# WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

## Roaming Among Beautiful Scenes in the Balearic Islands.

**Scenes in Majorca's Palm-Studded Capital—Grave, Sweet Water Carriers and Their Tragic History—Island Sights and Scenes—The One Land of Plenty and Content.**

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PALMA, Majorca, Feb. 2, 1892.

The three principal islands of the Balearic group are, in size and importance respectively, Majorca, Manorca and Iviza. The first is but sixty miles from east to west and fifty miles from north to south. Cabrera and other lesser islets belong to the group, but these are trifling in size, almost uninhabited and of little general interest. The population of the islands now exceeds 300,000 souls. Majorca is by far the most beautiful of all the islands, and as one at once falls in love with her, her capital city, Palma, and all her sunny-hearted folk, few who first land in Palma's sunlit bay will care to seek adventure here beyond Majorca's glowing shores.

One of my first enthrallments here was by the water-carriers of Palma. They are not so naive as those of the Azores, so bold as those of Italian cities, so voluptuous as those of Lisbon, nor so languorous-eyed and petite as those of Granada and Seville. But I could not help thinking that here an artist would find hundreds of perfect models for a "Rachel at the Well." Tall, lithe, slender but shapely maidens are these, and their dress, carriage, features and ways constantly increase one's admiration and interest. Had they been simply animal in their saucy beauty, one study of one group at one fountain would have answered even a sentimental traveler.

But for days I found myself, against all apparent reason, drawn to this fountain and that, and making all manner of mental excuse for what my own judgment scourged me with as an accusation of impropriety. Attempt as I might to study all other lowly, become interested in the majestic cathedral, or essay tramps into the interior, back I came to the fountains to contemplate these fair maidens and endeavor to unravel the strange spell they had cast upon me. In the first place I never saw but one woman whose unrivaled art gave her the perfect carriage these women unconsciously own as nature's heritage. That woman was Sara Bernhardt. Added to this was a conscious dignity and not a coyish but superb and stately modesty which lent positive radiance to every movement, gesture or look.

Their attire added a rare charm to all else. Their tiny feet were incased in dainty slippers. A skirt of loosely woven dark stuff fell in close and graceful folds about their long and shapely limbs. Over this lay a short napkin-like apron, spotlessly white. A dark bodice low at the neck displayed exquisite shoulders and breast, and its sleeves stopping at the elbow where an edging of white was seen, showed the lower half of beautifully molded arms. The head is bare, covered by a wealth of hair coiled low and heavily in the neck, giving in the sunlight the blue black luster of the grape. The forehead is strangely wide for the Latin type; and the eyebrows, which almost meet, have the low, wide arch. The eyes are large, luminous, melting, sad; and never were seen eyelashes of such length and blackness on other women. The nose is finely chiseled and the nostrils are thin and have a perceptible tremor. An oval chin, dazzling teeth, a mouth that suggests the hot blood of the south, chastened by endless repression, with lips of crimson, complete a face of Madonna-like depth and feeling. This face looks out of a filmy white kerchief drawn close beneath the chin, with points fastened with a rose or a trifle of jewelry to the hair at either side of the head; while its longest point covers the neck and breast to the girdled waist below.

In processions of a dozen to a score wending their way to and from, or when loitering beside the fountains, they form groupings against the quaint old walls beneath the lonely palms fit for Todema's master hand. Their burdens are never carried upon their heads. The bottom of the empty or filled ewer always rests upon the right hip, the handle against the carrier's breast, and her half-bared white arm is flung carelessly around the vessel just below its mouth.

All inquiries regarding these beautiful water carriers of Palma brought from the native population a shrug of the shoulder with a contemptuous smile and the sneering words,

"*La Chueta!*"

That meant "A little long-eared owl." I could not understand why these radiant maidens could have so offensive a name. I followed some of them about the city and then to their homes. It brought me to a strange quarter where a strange people with kindly yet sad and smileless faces wrought in all labor with that patience and diligence which characterize but one race of men. This was in the "Chuta" quarter of Palma, and this is the story of the folk that live within it:

"Death to the Jews" was the brutal cry of all good Christians in Southern Europe toward the end of the fourteenth century. In Palma they were persecuted with relentless fury, beaten with crosses of wood they had been compelled to kiss, and their houses looted and sacked. During Passion Week of 1435 they were so desperately baited that some Jews attached a slave, whom they named "Jesus," to a cross and mocked him in silent revenge. Four of the Jews concerned in the affair were condemned to be burned to death. Their sentences were then commuted to death by hanging on condition of becoming Christians. As the fury of the Christians seemed to promise the murder of all the Jews in Palma, not only did the four condemned men embrace Christianity, but within two days' time more than two hundred were baptized, and eventually the entire Jewish population followed their example. The descendants of these are the folk of the Chueta quarter. They profess Christianity, though living wholly apart from the Majorcans of Palma. Many are rich; most are artisans such as silversmiths, weavers of embroideries and the like; all are honest, cleanly and industrious. But their bearded, solemn men and these faces by the fountains, betray, if but faintly, the memory of those olden tragedies which can never be effaced from their inner lives and hearts.

In Palma and throughout the fair Balearic Isles studies of the deepest interest are among the people themselves; and then among the lowliest of these. The city has few great lions for sightseers who are already familiar with the southern cities of Europe. If one has friends, or can secure them, it is true that there are no more beautiful and exquisite examples of the Moresque-Spanish interiors than can be found in Palma's homes. Indeed I have never seen in art, as representative of the patio or court of the Italian, Spanish or Moselm home, anything equaling the beauty of these open courts. The stone work, while never on so grand a scale, rivals in delicacy of texture and richness of ornamentation anything to be found within the walls of the Alhambra.

The scenery of the bay, though not so noble as that of Naples, is far more winsome and enchanting. Then there is the ancient fortress, the castle of Bellver, rising from one of the hights of the circling shore. It is 600 years old, and its dungeons, patio and Gothic arched galleries are among the most interesting specimens of medieval architecture in Europe. Palma's cathedral, one of the most majestic in the Latin countries, was built more than 700 years ago. While the Lonja, built as an exchange, in ratification of a convention between the Balearic islands and the republic of Pisa, with its massive roof supported by but four slender fluted shafts, its floor of polished black marble and its wonderfully carved open-work galleries, is as unique and impressive a structure as the traveler can discover among the storied haunts of the two peninsulas.

In pretty and comfortable diligences, upon the backs of mules or donkeys, or better still upon your own stout legs, the remotest portions of the island are reached, over roads that will rival England's, in scarcely more than a single day's journey. If you are simply a sightseer there is much to do and see within the little sea-girt spot. The vineyards of Binisalem and Felantix are as interesting as those about Oporto in Spain. The orange groves of that most transcendant of all Majorcan valleys, the Solier, are wondrously beautiful, and their odors are sometimes wafted over the entire island. The gardens of El Real at La Grange rival those of the Cinque Cento at Seville. Along the north coast is found some of the grandest scenery of the Mediterranean; and as I stood by the deserted atalyas or watch-towers of old, from which were flashed the signals of the approach of Berber pirates or Christian crusades, the majestic round towers of the Irish coast seemed to reappear in all their mysticism and utter loneliness.

The alquerias, or country mansions, near Albano, and at Bunola and Esporlas, with their splendid avenues, gardens and rich vestiges of Moorish architectural remains, are far more interesting than similar establishments I have at any time come upon in Spain. The wonderful roadway from Palma to Solier is grander than any roadway in Italy, and half the distance winds along and upon masses of mountainside masonry of tremendous thickness and hight. Over near the eastern shore is Menacor, the second largest city of the island. A little distance to the northeast is Arta, and here, entered by a natural archway 140 feet high are doubtless the most wonderful grottoes of the world; and at Alcudia is one of the most famous fisheries of the Mediterranean.

But if none of these are seen, a visit to Valdemusa and its once famous monastery is worth a special trip to the island. With as magnificent surroundings as those of Vallombrosa in Italy, a mountain chasm is bridged by the ancient pile in so extraordinary and picturesque a way as to seem at a distance like a gray old cloud-kissed nest that has for ages defied decay and the battling of the aerial tempests there. But the gray of real decay is upon all things at Valdemusa; in the gray old church and endless cells and cloisters; in the gray old houses that nestle along the mountain side beneath it; and in the gray old folk that haunt the spot like wraiths of those who once were there. An indescribable sadness lingers about this splendid Majorcan relic of monkish times and days. The rich of Palma come here in summer and live a gay, mock conventional life. George Sand half a century ago passed the most dolorous winter of her life within these walls. With her was Chopin. Perhaps in these very cloisters was born the wild and inexpressible melancholy of the melodic creations of the master's later life. To me Valdemusa will remain more a memory of these two strange, sad souls than merely a crumbling, deserted and majestic monastic relic upon the island mountains.

But best of all in Majorca you will love the peasant folk of the island and the sunny setting in which you will always find them. The three classes in Majorcan provincial life are the titled landholders, the farmers who rent their land from the nobility, and the common peasant laborers who toil in the fields, forests and vineyards. The houses of the nobility are very fine and beautiful, and a large number of servants are retained. Many of the middle-class farmers each control from 500 to 2,000 acres of land. Such as these possess farm-steadings spread over acres of ground, all surrounded by vine-covered walls, and all possessing first the quaint court into which all the living-rooms of the family enter, and behind this, the greater court, from which all the outbuildings and granaries are reached. Many of these structures, which formerly housed the country aristocracy, contain private chapels, or rather chapels into which a latticed gallery extends from the upper gallery to the court.

The structural semblance to the ancient Moorish form of habitation is preserved even among the cabins of the peasantry. However humble the household, all its members and belongings, even to the donkeys, goats and fowls, are found within or radiating from this sunny open court. To a stranger's eye the high, apertureless outer walls would present a cheerless aspect, were they not covered with vines and blossom, and if the pleasant and often picturesque interiors were not meanwhile in thought and mind. These cabins are seldom isolated. Two, or three, and often a half-dozen will nestle together in pleasant irregularity, and, with gnarled and ancient olive trees, clumps of fig trees, copses of almond, and tiny groves of orange with which they are all surrounded, form the most charming countryside pictures of any southern land.

In my trampings about the island I secured entrance to many peasants' and farmers' homes. From this I found that all methods of agriculture and homeside labor were of the most primitive sort, and that there were no idle folk in Majorca. Out-door labor of some kind is continuous the year round. All the women spin, knit or weave, and I have never entered a peasant's cabin where mothers and daughters were not in some such manner employed. Hospitality is charming, naive and whole-hearted. The plate of figs, basin of almonds or basket of oranges with the wholesome wines of the country are ever ready for the friend or stranger's coming. I thought I had partaken of that drink of the gods, *horchata*, in Cuba. It is simply the pulverized kernels of the almonds, to which water and sugar is added. Here, where the almond grows in the greatest perfection, every housewife preserves huge jars of the finest nuts for *horchata*. The old mortar and pestle are here for their grinding. The shells and brown husks are removed and quarts of the snowy powder are literally "leached," the creamy liquid filtering slowly through. The senora or senorita adds a spice of flavor, tamarind or pomegranate, or per perhaps a dash of wine, with her own fair hand. It is food and drink. And it is no wonder that in Majorca the entire peasantry live sumptuously on daily wages averaging less than 20 cents for men and 15 cents for women the year through, when every manner of nature's most royal food is at every door for the taking, and in such bounteousness that where it ripens it is valueless and without price.

Somehow there grows upon one the winsome notion that you have known all these lowly folk before; that you have seen their festas and known their songs in the sunny vales of Cuba, over in the glowing valley of Guines; that you have come upon their brightness and cleanliness among the Alps of Switzerland; that their generosity and hospitality were met in Connemara and Donegal; that their thrift and frugality have their congener among the Pennsylvania Dutch; and that their love of home and simple village ways carry you to the pleasant mountain vales among shining English lakes. Surely they are an idyllic people in an idyllic land. Want is unknown; crime is unheard of. There are no politics in Majorca, and but one religion. All this in time may change. But as I know it and you can know it, now, little Majorca, fashionable in matchless beauty beneath a smiling sun, is the one land of plenty and content.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

[For the RECORD-UNION.]

### TAKE CARE.

To ———.

Take care!
That wealth of gold-brown hair
Is but a snare!
See by its meshes thou'rt not caught,
Regard thou long thy second thought,
Thou'rt better taught.
For once within that silken net,
No peace thy foolish heart will get,
In vain thou'lt fret.
There's no escape from such a snare,
It weaveth strong, thy lady's hair,
Take care!

—A. G. G.

POSTMASTER FOSTER, of Lubec, Me., writes that after the grip, Hood's Sarsaparilla brought him out of a feeble, nervous condition, into complete strength and health.

Hood's Pills have won high praise for their prompt and efficient, yet easy action.

Frizzled beef on toast is a favorite midnight lunch with newspaper compositors. —Philadelphia Record.

# IN RELIGION'S REALM.

## Expressions From the Various Religious Newspapers.

**The Religious Thought of the Day as Expressed in the Sectarian Press—Some Matters of Interest to Both Ministers and Laymen.**

Concluding an article on the divinity of Christ, the New York *Churchman* (P. E.) declares: "What the world wants is not the hero, but the man; not a deified individual, but the word made flesh. It does not derogate from the dignity or the reality of human nature to believe that it is made for union with God, that only He who is perfect God can be perfect man. Jesus does not cease to be human when we see that he is the fullness of humanity, that he is the universal man, that he has taken of the manhood into God. He is not Godlike; He is God. In him we have relation to God; our sonship is not the measure of his; his sonship is the ground of ours. A small minority of refined and intellectual people can for a time find satisfaction in the contemplation of a Christ-idea and the practice of commonplace moralities, but it was not an idea but a person, son of Mary and son of God, that made the slaves and beggars of Roman cities of the first ages into martyrs and that will win the hearts of the masses in days yet to come. Call it a dogma, if you will; at least it is a fact; call it a mystery; but it meets the need. One across the sea not himself a believer said a little while ago, 'With the workingmen of England Christ has the future.' But it will not be the Christ of Renan, but of St. John; not the hero, but the man. Men will not despise their nature when they see it throned on high; they will realize the necessity of holiness when they know that God dwells in them."

The *Watchman* (Bapt.) of Boston remarks that "many of the destructive Biblical critics first come to a conclusion upon the moral ideas and standards prevalent in a certain epoch and then boldly assign any narrative that betrays an advanced ethical ideal to a late date. For instance, Dr. Toy in his 'Judaism and Christianity,' page 184, characterizes the age of David as one of 'moral rawness,' and in which there is 'no trace of the sense of sin, in the higher meaning of the expression.' In conformity with this dictum the rebuke of Nathan to David, 2 Sam. xii. 1—14, and the narrative in 2 Sam. vii., are regarded as productions of a much later period. Marcus N. Adler, in the *Asiatic Quarterly* points out that the Jewish sanitary legislation is in marvelous accord with the results of modern scientific research. It indicates a profound knowledge of physiology and of the methods by which disease is propagated. The indications are that the Mosaic legislation is still in advance of our science, and that we may anticipate further confirmations of the wisdom of Mosaic restrictions. It would be decidedly interesting to know when these laws were written according to the strictly a priori theory that Dr. Toy applies to the two passages referred to from Samuel. Of one thing we are quite certain, namely, that they were not written subsequent to A. D. 1892."

The New York *Christian Intelligencer* (Reformed) protests against the "juggling with words" which prevails in discussions on religious subjects. It says: "'Errancy' and 'inerrancy' of the Scriptures are words that have sprung into common use, What is meant by them? Errancy is charged as though the Bible was full of mistakes and contradictions. And when called to answer what they are, refuge is had to the existence, conceded by all, of such mistakes as its transmission by human agencies makes unavoidable. Inerrancy is sometimes used and pressed as, though by it was meant a Bible without a single human feature or adaptation to the varying conditions in and for which it was given. Because of such indeterminateness of language, and especially the way in which it is used, the impression is left on many minds that the Word of God is is no wise different from other books, is filled with errors and contradictions, whereas, when the attempt is made to enumerate them, those left unexplained are so few and unimportant as to be merely a witness to the presence of a human element in its composition and its transmission. What need there is for a clearer definition of just what writers mean when they use these pre-eminently abused words, inspiration and revelation. How frequently are they juggled with—used in one sense now, and then in a different, or as if synonymous; so that the reader is left in a mass of contradictions."

Commenting upon a recently published article by the Rev. Burt Estes Howard, a Presbyterian clergyman, upon the Atonement, the *Presbyterian Banner* of Pittsburg says: "These are but samples of what fills the whole article. Christ's vicarious sufferings, his substitution, his atonement, as understood by evangelical Christendom, are entirely repudiated. We may say, however, that the arguments of Mr. Howard are not new; they are old and threadbare; and his presentation of them is especially weak. That a member of the Presbyterian Church, or of any orthodox denomination, should reject the atonement of Christ as it is declared in the Bible and in every orthodox creed, and that he should endeavor to induce others to do so, is cause for keen and profound sorrow. Yet this is the natural outgrowth of the teachings of Drs. Briggs, Smith and Evans and their followers, prominent among whom are Drs. Haydin and Sprecher, and Mr. Howard of Cleveland. After denying the unerring and absolute infallibility of the Bible, it is easy to take from it what it does teach and to insert in it what it does not teach. This is just what the author of the article we have been considering has done. Holding the opinion he has here avowed, he ought to see that he cannot consistently remain in the Presbyterian or any other orthodox church a single day longer."

The *Living Church* of Chicago (P. E.) has this to say on the subject of so-called Christian Socialism: "The Christian idea of social reform begins with the reformation of the individual. He must be made to see the innate turpitude and injustice of selfishness as at once a sin against God and man, whether he be a millionaire or a pauper. This is the essential characteristic, the bottom principle of Christian reform in sociology, and it presents a marked contrast with the dynamics of socialism. It persuades, while the latter would force, men to be just. It seeks to effect radical changes in the individual in order to promote the welfare of society. Socialism, on the contrary, proposes to revolutionize society in order to promote the welfare of the individual. The antithesis is very striking between the force of morals and the morals of force. Christianity is in no danger of failing to be, what it has so often been, the conservator of all that is righteous in social economics, so long as it addresses its remedial power, fearlessly and persistently, to the extirpation of individual selfishness. Let the clergy put in their best work along that line."

The New York *Christian Enquirer* (Bapt.) says: "The prevalence of gambling in its various forms justifies the alarm of every one interested in the maintenance of religion and the well-being of the State. No evil is more justly deprecated by moralists. It is ruinous to the individual, polluting to society and the moral enemy of the nation. To it can be traced almost directly every breach of trust that of late years has scandalized the country. Socially it has blunted the finer sentiments, made manners coarse, and corrupted conversation. It is the hellbane that drugs the public conscience and renders it insensible to the claims of sanctity and honor. It has inspired the prevailing recklessness in politics, conducted, just now, on the principle of 'anything to win,' and to its tuition of desperate chances we may credit not only the thefts of Legislatures and 'snap conventions,' but also, we fear, that which is vastly more to be deplored, the tepid popular resentment of these outrages—the supineness that perceives the wrong, but will hazard its consequences rather than take the trouble to resist it."

On the subject of the Bible in the schools, the New York *Freeman's Journal* (R. C.), says: "For ourselves, we welcome the era of agitation upon which we are entering. The *Freeman's Journal* fifty years ago stood alone in this country for Catholic schools, Catholic education and the rights of Catholics as citizens in the matter of school taxation. The ideas first advocated in these columns have fructified until 700,000 children are to-day receiving a sound secular and religious training in the school attached to our churches. But that is not by any means the full measure of our contention. Never shall we rest satisfied until the double taxation of Catholics is abolished by either an arrangement that will recognize the right of our schools to a share of the public funds, or a system of public schools is established wherein religious instruction is allowed according to the wishes of parents and spiritual guardians, who have the first right in the matter of training their offspring."

### HOME.

What mem'ries cluster round that word!
How much may therein dwell
Is far beyond the power of speech,
In any way to tell.
The place where childhood's days were spent,
The home of manhood's prime,
Lives on and on in memory,
When other things decline.

The youth may sigh to "see the world,"
And far away may roam;
But though he search from pole to pole,
Will find no place like home.
For all too soon he sees the world,
Not fair as once he thought,
But full of trouble, care and strife,
And with temptation fraught.

The Indian, in the forest wild,
When weary of the chase,
Will trace his footsteps back again
To his own dwelling-place.
There he can smoke his pipe in peace,
There he can take his rest;
Though other wigwams please him much
He likes his own the best.

The soldier thinks on battle-field
That duty calls him there,
And bids him for his country's sake
A sword and musket bear.
Yet still, when he's off "duty,"
When footsore, sad and lone,
What music is more sweet to him,
Than cheering words from home?

The sailor, on the ocean wide,
May like the rolling sea,
And may prefer, 'bove all things else,
Upon the wave to be.
When thunders roar and lightnings flash
Across the surging foam,
And tempests beat upon the ship,
He sighs and thinks of home.

In every age, in every clime,
We find it still the same;
No other word the lips can speak
Such meaning will contain.
This word brings back to many a heart
A life all full of cheer;
To others, sadder memories brings,
Of life so dark and drear.

O! fathers, mothers, make your homes
To children dear a treasure,
So that in after years they may
Look back to them with pleasure.
Thus many blessings you will reap,
And joys to you be given;
You'll have have more happiness on earth
And more, methinks, in heaven.

### THE PLUMBER MAN.

The plumber man came up to plumb
My uncle's pump in town;
So first he ripped the cellar up,
Then tore the garret down;
And then he told us with disgust
That neither of the pipes was bust.

He jumped into his dog-cart quick,
And fast he drove away,
But sent back, with a load of tools,
Another man next day,
Named Ike, who brought along with him
A blooming boy named called Warty Jim.

This Ike he pumped and pumped the pump;
The boy poured water in;
The man kept jawing at the boy,
The boy jawed back a'gin;
Then both sat down and ate a snack
Before they took the wagon back.

Next week the boss he came along,
And at the pump he frowned,
He sent me for the monkey-wrench,
While he went bounding round,
And pried the mantelpieces out
And hammered off the waterspout.

By'n-by he hurried off and sent
Three workmen and some wire,
Who brought a rusty stove and made
A stuffy charcoal fire.
When they had smoked their pipes then they
Took up that stove and went away.

Well, after that I recollect
A chap with solder came;
And then another crafty gent
Who brought more of the same;
Then up this Ike he came once more,
And at the other two he swore.

The boss then rode up with his boy,
That blooming sassy gump;
And said there was no other way
But buy a brand-new pump;
But uncle looked below the sink
And found the leak as quick as wink.

And uncle took a piece of rag
And tied it round the leak,
And so the pump was all O. K.
Then in about a week
The plumber man sent in his bill—
But the amount he got was—nil.

—*Chicago Mail.*

### Poets and Dogs.

Poets have always loved dogs. In this poets and boys resemble each other. Walter Savage Landor was devoted to his dog Giallo, and Byron's epitaph upon his dog Boatswain we all remember.

"To mark a friend's remains, these stones arise;
I never had but one, and there he lies."

Cowper was very fond of his dog, and we know how Charles Lamb, who was a prose poet, loved his Dash, and how Mrs. Browning appreciated the little Flush to whom she indited a poem. The Earl of Shaftesbury kept his noble collie in his library with him at all times, and Samuel Rogers always walked out with his dog. Scott declined an invitation to dinner when his dog died, saying that he could not accept on account of the "loss of an old friend."

Wordsworth and Scott both celebrated in their poems the famous old Gelert. This dog, a deer-hound, was given by King John to his son-in-law, Llewellyn, who kept him at his hunting lodge, in the neighborhood of the Welsh mountain Snowdon. Gelert was missed one morning from the hunt by his master. Llewellyn, upon his return to the lodge, saw the dog, and discovered that his mouth was besmeared with blood. Concluding that the dog had devoured his child, the infuriated master slew the poor animal. Upon investigation, he discovered a dead wolf by the child's cradle, while the child was safely and soundly sleeping. The brave dog had saved Llewellyn's heir from the wolf. A monument was erected to the faithful creature, which bears the name of Beth Gelert.—Harper's Young People.

### The Odds Against Him.

"I don't feel right about going in there," said Chilson Feevor, in front of a physician's house.

"Pshaw! He's one of the best doctors in the city," replied Coffin Coles.

"I know; but look at his sign—'9 to 1.'"

"Well?"

"Well, I don't care to take any such chances as that."—Puck.

GET rid of one cold before you contract another on top of it, or you may securely establish the seeds of a serious long complaint before you are conscious of danger. Better prudently resort to Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, an effective cure for coughs and colds, and helpful also for its healing influence on the lungs and bronchial tubes.


## SICK SO LONG.

C. W. HOPKINS, Postmaster at East Lamoine Me., writes that Mrs. Kelly's son, who had been confined to bed fourteen months with an Abscess, has been cured sound and well by Swift's Specific. The boy is fourteen years old, lives next door to me, and I know the statement to be true.

S. S. S. has a wonderful effect on children, and should be given to every weak and debilitated child. Send for our book on the Blood and Skin.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.


# RECORDED IN HEAVEN.

[Written for the RECORD-UNION by Gale Braith.]

Lady Betsy drains her wine-glass to the last drop, and, then, with a glance toward Miss Janet, who receives the signal with a sigh of relief, slowly arises from the dinner table. An alert footman turns to the door, but Dick is quicker, and stands bowing tall and pale with the knob in his trembling hand. Two pair of eyes meet in a swift glance of mutual understanding, and Lady Betsy trails her golden draperies across the threshold. As she passes the exquisite fragrance of stephenotis, which always clings around her, almost maddens him. But it is soon dispelled by the more common and unpleasant odor of musk as Miss Janet quickly follows.

Dick resumes his seat at the table and swallows his champagne at one gulp. Sir Roger refills the glass, smiling:

"Drink it, lad. Nothing like a good glass of wine to brace a fellow up. By your appearance since returning from India service there must be very uphill work."

"Rather," replies the young soldier, briefly, selecting a walnut and a few purple raisins from the dish before him; "though," with hesitation, "I cannot say but that it would be wisest for me to return immediately."

His uncle regards him incredulously with uplifted brows.

"Tut, tut; what nonsense, Dick. Unless you wish to deliberately hurt me you will not refer to that subject again. This is your home remember, but," Sir Roger continues, "I know just how you feel, Dick. Since I have contracted this marriage so late in life, you feel a shade of contempt for me; is it not so? But," laying a white, kindly hand upon the young man's shoulder, "you are still my heir, even if"—and a faint flush mantles to his still handsome face—"even if Heaven saw fit to give me a son you would still have a large share of my heart, and you shall be amply provided for."

"Dear uncle Roger, your kindness makes me feel keenly my own unworthiness."

In the drawing-room restlessly Lady Betsy walks to and fro, her long satin skirts twisting and tangling around her. Miss Janet is bending with befrizzled head low over her everlasting knitting, patiently occupied in picking up a row of dropped stitches which the frolicsome white Persian kitten has mischievously unraveled, and who has now fastened its bright little eyes with eager attention upon Lady Betsy and the sparkling buckle which adorns the slipper upon her slim, dainty foot. Lady Betsy glances toward the white marble clock, ticking so slowly upon the mantelpiece, and heaves an impatient sigh. How dull it is. Will Dick never come? Why do they linger so long over the wine? Suppose—suppose he should let a word drop. She clutches her throat with a strong, white hand, whereon, amid the numerous gems, one single band of gold is modestly gleaming. Her eyes alight upon a decanter of wine in the adjoining room. With quick, hurried steps, encumbered by her trailing draperies, she approaches it, the kitten jumping and rolling behind her. She reaches the wine, and without waiting to pour it into the glass, raises the bottle to her lips and drinks—drinks greedily, until her face becomes heated and her hands firm. She replaces the half-emptied bottle. The silver comb slips from her loosely-coiled hair. Stooping, she rescues it from the kitten, who has immediately pounced upon it, and fastening it rather rakishly to one side, reenters the drawing-room.

Miss Janet, who is still busy with her dropped stitches, has not noticed her absence. In one corner of the room is a frail, costly stand, whereon various dainty knickknacks are carelessly scattered. From amongst them she picks out an exquisite case, wrought in pearl and gold, from which toy she selects a Turkish cigarette. With her beautiful, bare white arm she lifts it to the chandelier, then places it between her scarlet lips. As she puffs the smoke, she glances into the mirror by her side, smiling mockingly into her own beautiful face—a face bewilderingly beautiful, and so fair that the narrow blue veins are traceable upon the forehead and throat. She is tall, very tall, and the golden satin gown clings tightly around the firm, full hips, caressing closely the slender, graceful limbs. With both hands she pushes the crisp, red hair from her forehead, and laughs softly, recklessly, for plentifully sprinkled amid that shining mass are numerous gray hairs, which are wonderfully becoming to that glorious face. With unerring aim she throws the half-smoked cigarette across the room into the grate opposite, and turns, smiling brightly, as the two gentlemen enter the room, followed by an attendant with coffee. Her husband walks direct toward her.

"Have we kept you waiting, dear? If so, please pardon us. Dick has been entertaining me with his startling adventures in India."

Swiftly, with stealthy, noiseless footsteps a dark shadow flits amongst the numerous corridors and stairways, pausing frequently with stifled breathing and bent head in listening fear. Then, growing desperate with nervous forebodings, the muffled form turns in the direction of the west wing and runs in breathless haste the full length of the ghostly picture gallery until, with trembling limbs it pauses in front of a heavy open door, from beneath which a golden thread of light is brightly shining. With an unhesitating push, the door is flung open. An exclamation of pleasure escapes the occupant as he comes hurriedly forward and folds the intruder in his arms.

"At last! at last!" he cries, drawing her farther inside the room.

She clings to his neck sobbing, half laughing, burying her flushed, happy face upon his shoulder.

He draws her to him, pressing her close and closer. He unfastens the long velvet cloak from her shoulders and casts it aside, devouring her lovely, upturned face with hot, burning kisses, whose half parted lips seem to drink in those passionate caresses as if half famished. With trembling fingers he smooths and pets her rumpled red hair, raising her chin by clasping her full white throat backward. Sighs, deep and low, escape her trembling lips, and her long, beautiful arms clasp her lover's neck, murmuring incoherent words of joyous rapture.

The next morning Sir Roger Hope opens the square white envelope which his wife's maid hands him. Miss Janet is seated, prim with white stiff cap and curls before the silver coffee urn. The little white kitten is sitting in front of the brightly-burning fire, licking her paws, with an occasional glance toward the breakfast-room door, in patient expectancy for her mistress to enter. Miss Janet moves the spoons and cups about nervously, watching narrowly the grave, anxious face of her brother as he opens and reads the letter. Slowly the pallor of death sweeps over his countenance, and he raises to his feet to instantly reseat himself again.

"It is nothing, Janet," with a kindly glance toward his startled sister's face. Then, turning to the trim young maid, who is still standing near him, "My wife has taken a sudden notion to run into the country. I half expected it, as she spoke of doing so only yesterday. I think in all probability she will send for you, and I will follow in a day or two."

The girl retires, but Miss Janet still regards her brother with troubled eyes.

"Is it not strange for Betsy to take such a sudden journey?"

Sir Roger forces a smile to his bloodless lips. "Not at all; only a little imprudent, I must admit. But then, you know, Betsy is full of whims."

"It is high time her whims should stop. When she was plain Betsy Ives her whims might pass unnoticed, but since becoming Lady Elizabeth Hope she ought to give your rank a little consideration." She passes her brother a cup of coffee. The kitten has jumped into Betsy's chair eager for her regular morning treat. Sir Roger leans over and gently strokes the pretty, soft fur, and fills a saucer with rich cream, which he sets upon the floor for puss to drink from. Then hastily excusing himself to Miss Janet he hurriedly leaves the room and his untouched breakfast.

Sir Roger reaches his study and again reads the brief note, which runs thus:

*Sir Roger*: I am leaving you forever. I never loved you, Roger. I was crazy with misery when I married you, having heard that the man to whom my heart was given had proved untrue. The story was utterly false. It is Dick. I go with him. If I live without him I will go mad. Forgive me if you can; if not, curse me. For all your kindness to me I thank you. Farewell forever.

BETSY.

Sir Roger sinks upon his knees. Great sobs come thick and fast. Thick and fast the tears roll down his cheeks. "How blind I was. God pitty the poor girl. Poor Betsy!" And then Sir Roger repeats a prayer—a simple little prayer that he learned at his dead mother's knee. And as he prays, in fancy he feels that dear mother's hand wandering in loving touch upon his boyish head again, and pressed in silent blessing amid the sunny curls which have now changed to silver.

Long and fervently Sir Roger prays for this lost wife, who has been the first to throw the shadow of shame upon his name and honor. Slowly he arises from his knees. The noble face has grown strangely old in the past half hour, and a look of pain has settled in the kind, dark eyes.

"I will set her free," he says aloud, "and then, he must, he shall marry her."

Five months have passed. A young woman sits sewing within the long, wide, open window of a bungalow. It is excessively warm, and her thick, red hair, streaked slightly with silver, is pushed in a tangled mass from off her broad, wide forehead. She is seated in a low chair rocking herself back and forth, her busy fingers meanwhile employed with some fine, white needle work. The breeze commences to arise, stirring the beautiful red hair upon her brow and rustling the full, loose folds of her cool, white gown, rippling the delicate lace around her throat and breast. She is softly singing, with an occasional glance toward the clock. Presently Dick Heath enters the room. He places his arms around her, kissing her lips again and again. Seating himself upon the footstool at her feet, he lifts a tiny garment from the floor which her nimble fingers have just completed. With a tender smile he takes her hands and presses them to his lips, whilst a soft, pink flush creeps across her cheek and brow. She leans over and rests her head upon his shoulder.

"How happy I am," she murmurs. He presses her gently against his breast. They sit thus, whispering loving words to one another. A turbaned attendant enters, bearing a tray ladened with luscious fruits and iced drinks, then silently withdraws.

A quick, heavy footstep echoes from the outside and the swaying curtains are pushed aside, startling the lovers from their close embrace.

Lady Betsy turns a frightened glance around, then, with a faint, wild cry, springs to her feet as her eyes encounter those of her husband's.

Dick hurriedly arises, clasping her tighly with one arm as they stand facing one another. Dick holds her tight—almost cruelly tight—so that the pistol in his pocket hurts her.

Perhaps, after all, Sir Roger was only human, and the sight of his wife in another man's arms maddened him. With an angry movement toward his hip pocket he steps forward. But Lady Betsy springs in front of her lover like a tigress defending its young. With a frantic effort she wrenches the pistol from Dick's pocket and points it in her shaking hands toward the intruder. Dick rushes in front, and, almost frantic with terror, she pulls the trigger.

Like a log some one falls with a groan. With a dread worse than death she waits for the smoke to disperse.

Oh, mother of sorrows! What is that she sees? Her husband standing pale but unhurt, and Dick lying a lifeless mass at her feet, the crimson life blood flowing from his bosom in a thin, narrow stream. With a despairing cry of agony she dashes the pistol to the floor and sinks upon her knees by his side. Raising his head and clasping it frantically to her breast, she pressed sobbing kisses upon his lifeless lips and brow. The ghastly stream stains the white gown and hands. Her eyes blaze with the furious light of insanity. She springs to her feet, cursing in frightful words the man standing dumbfounded with amazed sorrow before her.

"Kill me," she screams, tearing the gown from her fair, white bosom; "kill me; I cannot live."

She drops upon her knees in front of him, with arms stretched wide apart. "Kill me, Sir Roger, here where his head has so often rested. In mercy kill me, I beg, I implore; I cannot live without him, the love of my heart, of my life."

A mighty flood of pity overspreads Sir Roger's being. He stoops and raises the wretched creature in his arms, but ere he can place her in a chair she has again slipped upon the floor, beseeching him with miserable supplications to end her life.

When the authorities arrive no explanation is necessary. Lady Betsy's wild ravings tell all. For weeks she lay hovering between life and death, then, when her health gradually returns, the past is a blank, utterly blotted from her mind.

Sir Roger remains in India, and to him she clings with childish fondness. And then, a few months later, when her nameless child was born, her reason with all its horrors returns. With mournful eyes fixed in unutterable misery upon the face of the child which must reap the full benefit of her shame and wrong-doing, Sir Roger enters the darkened chamber and gazes pityingly upon her suffering face.

He takes her clammy hand: "Betsy is there any wish you would express?"

An eager light darts for a moment to her eyes, but is instantly followed by blank despair as she realizes the impossibility of what she would crave. Sadly she shakes her head as her eyes rest with a yearning look of helpless, hopeless misery upon the babe by her side, and her white lips part in a moan of despairing anguish.

"Dear, this is not the time for reproaches, but rather that of forgiveness. Any request you would make to me shall be granted if it is in human power to do so.

Again her eyes growing dim with death turn toward the child. Sir Roger lays his hand gently upon the infant's head.

"Is it this, Betsy? If so, let your mind be at rest." He stoops and takes the baby in his arms, and then does Sir Roger register this vow, which has never been equaled in the records of time.

"Your child shall be as my own son. I swear it before my Maker that as I deal by him so shall he do by me also."

He ceases and presses his lips reverently upon the small forehead of the sleeping child, and, as he does so, surely that Being sitting in judgment most high, in pleased approval recorded this deed in a bright mark of everlasting glory.

With a cry of joy Lady Betsy half raises from the bed. She seizes his hands, pressing them to her heart and lips, covering them with tears and kisses.

"God forever bless you, Roger," and she sinks again upon the pillow. And what is that he sees has come to him at last? But alas, too late! It is love for him he reads in Betsy's dying eyes.

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