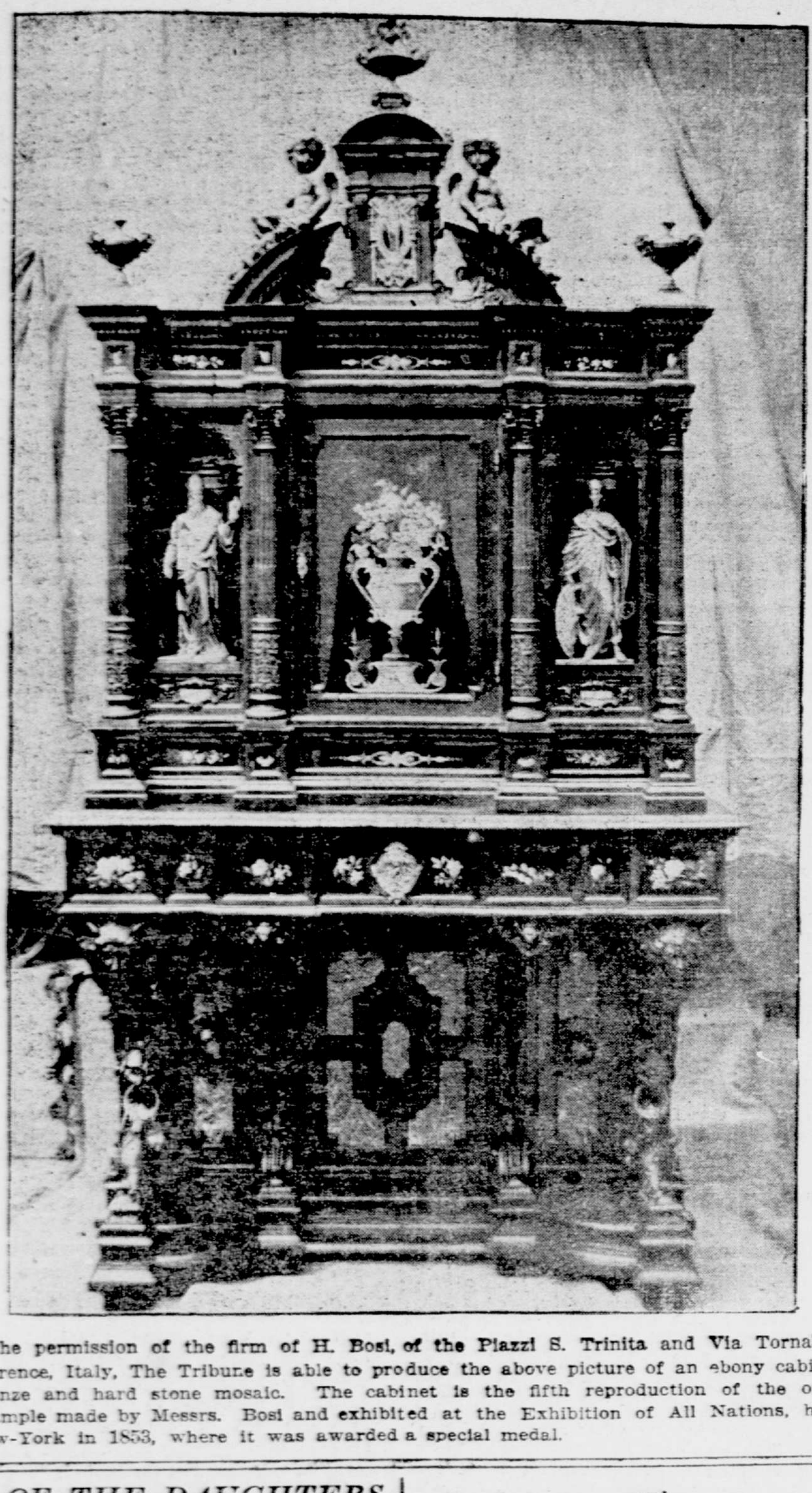
# NEWS AND VIEWS OF WOMEN.



With the permission of the firm of H. Bosi, of the Piazzi S. Trinita and Via Tornabuoni, Florence, Italy, The Tribune is able to produce the above picture of an ebony cabinet in bronze and hard stone mosaic. The cabinet is the fifth reproduction of the original example made by Messrs. Bosi and exhibited at the Exhibition of All Nations, held in New-York in 1853, where it was awarded a special medal.

## ONE OF THE DAUGHTERS.

### Story of a Mountain Girl and Her Education at Berea.

Dr. W. G. Frost, president of Berea College, Kentucky, who is in the city at present, gave the following history the other morning, at the residence of Miss Helen Gould, concerning a true daughter of the Revolution, said daughter being one of the pupils at Berea. It is a study, not only in the degeneracy that follows isolation, but in the power of inherited capabilities to respond to a new environment, in the oldest and purest of American stock.

John Gabbard was a Bible reading and psalm singing Englishman, who came to America because Cromwell was dead, and he would not join the Episcopal Church. His son Adam learned to read, write and cipher, and served under Washington. After the Revolution, having previously married a Scotch-Irish girl, he settled in a rich river bottom in Western Virginia and raised a family of twelve children. His son David had few school privileges, but learned to read, write and cipher. His wedding journey was to a claim 175 miles west of his old home. His wife and he made the trip on horseback, and, transportation being difficult, they carried only three books, a Bible, a catechism and a small Life of Washington.

This move of the family took it into the "dark and bloody ground" of Kentucky, and David, who was a famous Indian fighter, was killed before many years while out with Daniel Boone.

His son, Daniel, never saw a schoolhouse and never learned to read. The land was divided among four children, giving each two hundred acres. This family had now lost the art of reading, which it had possessed for three generations. In the next generation it also ceased to own property, which it had possessed for the same length of time. Daniel had sixteen children, none of whom ever thought of learning to read. Their father had been a man of substance, though illiterate, but his two hundred acres did not go far among sixteen, and, the rich river valleys now being all taken up, the brood was obliged to scatter out over the stony soil of the Kentucky mountains.

This generation lived and died in entire isolation. Several were killed in mountain feuds. The last of that generation, old Palestine Gabbard, is now running a moonshine still on Hell Fer Sartain Creek.

But his son, Bud, got in contact with the world again. In 1861 Bud took a raft of logs down the Kentucky River, and to his astonishment found that a war was in progress. He enjoyed fighting, and enlisted in the Union army. He was disorderly in camp, but made a splendid fighter, and marched with Sherman to the sea. When he went back home he possessed broader ideas than his family had known for two generations. When the free school system was established Bud became school trustee, although unable to read or write. At first he auctioned off the position of teacher to the highest bidder and pocketed the proceeds, a feature of the public school system still obtaining in that section.

But after a while a Berea graduate taught school in an adjoining district. Bud was capable of seeing and partially appreciating the difference. He determined not only to have a better school in his district, but also to educate his daughter, Sarepta, to teach that school. This was a mighty progressive idea for a man like Bud, who could not read any more than his father before him. He determined, nevertheless, to set aside whatever might accrue from a certain extra lot of hogs that year for Sarepta's education. But that year an epidemic broke out among the swine, and Sarepta's education went over.

When Bud did get ready to educate Sarepta the girl's own notions had to be taken into account. She was now fifteen, and several boys were already "talkin' to her right peart."

"Talkin' to her" has a technical meaning in the Kentucky mountains. Sarepta did not know whether she wanted to be educated or not. But just then it happened that a certain teacher from Berea, Mrs. Yocum, making one of those horseback tours among the mountains much affected by Berea teachers, stopped overnight in Bud's cabin, and talked to Sarepta. That settled it. Sarepta, like her father, had brain cells somewhere in her cranium, created generations before, which responded to Mrs. Yocum's representations. She decided to be educated.

When Sarepta came riding up to Berea, in her white sunbonnet and woollen mitts, she dismounted from her horse and proceeded to climb the fence square in front of the President's house. True, there was a gate right beside her, but that didn't do Sarepta any good. She didn't know what it was for.

"Don't think too hardly of her ignorance," says Dr. Frost; "I have heard that a large proportion of the school children in Boston, when examined in nature studies, didn't know that milk came from a cow. Environment means a good deal, you know."

Sarepta doesn't know she is a "Daughter of the Revolution." She is quite unconscious of her pedigree. But this daughter of Bud, the Union veteran; Palestine, the moonshiner; David, the backwoodsman; Daniel, the Indian fighter; Adam, the Revolutionary hero, and John, who was Cromwell's man, is not only an interesting study, but a joy to her teachers.

## POLITICAL STUDY MEETING.

The Society of Political Study, of which Mrs. Le Roy Sunderland Smith is president, will hold its last meeting of the season at Genealogical Hall, No. 226 West Fifty-eight-st., on Tuesday, April 14, at 3 p. m. Dr. F. E. Morrell will give a paper on "Ships Subsidies." This society is one essentially for study. The subjects discussed are wide and varied, embracing topics relative to government, national interests, economics and parliamentary law. The meetings this season have been exceedingly interesting, and under the club's new president many old members are returning and new ones joining. Among those who have been and are honorary and active members, are Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake, Mrs. Jennie De la M. Lozier, Mrs. Ella M. Dietz Glymer, the Rev. Antoinette Brown Blackwell, Mrs. Phoebe Hanaford, Miss Hannah Allen, Mrs. Charlotte B. Wilbour, Mrs. Margaret Ravenhill, Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, Mrs. Margaret Holmes Bates, Mrs. Clarence Burns, Mrs. Esther Herrman, Mrs. Belle De Rivera, Mrs. Edward Addison Greeley and Mrs. John T. Van Sickle.

## GLEANINGS.

Easter, which brings out the most splendid display of flowers of the whole year, is also responsible for some terrible floral atrocities. What but a depraved artistic taste would have dreamed of tying white satin bows on growing Easter lilies and of fussing up pots of azaleas with a flashy spread of pink satin bows and ends? Really, this is gilding the lily and painting the rose with a vengeance. Simplicity, which dictates that people shall no longer encircle their sandwiches with loops of baby ribbon, is not a word respected by the Easter florist, who mixes up millinery and flowers in a really Gothic confusion.

English women have neither beauty nor brains, if their latest critic, "Angus McNeil," is to be believed in his book, "The Egregious English." "Fully 75 per cent of English women are not beautiful to look upon," he declares. Some of them, he admits, have "a girlish prettiness which accompanies them into their thirtieth year and sickens slowly into a sourness. At forty little Chiffon (i. e., the modern English woman) has crows' feet and flat cheeks and a distinct tendency to the nutcracker type of profile." The young women whose pictures adorn the illustrated weeklies are particularly obnoxious to Mr. McNeil's sensibilities. "The merest glance at these photographs convinces you that the lovely Miss Snooks is about as good looking as the average kitchen wench, while the two beautiful daughters of Lady Beertap have faces like the backs of cabs." Nor is the English woman's mental equipment any more satisfactory to Mr. McNeil than her appearance. "To dress, and to talking and thinking about it, the English woman devotes unconscionable hours. From morn to dewy eve her little mind is busy with it." This worldliness she manages to transmit to her men folk, with lamentable consequences. "Under her little foot" (at least Mr. McNeil admits that she has a little foot), "under her mild, blue, greedy eye, the Englishman has become a capering carpet knight, one who dallies at high noon, an unconvinced flippancy, the shadow of his former self." Apparently the author has been unmercifully snubbed at some time of his life by a daughter of Albion. Even alien critics like Prosper Merimée and Heinrich Heine have admitted that the English woman is the finest specimen of her kind in the world. Her marvellous way of keeping youth and beauty far into middle age has long made her the envy of the American woman. As for character, a country which has produced women like Florence Nightingale, Mrs. Browning, George Eliot and Queen Victoria, to mention only a few of her illustrious children, deserves better than to have them characterized as empty headed, mercenary dolls, even though the critic be only Mr. McNeil.

According to Herbert Burrows, one of the leaders of the ethical culture movement in England, the sweet girl graduates of Newnham and Girton are manifesting a pronounced tendency toward free thought in religious matters. "It's a curious fact," he says, "but Oxford and Cambridge men are for the most part (I mean those who go in for religion at all) extreme ritualists, while university women generally go to the other extreme and approach rationalism of one degree or another. I suppose this is accounted for by the fact that as yet only reasonably clever women go to the university, while college doors have long been open to men of poor talents. People can laugh at English women all they like, make fun of their dressing and their conventionalities," continues Mr. Burrows, "but when it comes to real intellectual attainment and progressive thought the English woman holds second position to none. In the ethical culture movement she is still in the minority as compared to men, but it is a very fair minority. I am willing to make the general statement that the English college woman's outlook on life is distinctly broader than that of her brother who is educated in the same university."

Woman's highest work, according to Dr. Lyman Abbott, is to make a man out of a baby. Dr. Abbott was the chief speaker at a mass meeting held recently under the auspices of women opposed to the further extension of woman suffrage. "Somewhere in my archives," he said, "I have an essay, written when I was forty years younger, in favor of woman suffrage. A little later I was married, and was then converted to a belief in the anti-suffrage movement. I am speaking to-night for the silent majority of women who do not want the ballot. The highest work given to woman is to make out of the little babe a man."

A new history class, the object of which is to afford opportunity for a liberal knowledge of current events and lay a foundation for intelligent reading of the newspapers, has been offered this year by Vassar. Current newspapers and periodicals are the class textbooks. Members are expected to keep themselves posted by daily reading on the subjects under discussion in the newspapers, and once a week a lecture is given by Professor Salmon, of the history department. As thorough a discussion as is possible of the important events, domestic and foreign, is attempted, and at the same time all questions involving political parties and constitutional history are explained. In addition to this general class work, each member is assigned special weekly reading along some individual line suggested by national, State or municipal politics or by affairs in some foreign State.

## FOR ANXIOUS INQUIRER.

Anxious Inquirer: As it will be necessary to send to Paris for the information you desire, it will take two weeks before we can give you a satisfactory answer. In the mean time kindly send your full name and address, and a letter will be forwarded to you.

## THE TRIBUNE SUNSHINE SOCIETY.

GOOD CHEER.

Have you had a kindness shown?
Pass it on
'Twas not given for you alone—
Pass it on.
Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till in heaven the deed appears—
Pass it on.

MARY.

In the dim morning shadows of the garden,
Through blinding tears, she thought she saw the warden.
"Where have ye laid my Lord?" she asked him, weeping.
"Tell me, and I will take Him in my keeping."
And Jesus unto her said gently, "Mary!"

Lo, the day broke in sudden, radiant splendor!
Her Lord had risen! She knew His accents tender.
Exulting love in every vein beat faster.
She poured her soul out in the answer, "Master!"
When Jesus unto her said gently, "Mary!"

Sweet faith that wavered not through death's transition!
And happy hope that saw its full fruition!
Oh, perfect love! in perfect Love confiding—
These were the gifts of grace in her abiding,
Unto whom Jesus tenderly said, "Mary!"

When o'er my life the shadows dense are falling,
And in the darkness thou dost hear Him calling,
Rise, oh, my soul! thy risen Master meeting,
And give thyself in answer to His greeting,
Who calleth thee, as once He called to Mary.
NANCY PATTON M'LEAN.

Contributed to the T. S. S. column.

EASTER CHEER.

"A Friend" in Manhattan sent $2, "to bring a happier Easter to some destitute one"; "A Jersey Sunshiner," $1, "to fill a corner with sunshine"; "L. Y. B.," of Long Island, $1 for cheer, and Miss Grace Adele Kinney, 49 cents for badges.

A GENEROUS RESPONSE.

A sunshine friend in Manhattan has kindly offered to send a wheel chair to the invalid in Texas who has been helpless from rheumatism for five years.

SUNSHINE WORKERS.

Mrs. George Perkins Lawton informs the office that Mrs. James Roosevelt Hitchcock and Miss Bancroft, of No. 439 West One-hundred-and-eighteenth-st., have joined her branch, and that each would like the names of five invalid members of the T. S. S., to whom they will send something each week in the year. Such continuous rays of sunshine will mean unusual brightness in the lives of the recipients.

FOR OTHERS.

Mrs. R. F. O. Frickenhaus, of Brooklyn, has sent four new trimmed hats as Easter gifts for "little mothers," in tender memory of her beloved son, Harry, a junior Sunshine member, whose early death filled many hearts with sorrow. "C. S. W." has contributed medicine glass covers for invalids, Easter cards for general distribution, and stamps for mailing. A package of novels, magazines and picture cards came from a Manhattan friend; laces, remnants of embroidery silks, etc., from C. D. Vorce, of Connecticut, and Easter cards, from Webster, Mass.

OCCASIONAL GREETING.

A Florida branch president asks that a card or a magazine may be sent occasionally to Mrs. T. K. Hall, Lady Lake, Fla., an invalid from partial paralysis.

CURIOUS SCRAPBOOKS.

A Brooklyn member offers to send by express two scrapbooks, one each to any member who would care for it. One was made forty years ago. In it are some queer woodcuts of the troops of the Civil War, and it is full of all sorts of reading matter. The other book was made about twenty years ago.

EASTER DAWN.

Tall lilies rise like votaries,
With love and joy impearled,
And perfumes meet in concord sweet
Around the rescued world.
Christ conquers Death, and radiant faith
Comes like an irised dove
From heights where bloom, beyond the tomb,
The lilies of His love.
—(William H. Hayne, in "The Household" for April.

## NORTHFIELD STUDENT CONFERENCE.

Plans are being perfected for the conduct of the Student Summer Conference of Young Men's Christian Associations of Canada and the East, to be held at East Northfield, Mass., June 26 to July 5. This conference was started through the invitation of D. L. Moody in 1886, and since then has been held annually with increasing attendance. Last year there were over seven hundred representatives from 132 institutions at the Northfield Conference. This is one of five student conferences which are held under the auspices of the student department of the International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations in different sections of the country. The Southern conference will be held at Asheville, N. C., June 13 to 21. A conference for the Middle West is to be started this year, and will be held at Lakeside, Ohio, June 19 to 28. The Western conference at Lake Geneva, Wis., will meet on the same date, while the conference for the students of the Pacific Coast is held at Pacific Grove, Cal., during the Christmas holidays.

Meetings at Northfield are held each morning and evening in the auditorium, and at sunset out of doors on "Round Top," the hill on which the grave of D. L. Moody is found. In the list of speakers who will address the conference this year are Robert E. Speer, the Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, the Rev. George Jackson, of Edinburgh; the Rev. Dr. William F. McDowell, Professor Edward I. Bosworth, Dr. Frank K. Sanders, the Rev. Anson Phelps Stokes, jr., S. B. Capen and John R. Mott, who will preside. Normal Bible classes to help leaders of student classes or groups will be conducted each day under the leadership of Henry B. Wright and Dr. Frank K. Sanders, of Yale; Professor R. A. Falconer, of Halifax; Professor Edward I. Bosworth, of Oberlin, and W. D. Murray and C. C. Michener, of New-York. The arrangements for the conference are under the direction of the student department of the international committee, No. 3 West Twenty-ninth-st., New-York.

## REVOLUTION IN DOMESTIC SERVICE.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The problem of domestic help is one that claims the attention of all intelligent and practical women who are willing to devote their time and money to the subject, and to wait patiently for results, knowing that the revolution cannot be accomplished in a single generation.

Many attempts have been made to reorganize what is familiarly known as the "servant girl class," one that is much maligned, but justly criticised for the many abuses that have crept into it through the unprincipled and incompetent women who have augmented its ranks, and whose presence is a slur upon all with whom they are associated.

No improvement can be expected in the condition that now exists. We must begin upon a different basis, and try to elevate the standard of domestic service, so that those who feel themselves above "living out" will see that they must aim high to meet the requirements; that there is no such thing as menial work unless it is work done in a menial spirit; that we are all born to service of some kind, though it may be differently designated, and in fulfilling our obligations to each other we receive a mutual recompense, the humblest as well as the highest having his share in building up that complete system of society in which we move.

If this were understood, and girls could be made to feel that it is no more derogatory to wash dishes than to sell ribbons, or to make beds than to apply bandages, a better class would volunteer for household work; and if training schools were established many well to do farmers, artisans and storekeepers would be glad to send their daughters, realizing their safety in being connected with an institution of that kind.

The number in such a school should not be large —from fifteen to twenty. A matron and assistant matron would be required. The former should be one who has had experience as a working housekeeper, the latter a public school teacher who is a good disciplinarian. Two hours a day should be devoted to intellectual instruction and one to plain sewing, besides systematic training in all the departments of domestic service. All the work should be done by the pupils. The age for admission to such schools should be from fifteen to twenty-five; the only qualifications, a good moral character, sound physical health and ordinary intelligence. Each pupil should be required to pay at least $10 a month for her board and training, and to supply herself with clothing of a uniform and suitable pattern. The course of instruction should be from one to two years, and each graduate should receive a badge, to be worn at all times. Some assistance in the way of endowment would at first be required to carry on such a work, but as far as possible the idea of charity should be eliminated.

Much more could be said upon this subject if space allowed, but as it is I can only commend it to the attention of your readers. VESTA.

Lakewood, N. J., April 7, 1903.

# A Slave in Afrique.

A FRAGMENT.

### From the Papers of Sir Richard Hastings, Venturer and Soldier Under His Sacred Majesty Charles II.

BY DORA GREENWELL M'CHESNEY.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

The terrible journey was done; what still more terrible goal I had reached I dared not think. I had no will to break my strength by any conjecture, but waited rather what should come. The scene about me was strange enough to hold the thoughts of a man even on the brink of death. At one hand was the great river, narrowed though it was, still a mighty stream. It flowed darkly save where a ripple showed steel edged in a passing gleam. I thought of the monstrous creatures which had crashed on its banks or thrust up waiting jaws from beneath the tide, and I shuddered at its calm. Above the stars hung low and throbbed —the splendor of that alien sky was indifferent and pitiless. All about us rose the dank smell of rotting leaves—the very sense of captivity and death.

I turned my eyes to the mighty knotted trees which encompassed our little isle of openness. Fires blazed redly, sending up shafts of light against the trunks to fade in the thicket of shadows above. Dimly, near the verge of the free space, I could see rough huts, crouched there like living beasts of the forest, and about them moved the uncouth shapes of my captors, blotted in the darkness, gleaming duskily in the red ring of the fire, with a glint of white eyeballs, and teeth which seemed to grin always in a horrid mock and threat.

I looked round on earth and sky, all strange; no leaf on any tree which I had known before; no creature beneath the water or in the woods; no face in all that heathen gathering but turned on me a horror of strangeness. Suddenly through the chattering yells, the wild rattling of drums, broke another sound, the measured beating of iron as on an anvil. The note came to me full of a sense of home, and I stood, in memory, at our village forge by the crossroad, listening to the smith at his work while a traveller's horse stamped impatience on the stones. There in the African forest, under the unsparing stars, I looked again across the green of English harvest and pasture beneath our kindly clouded skies. The remembrance brought help in its pain. I would show these savage peoples that I could die as befitted an Englishman and Christian. In the galley I had been one of a herd of driven baited beasts. Here at least I stood alone, a man.

A group of my captors approached me. I saw they had all knives at their girdles, and their spears were tipped with rough iron. They knew, then, how to smelt and hammer metal; thence had come the sound which had been to me as the bells in an English twilight. And now these knives—I faced them and waited.

One who seemed the chief of the party, wearing a necklet of bits of ivory and what looked like gold and—I gripped at my senses and my courage—staring human eyeballs, signed that my bonds should be cut. I was seized by the arms and led forward toward a hut which stood alone beneath a giant palm. As I moved I heard the deep-mouthed roar of some wild thing far in the forest. The strangeness of the wilderness gathered round me as I came up betwixt one of the great fires and the opening of the hut. In a ring about us stood the savages; the flames shone red on naked limbs and on bright scant raiment. Every face turned not to me, but to that dark, vacant opening.

I, too, watched it, and thought of some priest with a sacrificial knife, or a barbarian chief eager for the flesh of victims.

A huge clamor of drums and voices, and a figure stepped forth from the shadows into the red, outreaching light. All the pressure of a strange and savage world I had endured, but at that I cried out in craven fear, in terror of a familiar sight more dread than any dreadful strangeness. The man which stood there in that ring of pagan folk was surely of the world which I had left—ay, but of the past of that world. For the stained buff coat he wore was such as soldiers had borne when the first Charles was king; the hair was long and loose on his shoulders, after the fashion of the Cavaliers, and across his breast was a crimson scarf. On his face, too, was the seal of the past, yet was it not so much the look of age as of youth arrested.

For a moment the stranger's eyes met mine with the gaze of one who strains across great waters. Then the certainty of madness overcame me. Wrenching myself from my captors, I turned and fled, to be stayed by an arrow in my shoulder.

They dragged me back to the feet of the savage chief, who was yet so surely no savage, and I cried out on him in English as he bent his eyes on me. He spoke, but it was in the barbarous tongue of those about me, giving some order. Instant to his will, two of the Africans bent over me, and I felt their sharp knives in my shoulder. I had counted on torture, but not that it should be thus inflicted at the word of one who might, in seeming, have ridden in those civil wars whereof the noble rumor yet sounded. Shuddering I closed my eyes, and felt a searching touch of heated metal. Then something cool pressed the hurt. I was lifted and borne a few paces, and set gently down.

I found myself within the hut, stretched on a couch of rudely woven matting. In the centre of the place burned a low fire which scarce lightened the darkness. Outside I could hear the barbarous chanting, with its long, wild cadence. I shivered, thinking of the figure which moved there in mocking semblance of the world I knew. Hope, and even desire of escape, had left me. I lay dumb, surrendered.

Time passed; the purple African night must have been drawing to its close ere the clamor without died down. And still I was not led forth to my doom. At length a foot grated, the door—twisted of long strips of bark—was pushed back, and he entered whom I most dreaded.

He stood a moment gazing through the gloom. I could feel his eyes upon me. Then he dropped somewhat into the fire, which gave out a clear bright flame.

"You are English," he said softly; "tell me of England."

The words came slowly, as with a rust of long disuse. I felt my heart quicken to the man, yet I remembered what I had endured.

"Why did you torture me?" I cried.

He shook his head, smiling slowly.

"The arrow was poisoned—'tis their manner of warfare. The knife was needed, see you? My brother used it on himself when once they struck him, but not many could match him there."

His brother—then he was a man like another, with ties of kindred.

"Who are you?" I broke forth.

My question unlocked the floodgates of his memory. In a sudden wildness of words he told me of himself and his past.

Listening, the giant unfriendly forest drew away, and the savage sounds, growl and mutter and roar, changed into the purposeful note of war, marching feet, the clank of steel, a trumpet blare and warcries in our gallant English tongue. He told me of olden battles when he had ridden with his brother, Prince Rupert, leading on the Cavaliers for God and King Charles. For this man which spoke to me from the encroaching shadows was Maurice, Prince Palatine, lost at sea—so all men held—many a year ago, years whereof himself had lost the count. He spoke of the voyages through which he had followed his brother—still leader, always leader, he said and smiled—wild journeyings wherein they were loyal admirals in truth, yet mere pirates as well, venturers and broken men. And as he spoke I, crouched in the dark beside him, saw the blue water shot with fire, the islands of spice and palm, and divined the hopes wherewith the ventures had set forth and the driftwood of fulfilment.

So rapt from myself I was that when he made halt and cast a handful of bright burning nuts upon the embers, I started in renewed panic at the things around.

"But that was long since," I cried; "since then you have lived"——

"I have not lived—I have waited," he made answer, and I saw the unchanged youth through his worn face.

Swept into sudden wreckage nigh the Indies, his highness had been saved by a corsair of Algeria. His captors halting to traffic with the Portuguese, he had fallen into the hands of the savages. They had borne him far up the country by deserts where, so geographers tell us, great dragons dwell. These he had not seen, yet many beasts strange and terrible, and rude customs and dread. Daily, at the first, he had awaited death—to be burned in sacrifice, to have his heart torn forth as an offering to the formless Thing they worshipped, or to be thrust forth to die, a dart through the jaws nailing him to silence. But whether they guessed a princely leadership in him, or simply because Heaven so willed, they had held him rather in uncouth honor.

"I am a captive among them, yet a king," he said; "it hath been known before."

He led me to the door, and we looked forth; two men set against the unappeasable wilderness. I looked on the river and forest, which breathed in the stillness that deep breath that is only known to the wilds. And above us hung the unperturbed sky. Maurice the Prince at my side looked instead, I deem, on England, the memory whereof had fenced him in from madness.

"When Rupert comes"—Maurice gave a laugh like a cry—"when Rupert comes—he was leader always, and I glad and proud to follow—I have but held the garrison—when he comes there will be conquest. I have stored my gold and ivory, bit by bit, against the hour when the Cause should need it. He will discover the city of which my people tell, many moons to the south, a city with roofs of gold. And at last, at last, the King shall be served aright."

Wonder came over me as I thought on Prince Rupert as I had seen him at court—a wearied man, whose smile stung like a taunt. He moved in the King's palace as one who watches a masque and is not beguiled. And here in the wilderness his brother dreamed dreams of youth.

The flooded river shivered along its length like a writhing snake, and a dull scent rose and hung about us.

"The air grows deadly," said Prince Maurice, and would have turned back. But I paused to look on a figure crouched close at hand, half seen in the doorway's glow.

"What is this?" But even as I spoke it stirred, and I saw the eyes fixed doglike on the prince. He gave a quick word, and the woman slid shadowlike into the shadows.

Moved by some fear of treachery, I questioned of the lurking watcher—the chief's daughter, he told me, who should be wed to the next leader of the tribe, not uncomely in her savage fashion.

"And will you wed her?" I questioned; "for she surely loves you."

"Therefore I cannot," he said and smiled, for that I could not understand.

And while we stood together the breadth of the waste places quickened to a stir. One instant the night was a marvellous dusk of purple, then the trees fired like torches; light struck along every jewelled creeper, the river flashed, and day leaped on us like a lion.

Three times the sun rose, and three times the terrible moon of the South, and we tarried together in the camp.

I heard of my companion's wanderings, of the strife with neighboring tribes, when he had taught his own to forge and fashion steel, the hunt of great beasts, of the manner wherein he had won those tusks of ivory and the gold snatched from the depths dug long since by vanished peoples. Yet ever and again he turned to the past and to England, and when I would have heard of the hidden springs of the rivers, of the sands where salamanders sport, and of the isles of the Hesperides, which be close, men say, to those shores, he spoke of the peace after long striving, of the truth and right which should reign when the King had conquered all his foes.

I know not what held me from saying that the King—his sacred majesty Charles II—had long reigned at Whitehall.

He spoke and I parried his questions or was silent, and there would come, borne to us from the menace of the unpeopled forest, a dry and deep roar of some monstrous beast anhungered.

I stared at the bright poison growths, at the sucking, seeking tendrils flung from tree to tree, and thought the England he spake of a more alien land than this ancient and uninvaded strangeness. For he spoke of old wrongs righted, of peace and honor regnant, of the seas linked by our loyal ships. And I remembered the doubtful strife wherein I had looked my last on English faces, a strife first begun on this same Afric coast, which had circled its way to our shores—Dutch and English in a death grip of mastery over the uncharted places of the earth. He spoke of a king who should restore ancient order and lift the standard trampled beneath the feet of the Ironsides. I had seen the King smiling and gaming at Whitehall among his fair light women.

All had seemed well enough when I, too, jested with the player Nell and bowed to my lady Castlemaine, aye, though the navy rotted and Dutch ships flouted us in our harbors. Now, I know not why, 'twas other in the encompassing solitude and savagery, while the man beside me builded a past which had been and a present which was not, and the great voice of the wilderness snarled derision.

So we tarried together, and the barbarous folk ringed our lives in and did not touch them. I schemed escape, but when I spoke thereof to my companion he put the thought far from him as one who fears the fulfilment of desire. And, watching him, I wondered at length whether it were needful that in such case a man should sink to be savage among savages or be but the shadow of an olden life. For such he seemed, still turned to memory, and to hope which was but an echo of memory, till I, too, in mad moments, half looked to see Rupert break through the ranked opposing forest as long since he had charged through opposing ranks of the enemy. I tried to lay hold on the things about me, but their strangeness flung me back. And still I dreaded the sick and stifling air and fever of blood and brain.

Then God had pity and sent peril.

A neighboring tribe fell upon us in the stillness before the onrush of dawn, were once thrust back and once again came on.

Then I saw the Prince Maurice had been in truth a general. For his dreams fell from him, and with swift word and deed he arrayed his pagan army. About the huts were palisades built, woven thick and strong with thorny growths, and there the women sheltered, and thence came showers of darts among the enemy.

Our assailants came creeping through the wood, crouched behind their shields, their heads, decked with barbarous gauds, peering menace at us. And, sudden as the wild beasts, their kindred, they leaped from stealth to fierceness and hurled themselves across the open with cries that were not human.

Maurice had drawn his men into a rough line, and they rushed upon their oncoming foes with a savage mimicry of a charge, shocked upon and drove them back. Followed a striving, mad as a horror of fever—shield against shield, black writhen limbs and faces that grinned and glared over the jetting blood. Spears smote hollow upon rattling shields, the shrieks of pain and rage rang out and were answered by mocking voices of beast and bird from the forest deeps. Half in the blinding sun they fought, half in the vault of the wood. And flowery masses, crimson and white and streaked with clashing colors, dropped from the gloom above and lay tumbled upon the dying and the dead.

One great African strode from the rest against me, swinging his sword—one of ours, I divined, and poisoned like the arrow from which only steel and fire had saved me. I had not known myself for a coward, but I shrank from him sickening, my eyes held by his huge body, black and gleaming, and the ferocious face. An idol of savage war worship, it seemed no man which faced me. Yet I gripped my weapon—a native sword it was—and made ready for onslaught. Who could fence with a hurricane of the tropics? The chief leaped upon me; he held his sword, not in our fashion, but with his hand beneath the hilt, as we grip a dagger, which did yet further disorder me. I hewed and parried blindly and saw once a gout of blood upon the black bare chest, yet knew death grinned and gained upon me.

Sudden a sword flashed between. Prince Maurice stood there, and the chief turned on him. I fell back, and those about us stinted in their bloody work, while the two fought, England and Afrique at grapple. As I watched the sure swift sword play, I doubted not of the issue, though Maurice bore no shield. He held back that giant fierce bulk with an unswerving edge of steel. Once a blow fell which had slain a white man, but the savage held to it, the gaping lips of the wound opening and closing as he moved. A last feint, a thrust, and the chief stumbled prone with a cry like the very deathcry of the wilderness. And Maurice, springing across his body to other foes, shouted aloud in English and called on his brother's name.

I, too, plunged into the melee, finding these leaping fiends could be slain like men. But they outnumbered us sorely, and we were pressed within our defences. As we stood there, behind the thorny barrier, they thronged against us, neither side making much account of darts; some fought with arrows fixed in them and quivering. In the medley of black forms, bedizened with feathers and skins, brandishing their strange weapons in strange ways, stood that one figure, a cavalier of King Charles, and dealt death—a forgotten war cry on his lips.

Then, while yet the struggle swayed uncertain, came a crashing in the wood, and there plunged forth that mighty beast, an elephant—tusked and serpent tongued, monstrous to behold—and there were natives clinging to and guiding it. It smote our foes in the rear, and they wavered in panic.

"Our horse and our reserves," said Prince Maurice, beside me, as he gripped the spear of an enemy and cleft the arm which wielded it. "Now upon them, for God and the King!" and he sprang forth, I following, rent with choking laughter.

Between two onslaughts our assailants broke and fled, and there followed carnage worse than the fight. Maurice wearied not of slaying, but I sickened of the work. One wounded wretch, twisting at my feet, I would have spared, and turned to the prince with my plea. He silenced me shuddering.

"Take no prisoners!" and gave the coup-de-grace.

Then I understood.

At length all was ended, and only the dead were left amid the mockery of scattered tropic flowers.

I went up to our leader where he stood over a man which lay bent backward in the death throe, both hands clenched at the spear shaft in his breast.

The Prince roused at my coming.

"Victory!" he said, wheeling to greet me.

Some devilry moved me to echo his own words.

"Victory," I said, and smiled, "for God and King Charles."

And even as I spoke I saw the despair of unending exile sweep across his face. He turned from me covering his face, and I heard him sob like a woman.

The Afric girl I had seen before came from a hut, stepping across the pools of blood, and crouched before him, a bowl of palm juice in her hands.

On the fight there followed barbarous ceremonial of triumph, mourning and revenge. They could love and hate, these pagan peoples, even as ourselves. One warrior I saw kneeling by a slain friend or kinsman, loose the dead man's sandal and bind it on his own foot to wear for remembrance or for vengeance. And a sense of fellowship woke in me at the sight.

But one pageant they demanded which neither I had divined nor he whom it most concerned. On the morrow of our struggle they met early on the banks of the river, the fighting men drawn together in their uncouth bravery, having, I grew to feel, something of fitness with the untamed place where they stood. On the one hand the forest reared itself, impregnable; on the other swept the river, vexed and turbid. The bank beyond was flat, and there the mist lay so heavy that seemed a plain of water stretched out endless.

Nigh to the water's edge was a seat, or throne, curiously twisted, and offerings were laid before it—flowers and fruit and ghastly trophies of the dead. Beside this, as I drew near, stood Prince Maurice, and with him three of the tribe—one a priest bearing a sacred drum—and at his feet knelt that same girl, the chief's daughter, decked out with strings of ivory and gold and pebbles which yet might be gems. The prince beckoned me, and began to speak ere I had well reached him. They would make him king—I gathered the meaning from his swift and troubled words—would wed him to the woman there, and have him to rule over them who had so fought their battles, or they would sacrifice him to the weal of the tribe in some other, perchance some terrible, way.

"Yield to them," I counselled. But he shook his head.

"I am vowed to another work. The King will need me and Rupert."

I looked upon him, then at the barbarous court, the mocking crown laid ready, worthless weeds and feathers twisted with its ivory and gold. The sunlight swam before me; the black figures, the savage pomp of shield and knife and bright, fluttering color dazzled and were gone. I saw in memory the presence chamber at Whitehall in its perfectness of beauty, of careless grace and gayety; I saw the King for whom the cavaliers, dreaming and believing, had fought and died, enthroned again —ay, among his favorites and his harlots.

In Afrique, fenced by an untrodden world, Maurice might still dream and believe, and, exiled, find his England. I laughed to myself, avowing it. Rupert, at the King's side, even fighting the King's battles, had long foregone such follies.

"Your highness," I said, "his majesty hath come to his own again and rules at Whitehall. Prince Rupert, your brother, has mourned you as dead these many years."

"The King has come to his own; then he needs me not," said the prince; and I saw age fall on him as he spoke. "And Rupert—but Rupert will seek me," he ended with a great cry.

But I took up the crown and held it toward him.

There came a silence upon us, and Prince Maurice turned his eyes to the flooded river. A light grew in them as he gazed.

"Did I not say he would come? Look you—the ship!" And he pointed to the water, where never ship could sail.

I strained my eyes over the misty plain, half believing in reason's despite, as I heard him welcome every familiar line and the ship rose in his words, complete with widespread sails and carven prow and eager watchers crowded on her poop.

"I knew Rupert would seek me," cried Prince Maurice, his eyes still on the phantom vessel, which sailed for him alone. And by this time the sun had pierced the mist in a great red foreboding glow, and a path of crimson stretched from shore to shore. The light incarnadine smote the prince's face as he gazed and showed in it rapture and youth and the high assurance of deliverance. Then he looked back over the people with something of kindliness, wellnigh of regret.

"But we will come again," he said, and his glance kindled. "England shall yet bear sway in Afrique—ay, despite Portugal and these invading Dutch. She shall span the deserts and pierce even these forests, and the earth shall give up its treasures. Yes, we will surely come and conquer for our King and reach the hidden city of gold. But now Rupert waits me."

He turned again to the water, but stayed him beside the kneeling girl. Raising her to her feet he looked in her eyes, and then bent suddenly and kissed her cheek as he might have saluted any high born lady of his kinsman's court. Then, still with that welcoming and dauntless joy in his eyes, he walked steadily on toward that waiting unseen ship till he reached the river bank, till the earth failed beneath his feet.

As he sank a wild clamor of cries rose from the savages about and blended with the splash and swirl of the waters, and a cloud of arrows hissed out and up. Something else started into horrid life. A great log, so I had thought it, half hid in mud at the river's edge, opened huge, spike-set jaws and showed itself the monster it was. While I shuddered at the creature's nearness to the prince a form shot by me—a woman's—and cleft the water hard between the two. As the fierce jaws clashed on their prey I sickened, veiling my eyes. When next I dared to see there was but the unrevealing river.

'Twas I that lifted Prince Maurice to the shore, his voyage being ended. He was unscathed, save for the one mortal arrow which from above had pierced his forehead, where they would have set the crown.—(Cornhill Magazine.

# Weddings and Other Social Incidents

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Bostwick have returned to their Mamaroneck home after a three months' cruise to Florida and the West Indies.

The Cinderella Cotillon will give the closing dance of its seventh season on Tuesday evening, April 14, in the large ballroom at Delmonico's. During the early part of the evening the members will dance informally. Supper will be served about 11 o'clock, the tables being decorated in keeping with the season. The supper hour in this instance, as in almost all of later years, forces the association to belie its name, as the intention at its inception was to close festivities promptly at midnight. But after the first season the fates have been forced to be more and more lenient to these present day Cinderellas, until now they have quite forsworn their early hour allegiance. After supper John H. Barrett will lead the cotillon, for which he has arranged a series of novel Easter figures. A number of dainty exchange favors will be distributed early in the evening, the real favors being given out later. Two of the members, costumed as certain well known and amusing characters, will take part in the figures and add to the novelty and enjoyment of the whole. The board of governors consists of Henry K. White, jr., Russel A. Cowles, Robert Livingston Stedman, Arthur L. Doremus, Frederick R. White, William Chilvers and John M. Barrett. Among the patronesses are Mrs. Joshua M. Varian, Mrs. Charles H. Van Brunt, Mrs. Ebenezer Sturges Mason, Mrs. James K. O. Sherwood, Mrs. C. Monteith Gilpin, Mrs. Frederick S. Armstrong, Mrs. John Strong Foster, Mrs. James Edward Newcomb, Mrs. Charles E. Sprague, Mrs. William A. Parke and Mrs. T. Reid Fell.

The Mannes String Quartet will be the principal attraction at the next concert of the Haarlem Philharmonic Society, to be given on April 16, at the Waldorf-Astoria. Miss Susan Metcalfe will be the vocalist, and Mme. Delhaza-Wickes the pianist, and there will be violin and 'cello solos by David Mannes and Leo Schulz.

The Wesleyan University Glee, Mandolin and Banjo clubs will hold their annual concert in the Astor Gallery of the Waldorf-Astoria on Tuesday evening, at 8:30 o'clock. The affair will be under the auspices of the Wesleyan Young Alumni Club, of this city, and the following women will act as patronesses: Mrs. Edward G. Andrews, Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee, Mrs. John C. Clark, Mrs. Bird S. Coler, Mrs. A. H. De Haven, Mrs. O. K. Eldridge, Mrs. John E. Eustis, Mrs. William I. Haven, Mrs. William D. Leonard, Mrs. Charles Olney, Mrs. Edgar Park, Mrs. J. E. Price, Mrs. A. D. Rockwell, Mrs. John D. Slayback, Mrs. Richard Van Cott and Mrs. Joseph Van Vleck, jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Foster, of Chicago, announce the engagement of their daughter, Emily, to Francis Newton Carpenter, of Newark, N. J.

Mrs. A. M. McGregor, who recently sold her home, Chetolah, has returned to Mamaroneck, and is living in the villa of her son, the late B. B McGregor.

The annual business meeting and luncheon of the Graham Alumnæ Association will be held at Delmonico's on Wednesday. Some of the expected guests are Mrs. Frederick A. Baldwin, Mrs. S. K. Bremner, Miss E. M. Brown, Mrs. McCoskry Butt, Mrs. Le Roy Brewster, Miss Grace Brewster, Miss Ethel Bentley, Miss Florence Cornell, Miss Anna Derby, Miss Daisy Davidson, Mrs. Joseph R. Duryea, Mrs. Howard Duffield, Miss Florence Fellows, Mrs. George Fairchild, Miss Kathleen Gilbert, Miss Nathalie Giesen, Mrs. Charles Henken, Miss Pauline Howard, Mrs. H. H. Havemeyer, Miss Hindley, Miss Hoffman, Mrs. Leonard Hepburn, Miss Knox, Mrs. F. Talcott, Miss Ethel Pratt, the Misses Peterson, Miss Miner, Mrs. Frank Platt, Mrs. George Kemp, Miss Julia Little, the Misses Merrall, Mrs. Frank Oastler, Mrs. Charles L. Poor, Mrs. Frank Poor, Mrs. Pardee, Mrs. L. G. Powers, the Misses Quackenbos, Mrs. John D. Quackenbos, Miss Lucy McIntyre, the Misses Graham, Mrs. Charles Wainright, Miss Nowell, Miss Shipley and Miss Marshall.

Presidents of not a few college alumnæ societies will be present as guests of honor at the annual spring meeting of the College Women's Club on April 17 in the myrtle room of the Waldorf-Astoria. The following have accepted the club's invitation to be present: Miss Elizabeth Cutting, president of the New-York Associate College Alumnæ; Miss Edith Grant, president of Cornell Alumnæ; Miss Dora E. Merrill, Wellesley; Miss Della F. Norris, Vassar; Miss Laura I. Gill, Smith; Miss Elizabeth Briggs, Radcliffe; Mrs. William I. Barry, Mount Holyoke; Miss M. A. Zachos, Wells; Miss Minerva Bon, Adelphi Alumnæ; Mrs. Russell Sage, Emma Willard Association. An interesting programme has been arranged. Mrs. Robert Abbe, president of the City History Club, will give an address on "A Walk Through New-Amsterdam," with views. Mme. Alice Le Plongeon will give a reading from "Queen Moo's Talisman," and there will be Maya music to illustrate the book by Mme. Marie Cross-Newhaus. Also, there will be soprano solos by Mrs. Elizabeth Hazard and a barytone solo by Arthur Griffith Hughes. Mrs. J. Henry McKinley will be at the piano.

Mrs. Howard MacNutt and Mrs. John Parsons were guests of honor at the social meeting of the West End Woman's Republican Club held last Thursday afternoon in the clubrooms of the West End Republican Club. Justice Julius Mayer gave an address on the children's court, and a musical programme was arranged by Mrs. Leon Hess, the artists being Miss Elinor Foster, pianist; Miss Madge McCalmont, vocalist, and Miss Evelyn Mellen, violinist. Refreshments were served under the direction of Mrs. Alexander Brown, and among those present were Mrs. John S. Crosby, Mrs. Belle di Riviera, Mrs. John Schenck, Mrs. R. Berger, Mrs. Cornelia Stuart Robinson, Mrs. George Howe, Miss May Howe, Miss Louisa Knivet, Mrs. Anna Duryee, Miss Camille Prescott, Mrs. L. Sanders, Mrs. Poole, Mrs. Hays Smith, Mrs. W. Hayward Noyes, Mrs. C. B. Crapo, Mrs. Zebley, Mrs. Isabel King, Miss Helen King, Mrs. Friedlander, Mrs. Herbert Knowles and Mrs. Harriet Ostrom.

Members of the Free Industrial School for Crippled Children, of No. 434 West Fifty-seventh-st., met last week at the home of the treasurer, Mrs. Edward Davis Jones, No. 325 West Seventy-sixth-st., as a Lenten sewing class and completed undergarments, nightwear, dresses, etc., sufficient for the needs of the pupils for the summer. Fifty of the children are taken early in June to a farm in Warren, Mass., and maintained until fall. Among the active members of the sewing class have been Mrs. Emerson Chamberlain, Mrs. M. W. Stone, Mrs. M. C. Bearm, Mrs. J. H. Bailey, Mrs. G. F. Cummings, Mrs. A. B. Carrington, Mrs. M. W. De Wolf, Mrs. A. T. Foster, Mrs. Walter Geer, Mrs. Thomas Lewi, Mrs. W. H. MacDermott, Mrs. E. Madden, Mrs. E. Penfield, Mrs. W. Root, Mrs. Julia Travers, Mrs. Edwin Whaley, Mrs. John Williams and Mrs. M. Wentworth.

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