WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

A Great East Anglian Watering Place.

Ancient and Sunny Scarborough Beside the North Sea—Its Bay as Beautiful as That of Naples—A Spa With a Curious History and a Woman as Discoverer—A Gray Old Town of Gray Old Stairs Jumbled About the Finest Beach in Europe—Its Ancient Castle Ruins and Modern Characterful Crowds.

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SCARBOROUGH, Eng., Aug. 12, 1893.

Scarborough, over here on the North Sea, is the greatest seaside resort on the eastern coast of England. For vast crowds it is like Southport on the west, and Brighton on the south, coast. It has been a watering place for nearly two hundred and fifty years. Before that good fortune it was little else than a dreary fishing port, with a great, grim castle, dominating hamlet and harbor, and a wise woman, who used her eyesight and other senses, was primarily responsible for Scarborough's transformation from obscurity to opulence and renown.

"Mrs. Farrow, a sensible and intelligent lady, who lived at Scarborough, about the year 1650, sometimes walked along the shore, and observing the stones over which the waters (from a cliff-side spring) passed to have received a russet color, and finding it to have an acid taste, different from the common springs, and to receive a purple tincture from galls, thought it might probably have a medicinal property. Having, therefore, made an experiment herself, and persuaded others to do the same, it was found to be efficacious in some complaints, and became the usual physic of the inhabitants. It was afterwards in great reputation with the citizens of York and the gentry of the county, and at length was so generally recommended that persons of quality came from a great distance to drink it, preferring it before all others they had formerly frequented, even the Italian, French and German spaws."

Thus runs the ancient, ungrammatic but truthful chronicle. Dame Farrow has only a few lines in Scarborough local history and no monument. These are the only really mean things you will find about the winsome old town. The "spaw," the good dame discovered, is a spa which has a curious history of its own. Nearly fifty years after its discovery the spa was provided with cisterns, or wells, for collecting the waters. To protect these from the encroachments of the sea a stout staith of stone, bound by timbers, was erected around the wells. Forty years later a great mass of the cliff above, containing nearly an acre of pasture land, sunk perpendicularly for several yards. As this huge mass of cliff went down the sand about the straith, some distance from the subsiding cliff, shot up into the air to the hight of from thirty to fifty feet, an entire mass nearly 100 feet broad and 300 feet long. The wells ascended with the straith and sand, but the spa itself was lost completely, and was only recovered after long and diligent search, and great expense upon the part of the inhabitants. Local folk lore holds to the belief that this was just judgment for Scarborough's ingratitude in forgetting its debt of obligation to Dame Farrow.

But, after knowing Scarborough, I believe had there been no Dame Farrow and no "spaw," no earthquake and no rediscovery; no grand Spa Saloon in the Italian Renaissance style, accommodating several thousand people, opened by the Lord Mayor of London; no spacious promenades or grand Cliff Bridge across the shadowy ravine; no grand aquarium, said to be the finest in the world; no splendid orchestra of 200 to 300 performers; no broad seawall promenade, and no countless sheltered walks, grottoes and bowers; and no high-sounding names of North Chaleybeate and South Saltwell, that the glorious face Scarborough sets to the German Ocean, its finest beach in Europe, and all the magic it takes from the mighty sea, would have made the charming old town all that it now is to countless thousands who loiter here for pleasure, rest or health. For back of ancient Scarborough town is Manchester and Keighley and Bradford and Wakefield and York and Huddersfield and Leeds, humming with spindles and clanging with cranes, and the coal pits of Lancashire and Yorkshire and Notts, where there are hundreds of thousands of strivers, white or grimy from endless toil. Often there are half an hundred thousand of such as these at Scarborough. It is at such times that one may know, if he will use his eyes, how precious a thing is the glint of the waves, the cool touch of the golden sands, the whispered lullaby and mysteries of the sea, and all the beneficence of God's blessed sunlight kissing through life-giving airs the pallor from out these toil-scarred faces to unused, eager eyes and haunted, hungry hearts.

Scenically considered, Scarborough and harbor remind you instantly of Naples and its wondrous bay. Were it not for the mythologic, historic and poetic associations with which all the beautiful environs of Naples are rife, a flavor of which cannot but at some time and in some way touch the fancy of every traveler of sympathetic and receptive mind, I believe old Scarborough and harbor, at least when viewed from the sea, would prove to the beholder a more beautiful scene. Like the Bay of Naples Scarborough and harbor has a noble crescent-shaped sweep from cliff to headland. It has not a mysterious and awful Vesuvius behind, but it has a second crescent of verdure-clad hills, a circling thread of emerald above the checkered line of white and red where nestle its comfortable homes. It has no Posilipo above whose vineyard hights were the Georgics and the Æneid composed, and where still sleeps a gentle Virgil, but dreadful and weird, were its scourges and sieges from the time of Harold and Hadrada to the first Charles. It had no Tasso as had the olive and chestnut groves of Naples' Sorrento. But the splendid ruins of its once majestic headland castle preserve, in the fact of his years' imprisonment here, the memory of one who accomplished as much for humanity as Virgil and Tasso together—the brave and gentle founder of the Society of Friends, and, somehow, in all the splendid scene, while you may miss the half oriental color of the dazzling view beneath Italian skies, there comes to you a heartier, nobler sense of kinship with habitation and humankind, earth and sky and ocean, that win completely to the brave old Saxon town which sets on Roman walls beside the Northern Sea.

From Castle Hill the South Sands circle away nearly two miles to the south. The foreshore is fully a fourth of a mile in width, with the gentlest possible declination into the sea, and each receding tide leaves it as smooth, hard and sweet as a newly-scrubbed pine floor. Down to this finest beach in Europe, the old city crowds in curious buildings, jumbles of roofs and terraces, and the oldest and pleasantest of streets from the outlying hills. If there were no shore, no sea and no thousands of idlers and bathers in bright medley to be seen, the lovely, leafy stair-like town would still be a pleasant place to see. At the highest places are fine villas, great hotels and splendid homes, rich in settings of ample verdure, curious old walls, strange and picturesque gateways, and fanciful iron and stone ornaments of centuries ago. Cross streets, circling with the harbor crescent, show odd high walls and glimpses of gables and creeping vines through stone approaches, like winsome embrasures on the one hand, and on the other you can almost step upon the red tilings of quaint old roofs below. But more picturesque than these are the thoroughfares, most of them narrow and shadowy, which tumble from the hill to the shore. Ancient St. Ives, on the Cornish western coast, is like Scarborough here. Many of these streets are both stair and thoroughfare. The roofs of all the houses are like the terraces of Algiers. Most curious architectural bits are found half-hidden in tiny courts. Windows seem to have sprung through roofs; balconies overhang succeeding roofs; landings lead into street doors and second-story entrances of the same house; everywhere are potted flowers and ferns, vines upon trellises, roses trained across windows, and between the gables, or across roofs, continual changing glimpses of the foreshore show a mass of kaleidoscopic color, like a huge bank of flowers set close to the shimmering blue of a rippling sea.

Not only is all this at your feet for contemplation if you are loitering on Castle Hill, but the spars of fishing smacks and other curious craft are like a reedy sedge beneath you to the south. Then comes the old harbor and its mossy pier, the bay filled with pleasure sails flying hither and thither like great white birds skimming low along the rippling sheen of blue, and beyond, the steely blue of the North Sea, with fishing fleets at anchor in tiny patches, or merchant ships scudding to the Baltic and the north, with now and then trailing plumes of smoke from distant steamers close and low upon the far horizon rim. To the north, another cove cuts into the high and lofty shore. Landward are moors, sand dunes, ragged cliffs hung with rank and trailing verdure, and cove and cliff and moor, stretching far with higher and more precipitous shores to where the North Sea thunders endlessly against the headlands of weird and dreary Robin Hood's Bay.

All about you are the ruins of the ancient and stupendous castle which was once the glory of Scarborough. Vast, indeed, were the medieval strongholds of Britain, and this one, well-nigh impregnable in its time, was one of the hugest fortresses of the entire eastern coast. It was built by Earl William Le Gros, who married Adeliza, daughter of William the Conqueror, and who ruled in the East with princely authority. When Henry II., endeavored to break the power of the nobles which eclipsed the authority of the Crown and commanded the demolition of their castles, he came here in person to see this great piled razed, but struck with its splendid proportions and impregnability, increased its strength and magnificence instead. The tremendous moat on the landward side is well preserved. The stately keep is still nearly 100 feet high with walls twelve feet in thickness, and in the castle yard can still be traced the splendid chapel which once was here, for no men were more pious than were these mighty pillagers and murderers of old.

The beauty and fashion to be seen at Scarborough are pronounced enough to give the place all the gayety of Brighton. London sends thousands here for the "season," which continues from May until October, and the great interior manufacturing cities, like Birmingham, Manchester and Leeds, divide their fashionable summer patronage between Scarborough and the Peak of Derbyshire, but the place is characteristically different from any other seaside resort I have found in England. The rich and titled who visit Scarborough seem to be here for the rest and health rather than for rounds of gayety and fashionable enjoyment. Whatever may be its spell you are no sooner within it than a spirit of idling, loitering and a delightful dreamful laziness possess you. At the great balls, concerts and promenades on the Cliff, all procedure is measured, quiet and stately. There are no blare and flare in Scarborough. The shops are shady, cool and quiet. Go the whole length of Westborough, Newborough and Eastborough streets, from the high railway station to the gleaming sands, and though your stroll may have brought you in contact with from 20,000 to 30,000 people, you will not have heard a sound that would disturb the placid serenity of a sunny country church lane. It is as though the breeze, the sun, the sea and the gray old town of gray old stairs soothed the irritability and even ordinary activity of men into a gentle complacence and peace.

This peculiarity is still more noticeable upon the beach. In all other seaside resorts I have ever visited, the sands always presented a scene of rollicking activity and life. Men, women and children were in a sort of wild intoxication and delirium of enjoyment. I have seen from 50,000 to 60,000 people at one time upon Scarborough beach, and I am quite certain one-third of the number were sound asleep. This is most marked with the folks from the mills and mines. While the hundreds of bathing machines—those little covered wagons which are unknown in America, but which are in England used for robing and disrobing, and are wheeled out and in with the tide—are constantly in use, it is the middle class which thus disports. Operatives and miners who come to the seaside come for the change, the rest, the air. They almost seem to eat the latter, poor fellows! They burrow in the sand and are savage if disturbed.

Twenty or thirty operatives from Leeds will be piled together, with their families, half-hidden in the sand pits they have dug. The men are all dozing or sound asleep. One of a party of passing friends pokes one of the sleepers with his foot. He rouses himself and regards the intruder with lazy, half-closed eyes. The latter asks:

"Howsta du lad?"

"Haw, gaaly, gaaly—gaaly eniff fur t' times."

"Sam (gather) oop thysal and goa an' tak a rench (rinse) i' ta sea."

"Noa, ah (I) dos'nt go hurpling abart fit to give a body dithers w'en ah coom t' sea. Ah get gurt netting oot (cleaning up) t' Leeds. Is't Lunnun foalk wor just slaaked o'er t' hoam, 'n' maun be scrowin' (scrubbing) theirsals throo morn to neet!"

And he turns in his sand pit with a contemptuous snort for unwashed Londoners who are compelled to come so far for "netting oot," and with his mouth wide open to the sea breeze which he gulps like drink, settles himself placidly for another "bit of dooven," or doze.

In getting about among these millmen, miners and their families at Scarborough I found that many came here during the season not with the great excursions, which sometimes bring to such resorts as Southport and Scarborough upwards of 50,000 souls in a single day, but in little groups of dozens or scores, to remain for an entire week. This is accomplished by each workman paying weekly, during the entire year, a stated sum of from one to three shillings, according to the number of persons to be provided for, into the hands of a treasurer or agent. With this amount pooled operatives and miners get as long a journey as they like, comfortable housing and good food, and a week's rest and pleasure in almost any part of England or Scotland. It is a surprising thing to find these toilers so well informed upon British history and upon British shrines. They select in advance the place to be visited, and then assiduously read all that their village or town library may contain upon the place or region. These co-operative trips are taken to the lake district, to Abbotsford, Melrose and Dryburgh, occasionally to as far as Oban and the Caledonian Canal, to London and to the seaside resorts of the east and west coasts.

Any one who has frequented English resorts must have been struck with the number of benign old ladies being wheeled about by mournful-faced servants who seemed ashamed of their calling. Here at Scarborough you will find more of this class than at all other resorts of the kingdom. No one can account for their extraordinary number here, but it is a pleasant sight to see them, with their crisp airs and determined ways, routing the donkeys, upsetting the stalls and shaking their sticks and sunshades at touters and moutebanks with portentious threats and martial commands. Having counted over 600 taking their midday airing here, I asked a boatman how so many came to be at Scarborough.

"W'y, sir, they do say as they be mostly mother'nlaws a gettin' power outin' the bracin' sea hair fur the reg'lar winter battles w'en they gits 'oame, sir. Leastwise so I'm told by the men wot pushes 'em, an' they allus hadd: 'W'at a blessed lark they do be 'avin' w'at meantime bide at 'oame!"

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

The first English laws against counterfeiting were issued in 1108 by Henry I.

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.

"One of the most notable enrichments which the Prayer Book received during the recent revision," says the *Living Church* (P. E.) of Chicago, "was the addition to the calendar of the Feast of the Transfiguration. While we do not agree with a distinguished Bishop in regarding this as 'clear cut above other gains,' since we would emphatically give that place to the restoration of the Nicene Creed in the Communion Service, with the rubric ordering it to be used on the greater festivals, of its great fitness and propriety there can be no possible doubt. It may, perhaps, be considered as a peculiarly happy stroke that such an observance could be added to the Christian year in this branch of the church at a time like the present. The Gospel narratives are being constantly called in question. The miraculous element especially is assailed by philosophical and scientific criticism. We are asked to believe that the loftiest moral teaching the world has ever seen is imbedded in a mass of untrustworthy legend. It is well, therefore, that the church should throw down the gantlet, as it were, in the face of this insidious unbelief, by adding to her commemoration of the stupendous miracles of the Resurrection and the Ascension the observance of that wonderful manifestation which revealed to the chosen three by anticipation the glory of the Lord's exalted humanity, and which, accordingly, was not to be proclaimed to others until the Son of Man should be risen again from the dead."

The New York *Churchman* (P. E.) says: "That series of revolutions which is called the Reformation, arose largely from the fact that no one man, Pope though he might be, could harmonize and satisfy the rival and hostile interests of such nations as England, France and Spain and the Empire, to say nothing of his own interests as a petty sovereign. What is the Pope to do, when, in addition to the Old World, he has to keep in due check and order the eager young life of the new? He must be on the spot. But he can not be on the spot—it is the very ground of his sovereignty that he is Bishop, not of Baltimore or New York, but of Rome. In Rome, clothed with mystery, scarcely ever seen but in some gorgeous pageant, acting through the consummate skill and impenetrable secrecy of the Propaganda, he could make believe to know all about America, and to be able to meet every emergency. But when he sends Mgr. Satolli to Washington, he virtually says: I must give up the pretense of governing America from Rome. Only Americans can understand American people and American institutions. My delegate will consult with them. But Mgr. Satolli is not in the least mysterious. Nobody cares to kiss his foot. He travels in ordinary trains, and is interviewed by jaunty reporters as if he were an ordinary mortal. Instead of calming strife as an impartial umpire, he unavoidably gets himself hated as a violent partisan. American Romanists are far from that point yet, but it is not impossible that in years to come they shall have asked—and answered—the question: If the Pope is obliged to confess that an Italian Bishop residing in Rome cannot govern us, why not choose a Pope of our own who can?"

"If 'patriotic' Americans do not obstruct the process by an ill-timed pressure, the next thing in order in the United States is the practical breaking up of all ecclesiastical systems dependent upon foreign authority and influence," says the *Christian Register* (Unit.) of Boston. "The instinct of freedom is strong in all human beings. Men like to govern themselves, and submit to arbitrary dictation only when they expect to gain some greater good by submission. If left to work out their own results, foreign systems imported here will soon break up. When the need of mutual defense against domestic enemies is not felt by our foreign-born citizens, they become restive under restraints imposed for the benefit of ecclesiastical rulers whom they never see and to whom they do not owe allegiance in return for protection. The evident and desirable tendency of all forms of religion is to break into national churches first, then into denominations, then to form new combinations. No conceivable events could now drive the Episcopal Church in the United States to take orders from the Archbishop of Canterbury. An American Pope, so dreaded by the patriots, is, if they only knew it, the very thing they should devoutly pray for. An American Pope means an American Catholic Church and the destruction of the power of Rome on American soil."

The *Interior* (Pres.) of Chicago has the following: "'Historical science was recreated on a new basis, upon the hypothesis that epochs created men rather than men epochs.' So says Dr. Lyman Abbott in a late number of one of our reviews. This is in accord with that doctrine of evolution which has of late years become Dr. Abbott's gospel, in which the external not the internal is sovereign, in which the thing not the man is supreme. It is an easy philosophy and a captivating one; but it rests upon assumptions difficult to prove, and contradicted by both our consciousness and our experience. It was not Palestine that made the Hebrew, it was the Israelite that made Palestine. It was 'in the fullness of time' that 'God sent forth his Son;' but it was not the epoch that created Christ; it was Christ that created all epochs following him. It was not New England that created the Puritan; it was the Puritan that created New England. Man, not matter, is the potent factor; and man is not the creature but the creator of his circumstance. If the Fourth of July, 1776, created John Hancock, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson and George Washington, who created the Fourth of July? If historical science traces the men to the epoch rather than the epoch to the men, then historical science contradicts historical philosophy, for in all rational philosophy the will is lord, not slave."

"Our whole system of education—scientific, literary, historical, philosophic—is founded on evolution," says the New York *Outlook*. "It assumes that life is a growth—each epoch the effect of the preceding and the cause of the succeeding epoch. But the old theology is catastrophic; it assumes that life is a succession of interferences. Science and religion are not inconsistent, but the current science and the current theology are inconsistent. That is, the popular philosophy of the inner life, which underlies substantially all our systems of instruction in school, academy and college. Probably something is yet to be learned both by the theologian and the scientist; but we believe that the scientist is more nearly right in his philosophy of life than is the theologian; that the theologian has much to learn from the scientist; and that if our religious teachers wish to commend their Christian faith, intellectually, to the thoughtful men and women in the community, they must frankly accept evolution as the cue to life, and must recast their theology into an evolutionary form. In brief, they must recognize growth, rather than manufacture, as the universal law, alike of the inner and outer life, the spiritual experience and the material habitation."

Of the rejection of the Rev. Mr. Noyes by the Prudential Committee of the American Board the *Christian Enquirer* of New York (Bapt.) says: "We look at this matter without one feeling of sympathy with the after-death probation heresy. But we do not suppose that our missionaries will be a unit in theological opinions. The pastors at home are not. There must be latitude allowed for the working of minds differently constituted. A missionary society should not be a procrustean bed on which a man must be stretched before he is allowed to go to the heathen. Liberty of opinion must be allowed, and as long as a man does not teach error, he will do no harm if rattling about in his brain is a notion that was not ironed out at a well-accredited and directly authorized theological seminary. Per contra, it will be said that the board having resolved to send out no after-death probationists, the Prudential Committee could not do otherwise than drop the matter, that Mr. Noyes by writing his letter closed the door against himself, and that the situation had in no wise changed from the condition in 1888. There is force in this, but from our standpoint the way was open for manly concession on the part of the missionary and generous action on the part of the board, and it seems a pity to prolong a theological strife which in spirit and essence had long been dead. To Congregationalists the matter may look very different from what it does to us. We know it is hard to judge of other men's contentions."

On the subject of Christian, or rather church union, the New York *Independent* remarks: "Canon Curteis has come in for a great deal of attack from the high churchmen because he proposed that certain important concessions should be made to Dissenters, and they, on their part, should accept 'Episcopalian ordination as sealing and completing every other important form of holy orders.' We do not see that this is anything more or other than the Lambeth proposals interpreted to mean, what seems to have been in the minds of the most liberal of their supporters, that 'the historic Episcopate' should be recognized by the ordination or reordination of non-Episcopal clergymen at the hands of Episcopal Bishops.

* * * The fact is, that it is very difficult to secure a compromise between those who believe in form and those who believe in spirit, between those who take Moses for their teacher and those who take Paul. The insistence upon a particular form of ordination, through a particular ecclesiastical current which alone can make it valid, is an unchristian idea. It is a part of that sort of religious thinking which our Lord came to overthrow. Dr. Parker is much more nearly right, who says that for his own part 'I would infinitely rather be ordained to the ministry by own mother than by any Pope or Archbishop in the world.' We are reminded again of the high church clergyman in Boston who lately offered to be conditionally immersed by a Baptist brother if the Baptist brother would consent to be conditionally ordained by his Bishop. But what has Christianity to do with these things? They are related only to Christianity's old clothes."

GOING HOME.

Out of the chill and the shadow
Into the thrill and the shine;
Out of the dearth and the famine
Into the fullness divine.
Up from the strife and the battle
(Oft with the shameful defeat),
Up to the palm and the laurel,
O, but the rest will be sweet!

Leaving the cloud and the tempest,
Reaching the balm and the cheer,
Finding the end of our sorrow,
Finding the end of our fear.
Seeing the face of the Master,
Yearned for in "distance and dream,"
O, for that rapture of gladness!
O, for that vision supreme!

Meeting the dear ones departed
Knowing them, clasping their hands,
All the beloved and true hearted,
There in the fairest of lands!
Sin evermore left behind us,
Pain nevermore to distress;
Glaughing the moan for the music,
Living the Savior to bless.

Why should we care for the dying?
That is but springing to life;
Why should we shrink from the struggle,
Pale at the swift-closing strife?
Since it is only beyond us,
Scarcely a step, and a breath,
All that dear home of the living,
Guarded by what we call death!

There we shall learn the sweet meanings
Hidden to-day from our eyes,
There we shall waken like children
Joyous at gift and surprise.
Come, then, dear Lord, in the gloaming,
Or when the dawning is gray!
Take us to dwell in thy presence—
Only thyself lead the way.

Out of the chill and the shadow
Into the thrill and the shine;
Out of the death and the famine
Into the fullness divine.
Out of the sigh and the silence
Into the deep-swelling song!
Out of the exile and bondage
Into the home-gathered throng.

—Margaret E. Sangster in Congregationalist.

THE NAUGHTY CHICKEN.

An old mother hen and her chickens nine
Were resting under a blackberry vine,
When an old gray hawk went sailing by
Far overhead in the bright blue sky.

"Hush! keep very quiet babies mine,
And make no noise or any sign,
But safe in this shelter with me await,
And don't venture under the garden gate."

But the old gray hawk had espied them there.
"I'll have one for my lunch, I do declare—
"I'll wait 'round here, where I can see,"
And he perched far up in a chestnut tree.

The mother hen dozed, and, sure as fate,
She dreamed of her babies she had only eight,
She awoke with a start and looked around,
And it was too true, for but eight were found.

The ninth little chick, so silly and wild,
Had acted just like a foolish child,
And when his old mother didn't see,
Slipped under the gate and said, "Ah me,

"Who wants to be kept so strict and fine,
And ordered about just all the time
As if this place I didn't know?"
So he strutted around and tried to crow.

Now the old gray hawk in the chestnut tree
Quietly laughed in his merry glee,
Then pounced on the chicken so silly and weak
And carried him off in his cruel beak.

Well, idle Jack Turner was out with his gun,
Looking for birds' nests, mischief and fun,
And he banged at the hawk, who, dropping his prey,
Sped over the hills to his home far away.

Down in the meadow, Farmer White
Heard a faint little peeping that very night,
"What on earth is that? I should like to know."
"Peep, peep," says the chicken sott and low.

He searched and he found the poor little thing,
"Why, I'll take you right home to your mother's wing;
You're one of Bet's chickens, as sure's you're born,
And Jack Turner shot at a hawk this morn."

Old mother hen and her chickens nine
Are all together at evening time.
This silly chicken and all the rest
Have learned that mother knows what is best.

—Esther Rodgers.

Not Philosophical.

Professor—Is it not very remarkable that storms should go whirling round and round in circles as they advance across the continent?

Pupil (not particularly philosophical)—Oh, I don't know. They've plenty of time.—Street & Smith's Good News.

THE WOMAN WHO WORKS,

and is tired, will find a special help in Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Perfectly harmless in any condition of the female system. It promotes all the natural functions, and builds up, strengthens, regulates, and cures. For women approaching confinement, nursing mothers, and every weak, run-down, delicate woman, it is an invigorating, supporting tonic that's peculiarly adapted to their needs.

But it's more than that, too. It's the only *guaranteed* remedy for all the functional disturbances, painful disorders, and chronic weaknesses of womanhood. In "female complaints" of every kind, periodical pains, bearing-down sensations, internal inflammation, and kindred ailments, if it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

Something else that pays the dealer better, may be offered as "just as good." Perhaps **it is, for *him*, but it can't be, for *you*.**

AMELIA.

[Written for the RECORD-UNION by Beselena.

The Baron was traveling incognito. He got off the train at the station, clutching his valise in the one hand and carefully avoiding the horde of runners who await the coming of every boat and train into the city and cry forth the merits of their respective hotels with noisy vociferation. He walked up the street with no clear idea in his head of just where he was going. The part of the town where he had landed did not strike him with particular favor, and he had just about made up his mind to ask the first passerby he met to direct him to a good hotel.

He was on the point of putting this resolution into effect when his eye was suddenly attracted to a house on the opposite side of the street. Now the house in question was nothing more nor less than an ordinary wooden structure, whose windows were ornamented with calico curtains. At one of the windows a young girl was industriously scrubbing the glass, making artistic curves and flourishes with the wet cloth, bending and swaying her supple arm with the motion and occasionally lifting her fair arms high above her head.

There is nothing romantic in the sight of a girl washing windows, but the Baron was susceptible to female charms, and the fair maid at the window was undeniably pretty—nay more, she was handsome.

The Baron has two very essential qualities—he has both time and money at his disposal, and this is a most unlooked for adventure. He starts across the street; half way over he pauses and again considers within himself. What is the rash deed he is about to do? He is a solid representative of one of the oldest families in the fatherland, and with a title that many a blue-eyed and flaxen-haired frauleln would be proud to bear.

Just here the Baron looked again at the window. The girl was standing on a stool now, her arms, gleaming pure and white, high above her head wielding the clumsy washrag in strong, white hands, with even a certain amount of uncultivated grace.

The last picture sealed the Baron's fate. But how to enter the house? He had not thought of that contingency before. From the window his eyes roved to the front door, and then his heart gave a sudden leap. For there, printed in his own native tongue, was a sign which announced that the house in question was a German boarding and lodging house. The Baron no longer hesitated, but rushed boldly across the street, opened the front door and entered.

He found himself in a long, low room dimly lighted, for all the windows, with the exception of the one which the girl was washing, were carefully covered with cheap print curtains shutting out the daylight and giving the room a dim twilight appearance, rather trying to the eyes after the hard glare of the noonday sun.

The room was half-bar, half-office. Behind the counter, seated on a high stool, with his feet on a keg of beer, dozed a fat, round, red-faced man in his shirt sleeves.

No one paid any attention to the Baron's entrance. The girl continued her washing of the window, and the man still dozed. The Baron waited. He stood near the counter where the red-faced man would be sure to see him when he awoke, and he watched the face of his unknown divinity.

It was a pretty face and a youthful face. The Baron amused himself picturing how that face would look arranged in a pretty gown. Judging from the girl's arms and fine, white skin, her neck must also be white and plump, and how fair it would look when encircled with a circlet of gleaming and glittering pearls. But even after awhile the Baron grew tired of dreaming, and he rapped impatiently on the counter. The sleepy man gave a drowsy grunt. The girl went on washing. The Baron gave a louder and a longer rap which proved effectual. The fat man sat up, opened one eye at a time, gave a tremendous yawn, stretched himself until it looked as though he would burst with the effort, and then his eyes fell upon the Baron. Gradually a look of surprise overspread his fat and brilliant countenance, Men of the Baron's appearance did not put up at the humble little boarding-house.

"I want a room," said the Baron, impatiently, in his native tongue.

The man behind the counter was not either thoroughly awake, or else he was stupid. The only reply he vouchsafed to the Baron's very simple request was another grunt.

"Do you not have rooms to let? Does not your sign outside say so?"

Unanswered, the Baron was wondering if he wasn't acting in a very foolish manner coming to this ordinary house and attempting to associate with these common people. What would his friends back home think of him? The Baron was used to the thoughts of his friends. He knew they, one and all, considered him a sort of mild and harmless lunatic.

The fat man fumbled behind the counter and finally produced a key from somewhere.

"Amelia!" he called in a thick and furry voice. The girl at the window turned and came toward him, pulling down her sleeves as she did so.

"Amelia, show this gentleman to No. 17."

The girl took the key and silently led the way out of the room down a passage up a pair of steep and narrow stairs, and finally halted before a door at the top of the stairs. She stooped, fitted the key in the lock. It turned with a dismal creak and the door opened.

The Baron saw the room was small and poorly furnished, but it was scrupulously clean. Things were not so bad after all, thought the Baron to himself. He thought he could spend a few days here very comfortably. Then he looked at Amelia. She was standing near the door, and as the Baron looked at her she dropped her eyes and blushed. The Baron thought she was more beautiful than ever, and hoped to hear her speak. As if in anticipation of his wish the girl, without raising her eyes, asked, bashfully, if she could do anything more for "Mein Herr?" The Baron was enchanted—her voice was like liquid music and sweet. He would fain have her stay with him, but knowing that to be impossible, requested to have her let him know when the luncheon hour came, and also to bring him some writing materials. He would write home at once and tell them of the beautiful city he had found growing in the midst of the wild and lovely West.

The girl vanished and soon reappeared, bearing a tray containing the necessary articles.

"What is your name, my pretty one," asked the Baron as the girl arranged the small table near the window for his convenience.

"Amelia, sir," she answersed, dropping a curtesy.

"Ah! Amelia. A very pretty name and a very pretty girl!"

Amelia looked frightened. She wasn't used to being complimented, evidently.

"Amelia what?" asked the Baron.

He was going to find out all about the girl, and now or never was his chance.

"Amelia Sturm," she answered.

"And that—that—(the Baron hesitated) old gentleman down stairs, who is he?"

"That is my father," answered the girl simply.

The Baron experienced a shock. He knew he ought not to but he couldn't help himself. That anything so young and pretty as Amelia should belong to that fat old man down stairs passed his comprehension.

"And he is the proprietor of this establishment, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir," she again replied.

"And you—what do you do?"

"I do the work," was the simple answer.

The Baron felt another shock. This tender, beautiful creature doing common housework, it was too horrible. He would have liked to have picked her up then and there and have run off with her. Something of this must have been expressed in the Baron's face, for the girl suddenly announced that she must go down stairs, and vanished before the Baron had time to raise his voice in protest.

The Baron wrote his letters and then his inamorata suddenly appeared and announced luncheon. She led the way down stairs to a room next to the office. Here was set a long table in the center of the room without a tablecloth, but covered with a white, shining white emanel. There were no chairs, but benches set along the wall. There was no one present save the fat old man. Amelia had disappeared as suddenly as she had appeared.

The proprietor hospitably waved his guest to a seat and proceeded to serve the luncheon. It was all put upon the table at once. When you had finished one course you would help yourself to another without the ceremony of changing plates.

The host was fatter and redder than ever, and his tongue wagged freely as if to make up for his lack of courtesy in the morning. All the Baron was asked to do was to listen, and this he did, as he wanted to find out all about Amelia.

Herr Sturm informed the Baron that he had been in this country twenty years. Amelia had been born here—in this house. Her mother died in giving her birth, and here he had been ever since. Then he went on and told about his business; how good it was some years and how bad it was at others. The Baron listened under protest. He longed to ask after Amelia. Where was she now and what was she doing?

"You do not eat much," observed his host, noticing the Baron's empty plate. "Amelia is considered a fine cook. I taught her myself."

At the mention of that magic name the Baron grew interested.

"Did she cook this meal?"

"Ach ya, and every meal which we have."

The Baron thought Amelia could do everything. That afternoon the Baron hung around the house in hope of catching sight of the beautiful girl, but in vain. At 6 o'clock they had dinner, but his divinity did not appear. The Baron was growing bad tempered over the delay. He vaguely wondered if it wouldn't serve his purpose better if he offered his services as assistant cook.

After dinner the Baron took his smoke up in his room. He was in no mood for the garrulousness of his host. Suddenly the twilight hour was disturbed by the sound of a voice singing an air from "La Sonambula," accompanied by the playing of an ily-tuned piano. Like all Germans she was passionately fond of music. The voice was young, clear and strong and of singular sweetness and purity. The Baron laid his pipe on the window sill and went to the door and listened. There seemed to be something familiar in the dulcet sweetness of those tones. Where had he heard that voice before? He listened intently, striving to think. Ah, yes, now he knows the voice was Amelia's.

The Baron was startled. He did not think the household grudge, the pretty maid of all work, possessed such an accomplishment. As the song ended the Baron hurried down stairs. He must—he would see her once more. Guided by the jingling tones he found himself before a small parlor. The door was wide open, and as he looked in he saw Amelia seated at the piano, and her fat father stretched on the sofa. The latter caught sight of him and called him in. The Baron's polite excuse of feeling lonely was not needed. Amelia always sang in the evening for the benefit of the guests when there were any.

At the Baron's request she sang the "Last rose of Summer." She gave the simple ballad with exquisite pathos and tenderness. The Baron was enchanted. Where had she learned to sing? He was surprised when they told him that she had never taken a singing lesson in her life. They could not afford it.

Amelia was obliging. She favored him with first one and then another. Her repertoire seemed inexhaustible. Every evening after that Amelia sang for the Baron, who became more and more interested; more and more fascinated by the charm of the girl's face and voice.

At the end the Baron found out that he was in love with Amelia. He did not try to conquer his passion but rather encouraged it. He was rich, fairly good-looking, and, above all, had a title that no girl in her right senses would scorn. So the Baron felt reasonably secure. True, Amelia was not his social equal; but what did that matter. After a year or two of foreign training, and with the polish that would naturally come from associating with refined people, the Baron felt assured that Amelia would then be able to assume the title of Baroness, and bear it with becoming grace and dignity.

The Baron, being a German, thought out all his plans with due deliberation without the pros and cons, and at last spoke to Amelia's father. He revealed to the astonished man his identity, showed his credentials, told the amount of his fortune, and was then and there accepted as the future husband of Amelia.

Amelia took the matter coolly. One to have seen her would have thought that Barons were an everyday occurrence at the little hostelry. The Baron was anxious to take Amelia to Europe at once, but she would not go without a lawful chaperone, consequently a purchaser was found for the little hotel, and the Baron, Amelia and her father embarked for Europe. After arriving there, in due course of time, the Baron purchased an interest in a German beer garden for the father, whilst Amelia herself was placed in the best musical school in the country.

Thus a year passed away. Amelia made rapid progress, and at the end of that time was pronounced ready for her debut. The Baron wished to marry her at once, but for once Amelia displayed spirit enough to raise an objection; and for the nonce the Baron was obliged to comply. He thought that after she had tasted the fruits of success would be time enough to urge his suit.

Amelia secured a position as leading lady in an opera troupe which boasted of a handsome tenor. The usual results followed. Amelia forgot the Baron and thought only of the tenor. One night they were both missing. A little note was brought to the Baron. It was from Amelia, and said she had eloped with the tenor. It was a hard blow, but the Baron accepted his fate philosophically, and on some summer evenings he may be seen sitting in the beer garden of Amelia's father with a paper in his hands in which he reads of the triumphs of Amelia and her husband, the handsome tenor.

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