Take Doddering. He's already rich and already old. Jack is not sure of getting rich, but he is sure of getting old."

Blushing Bride—"I want to get a present for my husband, but I hardly know what to get." Clerk—"Why not get one of these nice silk mufflers to wear evenings?" Bride—"Oh, dear, no; my husband never goes out nights." Clerk—"Well, you might get it for next year."

Westerly—"Did you read about the Texas girl whose fiance did not appear in church at the time appointed?" Brown—"No. What did she do?" Westerly—"She borrowed the minister's revolver and asked him to wait a few minutes. Within half an hour she came back with a placid smile and a submissive bridegroom."

Complainant—"Your Honor, she struck me in the face with her clenched hand. That gash was cut by her ring." The Court—"Where did she get the ring?" Complainant—"I gave it to her. It was our engagement ring." The Court—"The prisoner is discharged. This is clearly a case of contributory negligence."—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

"It doan pay to do much talkin' w'en you' mad enuff to choke,
'Kase de word dat stings de deepes' am de one dat's neber spoke;
Let the other fellow wrangle till de storm am blowed away,
Den he'll do a pile ob thinkin' 'bout de things you didn't say. —*Puck.*

An amusing incident occurred recently at Essegg, in Austria. In a play called "Die Hochzeit von Valein," the heroine has to die, her death being brought about by a villain who shoots her with a pistol. At the critical moment the weapon misses fire, but the actor was equal to the emergency and exclaimed at once, "Die, then, the first victim of smokeless powder."

"See the man in the fur cap?" a friend asked of me as we sat in an elevated car. "He once did me the greatest favor I ever experienced, and yet from that time to this we have never spoken." "What was it?" I asked. "Went off with the girl I was just going to marry," was the answer, "and ever since he has had to support her mother, brother and two sisters."

Cleaning Fine Old Lace.

Clean very fine lace with benzine. If it is old and crazy pin it smooth on a flannel-covered board, saturate it with benzine and press it out with a napkin. Put make-up lace—collars, handkerchiefs, caps and so on—into glass or earthenware and pour benzine over them with a liberal hand. Whirl them rapidly about in it, squeeze gently, drop into a clean vessel, and put on fresh fluid. It will remove every particle of dirt without in any way altering the yellow antique hue or shrinking the mesh—as water will do, no matter how carefully applied.

The *Decorator and Furnisher*, whi h gives the foregoing directions, explains that point, lace is never washed betwixt maker and wearer. If it gets soiled in working, white lead in powder is put on to whiten it. Gas, sea air or a dozen other things would make the lead turn dark, or ruin a costly bit of cobweb in which the owner takes delight. Benzine will remove it without harm. After the lace comes out of it, pin it as smoothly as possible upon a linen-covered board, and put it in the sunshine for six hours. If you wish to whiten it, let dew fall on it and be dried away by the sun for a week or two.

If pressed for time the bleaching may be accomplished in a day by wetting the cloth with weak soapsuds every two hours and pinning the