

The Denison Review

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EATING AND LIVING.

The busy professors are always explaining old notions away; They tell us that people may fatten on less than a quarter a day. One says that an egg or an onion contains enough strength for a meal. A cupful of rice, says another, will furnish us muscles of steel.

We hear that sea water will give us The life everlasting we crave; They tell us that things which taste pleasant All hurry us on to the grave. Whatever appeals to our palates They earnestly warn us to shun; We are told that the pancake is deadly, That suicide lurks in the bun.

We must chew every mouthful a minute, If we drink at our meals we will die; The wise men of science inform us "That bombs are less deadly than pie; They say we must turn from the oyster And also eliminate fish; Torpedoes and mines are as nothing Compared with the dread chafing dish.

Perhaps they are right, but no matter; Processions still wind to the graves; Therefore let's eat, drink and be merry, Let the appetite have what it craves; For, with firetraps, trolleys, grade crossings, The switches misplaced, and the gay, Glad assassins out automobiling, What show could we have anyway? —S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

THE CHOICE OF MARGUERITE.

M. DE KERGAEL, with his daughter, Marguerite, and his nephew, Georges d'Orval, lived in a huge chateau perched on a steep cliff in Brittany, overlooking a limitless expanse of sea. Though a wealthy man, he went to Paris only when compelled to do so by important business, for he was passionately fond of hunting and prized his reputation as a crack shot far beyond the highest honors he could have won elsewhere. His daughter, Marguerite, shared his taste for outdoor sports, horseback riding and athletic exercises. In person she was a wonderfully charming girl of 18, fair haired and slender, with eyes whose expression was both frank and gentle.

The third inhabitant of the chateau, M. de Kergael's nephew, was about 24. His figure, though only of middle height, was admirably proportioned. In disposition he was quiet and reserved, with a marked inclination toward art.

He loved fine paintings, statues and chivalrous persons. He wrote verses himself, which were by no means destitute of talent, and his last volume had been highly praised by literary men.

His cousin was somewhat dazzled by this aureole of fame, and felt both deep respect and genuine affection for the young man; but she would have preferred to have him share her own tastes, and teased him unmercifully about his fancies.

He received the innocent little jests with a smile, for, though he had never acknowledged it, even to himself, he loved her.

Orphaned at 16, and the heir of a large fortune, Georges d'Orval had spent eight months of every year with his uncle and cousin. He liked the wild, desolate, arid region, whose beauties they admired together.

One day when he was standing alone lost in thought in one of the large drawing rooms, Marguerite glided softly into the room, a mischievous smile on her lips.

"What is our poet dreaming about?" she asked.

He started at the sound of the beloved voice and clasping her hand pressed a long, tremulous kiss upon the satin skin.

"Well, well!" said Marguerite, withdrawing it. "Here is a cousin who profits more than he ought from his relationship."

Georges gazed deep into the young girl's eyes.

"I was dreaming of you," he said. Under the look Marguerite felt the stirring of a new and strange emotion; and, to conceal it she strove to jest.

"Indeed? And in what way if you please? Were you composing some delicious madrigal in my honor? I am prepared to hear my praises from your lips, and your verses will seem better than the finest music, if you compare my hair to molten gold, my complexion to lilies and roses, and my eyes to corn flowers."

"No," replied the young man. "I will recite no madrigal, but will tell you something—something which perhaps you do not expect, because until now I have hidden it in the depth of my heart, but which I am longing to confess. Do you understand me, Marguerite?"

Yes, she did understand him. And the revelation, so wholly unexpected, completely bewildered her.

She gazed at Georges with different eyes. His avowal seemed suddenly to have raised a barrier between them.

He loved her! What a strange thing! He, whom she had regarded as a brother, felt the love which she would have expected only from a stranger.

But she answered: "I don't understand you, Georges. What confession do you want to make?"

Then, kneeling at her feet, he murmured the words so full of the promise of joy.

"I love you." Marguerite looked at him mournfully. "But I have done nothing to inspire such a feeling, Georges, and I do not know whether I can return your affection. True, I love you, too, but only as a brother, infinitely dear, a devoted friend and comrade. I have never thought that some day you might be something more."

He gazed at her rapturously. "I suppose so, but now that you know my dearest wish is to be united to you, do not deprive me of all hope until you are certain that you cannot respond to my love."

"Have you spoken to my father?" asked the young girl. "Yes, and he approves my wishes. He will be happy, he said, in a union which will bring me nearer to him. But that must not influence you, Marguerite. Wait until your heart speaks. Perhaps it will not remain insensible to the language of mine."

"I will give you my answer in a month," replied Marguerite de Kergael, who had become grave and thoughtful.

A week passed; Marguerite was secretly watching Georges and beginning to become accustomed to the thought of a marriage with him. She knew that he was kind and loving, and he seemed more attentive now that she looked at him more closely and with different eyes. Surprised by charms of mind and person which she had not noticed before, her heart was gradually opening to love.

Georges divined the change, and his joy was reflected in his face.

But one evening M. de Kergael disturbed his peace of mind.

The two men were pacing up and down the terrace. It was a cloudless night, and a fresh breeze, blowing from the sea, brought the salt breath of the waves.

"I received a letter this morning from my old friend, Mme. de Millery," said M. de Kergael. "You know her; she is a distant relative."

"She is coming to spend a few days here, and will arrive to-morrow. She adds that she will be accompanied by a young man who was a ward of her husband, to whom she is much attached."

"He has no property, but she will leave him her whole fortune, and believes that he would be an ideal husband for Marguerite. What do you say?"

"I say," replied Georges vehemently, "that these are very useless complications, and I hope, uncle, that you will avoid them. You need only tell Mme. de Millery that she is wasting her time by trying to marry off Marguerite, since you have the man whom you desire for her."

"Impossible. I don't wish to vex Mme. de Millery. She would never forgive me if your marriage did not take place. I could write only in case Marguerite accepted you. Then I could announce my daughter's approaching marriage and all would be settled."

"Marguerite requested a month's delay, uncle."

"Try to obtain her answer sooner." "She would have reason to be surprised at my urgency, and I should not like to tell her the cause."

"Then you must understand that, under these circumstances, I cannot refuse to receive Mme. de Millery and her friend. If Marguerite will not marry you, she must make another choice. Come, my dear Georges, courage; learn to fight—and to conquer!"

Georges made no reply. A dull sense of anger oppressed him. He feared the stranger.

The morning of the following day Mme. de Millery reached the chateau, accompanied by Raoul de Villiers, the young man mentioned in her letter. She also brought her maid and a detestable pug dog named Coquette, from which she never separated.

She was a woman of 60, extremely kind, but so excessively vivacious that she seemed to fill the quiet dwelling with noise and bustle. A great beauty in her youth, she was now almost hideous, owing to her efforts to conceal, by art dyes, "the irreparable damage of the years."

M. de Kergael, who had known her in her prime and even at one time in his life had been somewhat captivated by her, was full of indignation for all the whims which, after all, scarcely disguised the genuine goodness of his old friend's heart.

Raoul de Villiers, whom she treated like a spoiled child, had a very fine figure and a most pleasing face. Tall and fair, with blue eyes, whose expression was sometimes laughing, sometimes cold and keen, he made a deep impression upon Marguerite. But he had a shallow heart, and the young girl's principal charm in his eyes was the amount of her dowry.

Georges and he instantly hated each other. There was an actual duel of sharp words between the two young men whenever they were alone. Marguerite still hesitated.

Raoul perhaps pleased her more than Georges. He shared her tastes, had the same love for outdoor life. But Georges was so devoted to her, she knew his loving, loyal soul, while she was totally ignorant of his rival's nature.

So one day, when Raoul jested about the love of the "handsome misanthrope," as he sarcastically dubbed Georges, she answered, with a consciousness of being wounded.

"Do not jeer, I beg of you. His love has at least one merit; it is unfeigned and sincere. Could I say as much of yours?"

Raoul looked at her steadily. "If I understand you correctly," he said dryly, "you doubt me; therefore it is useless for me to play a ridiculous part longer. Since you have made

your choice, why did you not say so? I would have spared my ardent declarations and annoying attentions!"

"My choice is not made," the young girl protested. "It would be, if you had not come."

This was almost a confession. Raoul smiled proudly, believing himself the victor.

"Then I am not wholly uncongenial to you? You do not wish to repulse me? Do you give me hope?" "Hope nothing before the hour," replied Mme. de Kergael eagerly. "I know that no one except Georges will devote himself exclusively to my happiness. That is why I hesitate so much. But I must give him an answer in two days. I will tell you, also, my decision at the same time."

M. de Kergael and Mme. de Millery came up just at that moment, and Marguerite said no more.

Mme. de Millery thought that the conversation between the two young people must have taken a more sentimental turn and, glancing mischievously at M. de Kergael, murmured: "Those children worship each other. Do you remember how cleverly we used to slip away by ourselves when we were their age? Come, your nephew will not be the one to win her!"

M. de Kergael shook his head and answered slowly:

"Women's acts cannot be reckoned with. We sometimes slipped away together, Marquise, yet I did not become your happy husband. I shall wait for Marguerite's decision."

The next day at the time they usually took their walk along the edge of the cliffs, Marguerite and the two young men, followed by M. de Kergael and Mme. de Millery—the latter accompanied by her faithful Coquette—were exploring the lofty rocks overhanging the sea.

Howls of terror suddenly arose. No one knew how the accident happened, but Mme. de Millery's dog had fallen into the sea and the waves were already bearing it away.

"The old lady shrieked, wept, wrung her hands and offered her whole fortune to any one who would save the poor animal."

"It would be useless," said Georges. "That is a dangerous place. No sensible person can risk his life to save a dog's."

As if the words were some magic spell, the indecision portrayed on Raoul de Villiers' face during Mme. de Millery's appeal suddenly vanished and, before there was time to stop him, he threw off his coat, climbed down the bluff and plunged into the terrible sea. Cries of terror escaped every one's lips. Marguerite's heart almost stopped beating.

Georges alone remained unmoved, his eyes fixed upon Raoul, guessing what excessive vanity, united to the desire of pleasing his patroness, had suddenly decided this man's action.

But the fears of the others became intense as they saw that Raoul, though an excellent swimmer, after having seized the animal, could no longer struggle against the waves; his strength was failing and the spectators of the drama fairly held their breath.

Marguerite was on the point of falling when a hand was laid on her arm. Turning, she saw Georges, who was looking at her intently. He was frightfully pale, but his voice was firm as, pointing to Raoul, he asked:

"Do you love him?" Marguerite answered angrily—for she read in her cousin's eyes his hate for Raoul and thought it unworthy of him at such a moment.

"Yes; I do love him!" Then, to her bewilderment, for the words she had just uttered should have deepened the gulf between the two men, Georges in his turn rushed to the strand and breast the threatening waves.

Swimming with unusual power, he succeeded by great exertion in reaching Raoul and dragging him out on the shore.

The whole scene had taken place in a few moments, but to the terrified spectators the time seemed endless.

When Georges had returned to the cliff Marguerite gazed proudly at him, a radiant expression illumining her face.

In witnessing the danger he had incurred merely to save her from suffering, in spite of the hatred he bore Raoul de Villiers, her cousin's disinterested love shone victoriously before her eyes.

And by the intense emotion she felt she realized that she, too, loved him and that his love had taken possession of her whole soul.

The next morning when Georges and Marguerite were alone the young girl's eyes expressed heartfelt affection, radiant joy. He thought that she was going to thank him for restoring her lover; and before she could speak he said bitterly:

"Not a word of gratitude, I beseech you! It was against my will that I saved the man you love. If you are happy, so much the better, for I had no other object than to secure your happiness! But I would have rejoiced if, after saving this man, the ocean had closed over me!"

"And the answer to your question?" said the young girl. "Then you do not desire to know it. Yet I had prepared it, hoping that you would be satisfied—must I not speak of it?"

"But you told me that you loved him!" cried Georges, his eyes sparkling with joy—for at last he understood.

Then, bending toward him, she murmured in a low tone, so low that the very air scarcely heard:

"It was a trial." Far away a confused chant of voices seemed to rise from the sea, lauding in a hymn of infinite joy the destruction of vanquished enmity and the brilliant triumph of love.—N. Y. Sun.



CONVINCING TESTIMONY.



Gertrude—How did she get a divorce so easily? Tommy—He proved to the jury that she ordered a mourning outfit every time he caught cold.—Chicago Examiner.

Easily Identified Himself.

Potter—What makes you look so serious? Anything troubling you? Clay—I've had a stroke of unusually hard luck. Been refused by a young woman before I had a chance to propose. Potter—How did it happen? Clay—I overheard Miss Daisybud say the other evening she wouldn't marry the best man in the world.—Boston Transcript.

HOW HE FELT ABOUT IT.



The Lady—I know it's a common thing to say, but I could just die waltzing. Her Partner—Well, I'd like to.—Chicago Tribune.

His Objection.

First Tramp—I'm afraid Senator Salper's going to have a walkover. Second Tramp—Is yer opposed to him? First Tramp—Tain't so much dat; but when anybody's got a walkover de price uv votes goes down.—Judge.

A Shady Tree.

Patience—Does she ever speak of her family tree? Patrice—No; I think it was one of those shady sort of trees.—Yonkers Statesman.

Good Old S-r T-e.

In the good old summer time We sigh for winter's snows, While perspiration oozes out And clues us to our clothes. —Pittsburg Gazette.

IMPORTED FROM GERMANY.



Venerable Spinster—America is the land of boundless possibilities. There, perchance, I may yet be able to get a husband.—Ueber Land und Meer.

A Modest Demand.

"So I am to understand," said he, "that you demand equal rights for women?" "Equal nothing!" she retorted. "I demand superior rights. Women are the superior sex, sir!"—St. Louis Republic.

Dissimilar Views.

"The word 'obey,'" said Mrs. Growells, "should be stricken from the marriage service." "A better plan," retorted Growells, "would be to substitute the word 'support' therefor."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Right Man for the Place.

"I say," queried the out-of-work, as he strolled into a barber's shop, "can you give me a job?" "Well," replied the manager, "I do need an assistant. Can you handle a razor?" "Yes, well," rejoined the applicant. "I always shave myself." "And do you know how to work the scissors?" queried the lather-mixer. "Do I?" exclaimed the applicant. "Why, that's just what I do know. I edited a local newspaper for nine long years." "Good!" was the reply. "I see you are fully qualified."—Tit-Bits.

With One Accord.

"There's no place like home," she warbled; As a singer she wasn't a bird; And the audience agreeing with her, no doubt, Went home without a word. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

MEMORIAL.



Katherine—Are there monuments to his skill as a doctor? Kidder—Sure; the graveyards are full of them.—Chicago Chronicle.

Discouraging Road Agents.

Traveler (angrily)—Why don't you railroad men do something to put a stop to train robbing? Railroad Magnate—That is just what we are working at now. "Glad to hear it." "Yes, we are thinking of raising fares, so that the passengers won't have enough left to tempt train robbers."—N. Y. Weekly.

Sad Case.

Colors are like horses, Off it is the plan, What you think a fast one Proves an also ran. —N. Y. Times.

THE EXTREME TEST.



She—Is your brother George always so good-natured? He—Good-natured? Why, I've seen him laugh as he removed a porus plaster from his chest.—Chicago Journal.

"Two's Company," Etc.

I called, 'twas in her parlor, but A horrid crowd was there. And sat there, 'epite of hint and cut, Just rooted to his chair. —Philadelphia Press.

A Neglected Obligation.

"Don't you think you owe it to yourself to leave an unblemished record behind you?" "Maybe I do," answered Senator Sorghum. "But it is one of the debts that there is no use worrying about."—Washington Star.

A Seaside Substitute.

Maud—She's a great favorite with every girl here. Blanche—Indeed! Why? Maud—Because she's so mannish-looking.—N. Y. Times.

Strength in Numbers.

Singleton—I understand your wife comes of a very old family. Wedderly—Well, it isn't so old, but it is awfully numerous.—Chicago Daily News.

Reasonable Explanation.

"Keep your seats, please, ladies and gentlemen," said a theatrical manager; "there is no danger whatever, but for some inexplicable reason the gas has gone out." Then a boy shouted from the gallery: "Perhaps it didn't like the play."—Tit-Bits.

Coolly Considered.

"Would you marry a man because he was rich?" asked the romantic girl. "No," answered Miss Cayenne, "but I might refuse to marry one because he wasn't."—Washington Star.

FRAUDS IN THE FUR TRADE.

Much of the So-Called Canadian Sable Is Nothing More Than American Marten.

Purchases of furs are often made in the summer, as most women know that the prices at this season are greatly reduced. Persons who contemplate making purchases are warned against certain counterfeits that are sold as the genuine article. Among these are the so-called sable furs from Canada, says the Chicago Chronicle.

These furs are not sable of any sort, but are from the American marten. Even genuine sables, when light in color, are subjected to a process called "topping," or dyeing, by which they are darkened skillfully to the proper hue. Marmot sable, mink sable, marten and musquash sables are all names for cheaper furs, dyed and doctored to resemble as closely as they may the real and only sable—the rare Russian variety.

Many fox furs are dyed and treated. As for smoke and blue fox they are imperfect white fox skins dyed. The genuine blue fox is one of the rarest and most expensive of furs and is seen very seldom.

The silver fox, which is the black fox with white hairs sprinkled through it, is still more valuable, and it is on record that last season a single silver fox skin was sold for \$2,400. The imitation silver fox is produced artfully by inserting by means of a fine needle the white hairs from a badger. This is done through the skin itself, and is most difficult to detect. A cheaper and more common method is to stick the hairs to the skin with some strong adhesive.

Rare skins are used for foxaline, which largely takes the place of the expensive arctic fox, and rabbit skins are used in quantities to make the fur termed "electric seal." The skins are set for the coarse hairs only, and after the skin has been stretched and the pile raised it is sheared and dyed. It does not wear long.

The skin of the muskrat or musquash makes a much more durable and richer looking fur, and from it imitation Alaska sable coats frequently are made. Rabbit skins also are used after a complicated treatment in the manufacture of imitation chinchilla. No wonder there is such a difference in the chinchilla furs.

The furs least liable to imitation, and whose prices vary according to quality, are Thibet, which is the natural white sheep skin; Krimmer, which is the Crimean lamb, and is usually gray, although there is also black; Persian paw, which is from the legs of Persian lambs; Astrakhan, the skin of the newly born Astrakhan lamb, and Virginia fox, which is the ordinary gray fox.

Caracul fur has no connection whatever with the caracul, which is an animal of the cat species. The name originated in Paris. It is a china kid skin. The skins are imported ready dressed from Leipzig, and vary in color from cream and pure white to various shades of gray.

RIVER MONSTER IN AFRICA.

Amphibious Animal That Is Between the Elephant and Hippopotamus in Size.

If Sir Henry Johnston had not recently returned from Uganda with the first skins of the okapi there would be more reason for receiving with incredulity the story of a French traveler, says M. Trilles, writing from Njole, that while exploring the northern Congo three years ago he heard from the natives of "an enormous amphibious animal something between the elephant and the hippopotamus in size, and in nature very ferocious toward man." Unbelieving, he paid little attention to what had been told him.

"However, later, when in the neighborhood of Djali, near the Great Falls, the accounts were given with more detail. The animal in question, or at least one of its species, lived near the source of the Mour; it lay in wait for the canoes, upset them, and its preference attacked the women and children. Twice the natives fetched me to see it as it slept on the sandbank. But on each occasion it had disappeared when I got there.

"On returning from my travels I asked many questions about this animal, but it was unknown. On the coast I never heard it spoken of. But since my arrival here I have had repeated descriptions of it. The people of the upper Okue give it the name of the nzemedzin (the water tiger). Sergeant Sans of the Njole (barilliers) shot one recently at less than 20 meters, but unfortunately the wounded animal escaped him.

"The people here make out that the nzemedzin is smaller than the description given by those of the interior. Its color is a light tawny gray, dotted with black spots; the hair rough, instead of smooth, as in the tiger; the tail long and powerful, the paws short and webbed and fitted with very sharp nails six or eight centimeters in length. The nail is horny, as in the tiger. The animal only lives near waterfalls and is carnivorous. It snatches women and children as they bathe and defies even the crocodile."

A Theory.

"Why is it that so many people attempt literature and so few succeed?" "The trouble is," answered the cynical publisher, "that when a man gets something on his mind that isn't sufficiently entertaining to interest his friends he goes away and writes a book about it."—Washington Star.

Real Joy.

There is no joy gained except where joy is given.—Chicago Tribune.