WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

The Birthplace of Chatterton Visited---A Saddening Shrine.

Redcliffe Church, Its Famous Muniment Room and the Chatterton Cenotaph—Historic Hints and Noble Names.

[Special Correspondence of the RECORD-UNION. Copyright, 1892.]

BRISTOL, England, July 11, 1892.

The name, the birthspot and the shrine of Chatterton are all that will ordinarily impel the traveler to turn aside from pleasanter English sights and scenes to loiter in the matter of fact old city of Bristol.

Above its hard, dark streets, its grimy smokestacks and harbor spars, at the whim of the Severn tides overtopping its tallest warehouses, or again disappearing below its mossy, crumbling quays, the one name, more sad and clear and luminous than all other acts or facts in its history, seems to conjure all else of civic, commercial, ecclesiastic or literary interest in the ancient seaport's moldy past.

And what a marvelous proof is here of the overshadowing quality of literary fame. It seems to me to furnish one of the most impressive illustrations known to men.

Chatterton died August 24, 1770, before he was 18 years of age. Yet this stripling, starved in Bristol and hounded to death by indifference and desperation in London, in what had been done by his pen from the time he was 10 years old to the morning they found him dead in the London garret and pitched his poor body into the Shoe Lane Workhouse Potter's-field, cut higher and deeper niches in the adamantine walls of fame than all other of the millions who have lived and died in Bristol. More has been felt, said and written about this one delicate lad, his misfortunes and achievements, than altogether has ever been produced or compiled by or concerning Bristol or Bristol folk.

This Bristol and these Bristol folk, save in a few shining exceptions, have never been pleased with this. The old town has always seemed to wish the glamor of immortality on its own account, for its wigged pudges of rulers, its wicked old slave-traders, its old-time pedantic and hypocritical merchant princes, its churches and docks and warehouses, and resent to this day the pilgrim's coming to the one shrine which the whole world has forced upon the place, in spite of itself, as if to retrieve it from infamy and contempt.

Something like the canny and almost brutal suspicion and watchfulness of Chatterton's attorney master of infamous memory, John Lambert, has always pervaded the town in its attitude to the memory of Chatterton, and to those strangers who come to Bristol with sad and tender thoughts of the boy poet. From the first vindictive efforts to uphold the currish Walpole's defamation of the dead boy, in his own defense, to almost the latest Bristol publications on Chatterton, the effort has been ceaseless to befoul his character and disparage his achievements.

Ecclesiastical consistories, animated by inconceivable venom, hunted the very memory of the lad to perditionary finality, as far as their little power could go, fighting bitterly to the last the erection of a monument to his name in the churchyard of Redcliffe Church, until nearly 100 years had elapsed from the time of the poet's death before this paltry requital was forced upon Bristol, while ten thousand travelers every year come here, and especially to the beautiful church of St. Mary of Redcliffe, because of Chatterton's association with the latter, to one who comes to see Bristol or Redcliffe on their own account, and still the hard old civic and ecclesiastic heads are blind to the world's judgment of themselves and Chatterton.

Mournfully ludicrous does this feeling display itself, to strangers, even to this day. If you are in charge of guide or friend he will insist on your visiting the potteries, the Downs, the docks, the Avon bridge, the place where Sir Humphrey Davey had charge of the Pneumatic Institution in Dowry Square, the Council-house, rich in ancient parchment lore, unique old charters and somber pictures by Kneller and Nandye, the museum and a peep at the famous miniature likeness on ivory of Oliver Cromwell, the ancient stone images of Brennus and Belinus, Bristol's tutelar deities, removed from an ancient church to their present place in the old city gateway arch in the fourteenth century, to that wonderful old Norman archway in the gateway leading into lower College Green, and to scores more places and objects of modern and antiquarian interest. But he will never have a word or a moment to devote to your longings regarding the personality of and objects associative with Chatterton.

If, at last, you humbly beg to know of these, his interest in your interest is at an end. Even your landlord will regard you with contempt if you mention the name of Chatterton. If you attempt to penetrate the dust-mounds of the local antiquarians everything is at your disposal until that unfortunate name is heard. They are then all as instantly dead, voiceless and mummied as the moldy old stuff upon which their lives are passed. Happening into several old bookstores with the hope of finding odds and ends regarding the poet and his birthspot, after the inevitably unsuccessful search was made, timid inquiry after what I wished invariably put to flight the weazened habitues of the place, as though pestilence came with the breath that formed the name.

But most curious of all was the conduct of the Verger of the Redcliffe Church, which owes its chief notoriety and its richest offerings to its hateful hostility to Chatterton, his trifling association with its old muniment-room and the miserly Chatterton cenotaph within its churchyard close. He labored three mortal hours to impress the wonders of Redcliffe Church upon me. Inconceivable eloquence flowed from his fervent lips. I would occasionally pleasantly intimate that I believed it all, was willing to credit more, but most wished to visit the old muniment-room, whereupon the storms of descriptive eloquence would break forth anew. Something in the hushed quiet of the place, the hopelessness of ever coming to see what I longed for most, and the sustained notes of his chant about the worthies whose dust was beneath us and their wondrous deeds and gifts to St. Mary's, furnished an uncontrollable somnolence. I finally sank into a pew in an attitude of deferential interest, bulged my eyes to the limit of human endurance, and with this wonderful human talking machine in regular pulsations growing to giant's size and diminishing to the stature of a pigmy declaiming before me, refreshing slumber came.

I awoke with a start as the Verger shook me and upbraided me with the charge that he could not interest me in this "prince of English churches." I pressed a half crown upon him and again timorously hinted something about "the Chatterton muniment-room." As if in a frenzy of despair at the perversity of all humankind, he flung me a key, motioned tragically toward the inner stairway leading to above the north porch, covered his heated face with his hands and actually burst into tears.

Poor old man, thought I, as I groped my way over brasses, beneath effigies, and in and through gleaming chantries to the winding stone stairway, on his weak and burdened shoulders also rests the same old mountain pretense and lie of a century's belittlement of that one little lad who alone has given them all something of the radiated effulgence of his deathless name.

But at last I stood alone within what seems to me to be the most tenderly interesting relic in Bristol. It is entered through two massive narrow doors from the stairway. The room is hexagonal in form, low, perhaps twenty-five feet in diameter, and lighted by forty narrow, unglazed windows. The stone floor rests on the groined arches of the exquisite porch below, and huge beams of well-preserved oak form and support the ceiling.

It did not seem a dismal spot to me. On the contrary one could imagine a no more reposeful and retired place for his own day-dreams, or those of such a genius as Chatterton. Pleasantly came the sounds of the street through the open windows—sweeter still were now and then wafted the organ notes and voices of the singers engaged below in vesper service. The open, rotting and discarded muniment coffers, or "coires," are still here. No one knows their age. It must be very great. But these veritable ancient chests were the ones whose contents, first largely pilfered and scattered by the parish authorities themselves, furnished Chatterton with the impulse and means of attracting public attention to his own compositions, to appear in the guise of antique manuscripts from the pen of the fictitious monk Rowley, the whole the creation of his own fertile brain.

One must confess to a strange sense of nearness to this pooram, bitious boy when standing among these empty old coffers. The picture of his pale, eager face, half hidden among the musty parchments, flashes upon one almost as if with certain recognition. Here he came times without number, and delved and toiled and dreamed. As I stood there held and fascinated by the flood of associations of the place, a vagrant bird, of gray plumage, flew into one of the narrow splayed windows, wheeled round and round beneath the oaken ceiling, and suddenly alighted upon one of the rotten boxes. Turning its head to the right and left and settling its plumage, it pecked a few times upon the coffer with a sharp, echoing sound. As suddenly it rose, perched upon one of the oaken braces, uttered a few notes of saddening melody, and in an instant, like a dart of light piercing the outer light, had swept away—fitting type of him who had come for that brief time, pecked for a moment at the dark, dead age behind him, and sung and flashed into the outer light of Immortality.

There are few other Chatterton memorials in Bristol. The Colston Hospital or school, where he had secured nomination as a charity scholar, was removed to the old Episcopal Palace at Stapleton over a quarter of a century ago. The building in which were located the offices of John Lambert, attorney, to whom Chatterton was articled as apprentice, is still standing in Corn street. The place where the boy poet was born, in Pile street, near its conjunction with Thomas street, is immediately opposite the north side of Redcliffe Church. It is a dreary, mildewed spot to-day, though the old buildings are supplanted by others. A free school is still conducted at the place by a weazened spinster. The yard is narrow, damp and dank; the structure is damp and dank and narrow; and the little tots whom I saw leaving the place are ragged, pinched and squalid.

Between this place and the church opposite, upon the hill, within the churchyard, though not within "consecrated" ground—for though churches sing the boy-poet's hymns, and this church received the Colston boy into its saving embrace through confirmation, ecclesiastic intoleration insists upon his damnation on the ground that he died by his own hand and an "infidel"—stands the monument to his memory. Redcliffe Church, more dishonor to it, forbade its erection within the edifice, where lie in pompous state the remains of libertines and traders in their fellow-men.

After the bitterest of struggles on the part of the poet's friends, this cenotaph was finally put in place, outside the church, between the tower and the muniment-room, so intimately associated with his youthful dreams and struggles. But repairs upon the north porch soon gave an excuse for its removal, for it was discovered that the monument impinged on "consecrated" ground. Then it was taken to pieces and bundled away.

After years of further struggles with bigoted consistories it was finally reerected where it now stands, near the northeast entrance, just within the churchyard green. But even then these fine folk of the cloth turned the face of the statue surmounting the cenotaph away from Redcliffe Church. And that was well. Chatterton, with his back to Redcliffe Church, his tiny face half in smiles, gazing affectionately down upon his birthplace across the way, is fitting enough satire, while stone may last, upon the intolerance and vindictiveness thus so aptly recalled and emphasized.

The figure is represented in the habiliments of a Colston schoolboy, a muffin cap with band and ball, a coat with long plaited skirt, a leathern belt, corduroy knee-breeches and rough-ribbed stockings. The left hand holds an open scroll upon which is written, "Ella, a Tragedy." In one of the monument's niches is a torn or severed scroll, with the legend, "The Poems of Rowlie," while the chief panel bears the words from the poet's own pen, written half in jest, half in earnest, but incomparable in their aptitude: "To the Memory of Thomas Chatterton. Reader, judge not, if thou art a Christian. Believe that he shall be judged by a superior Power. To that Power alone is he now answerable."

As I stood regarding the cenotaph the afternoon sun swept around the lofty spire of Redcliffe Church. Its rays filtered between the slender spires and pinnacles at its base, and fell upon the cenotaph, lighting it up wondrously. Then a huge cloud, flapping its sable wings up from the Bristol Channel, darkened the scene and the grimy city for a moment. It was for a moment only, for the sun burst through again and held its place gloriously. So, I thought, as I turned away, will it be with the name and fame of this little lad to whom the godly of Bristol have been so pitilessly ungenerous.

If something like a resentfulness and heartache did not come at every turn when seeking for kindly Chatterton shrines, one would be deeply charmed and interested in the antiquarian, historic and literary reminiscences of this fine old Bristol town.

Cabot, who should be equally honored with Columbus, sailed on his voyage of American discovery from this port. The "Great Western," the first steam craft to successfully demonstrate the practicability of steam navigation between the two continents, was built and manned at Bristol. The great Burke, "friend of America," represented the city in Parliament, and the unhappy ex-Empress Eugenie was once a school girl here.

I have come upon names and local reminiscences of nearly sixty really noted men and women of letters who were born in or for a time lived at Bristol. Defoe frequented its "Red Lion" and Selkirk for a time lived in St. Stephens' parish. "Hugh Conway" was born and Canon Kingsley educated here. Hallam came out of its grammar-school and Hume was a Bristol merchant's clerk. The author of Butler's "Analogy" was Bishop of Bristol; Hannah Moore, though living most of her life at "Barleywood," a few miles distant, was born in and died at Bristol; the Porter sisters, Mary Robinson and Amelia B. Edwards, were all Bristol women; while a charming book could be alone written on the early careers of Southey and Coleridge, both begun in Utopian dreams of "Pantisocracy" in this grimy yet rich and mellow old west of England seaport town.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

THE ADAPTABLE POEM.

They stood beside the open grate
(For summer substitute a gate),
She was a blonde (if you prefer,
Why, make a brunette out of her).
He spoke of love (they all do that),
And she? Her heart went pit-a-pat;
The speed, why you yourself can fix,
From seventy up to ninety-six.
She hung her head, she blushed, she sighed,
She laughed, or possibly she cried,
Just take your choice and have her do
Precisely as you wish her to.
She did etcetera until
Her George, or Jack, or Jim, or Will,
Or any name you like the best—
But why go on? You know the rest.

—Tom Masson.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

MAKES DELICIOUS LEMONADE.

A teaspoonful added to a glass of hot or cold water, and sweetened to the taste, will be found refreshing and invigorating.

The revenue collected from last year's ascents to the top of the Eiffel Tower amounted to $115,000.

HOFFMAN'S ADVENTURES.

He Is Having a Serious Time "Batching" It in the Mountains.

Participating in a Camp Stew and the Results—Declines Membership in the Stockton Limburger Club.

[Special Correspondence RECORD-UNION.]

As I remarked a week ago, I am now batching at Hardscrabble, a place so called because it is a hard place in which to scrabble around. The word scrabble is Nevada County foothill lingo for scramble. When the remark referred to was made, I was thinking seriously of giving you a detailed account of my experience as a bachelor for the benefit of those martyred husbands who hanker for that free and independent sort of existence which gives one the privilege of spitting on the floor or going to bed with his boots on if he wants to, but so many things have occurred to mar the quiet monotony of my life within the last six days that I can only touch briefly upon each—nay, a few—of them, and flit from one theme to another, like the gay and industrious codlin moth, which I resemble.

Batching is not, to me, a new experience, my first effort at living alone, doing my own baking, chamber work and millinery, having been made at Boston Bar, on the Yuba River, a dozen years ago. I went there to hold a claim for a man who had twins at home and couldn't hold anything else for sometime. He was, I remember, a large, fat man with a very bald head, and the flies annoyed him immensely until he conceived the idea of painting a huge, hungry-looking spider just over the organ of veneration. The spider performed its part of the contract faithfully, and many thousand flies broke their legs getting away from the fat man's head after having recklessly plunked themselves down upon it. I mention this merely because it hopped into my mind and because it may be used successfully by other care encumbered and baldheaded men.

I built my own shanty at Boston Bar, and laid up a stone chimney, which was the most remarkable chimney I ever saw. It was six feet wide at the base, six feet high and twelve inches in diameter at the top. I had four dogs and a cat with me. Just as I lit the fire in the fire-place for the first time one of the dogs came in to warm himself, for it was a mighty cold day, and the draught was so strong that the poor brute was sucked up the flue and dropped outside. As he went up the other dogs came in, and up they went, one after the other. When they fell to the ground outside they were frightened, and ran into the cabin again, only to be whisked up the chimney as before, and for an hour there was a continual stream of dogs, with the hair all singed off, running into the cabin and flying out of the chimney. This sort of thing would have continued until the fire had burned itself out, but the old cat, which was sitting on the hearth warming herself, got tired of the circus and sailed into the dogs and put them to flight. I used to sit in front the fire after that and let the draft pull off my boots. The chimney has fallen down now, but some of the stones that composed it are there yet.

It was in this cabin that I made my first batch of biscuits. It was a dozen years ago, but some of those biscuits are there unto this day. Ages hence I shall not be surprised if I see them in various museums, labeled as bread found at Pompeii, teeth of a mastodon unearthed in Death Valley, or cannon balls from the siege of Jerusalem. Forever and forever, as long as the river flows, as long as the heart has passions, as long as life has woes, those biscuits will resist the tooth of time and the hammer of the United States Zoological Surveyor.

That, however, was a dozen years ago. I can now make real nice, light, wholesome bread, do my own washing and embroider my own hose. There are very few of the mysteries of housekeeping which I have not mastered. Looking at me as I whet the butcher-knife on the stovepipe, or draw it carelessly across my leg to remove the shreds of bacon which may adhere to it, or give the elastic dough a scientific upper-cut that knocks it silly and shakes the house—looking at me at such times, I say, one would imagine that I am careless and untidy, and not anxious to keep up the dignity of the profession. But it is not so. I am very proud of my culinary skill, and often go into the kitchen in the middle of the night to see whether or no the dish-rag has escaped from its peg and is dragging itself around on the floor under the stove.

I may differ somewhat from the popular heathen Chinese *chef*, not having a tail to switch at the flies, but I can get up a meal with short notice that can, if the sign is right, be eaten and digested if sufficient time is allowed. My favorite dish, however, is a stew, and if any careful, ambitious wife whose husband is always telling about his mother's skill as a cook will write to me, sending two stamps, one for reply and the other as a souvenir, I will forward my famous recipe at once.

I have always believed that the human race does not eat stews enough. As a general thing, I find that people who have weak stomachs eat about two-thirds of their meat fried or baked hard. I have tried to avoid fried food, and have confined myself to stews, as I believe I can in this way live to be very old. So far the results are very flattering, as my friends inform me that I am aging fast.

A stew is not an easy thing to build. It requires great skill and stewdious application, with strict attention to details to concoct and successfully terminate a good stew. It is stew bad, but it is a fact that not one woman in a thousand knows how to make a good stew. Among the men folks, who know everything, almost, not one in ten billions. What I know about stews has been acquired by long years of patient research and daring experiments, some of which were fatal, but the final results are worth more to the world than the half a dozen pallid stomach-and-liver-ridden men who slid under my table and died in great agony in those days when I was testing the flavoring qualities of jimpson, snakeroot, night-shade, kidney weed and wild parsnips. This reminds me that I received a letter a week ago from the Secretary of the Stockton Limburger Club, requesting me to allow that organization to place my name upon its roll as an honorary member. Accompanying the letter was a prospectus, or something of that sort, which states that the object of S. L. C. is to destroy and totally annihilate, in its members, that fell disease dyspepsia. To accomplish this the members meet each evening in a cellar several miles from the city, and eat heartily of Limburger cheese, partaking of no fluids until the racy Dutch compound has been digested. Just how many sleeps elapse before this occurs the Secretary of S. L. C. did not inform me, nor is it set down in the prospectus.

I have declined with thanks. I am not a dyspeptic, and even if I were, the remedy hit upon by the Stockton savants would not entice me very far out of a livery stable on a glad spring day when the small birds they do sing. My father's grandfather's grandfather owned a Limburger cheese factory, once upon a time, and was so proud of it that he had a blacksmith make him a coat-of-arms, bearing a picture of a guide-post, or sign-board, with the inscription, "Ten Miles to the Factory." In the distance was death rampant, fleeing for his life and holding his nose with both hands. This fact is a thing I seldom refer to. It has been a sort of skeleton in my house for several generations. The mere mention of Limburger cheese used to send one of my aunts into a fit of hydrophobia from which she recovered only when some astute person burned an over-ripe rag.

I do not find fault with the S. L. C. for having discovered that dyspepsia may in this way be cured. Anything which cures, or even in a measure alleviates, the sufferings of the man who is cursed with that unmerciful disease, should be given all the credit it deserves. I hope there is something in it, and if I am ever sent back to Stockton to advise the municipal authorities to sprinkle Main street, I hope I shall find that the pale, miserable, emaciated individuals who used to glide around Hunter square like restless ghosts, uttering groans and saying their stomachs felt like an old sock, have been changed to corpulent, hilarious images of what man was before he began to put improvements upon the handiwork of God.

The close season for doves expired on the first day of the present month, and camp stews are now common events. The pop of the shotgun and the seductive fragrance of beer and burnt gravy is in the air. The small boy, with his paper wadding and cigarettes, is busy making red-hot summer scenery, and staid old cows that never knew what it was to be cruelly deceived, are coming home with wobbly legs and their backs filled with bird shot. A camp stew is a thing one should attend at once, early in life, and then never repeat the offense. It is a seductive thing, and when once one has acquired an appetite for camp stews he is a gone gosling.

The principal necessity for a camp stew is a large pot in which to stew the chickens, pigs, ducks, tame rabbits and other wild beasts, and strange fowls that the hunters find in the woods. Next in importance is the beer. Great care should be exercised in the selection of this condiment, as an inferior article will destroy the rich, racy flavor of the stew.

I attended a camp-stew a week ago, or thereabouts. I know it was some time after the end of the close season. That is about all I can remember about it. That is enough. Everybody in Nevada County also knows I was there. I went incog, but I suppose some egregious ass recognized my voice or got onto my jig steps. I am told that I had a terrible fight with a man from Marysville, and that we fought until the Marysville man died from sunstroke. Also that my eyes were very much discolored, and that somebody suggested leeches to draw the discoloration out; that there were no leeches at hand, and that somebody scurried around and found a few big green centipedes, and that the centipedes were applied to my eyes with successful results. I think it is a blamed lie.

I have had several adventures of a thrilling nature lately, but cannot describe them all to-day, as the flies have committed suicide in my inkstand on a large scale, and straightway kicked out the ink, so that I must walk four miles to get a new supply, but I will narrate one, just to show how unsafe it is for a lonely, unprotected man to make his roost in these woods.

I was sitting in a neighbor's house alone, for the neighbor, who is also a bachelor, had gone away to borrow a sad-iron to do up his shirt, when a coarse man, armed with a Winchester rifle, appeared suddenly at the door, and said:

"I've got the drop on you!"

"So I perceive," I said.

It wasn't fair the way he did it. He had his rifle pointed at me before I knew it, and I hadn't the ghost of a show. He should have been less abrupt, for I am likely to get nervous when a man pulls a bead on me in that way.

"Yes, *sir*," he continued, "I've got the drop on you, an' you're a-comin' right along down to the house. Thought you could break up the peaceableness of my family while I was away, didn't you? But the old man's just as smart as you be, you low-livered, sneaking coyote! You get up and walk right along ahead o' me. Come; *march*."

I thought the man was crazy. He looked wild and weird and excited, and his finger kept fiddling away on the trigger of his rifle, so I said I would humor him, as I hadn't anything very particular to do for awhile, and I got up and marched. I tried to talk, but he said *he* would do all the talking that was necessary, and he rattled on, in his deep, husky tones:

"You air a snake in the grass. You thought you'd give us the slip afore the old man got back, eh! But I know you city fellers—you schemin', heart-breakin' wretches o' h——l, an' there's one of your kind that's agoin' to father his work, an' then I'll fill him so doggoned full of lead that he'd sink a flatboat!"

"What have I done?" I asked.

"Hey! Done! I'll show you what you've done. You just keep that mouth of your'n shut and walk. You can't fool the old man. She wouldn't tell who it were, and my son Peter said he knowed it was a man as lives over here on a pig ranch, but when I seed *you*, a sittin' there with your store clo'se on and your specs on your nose, lookin' so all-fired peart, I just knowed in a minute I had the man as done it dead to rights. And when she sees you, and sees that I'm all ready to send your miserable little soul to where it belongs with this old soapstick of mine she'll own up. O, you needn't think you'll get away. The preacher's there, and the old woman's got him in the kitchen, covered with a six-shooter. We'll fix you all right, you dum snake. The old man's lived in the woods all his life, but he's traveled a heap, and he ain't such a fool as he looks."

At last we reached the old man's house and I saw the last chance of escape fade away to *nil*. As we entered the door I looked back up the trail and saw another man, armed with a shotgun, bringing along another victim. I never was so glad to see another man in danger before.

I soon found out the cause of my unexpected arrest. We passed through the front room into the kitchen, where an old lady, with a corncob pipe in her mouth and a big navy in her hand, was talking to a pallid, clerical-looking gentleman, who had, I suppose, been arrested and brought there some hours previous to my own arrival. In one corner of the room, seated in a rocking-chair, with a baby in her arms, was a comely girl, with a white, scared face. She looked wonderingly at me as the old man pushed me forward with the muzzle of his "soap stick."

"Here," he growled savagely, "here's the snake, rattles and fangs and all. Now you just *dare* to tell me it aint *him*."

The girl looked me over as a butcher might look over a fat young steer, and I saw that she was debating in her mind whether it would not be best to say it *was* me, and so gain possession of a man who could afford to wear specs on his nose and a tailor-made coat. But just as she opened her lips to say "Thou art the man," or words to that effect, the other man with the shotgun marched his victim into the room and said:

"Here he is. He owned up comin' over, and he says he'll marry her, and live with her and do the square thing. Is the preacher here, all O. K.?"

"Yes, he's here, you bet!" said the old woman.

"And the license?"

"The old man got it himself. There's one name wrong, but we'll just fix that, I guess."

Then the preacher got up, and the ceremony was performed to a finish. I came away before the old man apologized, but I'm going down there next year, maybe, and make him do it. A. V. HOFFMAN.

Hardscrabble, July 12, 1892.

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer is unquestionably the best preservative of the hair. It is also curative of dandruff, tetter, and all scalp affections.

THROAT diseases commence with a cold, cough or over-fatiguing the voice. These symptoms, (which, if neglected, often result in a chronic trouble of the throat) are allayed by the use of Brown's Bronchial Troches.

Among the effects of the late Mrs. Elizabeth Hewsten of Coopersburg, Pa., that were sold by auction for $1 25, was a bedquilt that has 13,000 patches.

ECZEMA. 35 YEARS.

Mr. HIRAM THWEATT, of Olean, Pike County, Ala., says that SWIFT'S SPECIFIC cured him of a painful case of Eczema, of which he had suffered for 35 years. He took seven bottles.

S.S.S.

cures by driving out the germs and poison. It is entirely vegetable. Send for book on the Skin and Blood.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

"THE SCARLET BELLS."

[Written for the RECORD-UNION by Gale Braith.

The dead, brown leaves rustle loudly. It is very quiet in that secluded retreat, hemmed in by solid masses of dark-green foliage. Large red blossoms run and twine their slender stems up the sides, to hang from above like great scarlet bells.

A few nesting birds twitter overhead. Occasionally a brilliant lizard basks for an instant upon the opposite log. Overhead the heavy branches interlace, through which the golden sunrays penetrate in a thousand narrow strips. How beautiful it is! Wild roses, eglentine and clambering honey-suckle, all combined, render the exquisite fragrance almost intoxicating, overpowering, sickening.

All this charm of nature passes as naught to the one seated so motionless upon a fallen tree-trunk with bared head and face buried within his outstretched hands, sitting so still that the bright-eyed ground-squirrel loses its usual timidity and ventures nearer to inspect the strange intruder. Closer and closer the little animal approaches, its inquisitive small face fastened upon the bowed figure, until again the dry, brown leaves rustle. With two bounds the squirrel is out of sight, whilst Anthony slowly raises his head to gaze with eyes of dumb horror before him, for, at his feet, gliding smoothly, lazily, causing the withered leaves to heave like waves, is a horrible yellow, glittering snake. As it quickly raises its frightful head a narrow forked-tongue darts from its cruel, red mouth. The evil, diamond eyes are fastened greedily upon its defenseless victim. Nearer and nearer the flat head comes, moving back and forth with the speed of lightning prior to inflicting the fatal blow. A despairing prayer for mercy arises to Anthony's pallid lips. Involuntarily he closes his eyes to shut out the fearful sight. An age it seems. And then the birds cease their twittering to fly, with whirring wings of startled fright, as a loud shot rings out. The powder sweeps Anthony's cheek, and lo! at his feet the long, yellow serpent lays, the brown leaves scattered and tossed in heaps upon each side of the quivering body. The unsaid prayer now trembles upon the young man's lips, his first prayer since earliest childhood, which ascends heavenward, thanking the Most High for this timely deliverance.

"Did you walk from the station? Your father left this morning for B——. We did not expect you until to-morrow."

"I preferred to walk."

"You are pale—you are tired. Your father will not return until evening."

Anthony, seated at his stepmother's right, nods absently.

"Drink this," handing him a tiny glass of dark, purple liquid. "It came from my native country."

He tastes the wine, then drains the glass at one swallow.

Instantly his whole being is changed. Former precautions vanish like air. Wild, uncontrollable, his blood leaps and ripples through his throbbing veins.

Lalage whispers a word to the staid attendant, who, bowing low, withdraws, leaving the two in uninterrupted enjoyment.

Anthony moves his chair a little nearer to that of his stepmother.

Lalage leans slightly forward and selects a dainty piece of sliced pineapple, which is piled in a towering heap upon the great crystal dish before her. In doing so her beautiful bare arm almost touches his face. Catching it he carries it wildly to his burning lips, pressing hot, quick kisses upon it.

"Ah, that ring! It scorches my mouth."

She leans forward, twining both soft arms around his neck.

"Say the word, love, and it shall be removed forever."

This strange woman possesses a magnetic influence over him. All honor, self-respect flee. In an uncontrollable burst of passion he seizes her, clasping her yielding form to his breast.

The wine, tingling in his veins, makes him mad, mad.

Closer and closer she presses against him, smiling and sighing in wild delight. Her eyes—her beautiful eyes! They remind him, in sudden terror, of the pair that afternoon. A feeling of repulsion sweeps over him. He roughly unclasps her clinging arms and hurriedly arises to his feet.

Lalage regards him wonderingly, a crimson flush of surprised anger mounting to the roots of her crisp, bright hair.

He places his hand to his throbbing temples. The effect of the wine is wearing off. The cursed stuff would rob him of his life and reason.

Can he live through this torture? This wild infatuation for his father's wife, which, in the four years of his absence, he had almost dared to hope had been overcome, outgrown. Yet here it is still in his heart strong as ever. Lalage, with her terrible beauty and sensuous caresses, how long can he withstand her? He is but human.

The only way to escape temptation is in instant flight.

Thus Anthony mused, an unlit cigar between his teeth, as he paced slowly the marble walk.

He glanced toward the drawing-room windows. They were in total darkness. From Lalage's bed-chamber in the left wing a yellow light was faintly gleaming. Heaving a sigh of relief Anthony re-entered the house. Proceeding to the library and turning the gas to its fullest limit he selects a volume from the well-filled shelves. Then, turning, he stretched himself upon a long, low couch, carefully adjusting the satin pillow at his head. He lazily closed his eyes, when, in startled wonder, he fancied a shadow passed before his face.

He sat upright and glanced around. Nonsense, nothing but imagination. The afternoon's experience had unnerved him. Arguing thus he again settled himself more comfortably, and was dropping off to sleep, when, this time, an unmistakable movement caused him to open his eyes.

In amazement he lay speechless, numb. The awful terror is once more upon him. Again the yellow snake, with swift darting head, confronts him. The horrible eyes penetrate his brain—those self-same eyes he gazed upon that afternoon. With a shudder he mercifully loses consciousness.

Some one shakes him roughly by the shoulder. Anthony's eyes unclose. His father's face is anxiously bending over him.

"What is the matter, lad? You are colder than ice, and your face is the color of death. Come, drink this," holding a tumbler of brandy to his lips.

He drains the glass eagerly.

"Welcome home, my son," patting him kindly upon the head. "You arrived a day sooner than we expected, or I should have postponed my trip to B——. Where is Lalage? I trust she has made you comfortable?"

Anthony clasps his father's hands warmly. "Thanks, dad. You are very kind. I have not seen your wife since dinner."

The older man laughs heartily.

"What, you two have not quarreled already I hope?"

The son's face flushed guiltily, whilst his father leisurely emerges from his great overcoat.

With a sudden impulse Anthony jumps to his feet and lays his head upon his father's shoulder.

The father strokes the curly head lovingly.

"Ah, Lalage," as his wife slowly and quietly sweeps into the room, her hair hanging in a glorious mass almost to the floor. The beautiful face is wax-like beneath those flaming gas-jets. The loose sleeves of a flowing, white gown disclose the perfectly-molded arms to the shoulders. She walks straight to Anthony. Her peculiar, wondrous eyes are fastened upon him alone.

"Lalage, darling wife."

With a fierce, impatient movement she dashes her husband's hand aside.

In shame and remorse Anthony sinks at his father's feet.

She stands in front of him, her perfumed hair tangling and encircling his neck.

She stoops, her warm, moist arms clasp him to her half-bared breast.

"Love, don't shrink from me; don't hate me. I am yours, yours!"

"Wake up. You sleep so sound."

Anthony straightens himself upon the fallen tree-trunk. A confused, strange sense of awakening to reality, whilst the little child, tugging at his hands, repeats:

"Wake up. You sleep so sound."

Above the scarlet bells are slowly swaying back and forth, emitting, from their half-closed petals a deathly, languorous sweetness.

Lalage hastily enters the grove.

"Anthony, you stupid boy, don't you know it is suicide to sleep here. If Freddie had not espied you you would have slept and dreamed here forever. See," standing on tiptoe to touch one of the red blossoms with the end of her dainty parasol, "these flowers are full of opium. So come, kiss your little brother and let us hasten home."

Then it was all a dream, all a dream! With a joyous shout Anthony catches the little fellow in his arms, throwing him high amid the scarlet bells, which causes them to shake and flutter angrily.

Still holding the child in his arms Anthony and his stepmother quickly reach the gray stone house.

A beautiful girl, with Lalage's hair and eyes, bounds forth to meet them, to pause in sudden embarrassment, at sight of the handsome stranger. Lalage draws her forward—

"Anthony, this is my youngest sister, Inez."

Lalage is leaning against the drawing-room window watching, with sister by interest, Inez and her tall young stepson, as they pace slowly, with clasped hands, the thickly-shaded elm walk.

"Are they not a beautiful couple, dear?"

The handsome, gray-haired man addressed turns and comes forward. Together they stand watching the two in the elm walk. Through the growing dusk Anthony draws the young girl's head against his breast—their lips meet.

Lalage's arm steals around her husband's neck. "See, don't you think we will soon have a wedding?"

He pinches her cheek teazingly.

"Eh, pet, so it seems Tommy has quite forgotten you. I really believe when I first brought you home—"

She playfully lays her hand across his lips, and, brushing the soft, gray hair off his forehead, imprints a wifely kiss thereon.

"You, dear, old silly goose, who would have thought you suspected it. Yes, the foolish boy did really imagine, for a time, he was in love with me. Funny, wasn't it?"

And the happy young wife laughs merrily.

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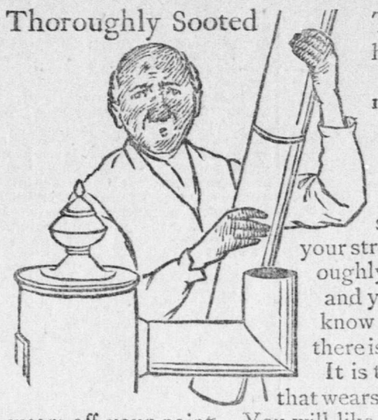
Her pink little fingers are pricked and scarred,
Yet I love to see them fly.
I know they would never have been so marred,
If the needle could use its eye.

And I love to watch her delicate frowns,
As she strikes an awkward hem;
For Rose is a girl who can make her gowns—
There *are* girls whose gowns *make them!*

—Harry Romaine, in Puck.

Thoroughly Sooted



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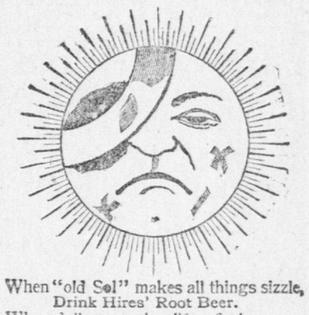

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