lace. These toothsome infants bring back vividly to memory that most charming of old German stories, "The Nut Cracker of Nuremberg," and I see once more in fancy the ill-fated sugar children who stood in little Mary's cupboard until the cruel rat king with seven heads came every night and ate one for his supper.

GOOD THINGS TO EAT.

By the same token there are excellent things to eat in this Bavarian fair. Delicious cakes, fresh baked and smoking hot; fried potatoes, of a beautiful golden brown, ladled out while we wait from a huge pan of boiling lard, and melting crisply in our mouths; salted rolls, flavored with aniseed, which take the place of our American pretzels and provoke the same enduring thirst for beer. On one side of the grounds, some distance from the other booths, is a long row of sheds, before each of which hang hundreds of little fishes glistening in the sun. Bare-armed women, portly and vigorous, fan the embers over which these fish are frying, and the odors thereof, wafted through the air, invite the hungry throngs to come and eat. Black bread of a most uncompromising hardness is given with every plateful, and the rude tables are always filled with guests. Sausages served with red cabbage are also deservedly popular, and gallons of beer are poured down thirsty throats. I see infants of tender age sipping it on their mother's knees, and turning up a pleading, drowsy eye for more.

A waxwork tent attracts us for a few minutes before we leave, and we enter its dim recesses with timorous and foreboding steps. Experience has taught me the morbidly realistic character of this branch of German industry, and I steel myself to see something unpleasant—I see it. At one end of the room a soldier is having his wounds dressed by a Sister of Charity, while his comrade lies dead—and very bloody—by his side. Close at hand two little children are attacked by a truculent wolf, and an eagle is pouncing upon a plump, waxen baby, whose mother, sickle in hand, hastens to its rescue. Worse still is a large and dismal group representing a forester who has been shot, accidentally or designedly, by one of two hunters half hidden behind a rock. The dying man lies stretched at our feet, one hand still grasping his rifle, and the clotted blood stains showing where the bullet has entered his head. Some diabolical machinery inside his frame makes his chest heave up and down with a convulsive motion, as though he gasped for breath. At intervals his right arm is feebly raised, his eyes open and close, he lifts his head, as with a final effort, and lets it fall heavily on the ground. Nothing in Mme. Tussaud's "Chamber of Horrors" nor in the sanguinary crypts of the Eden Musee equals in ghastliness this painful figure. We watch it for a moment or two with a sort of loathsome fascination and then escape into the outer air and sunshine. But we are the only people who find it in the least repulsive. Assuredly we are the only ones who sicken at the sight. The smiling, stolid crowds around us are unvexed by nerves or by the troublesome stimulus of imagination. Like the phlegmatic Briton who sat eating his oranges throughout the harrowing scenes of "King John," they probably say to themselves, "It isn't true, and, if it were, it's nothing to us."

LOCOMOTIVES AND ENGINEERS.

Fast and Slow Runs, and Peculiarities of Various Locomotives.

New York Sun.

It takes about an hour to get steam enough on an ordinary locomotive engine to start it, from cold water. It is a familiar fact that the water in the boilers of steam fire engines in cities is kept hot while the engine is standing in the house by a pipe connection with a boiler in the cellar underneath; when the engine starts its own fire is lighted. Locomotive engines that are running regularly stand in the roundhouse in the intervals between runs with their fires banked. The fires are kept cleaned, but they may not be hauled for weeks. The practice varies somewhat in this respect. On some roads fires are hauled once a week, on other roads they are kept up in engines for three or four weeks or more continuously.

A locomotive engineer on one of the fastest runs out of New York says that he has never seen an engine that would run as fast as he would like to ride. No apprehension apparently is felt by the engineer of a fast engine. Calmness is one of his most noticeable traits; and if he worries at all, it is because he has got a hot box, or something has happened so that he may not be able to make the time, and not because he is going through the air at fifty, sixty, seventy miles an hour. But it should be understood that none but a man of perfect nerve is likely to reach the footboard of a fast engine.

There is not a vast difference between running at night and at day. Signal lights at night are plainer and can be seen at a much greater distance than day signals. The engineer must, of course, keep constantly in mind where he is, but he comes to know the country just as a pilot knows his landmarks in the dark; and he has this advantage of the pilot that he can't very well get out of the channel. Most engineers prefer day runs, because it seems more natural to work in the daytime, and it is pleasanter.

Almost all locomotive engineers prefer a fast run to a slow one. The fast trains are the blue ribbons of the road. Aside from the honor of running a fast train, there is a very substantial advantage in the hours. If an engineer simply stepped into his cab in the station and stepped out again on his return almost any run might do well enough but he doesn't do that; he goes to the roundhouse before train time and looks over the engine, and sees that it is in condition and properly supplied for the run, and in every way ready and he runs the engine to the station. All this takes time. On his return he runs the engine back to the roundhouse; this takes time, too, though not so much as the time spent before the run; but together these periods add materially to the length of the engineer's hours. Taking these duties into account, the great advantages of a fast run are manifest; the shorter the time spent on the road, the shorter the total time.

There is a common impression that no two locomotive engines work just alike, even though made from the same patterns. A locomotive engineer of long experience says that the impression is correct. He says, by way of illustration, that two high-grade watches of the same pattern, and supposed to be just alike, may not work the same way. One may not vary half a minute in six months and so be, practically, a perfect timekeeper, while the other may vary a minute in a month. It is so with engines; they do not work just alike. One may steam and run better than the other. The slightest variation in finish or adjustment might be sufficient to cause this. When the new engine has been run a year or so it goes to the shop to be overhauled. With it goes a report of the engineer who has run it, on the engine's characteristics and performance. If the engine has developed any defects they can usually be remedied at this overhauling and it may be that the engine comes out on the road again as smart as any of them.

The Way He Said It.

Washington Post.

It is the things that were never meant to be laughed at that are funniest after all. For example, the clergyman of a Methodist Church I visited last Sunday made a statement which I feel quite sure he didn't see the point of. It was after the prayer and the hymn, just at that trying moment when people begin settling themselves for the sermon, and the announcements for the coming week are given out. "I am not a dealer in spectacles," said the pastor, apropos of nothing at all, "but here are two pairs of glasses which have been left in the church. Neither pair fits me, so if the rightful owners will call on me after the service their property will be returned to them."

Might as Well Wear Hoops.

Philadelphia American.

How to sit down gracefully in one's skirt has become almost as much of a problem as it used to be to our grandmothers when they had that unruly hoopskirt to manage. After all, if one's skirt stands out so decidedly from one's feet it makes very little difference what stiffens it. In some respects the wire skirt has advantages over the haircloth skirt. In the first place it is not so heavy, and that is a great consideration when it is skirts that are in question. Another objection to haircloth, aside from its weight, is its tendency to torture the wearer with the sharp ends of hair which creep out in spite of the care of the dressmaker. Nevertheless, we are wearing more of it every day.

The Love of Jewels.

The love of jewelry, it is said, is natural to the human race, but it is especially a characteristic of women. If you wish to please your sweetheart, wife or daughter, call on J. C. Sipe, Room 4, old Sentinel Building, and purchase an artistic piece of jewelry for her.

AMEER ABDURRAHMAN

THE RULER OF AFGHANISTAN A STATESMAN WITH MODERN IDEAS.

He Proposes to Introduce as Much of Civilization as Possible Into His Country—Projected Railways.

Correspondence London Times.

Born over fifty years ago, he was the eldest son of Mohammed Afzul Khan, who was the eldest son of Dost Mohammed. He is, therefore, by birth and inheritance, the direct and legal heir of his celebrated grandfather. It may be a consolation to reluctant students and to naughty boys at large to know, as the Ameer himself told me, that up till the age of twenty he declined to learn either to read or to write, and that at an age when most European lads have their knees under a desk he was engaged in manufacturing rifled gun barrels and in casting guns.

It was in the year 1864, the year following upon the death of the Dost, that he first appeared in public life, being appointed by his father, who was Governor of Afghan Turkestan, to the government of Takht-i-pul in that province, and since that date there are few elements of romance or adventure that his career has not contained. Here victorious in battle (for he was a born soldier), there defeated, now a king maker at his own country, anon a fugitive from its borders, for a time the powerful Governor of the Cis-Oxian provinces, and presently an exile in the courts of Meshed, Khiva and Bokhara, later on a pensioner of the Russians at Samarcand, and finally the British nominee upon the throne of a recovered Afghanistan, he has during those thirty years, whether in the forefront or the background, presented the single strong figure whose masculine individuality emerges with distinctness from the obscure and internecine and often miserable drama of Afghan politics.

The guiding principle of his early life was an implacable hostility to his uncle, Ameer Shere Ali Khan, whom he never forgave for having, first, supplanted his father, Mohammed Afzul (of whom Shere Ali was a younger brother), in the succession; and, secondly, for having betrayed his oath upon the Koran in order to entrap the same Afzul and cast him into prison. To avenge this indignity Abdurrahman fought against Shere Ali with an impetuosity that knew no slackening; he defeated that strange shuttlecock of fortune times without number; he was the veritable Warwick, who placed first his father Afzul and afterward his uncle Azim on the throne. From 1864 to 1869 he was incessantly fighting, and when at the beginning of that year, his father Afzul having died in 1867 and his uncle Azim having succumbed to the victorious arms of Shere Ali, he felt that for awhile the game was up, and fled from his country into a ten years' exile, it was with the conviction, which he never abandoned, that his services would again be called for and that he would assuredly return.

It was for this purpose that he accepted the Russian pension (the greater part of which was, he told me, systematically filched from him by peculation) and resided at Samarcand, in order that he might be near the Afghan frontier whenever the emergency should arise.

Never before have the Afghan tribes been reduced to such complete subjection as since he recovered the throne; never have crimes and deeds of violence dwindled to so low a figure; never have the highways been so safe. From one end to the other of Afghanistan the Ameer is unquestioned king, and every man quakes at his nod. For any ruler to invest so heterogeneous and parcelled a dominion with the outward semblance of unity and nationality is no mean achievement.

A TRUE PATRIOT.

Quite apart from what he has done, no man who knows him would, I believe, deny to Abdurrahman the credit of being a true lover of his country. In other and earlier times he might have carried the name of that country far, and have imprinted his own, perhaps in letters of blood, upon the page of Asian history. Unable by reason of his physical position between two powerful and jealous neighbors to draw his sword with impunity, and precluded thereby from any dreams of personal or national aggrandisement, he has sought to make his country compact by weeding out from it the elements of disloyalty or sedition, and to bequeath to his successor, what no Afghan sovereign has done for one hundred years, an undivided inheritance. It is for the same reason—and neither from any particular gratitude to those who were only too glad to place him upon the throne, nor from any a priori attachment to the British race—that he has in recent years, more especially, manifested so unconcealed a regard for the British alliance. It may be said that England subsidizes him liberally. So, also, we may be sure, would the Russians be only too delighted to do if they had the chance. It may be said that we have demarcated and guaranteed his dominions. Might not the Russians, however, be able to brandish in his eyes the even superior bribe of Peshawur? Thirdly, it may be said that at times a certain estrangement has marked the relations between the Ameer and the Indian government.

To any one, however, who can appreciate the difficulty of the double position occupied by him, on the one hand accepting a large allowance from India, on the other hand posing as an independent sovereign before his own people, it will not be surprising that such troubles should sometimes have occurred. The notable thing is that at no time since 1880 is there any reason to believe that the Ameer has wavered from his opinion as to the true direction in which the interests of his country lie; that at all times of emergency he had proclaimed them with unfaltering accents, and that it is to cement what he often described to me as the "membership of one body" between Afghanistan and Great Britain, that he so ardently desires to visit our shores. He sees clearly what Dost Mohammed also saw, but was prevented by the fatuity of an Indian Viceroy from realizing at an earlier date, namely, that the sole hope for the continued independence and integrity of Afghanistan lies in the British alliance.

RELIES ON HIMSELF.

Nor should it be forgotten that in carrying out the policy of consolidation which I have described, Abdurrahman has stood and has acted alone. His is not, perhaps, the sort of nature that relies much upon exterior counsel, or that commits its plans to powerful ministers or confidential agents. However this may be, at no court that I have ever seen is there less of the clientele of government or of an administrative or executive hierarchy than at Kabul. The Ameer is the sole government. He has no Ministers. He is his own Prime Minister, his own Foreign Minister, his own Finance Minister. Many of the civil and judicial functions of government he delegates, with a wise forethought, to his eldest son, Sirdar Habibullah Khan, who will succeed him. But in all the essentials of rule he, and he alone, exists. There is hardly anything, from the command of an army or the government of a province to the cut of a uniform or the fabrication of furniture, that is not personally controlled by him. He is the brain, and eyes, and ears of all Afghanistan. The danger of so supreme a concentration is not felt while it lasts. It only emerges when, in the course of nature, it is withdrawn. Then the faculties in others whose development has been thus tacitly arrested are apt to be found paralyzed by their long inactivity.

The Ameer would not be the statesman that I take him to be if his devotion to his country were not accompanied by a frank recognition of its intrinsic lack of strength. Nor by this do I mean material or physical strength only, for the Afghans have shown on many a field that they can contend not only against a European foe, but those sources of cohesion by which alone a nation can resist the combined forces of external pressure and internal disruption. No Asiatic country, except, perhaps, China, has ever successfully kept out the foreigner or retained its independence except by borrowing some of the moral and intellectual resources of that civilization which it fears. If Afghanistan is to be kept alive, it will not be by the march of so many thousand British soldiers to its defense, nor by the manufacture of repeating rifles and machine guns in workshops modeled from the European pattern, but by its adaptation to those conditions under which alone, in the twentieth century, will continue national existence be possible. Of this no man has a clearer perception than its present ruler. Though a strict Mussulman himself, he is well aware of the restraints that are imposed upon social and intellectual development by the unbending code of Islam. He would like to establish a system of universal and compulsory education among his people. He himself employs English physicians, in the teeth of the clamor of his native hakims, and has gone so far as to discuss the institution of hospitals in Kabul. Already he has familiarized the inhabitants of the capital, as my last letter will have shown, not merely to the sight, but to the pursuit of many forms of mechanical industry. He now contemplates some more big workshops at Jellalabad.

MODERN CIVILIZERS.

The Mohammedan prejudice against railways is being shattered by the spectacle of the little pioneer railroad of Kabul. If the "devil's wagon" can be utilized to bring down stone and marble to build a new Kabul, why should it not some day transport that equally hard-grained commodity, the Kabuli citizen? Horticulture and arboriculture are additional objects of the Ameer's enlightened concern, while by the importation of English stallions and rams he is doing much to improve the native breed of horses and sheep. I do not say that the adoption of any or even all these measures by an autocrat whose intellect may be generations in advance of that of his people, and whose lightest whim is law, is synonymous with national resuscitation, or will straightway convert Afghanistan, which is now a weak country, into a strong one. But I do say that they are all steps in the right direction; that they will tend to break down the barrier which character, history and religion have combined to erect between the Afghans and civilization, and that by making them happier, more comfortable, more resourceful, and, above all, less ignorant, their present ruler will, if he lives to carry out his plans, have done much toward infusing his subjects with that solidarity in which they are at present so painfully lacking.

A few words may be added about the personal aspect and attributes of the Ameer. A man of great stature, of colossal personal strength and of corresponding stoutness of frame when in his prime, he is now much altered by sickness from the appearance presented, for instance, by the photographs taken at the Rawul Pindi durbar in 1885. If I may hazard a personal opinion, I would add that he has profited greatly by the change. A large, but in no wise unwieldy, figure, sitting upright upon silken quilts outspread over a low charpoy, or bedstead, the limbs incased in close-fitting lamb's-wool garments, fur-lined pelisse hanging over the shoulders, and a spotless white silk turban wound round the conical Afghan skull cap of cloth of silver or of gold, and coming low down on to the forehead; a broad and massive countenance, with regular features, but complexion visibly sallow from recent illness; brows that contract somewhat as the speaker is pondering or arguing; luminous black eyes that look out very straightly and fixedly, without the slightest movement or wavering; a black moustache, close clipped upon the upper lip, and a carefully trimmed black beard, neither so long nor so luxuriant as of yore, framing a mouth that responds to every expression, and which, when it opens (as not infrequently happens) to loud laughter, widens at the corners and discloses the full line of teeth in both jaws; a voice resonant, but not harsh, and an articulation of surprising emphasis and clearness; above all, a manner of unchallengeable dignity and command—this was the outward guise and bearing of the kingly host with whom I enjoyed so many hours of delightful conversation while at Kabul.

I may add that for stating his own case in an argument or controversy the Ameer would not easily find a match on the front benches in the House of Commons, whilst if he can be induced, as can without difficulty be done, to talk of his own experiences and to relate stories of his adventures in warfare or exile, the organized minuteness and deliberation with which each stage of the narrative in due order proceeds is only equaled by the triumphant crash of the climax, and only exceeded by the roar of laughter which the denouement almost invariably provokes from the audience, and in which the author as heartily joins. Like most men trained in the Persian military school (Persian being the language of the upper classes in Afghanistan), the Ameer is a constant quoter of saws and wise sayings from that inexhaustible well of sapient philosophy, the Iranian Pope, the Sheikh Saadi. Nor do his written letters, as the Indian government knows well, suffer from any dearth of a hyperbole, which, if sometimes florid, is always artistic, and which, though commonly crusted with the sugar of compliment, is suspected of occasionally but half concealing the barbed shaft of sarcasm.

No one who converses with the Ameer or who hears him state his own views can fail to carry away the impression that he has been in contact with an intellectual force of no mean order, and has met a most remarkable man. It should be added that this ruler, who is probably more profoundly and more reasonably feared by those who have crossed his path or are his enemies than any other living potentate, and who, like Attila the Hun, has been a veritable "scourge of God" to his adversaries, appears to possess the faculty of enlisting the devotion of those with whom he is brought into most intimate contact. In this inner circle those who respect him revere him; those who like him love him; those who are his servants become his slaves.

RACE CONFLICTS.

History Teaches that the Highest Spiritual and Mental Force Wins.

Rev. Lyman Abbott.

In our race conflicts the victory is of necessity with the higher race. It does not at all depend upon numbers. It does not at all depend upon what we call physical forces. When two races come in conflict, one or two things is certain to occur: the lower race will either be destroyed or it will be transformed. The higher race always wins, unless it ceases to be the higher race and loses its moral and spiritual nature. Men read the story in the Bible of the destruction of the Canaanites by the Israelites, and wonder at the barbarism of the process. The methods were barbarous; they belonged to a barbarous and a cruel age; but the moment the Israelites, with their higher morality and their nobler conceptions of God and truth and duty, came in conflict with a licentious, a demoralized, a corrupt and immoral people, there was but one result possible: if the Israelites held to their faith, the Canaanites either must become Israelites or cease to exits. Precisely the same issue has been presented again and again. We have tried now for centuries to preserve the Indians as Indians. We have fenced them round in reservations, preserved for them their hunting grounds, and bound ourselves by solemn treaty to leave them in the uninterrupted enjoyment of their barbarism; and civilization has surged up to the wall and swept the wall away. And to-day among the friends of the Indians the real question is not whether we shall keep them in reservations and preserve for them the hunting grounds; that cannot be done. With Anglo-Saxon civilization on the one hand and Indian barbarism on the other, there are but two alternatives; either the Indian must become Anglo-Saxon in his civilization or become a corpse. It is in the very nature of the case that when the higher and the lower races intermingle the lower must be transformed or perish. It is the divine law that the superior shall master and the inferior shall be mastered or die. We have tried to confer upon the negro race in the South power proportioned to its numerical majority and we have not succeeded and we cannot succeed. I have no word of palliation to offer for lynch law or bulldozing, or political corruption and fraud. On the contrary, the truth that I am putting before you is itself the strongest argument against these things. If the Anglo-Saxon race in the South loses its moral life, if it become a corrupt and barbarous race, it ceases to be the higher race. The only way in which the Anglo-Saxon race in the South can preserve its political supremacy is by preserving its moral supremacy. If the Anglo-Saxon race does preserve its moral supremacy, the negro race must either be subject to the Anglo-Saxon race, or take on Anglo-Saxon moral character. The only hope for the negro race in the South is such spiritual and intellectual education as will lift it up and make it the peer, moral and spiritual, of its fellow-race. The whole history of humanity from the days of creation down to the present time confirms this affirmation, that, if you put race against race, the higher race always has the victory.

THE TALE AS IT IS TOLD.

Mr. Bunner Believes in Stories with a Soul, but Not with a Purpose.

The Century.

I cannot see that there is any literary principle involved in what M. Zola calls naturalism and what Mr. Howells calls realism. Each one finds real that which he has seen, or might have seen, and finds everything unreal that cannot be seen. But in this regard the realism of a story depends wholly and entirely upon the talent and skill of the author. If I can write a story which will make you believe, while you are reading it, that when my hero was strolling down Fifth avenue to attend a meeting of the Young Men's Kindergarten Club, he met a green dragon forty-seven feet long, with eighteen legs and three tails, and that the green dragon wept bitterly, and inquired the way to a cheese shop—why, that's realism. I repeat, if I have made you believe, as you read, that you saw the whole scene before you, and realized it, and if you were unconscious of its absurdity—I repeat that that is realism—as good realism as you could find in a book made up from end to end of actual occurrences, with every character drawn directly from life.

The story-teller is a wizard who takes you away from the actual life you are leading and makes you walk with him in a dream that he has dreamed. If his spell be broken, if he cannot get you under the influence of his mystic power, if you awaken suddenly in the midst of his incantation—then, of course, his dream is as unreal as you please, a sham that you see throuh, a trick badly done. But it is all the question of the wizard, not of the dream. If he have his power in its fullness, he may take you in his dream into a world of countless impossibilities, and all will be real to you, all will be true to you, all will be part and parcel of your own life. There are said to be minds so powerful and so well trained that they can conceive of a number of objects greater than three as a single integral group. But where is the mind that, having known Cinderella in childhood, can now conceive of her non-existence?

And, for a last word, let me say that while I cannot believe in the story with a purpose, I believe, with all the faith that is in me, in the story with a soul. Every good story that ever was written has its soul, its spiritual essence, which distinguishes it from all other stories. It is well to remember, though most of our realistic novelties have forgotten it, that when you find that you cannot at once place a given scene, or a given character, in that one of the author's works in which it first appeared, but author may be making good literature, but he is surely writing mighty poor stories.

BLACKMAIL AS A HERITAGE.

Corner-Stone of Police Blackmail in New York Laid in Stuyvesant's Day.

C. C. Buel, in the Century.

In Stuyvesant's time many abuses of power and assessment were grafted upon the eternal customs of the town. Shortly after his arrival he observed that "one full fourth part of the city of New Amsterdam have become bawdy houses for the sale of ardent spirits, of tobacco and beer;" on some of the business streets this proportion still holds good. He inaugurated Sunday closing with the result, perpetuated to our time, of side-door opening. Fines were established for this, that and the other infraction of regulations which afforded the constables a legal basis for making reprisals. In 1658 eight men were constituted the middle-watch, and were authorized to take "lock-up money" and fees, which sums were to be brought into the house of the captain of the watch, and held for the benefit of the members, a "divvy," as it is now called, occurring four times a year.

Thus extortion was put, as it were, upon a basis of police discretion and right; but there was a rule against setting up a social club on the proceeds. So the habit of police collections, contracted as a pleasurable duty, has been handed down as a vast and secret "perquisite" of the guardians of the public peace; and it must not be overlooked that from those days to these the police of the city have been in the personnel a continuing body. It was as necessary then as now to admonish the police not to use violence upon peaceful burglars.

"Burgher right," after the Dutch custom, was granted by Stuyvesant to please the citizens, and prevailed as a trading and electoral qualification of "freemen" into our own century. Stuyvesant fixed the fee of "great burghers," from whom municipal officers were chosen, at 50 florins; and of "small burghers," qualified to pursue a trade or to keep shop, at 25 florins. Partly from this acorn has grown the Tammany oak of assessments and reprisals on merchants.

Followers of shady callings in the early days were the spoil of the autocratic authorities, just as they have been to-day of equally irresponsible blackmailers. Some of the earliest settlers were freebooters from the Spanish main. Smuggling was as common as Indian cheating, and Stuyvesant and other Governors, English as well as Dutch, were openly charged with sharing in the profits of illicit trade. Subsequent to the Dutch Governors piracy found in Manhattan its chief emporium. Even reputable merchants devised moral and legal quibbles for engaging in sea poaching, usually under cover of so-called privateering. The great William Kidd was peculiarly a Manhattan product. Governor Fletcher, in 1696, admitted that he had exchanged "presents" with the notorious pirate, Thomas Tew, but explained that his chief desire in seeking his "amusing conversation" was "to reclaim him from the vile habit of swearing"—which parallels the Tammany theory that a proper way to reclaim malefactors is to appoint them to public office. In 1698 the Earl of Bellomont, who had succeeded Fletcher as Governor, complained to the English lords of trade that he had endeavored to place four merchantmen about to clear for Madagascar, under bonds not to supply pirates at that notorious trysting-place with supplies, and bring their booty to Manhattan; "but the Council, some of them being concerned in these ships," he writes, "unanimously opposed this method, as not prescribed by law, and because it was never practiced here before, so I was forced to discharge the said ships."

FALSE PRETENSES.

Mr. Bunner Tells a Little Story That Points a Moral.

The Century.

There is a very old story of a woman who cured her husband of the habit of profane swearing by taking to swearing herself. On just the same principle I am going to ask you to listen to a stupid little story that shall point a moral, in order to disgust you as far as my skill permits with stories that point morals—and that don't bear a sign of warning posted conspicuously at the entrance.

Here is the story, and I will only say for it that I will try to make it as short as it is stupid:

The little boy had had a pretty hard day of it. He had worked hard at school, and then he had gone on several errands for his mother, and he had mended some toys for his younger sister. After dinner he had studied hard for an hour; and then, looking at the clock, he had found that it was just 8 o'clock, and he made up his mind that he would read for the half hour that lay between him and bedtime. He had a new book with pirates in it. I think they were some of Mr. Howard Pyle's pirates—and I never so earnestly wished that I could be a boy again as when I encounter Mr. Pyle's pirates. I know of no more satisfactory pirates. They have black, curling beards, and rings in their ears, and their forheads are done up in gory handkerchiefs. I never had any such pirates when I was a boy—nothing half so good—and whenever I run across them they wake the boy in me to such an extent that I really think that I could lick any quantity of them. Deep in my heart I know that I couldn't. I know that any one of them would be too much for me; but they bring with them the smell of gunpowder and blood, which rouses the fighting instinct, and I sigh as I think of the slaughter I could have done among them in the days of my imaginative youth.

Well, the boy had such a book as this, and he meant to read a chapter in it, and then to go to bed to dream of decks slippery with blood, and of belching cannon and broken rigging and all the rest of it.

But just then a grown-up came in. The grown-up was an uncle who had just returned to this country after a long absence in Europe. From what he did on this occasion I think that he must have been living in England, and had not got over it. He said to the little boy:

"Charles, I see you are about to read. If you will give me a nice stamp out of your album, I will tell you a story instead." Now this was a great temptation to the little boy. Any boy might buy a book and read a story out of it, but there was an offer of an original story told all for himself.

Need I tell you what the story was that the little boy's uncle told him after the stamp had been delivered? Do you want to hear the tale of a supposititious little boy, of course of just the age of the little boy who is listening to the story, who entertained doubts about revealed religion, or carried angleworms in his vest pocket, or did something else that he shouldn't have done, so that there was no health in him, and he was properly punished in the end? I don't think you'd care to hear it. I know the little boy didn't.

When the clock struck half-past 8 he went up to his little room over the hallway, and went to bed. He was tired, and low in his mind. He generally went to sleep as soon as he got his head on the pillow, and dreamed of anything he wanted to dream about. But this night he lay awake a long time, and thought a great deal. He had one stamp less in his collection, and he had no pirates to dream about, and he wondered why his uncle had told him such a depressing story. As I say, I don't know whether it was about religious doubt or the improper bestowal of angleworms, but it certainly was not about this particular little boy's particular favorite sin, and he didn't see, as he said to himself, why it was "heaved at him." And when he awoke the next morning he was still thinking of it and wondering about it, and he still felt tired.

Charlotte Bronte's Literary Position.

Frederick Harrison, in the Forum.

As the autobiography of a brave and original woman, who bares to us her whole heart without reserve and without fear, "Jane Eyre" stands forth as the great book of the nineteenth century. It stands just in the middle of the century, when men were still under the spell of Byron, Shelley, Coleridge and Wordsworth, and yet it is not wholly alien to the methods of our latest realists. It is true that a purely subjective work in prose romance, an autobiographic revelation of a sensative heart, is not the highest and certainly not the widest art. Scott and Thackeray—even Jane Austen and Maria Edgeworth—paint the world, or part of the world, as it is, crowded with men and women of various characters. Charlotte Bronte painted not the world, hardly a corner of the world, but the very soul of one proud and loving girl. That is enough: we need ask no more. It was done with consummate power. We feel that we know her life, from ill-used childhood to her proud matronhood; we know her home, her school, her professional duties, her loves and hates, her agonies and her joys, with that intense familiarity and certainty of vision with which our own personal memories are graven on our brain. With all its faults, its narrowness of range, its occasional extravagances, "Jane Eyre" will long be remembered as one of the most creative influences of the Victorian literature, one of the most poetic pieces of English romance, and among the most vivid masterpieces in the rare order of literary "Confessions."

WHAT HETEROPHEMY IS.

Some Amusing Manifestations of a Curious Disease.

Atlantic Monthly.

Heterophemy, the curious disease which consists in using one word when meaning to use an entirely different one, gives rise to many amusing combinations. An old lady living in a town on the Hudson river is thus afflicted. She is tall and stately in her appearance, courtly and gracious in manner, and this makes her incongruous sentences all the more ridiculous. Strange to say, she herself is totally unconscious of her infirmity, for the family, friends, and even the servants endeavor to save her from the mortification she would feel.

Not long ago, when she was recovering from a serious illness, the bishop of the diocese chanced to be making his annual visitation, and at the suggestion of the rector they went together to call upon Mrs. Drew.

She was delighted to see them, and entertained them with her usual grace and cordiality. The conversation naturally touched upon her illness, and her thankfulness at her recovery, which for a time had been despaired of.

Presently she turned to the bishop, saying earnestly, "My dear bishop, let us have a little drop."

The startled prelate glanced at the rector. He, knowing his old friend's infirmity, cast about in his mind for her probable meaning.

"Bishop," repeated the old lady seriously, "let's have a little drop."

"Certainly, Mrs. Drew," interposed the rector, waiting for her to make some move which might disclose her meaning. But Mrs. Drew waited expectantly, also.

"If you have not your Vade Mecum with you, there is a Prayer Book," she said after a moment.

The rector, with a sigh of relief, turned to the bishop. "Mrs. Drew will be glad to have you read prayers with her," he said quietly.

Prayers were read, and then the gentlemen prepared to take leave.

"Your visit has been a pleasure," Mrs. Drew said warmly. "Now, Mr. Belknap, won't you take this little boy home to your dear wife, with my best love?"

For a moment Mr. Belknap wondered if she could mean the bishop, but she relieved his mind by lifting a magnificent bunch of roses from a vase on the table.

Allied to this is another form of misspeech, to which most of us are occasionally subject—the exchange of syllables. A certain young lady, who, to her intense mortification, often reverses her vowels thus, says she is entirely unconscious of it, even after speaking

One summer evening she was sauntering with a friend towards the village postoffice of the little town where they were staying. On the way they encountered an acquaintance with a handful of letters.

"Ah, good evening," she said, in her peculiarly gracious, suave manner. "Are you stralling out for your mole?"

The mystified young woman made some inarticulate reply and passed on. As soon as the friend could recover her gravity, she gasped, "I suppose you intended to ask Miss May if she was strolling out for her mail?"

The same young lady was relating a sad story of various misfortunes which had overwhelmed a dear friend.

"Think," she concluded pathetically, "of losing husband, children, property and home at one swell foop!" And a howl of laughter rent the roof.

Dealing with the "Trilby" Mania.

Chicago Record.

"I have a way of getting even with any one who attempts to talk 'Trilby' to me," said a South-side man. "When any one asks me if I have read 'Trilby' I ask, 'Who's he, and what did he write?'

"'Why, you know, it's a she—the book called "Trilby."'

"'Who wrote it?'

"'Du Maurier.'

"'Who he is, anyway? What's the name, Du——?'

"'Du Maurier—George Du Maurier.'

"'I don't believe I ever heard of him. Is he pretty good?'

"'Oh, pshaw, you must have heard about his "Trilby." It has caused quite a sensation.'

"'Is it a detective story?'

"'Heavens, no! It's a novel.'

"'Could I get a copy at a book store?'

"'Certainly; the book's had a big sale.'

"'It's been translated, then?'

"'No; certainly not. It was written in English.'

"'Oh!'

"And by that time the 'Trilby' enthusiast is in a condition of profound misery."

Calf Love.

H. H. Boyesen, in Lippincott.

The oddest thing of all, as I look back upon this "unhappy love," is that it was not particularly unhappy. In the first place, it ministered most potently to my self-respect. Neither before nor since have I been half so interesting to myself. I reveled in tragic emotions; I apostrophized myself in sublimely gloomy language; I wrote despairing sonnets, full of youthful mawkishness; and I extracted conscientiously the last drop of bitterness which the situation was capable of yielding. Truth to tell, I kept meeting my predestined maiden, off and on, in one guise or another, for the next five or six years, and at last, becoming skeptical, ceased to look for her. If I had found her, the matrimonial problem, as far as I am concerned, would have been solved, once and forever. She and I, I fondly believed, would have struck a divine harmony which would have rung richly and clearly through our united lives. But how many of us are there who find this complimentary chord to our being? And how many more are there who, prematrimonially, fancy that they have found it, and are waked up post-matrimonially by a jarring and perpetual discord?

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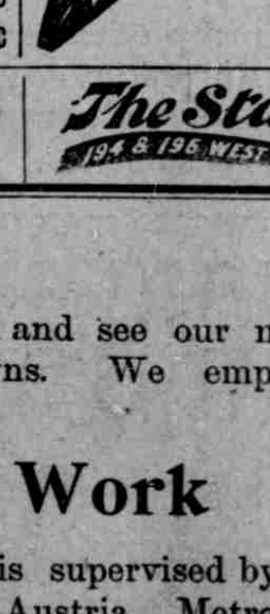

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