THE VOYAGEUR'S SONG.

Qui vive!
Who is it cries in the dawn—
Cries when the stars go down—
Who is it comes through the mist,
The mist that is fine like lawn,
The mist like an angel's gown—
Who is it comes in the dawn?
Qui vive! Qui vive! in the dawn.

Qui vive!
Who is it passeth us by,
Still in the dawn and the mist?
Tall seigneur of the dawn;
A two-edged sword at his thigh,
A shield of gold at his wrist!
Who is it hurrieth by?
Qui vive! Qui vive! in the dawn.

OUT OF STEP.

VI. (Continued.)

THE ONE HE'S ENGAGED TO.

Copyright: 1893: By The Tribune Association.

When the strain was over and the two doctors, with Mr. Scudder's help, had placed Moore on the bed again, Mrs. Gerry walked quickly out of doors.

She longed to be under the sky; to see the high pastures with their gray rocks. Somehow those rocks always comforted her. They always looked the same, and they were hers, hers by the right of years of love and acquaintance.

She went down behind the barn where no one could see her. But first she returned to the house to put on her "rubbers" and to wrap a shawl about her, for the wind was still blowing clearly from the north.

The huge, blackened barn sheltered her from observation from the house or road.

She walked over the short, wet grass, holding up her skirts carefully, and yet not knowing that she did so. She was murmuring words of prayer, her eyes fixed on the pasture rising toward the north.

She was praying for Salome. After every few words of intense petition she would feel that she ought, perhaps, to reprove herself for almost seeming to dictate in what way the Lord should bless her child.

"But only if it seems best to Thee!"

After a few moments she stopped her walk and leaned her arms on the fence. She was beginning to feel a deadly weariness. She fought it off, however.

What if Moore should die? What would be the simplest answer to the questions of the situation. At this moment Mrs. Gerry could not help thinking that for any young person to die was glorious gain. It was to be taken from the unsolvable perplexities of the world. If Salome should die her mother was sure that in time she should feel more and more a thankfulness that at last the child was safe. God would judge leniently as to the tendencies His own hand had placed in Salome's soul. And here again Mrs. Gerry started away from the path of thought she was entering. She had times of fearing that her very tenderness of judgment toward her daughter might be a sort of wrong toward others. She often recalled the case of a young man who had been condemned for murder, who even confessed his crime. His mother had clung to him with a piteous strength. She told every one that her boy was different; she knew her boy better than anybody else could know him. She supposed her boy had done that deed, "since he said he done it"; but it was different; it was not so bad as other murders. She went mad, explaining and justifying, and believing in her boy's real tenderness. She never stopped explaining until her poor crazed brain ceased to think.

"She did know him better," was Mrs. Gerry's thought now. "And in just that way must God know all of us better."

Then she shrank back again from that thought which might lead to a lax judgment. People must be judged according to their deeds. That was all the way there was to judge them.

"I must be very tired," at length, said Mrs. Gerry, speaking aloud. "If I could sleep twelve hours things would look differently to me."

She lifted herself from her heavy leaning against that top rail of the fence. She gathered up her skirts again.

As she turned to go toward the house Miss Nunally came round the end of the barn. She had no shawl wrapped about her, and no overshoes on her feet. She looked so wretched and so old that Mrs. Gerry, preoccupied as she was, noticed her appearance. But the woman was afraid that she hated her just now. And yet the something there was in Portia's personal presence instantly asserted itself.

Portia paused at the other side of the fence.

"I beg your pardon," she said in an indifferent voice. "I could not bear it in the house. And now," looking about her, "I cannot bear it here."

"We have to bear things," said Mrs. Gerry in her most prim manner.

"Do we?"

Portia's eyes, singularly faded in this morning light, looked vacantly at her companion.

"Yes, we do. We all have dreadful things to bear. I don't suppose a man or woman ever lived who did not have some dreadful thing to bear some time in his life."

"Very likely," was the response. "But I don't know that that is any comfort."

Silence on Mrs. Gerry's part. She hesitated, and then she was about to turn away.

"You need not go to the house on account of Salome," said Portia. "She is asleep. She is as soundly asleep as if she were only ten years old."

Mrs. Gerry looked incredulous. Portia went on.

"I haven't yet suffered quite enough to sleep, though that is one of the blessings I used to command at will. I think I am losing my blessings."

Miss Nunally now turned away and sat down on a stone, which had tumbled from the wall that began at the bars.

"You ought to have put on rubbers," said Mrs. Gerry

No reply.

"And a shawl," added Mrs. Gerry.

Portia made an impatient movement with one shoulder.

"I think nature is insulting," she said. "Look at that sky! I suppose God is laughing at us behind that sky; that is, if there is a God."

"Miss Nunally!"

"Mrs. Gerry?"

"You are very wicked."

"I am very miserable."

After a slight hesitation Mrs. Gerry let down a rail of the bars and crawled through the aperture. She took off her shawl and put it over the girl sitting there.

"The wind is so cold," she said.

She was going up toward the house when Portia's voice made her pause.

"I know about Salome," she said, incisively.

"About Salome?"

"Yes; she told me what she had done. I'm not condemning her."

Mrs. Gerry stood without motion awaiting what else should be said.

"I wanted to tell you that suffering doesn't make me good. And I am suffering. Oh, yes," with a slight, uncontrollable movement, "I am suffering. You need not trouble yourself to try to answer me. Only you will 'make allowances'—that's what you call it, isn't it?—if I'm not particularly good. I don't care a bit about being good. I never did. I don't care a bit about anything—only for that man who is in the house there, and who cannot care for anybody now. I care for him."

As she talked a defiant animation had come to her aspect. Her eyes were no longer faded. Her face changed so much when she said "I care for him" that Mrs. Gerry thought it must be impossible for Moore not to respond—and he was engaged to her. That was enough for Mrs. Gerry; only she felt that she could never reckon on what Salome would do under any circumstances.

Miss Nunally rose. She wrapped the shawl closely about her and began walking aimlessly over the wet grass.

"It's a very foolish thing to love when love brings unhappiness," she said. "I have never meant to love save for happiness. Don't you think that's an excellent rule, Mrs. Gerry? But I see you don't. You are one of the rigid kind. I'm talking because I have sat in the house there silent until I was ready to do any dreadful thing. It hurts to talk, but one likes to be hurt. One likes to cry, 'Oh, how much I can suffer!' Mrs. Gerry," suddenly advancing upon the woman who had walked a few yards to the shelter of the barn that the wind might not chill her, "Mrs. Gerry, what did the doctors say to you?"

Mrs. Gerry tried to reply promptly.

"They spoke about Mr. Moore's youth. They told how great a percentage recovered."

"A percentage! The brutes!" She walked again and then stopped in front of Mrs. Gerry. "I asked them, and they gave me some words—I don't know what they were. Here, take your shawl. I am going on up into the pasture, and I am not cold. I have a fire in my heart. And Salome is asleep."

Portia laughed a little as she made this last statement.

Mrs. Gerry watched the girl as she went away toward the upland field, springing forward as if there were superabounding, defiant life still in her frame.

But in truth Portia walked so in order that she might carry out in her physical appearance the fierce resentment that was in her soul.

Mrs. Gerry went back to the house. She found Mrs. Scudder going about the kitchen in large cloth shoes that she might make no noise. She told Mrs. Gerry that both doctors were still in the bedroom. She said that the Boston man was going to send out two trained nurses; "nusses" was the term she used. She also said that if trained nusses was as partic'lar about their victuals as she had heard they was, she should try to bear it, but she s'posed it would come some hard. And she had been goin' to have company. And did them nusses wear uniforms? She had been told that they did.

Mrs. Gerry did not know. Mrs. Scudder was evidently very much excited. Her mild, prominent blue eyes were so prominent now that it was painful to look at them. She was pale, and a slight tendency toward hanging down in the underlip was now much increased.

Nely was cooking some bacon in a frying-pan on the stove. She often looked at her mother in a way that showed that she felt acutely that that underlip ought not to hang in that way. She said now that she had no doubt that trained nurses were exactly like other people, and she hoped that they did wear a uniform; she hoped it was red. She hoped it was plaid; she hoped they had short hair and that they knew all the ways there were to give people medicine. She was glad for her part that there were at least two coming; she would like it better if there were three. But she hated that long young man in there.

"Nely!" said her mother in a hoarse whisper of disapproval, "he's dretful sick."

"Oh, I know that," still more recklessly, lifting up a piece of bacon on her fork and slapping it down in the bubbling fat so that the cat, sitting close to her, received a drop of the scalding stuff; "I know that well enough, but I hate him all the same. I don't love a person just because he's sick or well. And that girl that's engaged to him that's come here; where's she going to stay, I should like to know?—that girl with that kind of an upper lip ready to curl at anything—that girl who says eyether and nyether—where's she going to stay?"

Nely, with her cheeks burning, faced round with a knife and fork held belligerently.

"I told Nely she mustn't git excited," apologetically remarked Mrs. Scudder, who was trying to set the table for a meal that was neither breakfast nor supper; "'n' I told her we'd got to ask that young lady to breakfast, if 'tis breakfast, 'n' them doctors, too. It jest happens that we ain't got nothin' in the house to speak of. I was goin' to cook up a lot to-day for company t' we was expectin' to-morrer. I've got to git word to 'em some way."

Mrs. Scudder, notwithstanding her general appearance of mild calmness, was one who could become very much flustered; and she knew extremely little when she was flustered. Her husband had been known to say that he'd ruther have an earthquake any time than to have mar git flustered. But then Mr. Scudder had had no experience of earthquakes. He could not tell but that they might be even more discomposing than was his wife when she was disturbed.

Mrs. Gerry went noiselessly up the stairs. In the little south chamber she found Salome lying on the bed. She was still sleeping. Flung upon a chair were Miss Nunally's wrap and hat. The window was open, and the branches of an old cherry brushed against the screen. Mrs. Gerry stood a moment to look at the girl, then she went away as silently as she had come. In youth nature stands ready to assert itself like a beneficent power. The mother was sure that Salome had not slept soundly for many a day and night, but now the time had come.

Mrs. Gerry went back to the kitchen. Nely had put the frying-pan on the back of the stove to keep warm while she tried to set the table. Her mother hovered over her meanwhile, her lip drooping more and more.

Mrs. Scudder looked at Mrs. Gerry as she said pointedly that she didn't know, she was sure, how many plates they needed, and she was nearly positive there wa'n't bread enough to go 'round. She had meant to make biscuit, but somehow she couldn't seem to git at it. She had took up the creamy-tartar 'n' had put it down somewhere, 'n' now she couldn't find it. She pumped a pailful of water, and then turned it into the sink.

"Mother," said Nely, "I wish you'd go to bed; I wish you'd go and sit in the parlor; I wish you'd keep out of this kitchen; and I don't care a cent if there ain't bread enough to go 'round. There are potatoes enough, anyway, and crackers. I don't want anything but crackers and coffee; and I'll have a cup of coffee strong enough to take my head off."

Mrs. Scudder smiled in feeble admiration. She glanced at Mrs. Gerry, who was rearranging the plates on the table and bringing dishes from the pantry.

"I'd know what I should do 'thout Nely," she exclaimed. "But I wish I could make out how many there is to breakfast. We ain't got nothin' fit. If I could find the creamy-tartar——"

"Mother," cried Nely, pausing to look round after having brought the patter for the bacon, "will you go out of this kitchen? You know you're flustered."

"Well, I know I be," was the response. Mrs. Scudder did not leave the room, but she sat down and vaguely watched her daughter and Mrs. Gerry as they finished the preparations for the meal.

It was the Boston doctor who came to join them, leaving Dr. Sands with the patient. Nely quite hated him, because, after chopping any one up, as she said to herself, he could partake so heartily of bacon and potatoes, and coffee and milk.

While they were all still at the table Miss Nunally appeared in the doorway, having just returned from the pasture. Nely had put a plate and a chair for this unwelcome guest, but she would not be gracious enough to make any sign now.

Dr. Jennings rose and stepped to the vacant chair, taking it from the table and motioning to the girl in the doorway. She advanced, although her countenance showed no sign that she had seen his command.

"Drink milk," he said. He took the pitcher of milk, poured her a glass, and stood near until she had raised it to her lips.

Perhaps he would have been amused if he had seen the ferocious glance Nely gave him. But he resumed his place and calmly went on with his repast.

An hour later Dr. Jennings started to the station. He said that he knew just the nurses to send out. He would come himself within twenty-four hours. He gave some murmured advice to Dr. Sands as the two stood on the back piazza. Nely, washing dishes as noiselessly as she could at the sink near the open door, heard the Boston doctor say that it was a perfect case of —— here she lost the word. "A good illustration of ——" Nely dropped a plate with a loud splash into the water.

Those two men standing there with their hands in their pockets seemed like brutes to her. She was glad when only Dr. Sands was left, and her father was driving the other toward the station.

Mrs. Scudder, a little steadied by coffee and a somewhat bountiful meal, was not quite so pendulous as to the under lip, but she had not yet come out of her fluster. She had poured what there was left of the milk in the pitcher into a pan of bonny-clabber, and was now standing in the middle of the room bewailing this deed.

Mr. Scudder's last remark to his daughter before he had driven away had been to ask her if she couldn't somehow work it so's to git her mother to se' down somewheres till she come out of her fluster. He said he didn't want all the victuals in the house mixed up. Things were mixed enough there now, 'n' he didn't know how they sh'd come out when them nusses come. There was one thing—Nely'd have to leave school for a spell; for what with a man with his skull cut open, 'n' Mar flustered, 'n' trained nusses, he guessed their hands 'd be about full."

Nely did succeed in inducing her mother to go into the dark, close parlor and lie down on the narrow horse-hair sofa.

Mrs. Scudder submitted now to the guidance of the girl. She told Nely that if she could only keep on that sofa she could most always have a nap there.

It turned out this morning that she could keep on it, though it certainly did not look as if she could do so. In five minutes she was asleep, and Nely and Mrs. Gerry, greatly relieved by her absence, "did up the work" rapidly and effectively.

By noon it appeared that the news, in more or less distorted fashion, had spread over the neighborhood. Slow-going horses dragging hay carts, or open wagons, wherein were men in more or less faded blue overalls, stopped occasionally in the road in front of the house. The men slowly climbed out of these vehicles and came around to the back door, looking solemnly all over the house as they could.

It was Mrs. Gerry who met them. Each one had heard a different version; each one was agape with curiosity.

Mrs. Gerry replied alike to them all. She said that Mr. Scudder had picked up a young man on his way to the village. The young man was unconscious. They didn't know how badly he was hurt. Dr. Sands was there now. They were going to have two trained nurses. No, they didn't know how he was hurt. They didn't know whether he'd get well or not.

"But they say you was acquainted with him?"

"Yes; we knew him in Florida."

They all had to go away with this information, which was, in their eyes, no information at all. Some of them caught glimpses of Miss Nunally.

"Who was that strange gal?" "She was engaged to the young man. She had been sent for immediately."

"Oh. Kinder tough for her, ain't it? Was she all ready to be married?"

Mrs. Gerry thought that it was true that that Miss Nunally was all ready to be married.

One man went so far as to ask particularly if Miss Nunally had got her wedding dress.

Mrs. Gerry did not know. He then informed her that his wife, having been told by a neighbor who had already called at the Scudders for information, that a strange gal was there, had made him promise to find out if the wedding gown had been made.

Nely overheard these words. She paused behind Mrs. Gerry and looked over that woman's shoulder at the man who was asking for this information. There was a malicious spark in her eye as she said: "There's the girl now, Mr. Lincoln. You ask her. She can tell you. Then there'll be no mistake about it."

The big, heavily moving farmer turned slowly about. His eyes almost became set in his head as they fixed themselves upon Portia Nunally advancing from the barn, where she had been in her restless movements about the place.

(To be continued.)

SAM WALTER FOSS.

HE TELLS OF AN HONEST MAN AND A RASCAL.

ALSO OF A PHILOSOPHER, WHO PHILOSOPHIZES WHILE HIS FAMILY HUSTLES—OLD HIRAM, ETIQUETTE AND THE BOOK AGENT.

Copyright, 1893, by Sam Walter Foss.

AN HONEST MAN.

I hed one cow w'en I set out to buil' my fortune up,
One hoe, one shovel an' one spade, an' one good brindle pup.
But my stout heart an' my soun' hed an' these two han's, you see,
An' my unekalled honesty hez brung me where I be.

This is the lesson I impress on ev'ry noble youth,
Integrerty, moralerty, an' honesty an' trooth,
Integrerty, moralerty, an' honesty, you see,
With my good heart an' hed an' han' hez brung me where I be.

Merried the daughter of the man where I wuz hired man.
An' w'en he died we got his farm—he willed it all to Nan.
I hired good town paupers to do my work for me,
For they'll eat feed that common men won't look at, don't yer see?

So I saved money this way—I saved, but never spent—
An' I loaned it to my neighbors, an' they give me ten per cent.
I loved my neighbors like myself, rich, poor, an' great an' small,
An' put a mortgidge on their farms to 'commodate 'em all.

An' Widow Barclay, reckless soul, spent all her husban' left,
Jest bringin' up her childern—Wy, it seems almost like theft;
"Wy, sich extravagance as that," sez I, "will never do."
An' I foreclosed her morgidge, for it was my duty to.

An' neighbor Bunker's wife wuz sick; he spent his cash fer pills,
Jest squandered all his earnin's on them worthless doctors' bills;
I couldn' approve his reckless way, an' as a repermand,
I jest foreclose his morgidge an' appropriate his land.

An', ol' man Babson, down the crick, wuz gittin' lame and blind,
His farm wuz growin' up 'ith weeds, his hayin' wuz behind;
Sez I, "'Tis time this good ol' man wuz laid upon the shelf."—
So I foreclosed his morgidge an' I took his farm myself.

So I've been a morril power, an' through all the neighborhood,
I've gone about, like men of ol', engaged in doin' good;
An' I hev foun' that goodness pays, an' vircher is divine,
For all my reckless neighbors' farms hev all been lined to mine.

This is the lesson I impress on ev'ry noble youth,
Integrerty, moralerty an' honesty an' trooth,
Integrerty, moralerty an' honesty, you see,
With my good heart an' hed an' han' hez brung me where I be.

THE RASCAL.

Yes, The Rascal hed 'nother name, but it didn't fit him.

His right name wuz Alexander Murray Plankinton. But this wuz altogether too big for him. So we jest called him "The Rascal," an' this name fitted him as clus as a dood's pants fits a dood.

The Rascal wuz fat. An' from the top of his touseled hed to the bottom of his brown, bare feet he wuz stuffed as full er mischief as a piller is stuffed with feathers. Mischief, somehow, sorter oozed an' trickled outer him like sap out of a maple tree in the spring. He wuz like a water pail filled up even full 'ith mischief an' he couldn' stir 'thout jogglin' the pail an' sloppin' it all aroun'.

It wuz harder work to manage him than to run the United States government; an' if my feller citzens ever call me to the White House I shall feel ekul to the 'sponsibilerties of the place. Any man who could manage The Rascal would have no trouble in runnin' the United States of Ameriky.

W'en we foun' the cow one mornin' in the parlor, with one corner of Sue's pianner cloth all et off, we knew how she come there—The Rascal. W'en, one Fourth er July, we foun' ol' Towser painted red, w'ite an' blue, an' tearin' through the front flower garding with a bunch er snappin' fire crackers tied to his tail, we all yelled out together—The Rascal!

W'en we foun' the flour berril empty, an' a trail er flour stretchin' way from the house down ercross the medder lot, an' way over into the corner of the corn patch, we knowed that was The Rascal's way of buildin' a railroad track between Grassvale an' Chicago; an' purty soon we seed The Rascal himself tootin' over the track on his way to the World's Fair. His mother jest broke down an' sobbed an' cried, "The Rascal! The Rascal!" But I,—wal, I laffed so much I couldn' ketch him, an' so he 'scaped gittin' a whippin' jest the way he most allus done.

W'enever I went to put my coat on in the mornin' an' foun' the sleeves wrong side out an' tied together I allus said—The Rascal! W'enever I foun' my boots at the bottom of the well, or my coat wavin' from the ridgepole, I allus said, "The Rascal!"

W'enever his mother foun' sand mixed with the bread she hed set to raise she would jest heave a big sigh an' cry, "The Rascal!" W'en she foun' the molasses jug filled 'ith kerosene an' the kerosene can filled with molasses, all the poor soul said wuz jest them two words, "The Rascal!"

It wuz The Rascal who turned the hose on the minister w'en he come down to 'ficiate at Sue's weddin'. It wuz The Rascal who kerried a live mud turkle into Sunday-school jest to see "how 'twould look crawlin' up the aisle."

Wal, he acted so, all the neighbors begun to try to sell their farms, that they might move out of the reach of The Rascal. His mother an' I uster talk together after he hed gone to sleep—he give us no chance to talk together afore—'bout what we should do with him. Sometimes she sejested tyin' him, but I knowed The Rascal could climb out of any pen that wuz any lower than the sky. For no man could buil' any box, or dig any hole that would hol' him. An' so we allus finally concluded to let The Rascal run wild; an' so he kep' on with his reg'lar business of turnin' the worl' upside down ev'ry day an' sometimes of'ener.

One day his mother come runnin' out into the fiel' where I wuz to work an' tol' me The Rascal wuz sick. "Been eatin' green apples, I s'pose," said I, "an' a little colic won't hurt him, an'll kinder keep him outer mischief for an hour or two w'ile it lasts,—guess ye better not hurry 'bout sendin' for the doctor."

But his mother said he wuz real sick, an' she wuz worried about him, an' so the doctor wuz sent for.

But he kep' a growin' wuss and wuss. An' soon we forgot all about the million tricks an' pranks the little feller hed played on us, an' the million scrapes he hed led us into. For purty soon we saw that The Rascal wuz travellin' on a long journey, way out, alone, into the dark. Out of many a scrape hed I taken The Rascal by the arm an' led him home; but now he wuz travellin' on a road where his father's arm warn't strong enough to take him by the han' an' lead him back.

An' w'en we knowed that we couldn' fetch him back no more his mother an' me foun' out, all to wunce, how much we loved The Rascal. We hed led back them brown bare feet from many crooked paths, where they hed strayed away. But they wuz travellin' now down a black path that leads out into the night, an' we knowed, this time, we couldn' take him by the hand an' lead him home. His mother gathered him up in her arms an' cried. An' I tol' her I b'leeved the great God loved The Rascal jest as well as we did an' would gather him up in His arms jest as she did in hern, an' make a w'ite saint of him. An' I bleeve he did.

There is a little mound out in the graveyard where the grass haint growed yit. An' ev'ry Sunday night, w'en the sun hez gone down, his mother goes out there an' cries above The Rascal's grave.

A PHILOSOPHER AND HIS FAMILY.

I.

His mind was in perpetual spasm
About the cause of protoplasm.
And w'en 'twas caused he longed to know
Jest what it was that made it grow.
He longed to know just what it was,
The cause behind the final cause.

II.

Just what was Chaos made of and
Upon what ground did Chaos stand?
He wished to know what it could be
When in the shape of nebulae;
And what was Nature's under-pinning
'Fore it began "in the beginning"?

III.

He longed to know how it began,
The much-debated Fall of Man?
What language Eden's old snake talked?
And if upon its tail it walked?
And if we'd landed high an' dry
Had Eve's old apple hung too high?
He tried to find some one to tell
Of the "lost tribes of Israel."
And 'twas the problem of his life
To find out who was old Cain's wife,
And just how much the world would gain
Had Abel lived, instead of Cain.

IV.

But his coarse neighbors wished to know,
Just how his poor old wife could sew
Enough to buy him clothes and food
And feed seven children—hungry brood,
They were dull-minded creatures, so
This simple thing they longed to know.

OLD HIRAM AND THE BOOK AGENT.

Wall, so ye want to sell me that ar book on etiquette, do ye? Tells ye how to behave, hey? Tells ye how to walk into a parlor 'thout fallin' over yer own feet an' gettin' mixed up with yerself? Tells ye all 'bout them things? But will it tell ye how to lead a caff 'thout compernizin' yer dignity, w'en ye try to drive the caff east-by-north an' the caff wants to go south-by-west? Will it tell ye how to drive a flock er turkeys w'en ev'ry one on 'em wants to go 'tother way from the rest of 'em? Will it tell ye how to drive 'em an' still be perfec'ly perlite all the time?

Oh, it don't tell ye how to ack in the barn, but on'y in society. O-h-h-h! So a man wants to ack diff'rent in society from what he does in a barn, does he? Wall, now I thought a man who had a good barn edercation, if he was edercated in the right kind of a barn, among the right kind er critters, had a good 'nough edercation for society. I allus keep the ten comman'ments in my barn. 'Spose ye have new and improved comman'ments in society? Got some better regerlations than the Golden Rule, I 'spose? Kinder ol' fashioned, aint it? Got suthin' new an' more perlite, I 'spose?

Oh, it tells ye how to walk gracefully, does it? Wall, I learned to walk fifty-eight odd years ago, an' I never have no trouble in makin' my feet reach down to the groun', an' I don't b'leeve your etiquette book'll make 'em reach any further. Guess I don't need no book to tell me to put one laig afore the other; an' if I ever git so I can't walk I'll hitch up the ol' mare an' ride.

What's that, hey? Learns ye good manners, does it? Wal, I'll bait ye ten dollars it don't do no sich thing. Ye can't teach a man good manners, young feller, more'n you can teach a fish to climb a tree. Oh, you can dress up a man in a white dickey, an' top him off with a stovepipe, an' tell him how to bow, an' sashay, an' tie his necktie, an' twiddle his cane, an' fuddle with his eyeglass, an' say purty things to the women folks, an' one thing an' another. Ye can do all them things, an' it don't help a man's manners, 'tall. You've gotter take out his heart an' scour it with the soap er human kindness, an' soak it in the suds er love. Does that fine book er yourn tell ye how to do that, young feller? I'm an old codger an' not supposed to know nothin', but I tell ye manners that don't spring right outer the heart are a humbug, an' a man who has 'em may be a big success as a hypocrite, but he aint no gentleman. Your book may teach a man to eat with his fork, an' some other fool tricks, but it can't teach true manners more'n you can teach a mud turtle to fly.

Huh? Tells ye how to git into good society, hey? Wall, I dunno, I dunno's I know. But I don't b'leeve I've got any business in society 'f I don't grow into it. Yes, oh yes, you can blow a cinder into a man's eye, but it don't feel comfer'ble w'en it gits there. By main force, if the boy'll hol' still, you can stick a sliver into his toe; but it keeps thinkin' all the time after ye put it there, "This aint no place for me." Ya-as, ye can push a man into society where he don't b'long, but he feels as uncomfer'ble as a cinder in a man's eye all the time. A man can't change himself, like a tree toad, to the color of every tree he clings to, an' look w'ite on a birch an' green on a pine an' gray on a maple. I'm the same ol' freckle-face, whether I'm up a hackmatack or a hickory. Oh, I feel as orkerd as an elerphant in er chiny store w'en I git into society that don't fit me—a sorter roomatiz in my features that makes me want to go out in the barn, with the other critters, an' rest my face.

Don't b'leeve I want yer etiquette book, young feller; don't b'leeve I do. But you might take it into the house an' show it to my gals. They are kinder sentimental, an' like to read love poetry, an' all about weepin' willers, an' graveyards, an' sich, an' one on 'em's got a beau. Shouldn't wonder a bit if you could work off a book on her.

SAM WALTER FOSS.

AGED STATESMEN.

From The London Lancet.

Mr. Gladstone is, speaking medically, a dangerous exception. There is, we believe, one instance in French history of a leading statesman, Cardinal Fleury, who served his King up to the age of ninety. And, if our memory does not deceive us, Lord Lyndhurst, while verging on his ninetieth year, made a stirring speech in the House of Lords on a subject which was agitating the public mind at the time it was delivered; but there is no similarity in the circumstances. Mr. Gladstone is doing what perhaps no other man in the history of States has done, and he is misleading men of ordinary capacity into thinking that they can do the same. The air of the house—whatever the scientific value of the ventilation—is not "the open air of heaven."

THE GERMAN COURT KITCHEN.

From The St. James's Budget.

There is an interesting account in a German paper—"Zur Guten Stunde"—of the German Court kitchen. On state occasions the menu is prepared a week in advance and submitted to the Emperor, the details being ordinarily arranged by the Empress. The cooking is done upon iron stoves, the roasting-room containing huge stoves of special construction let into the walls and a huge turn-spit worked by machinery. The department of the pastry chef is considered of great importance. The pastry and sweets have all sorts of elaborate designs round the edges of the dishes, made of dough gilded or silvered over, and not intended to be eaten. All kinds of ornamentations in the shape of figures, hunting scenes and castles are to be seen on the dishes, most of them being moulded of dough or fat and colored and gilded. The Emperor pays so much a cover for every dinner, so that strict carefulness has to be observed. For ordinary meals the rate is about 5s. a cover without wine.

A. A. VANTINE & CO.
877 & 879 BROADWAY N.Y.
—THE—
OLDEST & LARGEST IMPORTERS
JAPAN CHINA INDIA TURKEY & PERSIA
To Introduce Our Immense New Fall Shipments of
Oriental Carpets and Rugs
We will offer the following Great Reductions
THIS WEEK.
500 Hand-Woven Japanese Rugs, 1.6x3 ft., at 50c. Value $1.00.
1000 Hand-Woven Japanese Rugs, 3x6 ft., - $1.25 Value $2.70.
1000 Ladik Rugs, made of fine Turkish Wool, $1.50 Value $3.00.
750 Daghestan and Persian Rugs, - - - $4.75 Value $8.00.
500 Shervan Rugs, - - $7.50 Value $11.00.
500 Antique Rugs, Extra large sizes, comprising Shervan, Kazak, Shiraz and Carabagh, - - - $10.00 to $13.50 Ea. Value $15.00 to $20.00.
100 FINE
Turkish & Persian Carpets
Greatly Reduced in Price
From 25.00 to 100.00;
Value 40.00 to 150.00.

THE FRENCH ELECTIONS.

VICTORY OF THE OPPORTUNO-RADICAL CONCENTRATION—WAR ON CLEMENCEAU.

Paris, August 22.

The first and chief ballot of the French general election of Deputies is over. The partial renewal of the Senate next year and the election of a new President—by the Parliament—after two years are of minor importance. There are still 164 Deputies whose election has to be determined by the supplementary ballotage of Sunday, September 3. Not all the results are yet known for the sixteen seats belonging to the colonies—Senegal, the French Indies, and the rest. But 411 of the new Deputies are already known, out of 581; and it is not difficult to discern the character of the government which the country has given itself for the next four years.

In general, the new Chamber will differ so little from the old that nothing can be prognosticated as to changes in administration. So far as universal suffrage goes, the Panama scandals have damaged only the politicians who made use of them. The Monarchists of the Right lose heavily—thirty-seven seats—leaving them only forty-seven. The Boulangists are all but wiped out, having only five seats, one of them held by Ernest Roche, who is properly a Socialist. The intervention of the Pope in favor of the Republic has apparently had little influence, as the "rallied" lose thirteen seats, while they gain only two, making their number in the new Chamber only fifteen. Nearly all these losses have turned to the advantage of the Opportunist Radicals, and the movement toward the formation of a Conservative Republican party thus perishes utterly.

Of the 355 Deputies, already elected as Republicans simply, not a dozen belong to the new-fangled Liberal Left, which it was thought might unite with the Republican Right. The remainder is, for the most part, made up of former Deputies who have been re-elected. Thus the so-called Republican party—that of the Government and Republican Concentration—gains sixty-three seats. Of these thirty-five will be occupied by those who frankly accept the name of Radical or Radical-Socialist. The others have repeatedly combined their votes in the past with the Radicals of the Extreme Left. To all these should be added seven Socialists pure and simple. Here certainly is every element of that Republican concentration which has ruled the country for the last fifteen years. The results of the second ballot can hardly change the state of affairs essentially. It is more likely even to strengthen the position of the Radicals, which, whatever may be said to the contrary, has been pushed a decided step forward.

In sum, France—barring revolutions, which are improbable, except in the event of war—is to continue under the sway of Opportuno-Radicalism, with the Radical tendency toward Socialism marked more and more strongly. This is a sorry outcome of the cafe-concert excitement and hysterical campaigning of the last year. The refrain of the elections has been, from every side, the demand for a strong Government—for a Ministry that can stand for more than half a year without vacillating at every moment for fear Clemenceau may kick from under it the unstable majority on which it rests. In a "Parliamentary Republic," where the working Executive is at the mercy of a majority vote of a single house of the Legislature, it is hard to see how any strong Government can be constituted. As things are, the strength of the present and every succeeding Ministry seems to consist in holding up the dry bones of Gambetta and allowing them to be worked energetically by the skilful hand of Clemenceau.

For the present the chief interest must centre in persons. Clemenceau is not yet overthrown in spite of the utmost exertion of his enemies. It is true that he did not succeed in obtaining the majority necessary to his re-election on the first ballot. But he led the polls by nearly 2,000 votes, in the face of a league of six opposing candidates, all running on a Republican platform and five of them as Radicals like himself. Now that this splitting of the votes has proved insufficient against him, it is thought that M. Vincent, his Socialist opponent, will quietly turn over to him the votes necessary to elect him on the second ballot. As there is absolutely no question of principle, but simply of personal opposition to the great Ministry-destroyer, we may look to see M. Clemenceau back in the Chamber. The only artifice of his enemies which has so far touched him was the teaching to the rustic voters of his district the present anti-English cry—"Aoh, yes." These childish electors have taken such pleasure in it that it quite succeeded in breaking up his political meetings toward the end. The Marquis de Mores, who has sworn war to the hilt against the great Radical leader, came down to the neighborhood with the intention of following him up with taunt and insult. But the anti-Clemenceau League, wisely considering that downright comedy is better in a French election than a melo-dramatic tragedy, persuaded the fiery Marquis to go fishing instead.

M. Clemenceau, from his seat in the Chamber of Deputies, has for more than twenty years pushed the French Republic imperiously and unrelentingly in the direction of a Radicalism for which, this year, he has openly accepted the name of Socialist. Even should he now disappear from his place, his strong influence would still be felt. His trusted lieutenants, Floquet and Goblet, both ex-Prime Ministers, are also subjected to a second ballot in Paris. This is the result of a campaign which has been carried on seriously only against the Radicals of the Extreme Left, or, rather, their leaders personally. It is no paradox to say that French politics (properly so called), for many years past and to come turns round the one vital question—how to do away with Clemenceau. Personally, M. Clemenceau is a man scarcely past the prime of middle age, a bicyclist, and devoted to his little girls, with whom he plays in all simplicity in the public gardens. He is a crack pistol shot, and has had his share of duels. Politically, he is imperious beyond measure, and a cold, hard speaker, with tremendous power of invective.

In the aristocratic districts around the Parc Monceau, in Paris, one of the choicest political manoeuvres of the elections was played. In America it would have seemed like reducing the whole play of politics to a farce. M. Le Senne, a former Boulangist, had a loud-lettered programme posted up on all the dead walls of the neighborhood. It was signed, of course, with his name in the largest letters of all. While he slept, it is supposed, his adversary, M. Bompard, Radical, calmly had a label with his own name pasted over the Le Senne signature on each of the placards. This was a stealing of political thunder with a vengeance—and of programmes. The ballotage which results does not console the feelings of M. Le Senne. He is to bring the matter before the courts.

In the district of the Opera, M. Georges Berry, one of the few Conservatives in the Paris Municipal Council and a great authority on Parisian beggary and crime, ran as a "rallied" against the outgoing Deputy, Emile Ferry, and M. Klotz, of the "Voltaire" newspaper. After a heated wrangle at a political meeting the latter prosecuted the venerable philanthropist before the correctional police, and announced the fact on tri-colored placards pasted everywhere along the face of the Opera House steps, across the basements of buildings, on the pedestals of gas-posts. All the first part of Sunday, the election day, M. Berry had an army of bill-posters out pasting on top of them counter-placards.

At Clignancourt, a priest, the Abbé Garnier, a well-known Christian Socialist lecturer to the workingmen, made a vigorous campaign as candidate against M. Rouanet, Socialist pure and simple. A ballotage is the result: but placards have been everywhere posted up adjuring the electors "not to allow the quartier of Clignancourt to be dishonored by a priest's gown."

At Courbevoie, Maurice Barres, literary "dandy," independent disciple of Renan, former Boulangist and present leader of the agitation against foreign workingmen in France, has also to wait for a second ballot. He may yet regret giving up his district of Nancy, which sent him to the last Chamber when Boulangism was at its height, for this refractory suburb of Paris. The attack of Anarchist bill-posters on two of his friends has been of no great help, and his own duel with young Francis de Pressense, who is running against him, was an unwise act of that "cult of the Ego" which Barres proclaims in his obscurely philosophical romances. Probably the workingmen do not want a representative who entitles a book on modern life "The Garden of Berenice." De Pressense, who belongs to the family of the distinguished Protestant divine, and who writes cleverly—and uselessly—against the progress of Socialism, came in near the end of the list, with only 421 votes.

All the members of the Ministry now in power have been re-elected, and all with majorities far superior to those they had in 1889 when, of course, they were candidates simply and not Ministers as well. The fact is noted by all the newspapers of every shade—without comment.

Those who have had the most to do with organizing and trumpeting the Panama campaign and later scandals seem to have been thrown aside pitilessly by the electors. Delahaye, of the "List of 104," Drumont, the anti-Jew of the "Libre Parole," and Andrieux, the ex-Prefect of Police and general revealer, have failed. Robert Mitchell also disappears at last, drawn down with the wreck of Boulangism. On the contrary, men whom it was supposed Panama had smirched come up smiling and clean. Jules Roche, Rouvier and Burdeau, all ex-Ministers, are among these; and the two Ministers of Justice, Ricard, whose blunders allowed the hatching of the scandal, and Bourgeois, who blundered in the prosecutions, are also re-elected. Each one may interpret the judgment of the French electors in these cases as he chooses; he will be not far from right whatever he thinks. Some find a commentary on all this in the restoration to political life of M. Wilson, who doubtfully illuminated the last days of the Presidency of his father-in-law, Grevy.

Among the new men in the coming Chamber, the Vicomte de Vogue is one of the most noteworthy. By his family he belongs to the Right, but he rallied to the Republic years ago. After fighting well in the Franco-Prussian War, and doing time in a German prison, he passed several years as secretary of the French Embassy in Russia. There he won his Russian wife and that experience of the great life of the world which makes him so attractive a personality to the young men of France. He introduced Tolstoi and the other Russian romancers to the French public, and was made a member of the French Academy at an unusually early age. He is the real founder of the neo-Christian movement, believes in war and patriotism and earnestness, and writes so well that his worst enemies can only say of him that he has found Chateaubriand's ink-bottle. With Professor Lavisse he has a leading influence over the coming generation, and is consequently much disliked by the leaders of the actual scepticism and intolerance. The lecture of M. Aulard, which caused trouble at the Sorbonne in the spring, and Zola's address to the university students on the all-sufficiency of science, were aimed openly at De Vogue.

As the other pole of thought, and perhaps of usefulness, is M. Jules Guesde, who has long been at the head of the Revolutionary wing of Marist Socialists. He is a thorough-going Communist or Collectivist, as they now say, and desires quam instanter the nationalization of the land and the extinction of capitalism by any means at all. He talks well and fast, but none too clearly, and is evidently not a man of real thought or learning. In this he is very different from Dr. Brousse, who is at the head of the milder Possibilist Socialists. But Guesde's emotional harangues have always made him a prominent figure in the workingmen's party and in the councils of the Internationalists. It is this which has boosted him into Parliament, which is doubtless for the best all round.

M. Humbert, who is already president of the Paris Municipal Council, will be a more sympathetic Deputy, in spite of his having served his years in New-Caledonia for the part he played in the Commune. He is a cultivated man, with many aristocratic tastes for so fundamental a democrat. He used often to be seen at the Chat Noir when it was the resort of poets and artists and tourists desirous of hearing the unmentionable spoken. Paschal Grousset, the Editor of "Germinal," and some time Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Commune, has not yet been as fortunate as his associate. Although leading the polls in one of the Paris districts, where he runs as a Radical Socialist, he has to wait for the second ballot.

Of the late Deputies who have lost their re-election every one will regret the chivalric Comte de Mun. He was the leader of the Catholics in their movement toward the Republic, and had been the most eloquent speaker of the Chamber since the days of Gambetta, who was his only rival in this line. He will now, however, have more time to devote to the workingmen, with whom he is universally popular, even with those who are not "Christian" Socialists.

A SCHOOLMATE OF STEPHENSON.

From The Newcastle Chronicle.

An interesting link with the early part of the present century is to be found in the person of Mr. George Buddle, of Newcastle, who was born in the first decade of the present century, and who has lived for nearly fifty years in the house where the late Dr. Bruce (father of Mr. Justice Bruce) first saw the light. Mr. Buddle has, we understand, given his consent for a marble tablet to be placed on the house, to identify the birthplace of the historian of the Roman Wall. The old gentleman, who is now in his eighty-eighth year, has many interesting reminiscences of his school-boy days at Bruce's famous Academy, where he was a fellow-scholar with Robert Stephenson, who shared his desk with him, and, when on a short absence from school, left the keys of his drawer for young Buddle to use his mathematical instruments when needed. After Mr. Buddle left school and was put to business his taste for music became very pronounced. Mr. Buddle speaks with enthusiasm of the high musical culture of Newcastle in the early part and middle of the present century. Mr. Buddle was also an intimate friend of Richard Grainger, the builder of modern Newcastle, and one of the first to assist Grainger in his building operations. Grainger was the first person in the North of England to build houses in flats for separate families.