THE WOMAN RICE PLANTER

THREE WISE MEN ON AN OUTING IN PURSUIT OF FISH.

Visitors at Cherokee—One of Those Left Poor by the Civil War—The Remains of an Old Time Southern Garden—As to Some Old Books and Engravings.

CHEROKEE, Feb. 24.—Though very tired from the excitement of the last two days I felt I must drive to Casa Bianca and get some shad. Took Goliah, who is in a preternaturally subdued and chastened mood with me. The sight of his "pa" in handcuffs and so very near the dreaded chain gang and the fact, as I pointed out to him, that he was the cause of the whole difficulty, has had a great effect on him, all the more as I entirely forgot to upbraid him for his being responsible for the trouble until it was all over.

Nat was out in the woods when I got to Casa Bianca, but the boats were all out in the river in front of the house and Nat's wife went and halted them and told them I had come, and they immediately sent three very fine shad. The place looked lovely and peaceful, and I found it hard to tear myself away from it and come home.

February 25—Drove out to Peaceville to take a shad to a friend. Saw the widow and asked her to come and spend the day and night with me, but she said her cow had a calf and she could not possibly leave for a night as there was no one to feed and water them but herself.

When I got to the avenue gate on the way home I found three men there. One stepped forward and reminded me that I had met him three years ago, which I remembered very well. He said that a party of them had come up from Gregory in a steam launch to ask if I could possibly arrange to take them for a month. They wanted to fish and shoot and live out of doors. They would give me no trouble as their wants were very simple. I consented at once to take them, and drove Mr. P. in to the launch which was at my house landing. They are to come next week.

February 26—At church to-day Miss E. came up and said: "Miss Patience, going to take any one home with you to-day?" I said "no."

"Well, then, I am going to ask you to take me to spend the night, I haven't seen you for so long."

"With the very greatest pleasure," I answered truthfully.

Miss E. is one of the best women that ever lived and the very best housekeeper to boot. She knows exactly how much to provide for a family of four without waste and yet abundantly, and she can arrange for a table of seventy-five with the same precision; abundance of excellent food and no waste. With such mutual qualities it seems strange that she should have now only the position of what Chloe calls "sextant" to our little village church, and her modest remuneration of two dollars a month is all that she has in the world.

She was a woman of wealth, but, like so many others, her means all disappeared with the end of the war, and she has supported herself by sewing and taking places as housekeeper for a number of years. Now she begins to feel the ravages of time and does not feel she can do all that a housekeeper should and for the last six years has lived in Peaceville, where she had nieces who are devotedly kind to her, but she will not live with them. She lives alone in a house which belonged to her mother and where her summers were spent in her youth. It has passed into other hands, but she is allowed to stay there in the winter as the house is only rented in summer.

It is very near the church, and she is very happy and a marvel of cheerfulness and faith—no repining, no complaining. She sometimes takes in a little sewing still, but for absurdly small prices.

Miss E. is a walking chronicle of the ancestry of every one in the county, I might almost say in the low country, as the coast is called in this State, and can tell you who is who emphatically. I enjoyed having my memory refreshed on many genealogical facts, as I am very weak in that quarter. I am really devoted to this dear old lady and feel it a privilege to have her with me.

Feb. 27.—Drove Miss E. home and then began perparing for the paying guests, who arrived at 2.

Feb. 28.—Made up my mind suddenly to drive to Gregory after starting up the incubator. I needed a few things and thought it best to go myself. Did not get off until 12, got there at 1:45, did my shopping and started back at 4. But motors were flying around and Marietta got excited and reared and plunged and broke the pole strap and it took a long time to get it fixed.

Marietta was so nervous about the autos that I told Jim when he saw one coming after we left town to drive well over on the left of the road, which was very wide, and so put Rush next to the coming motor. To my surprise the man driving the car went further to the left than we did, so that he had one wheel nearly in the ditch and I was forced to drive to the right, with Marietta walking on her hind legs. When I found it was some one I knew I called out:

"Why didn't you pass on the other side?"

He answered, "Because if anything happened I would have been on the wrong side of the road."

"Oh, yes," I said, "you were quite right to think of your pocket, I was only thinking of my life."

March 4—Perfectly beautiful weather. My three sportsmen are out every moment of the time and seem to enjoy it immensely. I call them the three wise men because they are so moderate and so sensible. They had taken a Chautauqua dietary course, if there is such a thing, and eat by rule. Many of the things are amazing to me, such as raw peanuts at every meal, but I am always open to instruction in every line and quite ready to suppose there may be untold benefits to be derived from a diet of raw peanuts, though personally I should not care to try it.

March 6—Some time ago a friend from Rhode Island whom I had invited to make me a visit wrote that she would come and to-day I got a letter saying she would be here next Monday with her maid. I set my mind to work as to how I could arrange for the comfort of my wise men, who detested courses and everything that would tempt one to linger over meals, whereas my friend would, I knew, be quite upset by the rapidity and simplicity of their methods.

After mature deliberation I determined to fit up the schoolhouse, a cottage in the orange grove in front of the house, for the comfort and convenience of the wise men and have their meals served there. The cottage has two nice plastered rooms with fireplaces and they can be very comfortable and independent there. It is a charming spot under a huge live oak—or rather the oak is in front of the door and only a stone's throw from the house. I consulted Jim as to the possibility of getting the meals to them hot, and he said he would guarantee to get everything on their table piping hot, so my mind is at rest.

I have engaged Dic to come and scour and clean up the cottage, which has not been occupied for three years to-morrow. My wise men are very fond of fishing; they go out in the boat armed with every kind of up to date tackle, rubber sheets set so that they can spread them anywhere on the river bank and take the proper amount of repose at the right intervals.

I have often wondered that they brought in so few fish. The rivers and creeks are full of bream and Virginia perch, and a fish almost as good as these called, locally, mormouth—none but an epicure can distinguish the difference unless he sees the fish, which are differently shaped. Now these fishermen bring in catfish in great numbers, but none of the pan fish. Chloe is so scornful of catfish that I have to exercise my sternest authority to have them appear on table.

To-day I happened to mention that I was a poor fisherman in answer to an invitation to join the fishing party. I said I had been told the reason by an old darky at Casa Bianca, who was a great fisherman, and I had him often take me out fishing in the boat in the spring afternoons. He said:

"Little Missy no use for you to fishin', you'll neber ketch no fish! You will talk en fishermans bleege to hol' 'e tongue."

Mr. P. answered, "Miss Pennington, that's not so, for we have proved it. Mr. S. reads aloud the whole time that my men and myself fish."

March 7—A good rain to-day, and I felt constrained to burn the chimneys as they have not been burned for some time, and roaring fires are kept going all the time. I could get hold of neither Jim nor Benaparte, and so I had to do it alone, with Patty stationed outside under an umbrella as lookout to see that no burning paper went anywhere.

They roared tremendously and Patty reported the flame that came out as being tall and fierce, so I trust it has been thoroughly done, but it is very exhausting and agitating work. I feel thankful to have screwed myself up to the pitch of doing it, for it is a perfect downpour and I never could have got a better day; only there is always the fear of some crack or flaw in the chimneys where flames could creep through.

March 8—Though it was very cold and raw this morning I drove to Peaceville for the weekday service. Only the teacher and children from the little school alongside of the church for congregation. I went over to my house after service, which is just opposite the church, and Jim met me with the wagon and I moved all the furniture and things necessary for fitting up the cottage.

When I got back I took all three servants and in a little while the cottage looked most attractive and cosy. I would really like to move over there myself. In cold weather these big rooms and wide halls lose all charm for me. I long for tiny rooms with low ceilings that can get very warm in a few minutes with a big open fire.

I have not yet told my two men that I am going to move them with the cottage. I think they will be charmed. Of course it will give me much more trouble, but I do not mind that if I can make the plan succeed.

March 9—Took the party down to Casa Bianca for the day, which we all enjoyed. Drove Alcyone with his mother. Just as we got to the gate in the very narrow lane bordered with rosebushes on each side, which takes the place of avenue at Casa Bianca, met a very large white covered country wagon with four horses driven by two white men. Alcyone was terrified and it was very hard to get by without breaking up things.

I asked the men what they were doing in there, as it was strictly private property, and not on the way anywhere. The men were surly and refused to answer, and when I asked what they had in the wagon they still refused to answer and were disposed to be rude.

I have been much tried by having the plants in my once beautiful garden carried away and I feared this was a depredation. I stepped out of the buckboard in which I was driving behind the wagon with the wise men, and walking to the great covered wagon parted the flaps and looked in. This seemed to enrage the man who appeared the owner, and we had quite a scene.

I was completely satisfied by my inspection, and when I explained my motive for wishing to know the contents the huge, florid wagoner seemed quite ashamed of himself for not having given a civil answer to my question as to what had taken them so far off the public highway and into my private grounds. He now vouchsafed the answer that he had gone in to buy a shad, and with many apologies on his part and much admiration on the beauty of the place we parted.

My wise men were most enthusiastic over the garden, where the camellias were in full bloom, though the azaleas were not yet out—Mr. Poinsett planted this garden somewhere between 1830 and 1835. He was a scientific gardener and brought many rare plants from Mexico, among others the gorgeous Flor de la Noche Buena, which has borne in this country the name Poinsettia in his honor. There is very little left of the original garden, only the camellia bushes which have grown into trees and the Olia fragrans, magnolia purpuria and Pyrus Japonica. The cloth of gold, Lamarque and other roses which grew rampantly, rejoicing in congenial soil, have been carried off from time to time by visitors, and the hedge of azaleas has been almost destroyed in the same way.

Nat is watchman there, but of course he cannot prevent such things; he can only remonstrate. Thus far he has been able to protect the house.

I was quite touched by the interest of the oldest wise man. He was much impressed by the books, prints, &c., which have been shut for thirty years in the house and of course moth and rust have corrupted and done their work. As he looked over them he got quite excited and said:

"Miss Pennington, say the word and I will send to Gregory and get boxes—this young man can go at once for them—and I will pack all these things for you and ship them to the north and sell them for you to the best advantage."

When I demurred he added: "It shan't cost you a cent; it will be a pleasure to me to attend to it. These things interest me and I cannot bear to see them perish. They are valuable and could bring you in a good sum."

I said: "I am much touched at your kindness, Mr. S., and thank you very much for your offer. I think you greatly exaggerate the value of these things. I sent on some of the most valuable this year to New York and got a pitiable result in money. I knew those things to have a value of about $600 at the least and I got $100.

"You would take all the trouble and expense of packing and transporting these things and when you went to dispose of them you would find nobody wanted to give anything for them and the greater part would be treated as rubbish. You would be embarrassed by your effort to do a kindness.

"No, let them stay where they are, where they have a right to be and where if they are rubbish they are at least rubbish dear to my heart."

It was hard to make him accept a refusal of his kind offer. It is not the first time that offer has been made to me. I greatly appreciate the kindness which prompts such active interest, but I cannot accept it.

I cannot place my dear old possessions in such a position. Let them grow old comfortably unexposed to comment and criticism and above all appraisement. I do not defend my position—it is unreasoning and I suppose unreasonable; but unfortunately I am made that way. Mr. S., who is a practical and very kindly soul, was quite distressed at his failure to convince me. The commercial instinct is lacking in me altogether, I fear.

When I got home and opened the mail I found a letter from my friend, Mrs. B., saying she had changed her plans and wouldn't be able to come on Monday—quite a disappointment after all the trouble I had taken in fixing up the cottage. The mail also brought a letter from David Cotter, a farmer who is quite distinguished for his fine corn, saying he was sending me five pecks of seed corn, his very best, with his compliments. So very nice of him. I was in great trouble about seed corn, there being absolutely none in this county fit for seed this year. PATIENCE PENNINGTON.

POEMS WORTH READING.

Worm and Fly.

Unseen the lizard, in reptilian night,
  Evolves the hole wherein are placed its eggs,
Small, yolky oblongs of membranous white,
  Seedlike, that put forth legs.

Beneath the stone, that lies where long it fell,
  The pale grub sleeps until the summer sings;
Then, blindly groping, splits its locust shell
  And whirrs rejoicing wings.

Upon the oak bough, swelling with the sap,
  The gray green gall rounds, like a wart, its sphere,
Wherein the woodfly's whining sting shall tap,
  And bore its thin way clear.

I stand and wonder, pausing 'mid the trees,
  And question what they purpose—worm and fly;
Unbeautiful, and made, it seems, to tease
  And weary ear and eye.

Does nature blunder into forms? Does she
  Count these as true expressions, fly and worm?
And man? Perhaps her one mistake is he—
  Slow toiling out his term.

Hag lights and fox fire and the wisp that flies—
  Are they not parts too of great nature's scheme?
'Tis flame that shows where buried treasure lies,
  And night that makes it gleam.

MADISON CAWEIN.

A Firefly.

The twilight draws an amethystine veil
  About the garden pathways where the rose
  Releases its sweet attar, and repose
Descends with dewfall, for the faint winds fail.
A blundering bat darts forth and tries to scale
  The impending dusk, whence lo, a bright gleam throws
  Its sudden radiance o'er the scented close,
Dies, and then shines as though to some clear hail!

Who is this wanderer with his lanthorn light
Peering about the verges of the night,
  Now seen, now lost amid the shadowy trees?
Come, let us cry him ere, in devious flight,
In dim abysses he be gulfed from sight!
  What ho! what ho! what ho, Diogenes!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

The Exogynist.

It minds me not if they be bifurcated.
  (Except they have the Suffragetting Pain)
Or young or old, unmated or mismated,
  Or Reno-vated—so they bear no stain.

I am graduate from all designs upon them,
  Immune, as well, to their potential guile.
For all of me the traps they all set on them
  May stay unsprung forever and a while.

My eyes no more are pitched to ready kindling,
  The Department gets no fire alarms of me.
My taste for amorous arson has been dwindling
  Ever since the holocaust of '93.

The love yarns on my tongue have come untwisted,
  It can't crochet those gossamers again—
Fit now to talk but straight and double fisted
  To them that think the thoughts of very Men.

A heart of one time autotoxic ardor,
  That jumped from zero to a boil and back,
Stands now somewhere midway, I hope no harder,
  But certainly a safer therm to pack.

Nay think not I have lost them, nor forgotten—
  I love and hold them higher now than then,
Not for a stew of Cupid's juicy mutton
  But as for gentler brothers unto men.

No real man but has a vein of woman,
  Nor father but is half way mother too,
And she is finer as a fellow human
  Than as a deal with dividends in view.

CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

Summer Resort News.

I've just read in despatches that
  The Joneses are in camp in Maine
And that the Smiths are settled at
  A famous inn near Lake Champlain.
I've just gleaned from a news report
  The Richard Roes are at a Gap:
The Does are finding lots of sport
  And rest at Somewhere on the Map.

The telegraphic items show
  Just where the Greens and Thompsons stay;
The Browns are at their bungalow
  About a thousand miles away.
Just where I am none reads—they fall
  Into indifference and I frown;
But herewith I inform them all
  I'm summering here in Gotham town!

NATHAN M. LEVY.

The Girl on a Claim.

From the Denver Republican.

'Tis a shack in the open—the girl calls it home,
  And the winds of the prairie all murmur the name—
She has driven her stakes and has furrowed the loam,
  And high is the head of the girl on a claim.

She fears not the night, nor the storm in its wrath—
  She is proud of her day when the sun sets like flame;
No prisonlike shop casts its shade o'er her path—
  There is hope in the face of the girl on a claim.

She is winning, each day, toward the coveted prize—
  She is beating adversity's heartbreaking game.
There is courage sublime shining out of her eyes—
  Hats off to the girl who has staked out a claim!

The Summer "Don't."

From the Washington Star.

The sage advice
  That some men give
Makes earth a place
  Where man must live
In terror of
  A warning tone
Which ever shouts
  "Let that alone!"

The cup which cools
  When warm the day;
The outdoor game
  You love to play;
The tempting dish
  For feasting shown—
Let them alone!
  Let them alone!

The sparkling spring
  Where germs may lie;
The early fruit
  Within the pie,
In martyrdom
  May bid you groan.
Let them alone!
  Let them alone!

But most of all
  Avoid the man
Who always does
  Whate'er he can
To make the day's
  Discomfort known—
Let him alone!
  Let him alone!

Still in Kansas.

D. A. Ellsworth in Newton Republican.

There was once a Kansas farmer,
And he hearkened to the charmer
  Who had lands up near the Arctic, where the walrus loves to be;
And as there were lots of takers
For his rolling Kansas acres,
So he listened to the fakers,
  And he bargained for a township by a rolling blue print sea!

There were mountains in the distance
That were mineralized, for instance,
  There was water power, and forest, and a lot of lumber dope;
With a chance for irrigation,
And a central head stream station,
On a blue print demonstration—
  Till the farmer's head was humming like a circus calliope.

There were trunk lines continental,
Traced by red lines, largely mental,
  With a scrapbook full of clippings that were unsolicited;
With a seaport called Cadenzie,
At the mouth of the McKenzie,
Where the boom was at a frenzy,
  Since the bonds had just been voted, for the Arctic Limited.

And they told him how alfalfa
Wouldn't realize the half a
  Crop of Eskimoian wild rice that was crossed with Iceland moss;
And they showed him how the reincow
Browses in the Arctic moss mow,
While her ice cream profits somehow
  Make the average Kansas dairy just a clearing house for loss.

And they guyed him on tornadoes,
Hot winds, floods and all such dadoes,
  And they ridiculed the proceeds on his hundred dollar land;
Just to show they had contrition
They throw off their whole commission,
With the single admonition
  That he bind himself in writing not to breathe it, understand.

But the self same Kansas farmer,
Having bought and sold to Armour,
  And on several occasions having swatted trusts a swat—
Likewise Everglades subaqueous,
And Tampico flats earthquakeous,
And some other blue prints faqueous—
  You will find him still in Kansas holding on to what he's got!

Remembrance.

On valiant Salaheddin's tomb
  There rests no loving wreath of bloom.

Where the once mighty Haroun sleeps
  No ivy of affection creeps.

But upon Omar's grave the rose
  Of sweet remembrance buds and blows.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

What is the proper name or designation of Z. Is it izzard or is it zee? CHARLES MARQUART.

Both of these and zed as well, but in the levelling tendency of educational routine izzard and zed have been relegated to a place among the mere curiosities of speech and are but scantily familiar. E. S. Sheldon ("Origin of the English Names of the Letters") writes: "Whether there was an English name ze I cannot tell, nor am I sure that a name zé existed in Old French. In general it is difficult to fix the time when such changes as these took place. As the name zi is so common in the United States it seems to me highly probable that it was once in use in one or more places in England, though I have not as yet found it outside of this country. A good example of zed is in Mulcaster, 'The First Part of the Elementarie &c', London, 1582, Page 161: 'Hence cummeth it that so manie zeds in our tung ar herd, & so few sene, for dexteritie and spede in the currantnesse of writing.' The other name of Z, izzard, offers a problem of some difficulty. In John Strype's life of Sir Thomas Smith (London, 1598), the name given for Z is ezed, perhaps the oldest form of izzard. A new explanation for izzard is suggested by this. It seems to me that the name ézed means properly et zède (and Z) natural enough on reaching the last letter of the alphabet. We need only assume that the é (and) had become joined to the zède in England early enough for the sound é to assume its English value, so as to give what may be phonetically written as ized, and that then the vowel of the first syllable was shortened so as to give izzard. If this is correct, as I think it is, we have here a remarkable case of retention in English of the French conjunction." The whole paper is very interesting and will be found in the first volume of the Harvard Studies and Notes in Philology and Literature, 1892.

Is anything known about the introduction of macaroni to American dietary? When did it first appear here? Is it a phase of the great Italian migration? H. R.

It long antedated the quite modern influx of Italian settlers or commorants, though the establishment in American communities of factories for the preparation of the several pastes of this nature is distinctly to be charged up to the large Italian colonies here. In the memorials of a New York family with intimate European association note is made of the use of macaroni at dinner during the civil war period and the unfamiliarity of the guests with the strange food cooked in the Neapolitan fashion, the paste and the accompanying Parmesan being privately imported. It would appear that it was sparingly found in the greater restaurants even before the war, for there is an odd record made by the Rev. Henry T. Cheever in "The Island World" as of 1850. The author, somewhat of a traveller by sea, was a brother of the Rev. Dr. George B. Cheever, a fashionable clergyman of New York, and therefore likely to be able to place Egyptian fleshpots before his brother on returning from the somewhat monotonous diet of whaleships. The author commenting on the poi which he tasted in Hawaii records that "no Hawaiian would exchange it for the best turtle soup or macaroni." The collocation clearly establishes the fact that Mr. Cheever regarded it as a rare and probably costly luxury.

Jefferson was a Republican in political affiliation, but the Democratic party claims him as its founder; can you tell me when the party name was changed? ARTHUR FARLOW.

The name has not yet wholly changed, for nominations are yet made in New York in the name of the Democratic Republican party. In Jefferson's time those words had their full sense, they were descriptive of principles and had not become mere names. After the passing of the Federal party into oblivion there was a period, the election of President Monroe being practically unanimous, when there was only one party. This naturally tended to weaken the surviving party. After the period of petty divisions the existing Democratic party came into strength. The question of continuity is thus stated by W. C. P. Breckinridge: "The leadership of Gen. Jackson secured for the Democratic party the legitimate succession to the Republican party and gave it the right to boast that it was the party of Jefferson as well as that of Jackson. He preserved intact the organization, he consolidated its thinkers, he made permanent its discipline. As Jefferson had been the greatest of political leaders in the wisdom of his policy, so Jackson was the greatest in the power of his discipline. Jefferson formed a party, it is true, and made it victorious and led it to the absolute destruction of its enemies, but it was a party of thinkers without much cohesion; Jackson organized it into a great army, a powerful and vigorous machine, made it capable of great victories and of withstanding, without loss of morale, equal disasters."

A stenographer finds a transcription to make of the word "pieces." Arriving at the end of the prescribed space on the typewriter she finds that she has not room to write the word in full and is in doubt as to just how the word should be hyphenated so as to write the word correctly. She asks those about her for their views and a discussion arises. The question is far from being settled and I now refer it to you for intelligible disposition. J. A. R.

This is settled by the Standard Dictionary as pie-ces; the syllabification of the plural is not expressly passed upon by this authority, but it is readily deducible from its syllabification of the verb form pie-cing. The typewriter seems hopelessly stalled on the question of justification, which so long prevented the typesetting machine from coming to perfection. This justification is not the theological doctrine once familiar in the Shorter Cathechism, but is the printer's designation of that detail of the art and mystery of his craft whereby each line is brought out even to its end, a device whereby the space between words is equalized. A score of years ago a Boston printer threw over the old tradition of justification and printed a paper with its right hand edges as ragged as typewritten matter. In England the law typewriters follow the old rule of the law scriveners and break words at the end of the complete line without regard to the syllabification.

Was the first king of the present dynasty in Sweden, Napoleon's Marshal Bernadotte, assassinated by his subjects or in consequence of his falling out with Napoleon? P. L. BIGELOW.

But he wasn't assassinated at all. He died in the palace at Stockholm after a long reign in which he had succeeded in endearing himself to all classes of Scandinavians. The story of an attempt at assassination exists more as a record of court scandal than as history susceptible of proof. It is not known what are the immediate sources of the belief that such an attempt was made, but the narrative forms a chapter in Miss Pardoe's "Episodes of French History" and must be estimated by the general credibility of that work. Her story is that Queen Dorothea, wife of the deposed Gustavus IV., but who had not followed him into exile, a princess of the royal line of Baden, presented a poisoned cup of wine to Bernadotte at a court party. He had been selected as the successor to the throne but the crown had not yet come to him. Warned by a touch upon his shoulder he insisted upon serving the Queen rather than that she should serve him, reversed the tray upon which were the two glasses and the Stockholm *Gazette* next morning announced that Queen Dorothea died of apoplexy during the night. It is an incident which smacks more of the Palais Royal than of a royal palace among such sober folk as the Swedes.

Where can I find any discussion of what is said to be the explanation of the mythical character of the early kings of ancient Rome? H. J. WERNER.

This is an interesting chapter in comparative mythology, for the type of each of these kings, the only kings that ancient Rome ever knew since the designation became intolerable, is recognizable in other records of the infant communities of our race. Many of the details have been identified with various stock phases of the sun myth, an explanation which may be carried too far by enthusiasts. The subject is entertainingly treated in Prof. Wilhelm Ihne's "History of Early Rome," of which at least one edition has been published in English. It is recalled that he points out the fact that there is a clear duplication in the character of the kings, two founders of the State, two mild lawgivers, two tyrants.

In whose honor is West Point's memorial hall named Cullum? VISITOR.

The popular designation is due to the fact that this building was made possible by the beneficence of Gen. George W. Cullum, a distinguished soldier and at one time superintendent of the Military Academy. He was born in New York in 1809, was graduated at West Point in 1833 and was retired in 1874. At his death in 1892 it was found that he had left a large part of his fortune for the erection of the memorial hall and for continuing the register of the academy which he had established. He was one of the great engineers of the civil war and wrote valuable books upon that branch of military art.

Have you any record of the use of silk for the preservation of ancient manuscripts? I have an indefinite impression that such was the case, but I cannot find any account of it. MARY WAINWRIGHT.

Only a single instance is recalled which might have given rise to this impression. Certainly silk was never largely in use as a substitute for parchment or papyrus. This singular instance is a book of silk dating from 1512 which contains the earliest literary record of the Lithuanian language, a fragment of song artfully woven in the tissue.

SCHOOL FOR CARD PLAYERS.

Auction Bridge. I. S. E. says: Z, the dealer, bid a diamond and A, on his left, called two clubs. Y bid one heart and A at once said: "That is not enough." Y bets that A had no right to correct the bid, and that if it were to be either increased to the right number of tricks or ignored altogether it was B's place to decide, he being on the left of the player in error.

The present laws give either adversary the right to call attention to the insufficient bid and that makes the correction. Under the old rules the correction was supposed to be automatic, but the insufficiency was so often overlooked that it was found necessary to specify a method of making the bid good. The player to the left never had any exclusive right to call attention to the error, although he always had the same right he now has of ignoring it and making a bid of his own. When Y bid one heart in the case cited B could have bid two diamonds and the bid would stand. But after A has called attention to the insufficient heart bid it must be two hearts, whether A's partner likes it or not, and B would have to bid three diamonds to overcall it.

J. D. says: Is there any specific rule as to who shall shuffle the cards of the still pack and who shall not? A bets that any player can gather up the cards and shuffle them, so that he puts them in the right place after he has finished, as the dealer will shuffle them before he distributes them for the next deal. It was observed that A continually shuffled the cards for his partner's deal, and that they had an unusual share of aces and kings each time this was done.

The laws say that the player sitting opposite the dealer shall gather the cards from the previous deal and that he shall have the right to shuffle them first. After he has shuffled them any player at the table may shuffle them, the actual dealer for the next hand having the right to shuffle last.

M. T. R. says: A has played two cards at once, one of them being the king of clubs, which Z insists shall remain on the table as exposed. Presently Z gets in and leads hearts, the trumps, calling A to play the king of clubs. A refuses and plays a small club. A bets that all Z can do is to call for the suit of the exposed card and that A can play any club he likes as a discard on the trump which Z leads.

The actual card on the table is the card liable to be called, and if A plays another card that also becomes an exposed card.

C. H. F. says: My partner, the dealer, has bid one no trump and the second player has overcalled him with two clubs. I hold the ace king queen of clubs. My partner bets I should demand the club bid to be set right, making it three clubs, and then double it. I ignored the bid and went two no trumps, showing I had the clubs stopped.

When a player increases his partner's original call by going two tricks in it there is always a doubt in the partner's mind as to what this increase is based on and for that reason it is almost invariably safer for third hand to double the intervening declaration if that is the suit in which he is strong. Such doubling usually shows two stoppers in the suit.

Bridge. G. G. R. says: The dealer passes the make and dummy calls a spade, the score being 26 to 18 in the dealer's favor. Eldest hand looks at the score and remarks: "We play spades at 24" and leads the ace of spades. B insists that he can double, even if that is the score.

B cannot double if his partner plays without asking him unless the maker of the trump agrees to it. At least that is the usual rendering of Law 55, which says if the eldest hand lead before the doubling is completed his partner may re double only with the consent of the adversary who last doubled. This is supposed to include situations in which the doubling has not been completed because it has not been started.

Pivot Bridge. Mrs. K. says: When we change partners after the first rubber we have always been in the habit of letting the deal go right along to the left. The pivot sits on the dealer's right for the last deal of a rubber, and it is the turn of the pivot's partner to sit on the pivot's left for the next rubber. This gives the deal to the same player twice running. One lady insists that the order of changing places should be reversed, so as to avoid this. The others say that if the luck of the change gives a player two deals in succession she must get them.

The deal must always be cut for. Pivot bridge is precisely the same as straight bridge in every respect except the selection of the partners, which is done by schedule, so as to bring each player to play with each of the others. The partners being arranged by the order of pivoting, the players should cut for choice of seats and cards and for the first deal, although the seats are usually left as they are in order to avoid confusion.

Cribbage. T. H. L. says: A has counted his hand for twelve holes and pegged them. While B is counting his hand and crib A finds four more and pegs them up. B bets it is too late.

After a player has quitted the peg that scored what he claimed it is too late. Once a peg is quitted it cannot be changed except to set it back at the demand of an opponent when too much has been put up.

Five Hundred. M. C. M. says: What is the penalty for looking back at the tricks when there is no dispute as to who won them and no question of a revoke?

A suit may be called from the player who looks at any trick except to restore a superfluous card to the hand of the person who played it. The call is made by an adversary and usually by the one to the right, or fourth hand in a four hand game.

Euchre. A. F. J. says: What is the penalty in case of a revoke being made against a lone hand?

The maker of the trump scores whatever he would have made had he won all the tricks. This would be four points in four hand, three points in three hand.

E. C. C. says: Playing seven hand, which is the proper way to select the partners of the successful bidder; to call on the aces of suits or to name the players?

The partners are selected at will, usually by giving to each a marker of some kind, such as a red counter. There is some skill in picking out the partners, not only by observing what they have bid, but by their scores, as it is usually better to take on those who are behind, rather than to advance those who are already ahead.

Poker. W. L. C. says: The dealer has helped all who asked for cards and then runs off three for himself. Under these three he finds several cards face up in the pack. Is it a misdeal?

Cards found faced in the pack in dealing the original hands make it a misdeal, but in dealing for the draw all such cards are shown to the players and then placed in the deadwood, the deal being valid.

C. H. says: A deals and B opens a jackpot on a pair, the dealer being the only player to come in. B lays his pair on the table face down and asks for three cards. The dealer runs off what he thought to be three and helps himself. Before lifting his cards, B finds he has six, and asks the dealer to take back a card as he has dealt off one too many. The dealer says it is too late, as he has helped himself.

The dealer must draw one of the four top cards given to B if B has not mixed them with his own cards, as that shows it was the dealer's fault in giving B more than he asked for. If B let the dealer throw the draw on the top of B's pair, so that it is not certain whether he dealt three or four, or B kept two or three, B must abide by the error and give his hand up as foul.

R. J. D. says: A asks for a card and as the dealer is arguing with another player at the time, it is held so that A sees what it is and names it, so he refuses to take it. The dealer insists that it is not an exposed card, as no one but the player to whom it was dealt knew what it was.

The dealer is right. Would A have named and refused the card if it had been the one he wanted to fill his hand?

W. F. B. says: Playing with the joker, if A has a pair of kings and B has a king and the joker, which wins?

The hand with the joker is the better when the pair is a tie.

Pinochle. S. K. B. says: Playing auction, the bidder says he does not want the widow. Is there any extra payment made to him for playing without it?

No. It simply becomes his discard.

A. F. C. says: Playing four hand, if A lays down four kings and queens what is the meld worth? A bets it is worth more than in two hand. Clubs were trumps.

The melds are worth the same in all forms of pinochle, but in two hand there is not always time to score them all, as they must be made one at a time. There are five melds in these eight cards, 80 kings, 40 trumps, 20 spades, 20 hearts and 60 queens. The total value is 220, and in three or four hand they may all be scored.

T. G. says: Playing two hand, A lays down 60 queens, and after winning another trick melds 150 trumps in diamonds. Can he score the pinochle that is on the table when he wins another trick?

No. He should have made that meld first. At least one fresh card from the hand must be laid down for every new meld.

W. C. B. says: A draws a card from the stock in two hand and then calls out, although it is not even his lead. B disputes his right to do this.

A player can call out at any time, but if he is wrong he loses the game, no matter what the other player's score may be.

G. T. F. says: Four play for so much a point, the game to stop when one man correctly calls out. Does he win by the difference between the scores on the slate or may his opponents count the cards taken in in tricks?

If the player who is out has to take a trick to get out he must let the others count what they took in tricks before he got out. Each then settles for the differences, as in skat.

THE KAISER ON HIS YACHT.

Recreation for the Mind as Well as the Body on the Hohenzollern.

LONDON, July 4.—The German Emperor is due to start to-day on his annual voyage along the coast of Norway in the imperial yacht Hohenzollern. He will remain away till the beginning of August.

Life on the Hohenzollern during this summer cruise is unrestrained by the usual etiquette and formality is reduced to the minimum. Every year invitations are issued to various persons to accompany the Kaiser. Certain court and state officials are always there, because the Kaiser has much business to transact on board, the documents being brought from Berlin by special couriers to the ports where the Hohenzollern touches, and urgent messages being communicated by wireless telegraphy. But the Kaiser also invites other men, partly with a view to acquiring information on subjects in which he is interested and partly for the purpose of being entertained.

Sometimes there are scientists on board, sometimes bankers or business men, learned professors or authors, painters or sportsmen. Frequently there is a mixture of different classes of men of science and affairs, yielding an interesting variety of intellectual activity during the voyage.

The Emperor also takes measures to provide recreations on board the Hohenzollern, in which he himself joins with all the heartiness of a schoolboy. There is a splendid gymnasium on board and the Kaiser and his guests can be seen going through all sorts of gymnastic exercises before breakfast. There is a shooting gallery and other opportunities for physical exertion are provided.

But the Kaiser does not limit recreation to the movements of the body; he believes in recreation of the mind, and men of wit and humor are sure to find favor at the imperial banqueting board.

This year there will be the usual variety of guests on board with the Kaiser. There will also be one journalist, Prof. Schiemann of the Berlin *Kreuzzeitung*. The Kaiser does not like members of the newspaper profession as a class and Prof. Schiemann, who is an editorial writer on high politics, is the only one who has gained the imperial friendship and confidence.

One of this year's experts will be an authority on the drainage of swampy and marshy moorland for purposes of agricultural cultivation, a subject in which the Emperor is keenly interested. Another will be a Berlin banker who operates extensively on the bourse, and yet another a painter of marine pictures.

ROYALTY'S DANCING MISTRESS.

Giving Lessons at Windsor and Osborne—Queen Victoria Keen Critic.

From the London Daily Mail.

All the world of English society knows and is known by Mrs. Wordsworth and most well known women have at some time or other come under her tuition.

"I have danced all my life," she said yesterday, "and have taught dancing since I was 15. I come of a family of musicians and lovers of dancing. My grandfather, whose name was Wright, was a well known musician living at Brighton in the time of the French Revolution. When the old Mme. Micheau, famed in dancing history, fled from France he introduced her over here.

"My father as a boy used to go to her dances at the Old Ship at Brighton and often took part in theatricals got up by the Duchess of St. Albans and George IV. It was then Mme. Micheau persuaded him to teach dancing, although he never really wished to and did not love it as I do. Though, mind, I love it in a child's way. It is because of the beauty and simplicity of children that I love to teach them dancing.

"I took my first classes when I was 15 and my father's health failed. I taught at his academy and held classes at several large schools.

"Why, I have children coming to me now whose grandmothers were taught by me then—girls, older than I, who were about to make their début at Queen Victoria's court.

"With the exception of the first few years of my married life—I was married at 19—there has not been a drawing room or court held where some of those presented have not been to me first for their 'curtsies' at least. This year alone I have given more than 180 presentation lessons.

"Perhaps the most interesting lessons I have given were those at Osborne and Windsor in the presence of Queen Victoria. I and my assistants used to go to Osborne for three weeks at a time and give a class every afternoon.

"When the court was at Windsor the classes were held twice a week. The Osborne classes numbered about twelve children and included Princess Ena, now the Queen of Spain, and her brothers, any little royal child who happened to be staying with her grandmother, and a few little friends resident at Osborne or in the island whom Queen Victoria invited to join.

"The Queen made a point of being present at every class, and if affairs of State kept her we waited until she came. I took the class just as I do those in my own hall to-day. Skipping, balls, clubs, step dancing and ballroom dancing. The children were very good and hard workers, but then I insisted, as I always do, on instant obedience.

"Her Majesty would have obedience among the children too.

"The Queen of Spain was a charming little girl and grew to dance very gracefully and prettily. One day she cried at her lesson because of something she could not do. The next day I said: 'Now, Princess, you will not cry to-day.'

"She said: 'No, oh no. I have forgotten how to cry since.'

"Princess Patricia of Connaught was one of the prettiest little girls I have ever taught. She and her sister, the Crown Princess of Sweden, were good dancers when quite tiny children, and so was Prince Arthur.

"Princess Alexandra of Teck also was taught by me, and the Crown Princess of Rumania also came to my classes.

"Queen Victoria was a very keen critic; a beautiful dancer herself, she was always most sympathetic and charming to me and never interfered.

"I have had many thousand children in my classes and I have made them all obedient, but no classes have had better results or have been enjoyed more both by pupils and teacher than those held before Queen Victoria.

"The Duchess of Norfolk was taught by me, the Duchess of Zetland and Lady Ormonde sent their children, the Duchess of Manchester's little ones come now. Oh, I could string you names all day!

"I am really fond of all the children. I never forget a child who has been to me. I study their little individualities and characters and I never have a failure. Nobody in my opinion has any right to teach who is not a perfect mover. A teacher of dancing must also be a musician, an enthusiast and a lover of her work. I have trained hundreds of teachers and I have over a hundred assistants working under my direction now."

North Carolina Gold Mines.

From the National Magazine.

About Charlotte, N. C., are many historic spots. The Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, signed May 20, 1775, represents the crown jewel of this "Queen City." Nearby also was born James K. Polk, the eleventh President of the United States. The pioneer gold mines of the United States were located in this historic county. Eighty-three gold mines were recorded, and up to the time of the discovery of California gold Mecklenburg mines took the lead in gold production.

NEW CHINESE CURRENCY.

Silver Temporarily the Standard—A Yuan the New Limit.

"The chaotic condition of the Chinese currency has reached a point which is almost incredible," writes Ching Chung Wang in the *North American Review*. "It has jeopardized the country's foreign trade and checked the development of her domestic commerce. The Chinese not only have suffered from it, but large numbers of foreigners as well.

"The Government itself has for some time felt the need of reform. Repeated attempts have been made to remedy the evil, but they have been barren of immediate results. Finally, upon the accession to the throne of the new Emperor, the Government began to take definite steps toward the reorganization of the whole monetary system. After a year's investigation an imperial edict was issued, which said in part:

"'It is commanded that the unit of the national currency shall be the 'yuan,' or dollar, and the standard shall temporarily be silver. The dollar shall be the principal unit of currency and shall weigh seven mace and two candarenes. The subsidiary coins shall be as follows: Three of silver in denominations of fifty, twenty-five and ten cents, respectively; one nickel unit having the value of five cents, and four copper coins in denominations of two cents, one cent, five cash and one cash, respectively. The relative value of the dollar, the dime, the cent and the cash shall be in decimal proportion and be permanently fixed. It shall not be permitted to increase these relative values or to diminish them.'

"In theory one may say China has maintained a bimetallic system or even a trimetallic system since the seventh century, according to which one unit in gold is equivalent to ten in silver and 1,000 in copper. In practice, however, the currency in use until lately has been entirely the tiao (a string of copper cash) or the tael. Since the beginning of intercourse with the West the dollar also has been used extensively.

"These three kinds of money might have formed the basis of a practicable system of currency were each of them uniform in itself. The trouble is that none of them represents anything definite. For instance there are over a hundred kinds of the tael in the country and these kinds of tael not only differ from one another, but each kind itself varies in different places.

"Again even if the tael were a definite unit it could have been of little use so long as the fineness of the sycee silver is different and undetermined, as it always has been. The tiao is no more definite than the tael. Through years of bad practice and on account of the customs of different places it to-day means numberless things. In one place it may mean 1,000 cash, in another place 960 and in a third only 160.

"The new unit, the yuan, must contain seven mace and two candarenes of 90 per cent. pure silver, with the figure of a coiling dragon stamped on one face and the words 'one yuan' and 'Imperial Chinese Currency' in Chinese on the other. The yuan equals about 46 cents in American money and its purchasing power in China equals about $2 in the United States.

GEORGE ADE'S HOME.

The Humorist's Own Account of the Beginning of Hazelden.

In "How George Ade Conquered the Horizon" Carl Bernhardt quotes the humorist's description of how he overcame some of the difficulties in establishing his Indiana home, at Hazelden, thus:

"Hazelden is rather a nifty place for the corn belt, but it doesn't compare with the palaces in the effete East. Seven years ago, when I was fighting my way through two comic operas at once, I had to have some place to work. McCutcheon and I had been living together in Chicago, but as I didn't happen to be attached to a newspaper there was no reason for my staying there.

"I spent weeks looking at all sorts of offices, suites, apartments—but who works in an office? I had just bought some land down here in Newton county and came down to Brook one day to look at it. From the pike I saw the big oaks. They furnished me with an excuse for the house. I started to build just a $2,500 shack—a place to work in. When the house was finished it had cost ten times that."

Further on the article says: "Here is the problem that confronted him when he came to live at Hazelden: Given a few oaks, ten acres of sparse hazelbrush, wild roses, blackberries and haws—the unwilling scrub growth of the prairies along a water course, the rest just land as far as the eye can strain—what can you do with it?" By leaving it as far as possible in its natural state Mr. Ade made a beautiful place of Hazelden.

Union of 69,000 Teachers.

From the Educational Review.

The National Union of Teachers of England and Wales, which is "neither an incorporated professional institute nor a trade union, but combines the best features of each, with certain functions peculiarly its own," is the most powerful organization of teachers in the world.

Beginning with a modest group of 400 in 1870, it now enrolls a membership of more than 69,000 teachers—nearly three-quarters of all the certificated teachers in the country. The conference is relatively rarely attended by members in their individual capacity, but practically all the people one sees there are sent as representatives from the various local associations, in accordance with a formal scheme of representation. Even this brings together a gathering of some two thousand people.

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