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TWO HEARTS.

My Love's true heart am I—
My heart's true Love is she;
The world may hurry by—
'Tis all the same to me.
It shineth in the sky,
It singeth in the sea;
My Love's true heart am I—
My heart's true Love is she.

The planets may grow old,
The stars may lose their way;
Our hearts defy the cold,
And love can fill the day.
It thrills the river's cry,
It carols from the tree;
My Love's true heart am I—
My heart's true Love is she.

A million miles would make
Me love her more and more;
A million years should break
And find us as before.
Let time and distance try!
Love is a spirit free.
My Love's true heart am I—
My heart's true Love is she.
—Charles H. Crandall, in Lippincott's Magazine.

The Story I Told Scroggs

By Mabel Haughton Brown.

THIS is a story with two heroes and only a hint of a heroine. Perhaps one hero should be called the villain, but the question is still undecided in the mind of the writer and is left to the kind discretion of the reader. When I told the story to Scroggs, my chum and confidant, he said:

"Man alive, no one could believe it!"
"That's because it's true," I said, and Scroggs looked at me long and earnestly.

"Do you believe such rubbish?" he asked with the air of an insanity inspector.

"I tell you it happened," I affirmed, "and I'm going to write it down." Scroggs blinked an eye.

"You'll be sent to Agnews," he said, and that is all the satisfaction I got out of him—no queries—no wonderment—just coolly expressed doubt.

The attitude of Scroggs is not to be considered seriously. He is a "dreamless man," highly unemotional, although high-strung. I like him, but his logic annoys me at times. I have always believed the story myself—that is, it seems entirely plausible, although I am inclined to regard it from two points of view. My opinion, however, may be biased, for I was the intimate friend of one hero and came near knowing the other.

The first man was fair—your true blonde type, with light hair, almost white, against his florid face; of medium height, slightly inclined to stoop—and his name was Walter Kent. He was not a handsome man, but rather a massive, wholesome-looking fellow—the kind of man you would trust if you had to, and stake a good deal on his doing the square thing. Men liked Kent; he was a rattling good fellow—but no one would have ever taken him for a hero of romance.

He was inclined to be shy. His great clumsy hands usually sought his pockets and stayed there when he talked to men. With women he was different; he tried to appear perfectly at his ease and failed miserably. It was all too bad. He was about the best kind of a friend that a woman could have had under any circumstances, but not one of the fair sex knew him well. Poor Kent, he couldn't stand it to talk to a woman long enough to let her get acquainted with him; and yet I know that in the inner recesses of his soul he treasured a high, idealistic opinion of women in general, and had his day dreams like the rest of us.

(If I were a woman, I think I would marry a man like Kent—knowing what I do of men—but to my knowledge, Kent had never proposed to a woman in his life, and not one of the women he had met had ever shown him the slightest favor. Not to my knowledge, you say? Well, Kent told me all about it.)

The foothills of a state like Colorado seemed just the place that a man like Kent would go eventually. We all have something of the cowboy spirit in our natures, I think, and in Kent it was more strongly developed than it is in most of us. He was a child of nature deep down in his sturdy old heart—the fresh fields and green woods were near akin to him, or so it seemed to me when I mused on things sentimental, and I was much given to musing in those days. Perhaps the reader has surmised before this that I was somewhat devoted to Kent. I was, and when he started to the hills, I picked up and went with him. I fancied that we two would get along swimmingly out there. The thought of the free, out-door life held for me all the romance of a quaint old story. I should be enabled to put my knowledge of surveying to practical use, I thought, and, moreover, would be getting in fine shape for my coming career. I was just out of college, and my "coming career" was a sweet hallucination under which I labored at the time. But I had misinterpreted my own nature, even though I was pretty correct in my estimate of Kent. I soon learned that the cowboy spirit in my nature had spent itself long years before, and a little of green field and open air went a long way with me. In short, I fairly hated the solitude of the great wide place, and the surveying work proved particularly irksome. Hanging over a cliff with a line is not

nearly as bracing as it seems to a tenderfoot. But the work was the least of my worries. The roar of the city still lingered in my ears, and I decided that scenery and fresh air could not compose my all in life. As for Kent, he was an ideal camper. With his clay pipe and a blanket roll he was in his element. The memory of a sweet face haunted me sometimes, and with the post office ten miles away, this grew to a serious consideration. At last, I showed the white feather to such a degree that I wanted to go back. I nerved myself and told Kent about it.

Kent listened to me lazily, with the kindly indulgence of a big brother. "Go back, then," he said, with an odd little twinkle in his eye. "The survey can get on without you—maybe! At any rate, I can find some one to take your place."

In a day or two I went. The alacrity with which I took my departure amuses me when I look back on it now. I went, and left Kent to his romance and to the "other man." Perhaps when you hear the story, you will say, "And do you call that a romance?" Perhaps it is not much of a one, but you must remember it is the only romance Kent ever had. The other man, the man who took my place, brought it with him—the romance I mean, all done up in a nice little packet, one might say, for so it proved. I had the good fortune to stumble over him on my way back, although I did not know him at the time, but the descriptions tally. He brushed against me at one of the stations—almost knocked me down, in fact, in his rush to get off the train. I seized him by his shoulders and held him back. He shook me off with more than necessary force; then, noting my surprised laugh, he bowed in a genteel fashion and begged my pardon.

I turned to look at him, the same way I had turned to look at everybody after leaving the foothills. He was well dressed and well groomed. His hands were soft-looking and white and his nails highly polished. One would not have taken him for a prospective lineman, but such he proved to be.

It is necessary to take up the story now from Kent's standpoint, for I drop out of the scene here, though slightly against my will. I am rather fond of mixing in things. If I were not I would have told this story in a straightforward fashion and not have beaten about the bush in the way I have. But the reader will please remember that this is the only story I know, or at least the only one I ever attempted to tell in my life.

This man, Jack Cassic (I wonder why it is that when a man chooses an alias he always lights on Jack), appeared at the camp the next morning and asked for Mr. Kent. That in itself should have excited suspicion, for Kent had not sent out "at home" cards, nor introduced himself by name to the natives. But Kent was born to be fooled. Mind, I do not say the man fooled him, but there is a possibility of it. At any rate, when he asked for work, Kent promptly handed him out my place and asked no questions.

Kent was not exactly daft on the subject of trusting people, but he came dangerously near being so. He had a cheerful theory tucked away in his soul that the best way to treat every man is to trust him; then if the man is dishonest, he'll give himself away, and if not, it is all right. Kent could afford to take chances, for, from a worldly reckoning he was remarkably well off. His salary on the survey did not amount to a row of pins to him, although he was at the head of the party. Money did not seem to represent to him what it does to most of us. He had a careless way of leaving his wallet around. One day he rushed from his tent with an exclamation akin to an oath.

"I've been robbed!" he swore.
"Serves you right," I replied, "for leaving your money around."
"It isn't my money," he said with a snap of his fingers; "it's my collar, and the only clean collar I had."
And that to Kent was a real tragedy. But even Kent had a little suspicion in his make-up, and Jack Cassic aroused it after a few days. Who was he, and where had he come from? It was at this point that Cassic, waking up to the fact that he might be questioned, proceeded to tell Kent the story of his life.

A love affair was connected with his determination to join the survey, he said. He had been engaged to be married to a young woman who had fallen heir to a large sum of money. With her wealth had come a desire to probe into occult sciences, and she proceeded to use her money as a key to the mystical. She began to associate with the oddies, wonder-workers, and all the odd freaks in the place. Cassic pleaded with her in vain; she was wedded to the black arts, and they seemed to have supplanted him in her affections. Finally, she took up the study of hypnotism. This proved too much for even a lover to stand, and he informed her that unless she gave it up, he should feel justified in breaking their engagement. The girl laughed at him. She said that she had made a study of personal magnetism, and that she could win the esteem or love of any man she wished, and she really did not know whether she wished his love or not; she would let him know later.

"You are very narrow-minded," she said, "and could not assist me in my researches, except possibly as a subject. If I wish your love I will retain it."
Cassic left her abruptly. He had grave apprehensions regarding her sanity, and decided that the marriage should never take place. But the break was not to be brought about as easily as he had anticipated. She was a remarkably handsome woman, with a natural charm enough to satisfy most men. He did not sever all connection

with her at once and therein lay his folly. She began to play with him much as a cat does with a mouse. She was evidently of the opinion that he would make an excellent subject. Cassic fought against the power which she seemed to exert over him, but his efforts were unavailing. In his calm moments he was of the opinion that he hated her as cordially as he had once loved her, but she was evidently of a different opinion. One day she turned to him and riveting his eyes with her own, said, authoritatively:
"You love me."

Cassic's head swam for an instant; then a wild exhilaration filled his being. He strove to go toward her, but found himself rooted to the spot.
"Bah, I command you to hate me," she exclaimed.

Instantly his mood changed, and a deadly passion imbued his soul. A few passages of her hands, and he was his normal self again, standing sheepishly before her.

"Did you think you loved me?" she asked.
"I thought so," he answered weakly.
"There is the keynote," she said, "I controlled your thought!"
He tried to exert his own will, but in vain.

"Do you believe in my science now?" she asked. "Do you see that so-called love is merely an emotion that a person may incite or subdue at will? Do you realize that you are my slave if I so will it?" She laughed and told him to go.

He was dazed—but he left her a firm believer in hypnotism or whatever it was that gave her her power over him. Once in the open air he tried to recover himself, but failed. Shortly afterwards he learned that even in absence her power was strong enough to draw him back to her. He fought against it with all his force, but in vain. It was not exactly love he felt, but an overwhelming desire to do her will. In his saner moments he realized that he was growing into a nonentity—a mere puppet in her hands. He strove then with all the strength of his manhood to stay away, but without avail. His business went to rack and ruin for want of attention, and the intense mental strain caused his health to fail.

In the meantime, the woman had evidently made up her mind to marry him in spite of himself, and this thought caused him more alarm than had the loss of his health and fortune. Finally, he consulted a physician.

The man was a practical practitioner, who gave little or no credence to Cassic's rather garbled story. He told him that he was the victim of a nervous ailment, and advised outdoor treatment with plenty of hard work. Finally, he was induced to take some stock in Cassic's representations, and advised him to get as far away from the woman as possible; hence his desire to join the survey.

The story was a revelation to Kent. He expressed his opinion of the woman in rather strong terms. I dare say it was the only occasion upon which Kent had ever made a harsh remark about any woman. However, he did not have a blind faith in the story; he agreed with the physician that Cassic's nervous system needed building up, and decided to watch him.

Cassic affirmed that the influence still came over him at intervals, and pleaded with Kent to confine him if he ever showed any intention of returning. Kent promised, and then asked for a description of the woman. Cassic gave it in glowing terms. She was dark, he said, and superbly beautiful. Her eyes he thought her chief charm, and in them lay her power. As he spoke, he drew her picture from his pocket and handed it to Kent. Kent took it and looked intently at the most beautiful face he had ever seen, and as he looked, the face seemed fairly alive. He felt dazed—the ground was slipping from him—his head swam, and he sank back in a swoon.

When he came to, a scrap of paper lay in his hand. On it was scribbled: "Why did I keep the picture? The ordeal has proven too much for me. I am compelled to return. You see the influence which the mere sight of the picture has had over you! I am out of funds, and have borrowed your wallet. I will return—Here the note rambled.

Kent's wallet contained all the money with which he intended to pay off the men. It has never been returned.

Query: Has Cassic suffered a lapse of memory, or was he a villain?—Overland Monthly.

King of Italy Obliging.

The king of Italy is one of the leading royal motorists of the world. He was the first sovereign who took to the new sport with what may be called expert enthusiasm. He and the queen sometimes go out alone, and on one such occasion they had a breakdown near an inn at which there were staying two British tourists.

"A fine car," said one of these in English to his friend.
"More than can be said of the chauffeur," observed the other. "I never saw such a wee man in such a big car."
"Yes, but his companion is delightfully pretty, lucky beggar! I say, let's ask him if he can give us a little brandy, as this place is out of it."

"I shall be happy to oblige you," said the king in good English, "and anything else you may happen to require. My kingdom is larger than its ruler!" And the tourists realized that they had entertained a king unaware.—Boston Post.

The Touch of Human Nature.

Judge (to old offender)—Have you anything to say?
"Only this, your honor. It comforts me to know that one wise man on the bench can undo much of the mischief wrought by 12 idiots in the jurybox." The minimum sentence was passed by his honor.—Chicago Journal.

QUEER ANIMAL BATTLES.

Rooster Kills a Fox and a Kangaroo Battles with and Conquers a Buffalo.

When once an animal's temper has become aroused, it is strange how utterly regardless it becomes of the strength and ability of the object of its anger, says London Answers.

At Compton Pauncefoot, in Somersetshire, a fox was killed in a poultry yard by an infuriated cock. It appears that the fox made a raid on the young chicks, and after killing several belonging to certain hens, turned its attention to the brood of another. This conduct, however, the plucky cock would not permit without a struggle, and rushing at the fox, it was fortunate to pierce it in the eye with its spur, with such force that the spur penetrated right into the fox's brain, becoming so securely fixed that the victor could not remove it without the assistance of a farm laborer, who had been an interested spectator of the contest between the ill-assorted pair.

Another curious contest, between a kangaroo and a buffalo, took place in a large zoological park in the north of England. The two animals, after breaking loose from their inclosure, met face to face in an open space in the park. Without any preliminary quarrel, the bull made a furious onslaught on the kangaroo, which at first contented itself with an endeavor to avoid the charge.

After a few moments, however, the bull's attentions became altogether too personal to pass unrebuked, and, using its hoofs as battering rams, the kangaroo belabored the buffalo in the most effective manner. Roaring and bellowing, the irate buffalo made repeated attempts to gore its antagonist to death, but with scant success, the kangaroo proving a most "slippery" foe. The fray waxed furious for over an hour, at the end of which time the buffalo retired, not before, however, its carcass bore unmistakable signs of the kangaroo's attention.

Gillies in Scotland relate many stories of fierce contests between stags. It is believed that these fights are invariably brought on through jealousy, caused by one stag challenging another's right to be at the head of the herd.

Using their antlers as weapons of war the two stags thrust and gore at each other until one animal is done to death. It is by no means an uncommon thing for their massive antlers to become entangled and locked together, in which case one animal's horns are frequently pulled right off its head; while on several occasions pairs of antlers have been found on the moors unmistakably witnesses of the ferocity of a contest between these animals.

Horses use either their teeth or their hoofs as a mode of defense. A curious instance of the effectiveness of these weapons once occurred at Sheffield park. A bulldog, barking and snarling, chased a horse turned loose, around and around a meadow—not with angry intent, but purely from an excess of high spirits. After galloping round the field several times, the horse stopped dead, and, turning sharply around, lashed out at the yelping dog, with a fatal result, for its skull was cloven.

The gorilla is a most formidable opponent in battle, its great strength lying in its powerful arms. Few animals of the forest have the slightest chance of overcoming a gorilla; but a python has been known to encircle its coils around the gorilla's body, only, however, to have its own body torn open by its adversary's hands.

Fish fighting is a most popular sport in Siam, and some years ago some Siamese brought over several "pla-kat," or fighting fish, to England, with the object of establishing the sport in this country. The two fish, trained from the age of six months to fight, are placed in a large glass bottle.

It is most curious to note each fish's attitude when it becomes aware of its adversary's presence in the bottle. Swelling with rage and pride, they sail around and around the narrow space, pretending not to notice each other, until suddenly one fish makes a savage dart at its unwelcome companion, biting its fins and body. The fight continues until the referee sees that the issue is no longer in doubt, when the contest is stopped.

Women as Sailors.

In some coast villages among the Danes, Norwegians and Finns women are employed as sailors and prove themselves to be expert mariners. In the smaller sailing ships, where there is a woman on board, whether she be the wife of the skipper or stewardess, she is expected to take her turn at the ordinary work of the sailor, not even excluding the duties of the man at the wheel or of the night watch. Denmark employs several women as state officials at sea. Experienced captains assert that the women make excellent sailors are equal to most seamen in dexterity and power of endurance.

Best Woman Mountaineer.

By far the most expert woman mountaineer in the world is Mrs. Fanny Bullock Workman. In the Himalayas she has climbed to an altitude of 22,568 feet. On the same occasion her husband broke the world's record for men by 311 feet, by climbing 23,194 feet up a mountain 24,479 feet high. Mrs. Workman is of medium height, and there is nothing in her appearance to suggest the strength she has displayed in some of her wonderful feats.

Ratio of Second Marriages.

Of the marriages in general in the United States it is discovered that out of the 1,000 considered 139 men will have been married at least once before the celebration under consideration, while the 861 will have made vows for the first time. Of the 1,000 women in the case only 98 will have worn widow's weeds before the wedding. Thus, out of the 2,000 individuals, parties to the 1,000 marriages, 237 will have bought or have worn wedding rings before.



ALEXANDRA'S MANY CATS.

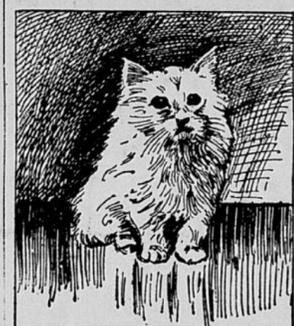
Dogs Have Been Supplanted in the Affections of English Queen and Her Followers.

To all except the favored few who are on intimate terms with Queen Alexandra it came as rather a surprise when on her arrival in Ireland, while ago, the queen was found to be accompanied by a pet cat. Heretofore a dog of one breed or another almost invariably has been numbered among her traveling companions, and it was known generally that besides being fond of bow-wows, she bred them extensively and was the owner of about the most luxurious kennels in England; but she never has been suspected of any special liking for cats. Now, however, these animals have almost entirely supplanted dogs as recipients of the queen's attention. Her kennels were the royal lady's delight, but when she discovered that all sorts of folk were copying her in this direction, she decided to stop breeding dogs and go in for cats instead. True to her customary policy of thoroughness, the queen now has a small army of the best breeds, and if any of the royal residences contain a mouse the creature must be a veritable DeWet of its kind.

The queen has six particular favorites among her cat family, but a valuable Persian enjoys her special affection. This is "Sandy"—who is so named because he first saw the light at Sandringham. For several months her majesty has never traveled without him, and he is as fondly attached to his royal mistress as the celebrated Irish terrier "Jack" was to the king in his most affectionate moments. "Sandy" is privileged to disport himself in the dining apartments, though his less fortunate brothers and sisters have to confine their activities to the other rooms in the royal dwellings.

Edward VII. hates cats and if he had his way "Sandy" would not long have the privilege—supposedly reserved for his kind—of "looking at a king," but the liberties that her royal husband demanded for his "Jack" the queen now demands for her pet. If the king has no love for "Sandy," however, the feeling seems to be fully reciprocated, for the queen's favorite will not come to his side of the table at any price, and gen-

erally makes himself scarce when the king is about.



"OSSEY," THE QUEEN'S KITTEN.

erally makes himself scarce when the king is about.

"Sandy," as well as "Monarch" and "Ossey," the two cats—also Persian—which come next to the favorite in their mistress' affection, sat for their photographs at Buckingham palace recently. They also have sat at Windsor and Sandringham to Louis Wain, the great cat artist, who declares them to be about the best and most patient sitters he ever has had. According to the lowest estimate the royal cats now number 50. Her special pets are always in residence where the queen is for the time being. They have a groom all to themselves; they have a bath every morning and their toilet is carefully attended to twice a day. On the slightest sign of illness the royal "vet" is summoned, who makes a careful diagnosis, and the result is immediately communicated to her majesty. There is a specially prepared room called "the cat hospital" in the stables attached to Buckingham palace, and here pussy reclines—when indisposed—in a bed sufficiently luxurious for the baby of a marquis. Its temperature is taken and the stethoscope applied as regularly as if the fate of an empire were depending on the cat's existence.

For her cats, when in health, the queen has prescribed a diet of fish and milk, and as she is quite unwilling to trust the discrimination of the ordinary London milkman as to the quality of the latter, the royal cats are fed on milk which comes fresh from Sandringham every morning, while a fishdealer of repute is entrusted with the supply of the fish known to be the best for feline consumption. When the queen first took to cats she knew nothing whatever about their tastes or habits. She was also ignorant of the points of the different breeds, but Louis Wain, whom she had presented to her for the purpose, was able to convey so much information that now the queen can discuss cats with the greatest expert in Europe.

Among other fashionable cat cultivators may be mentioned Lily, duchess of Marlborough, the duchess of Wellington and Viscountess Maitland, each of whom has a more or less elaborate "cattery." There is a lot of money made out of fancy cats. Five hundred dollars is no uncommon price to pay for one and some have fetched as high as \$1,500. In consequence there are not a few women in English society whose devotion to aristocratic tables is purely, though for the most part secretly, a pecuniary one.

WOMEN DO THE PROPOSING.

In the Islands of Torres Strait the Girls Go Courting and Also Pop the Question.

How would you like to live in a land where the women have the privilege to propose not only one year out of every four but every year?

In Torres strait, between the northern extremity of Australia and the southern extremity of New Guinea, there is a labyrinth of small islands and coral reefs, so complicated and dangerous, it is said, that Torres, the original discoverer, required three months to get through.

These islands are inhabited by a Melanesian race of the Papuan type inhabiting New Guinea, among whom it is not only permissible but obligatory for women to propose. In fact, Prof. Haddon, who first visited the islands and made a careful study of the customs of the islands, says that among them it is considered as bad



A TORRES STRAIT BEAUTY.

taste for a man to make a proposal of marriage as it is for a woman among us to propose to a man.

On the island of Tud, when a boy grows into manhood, one of the lessons his parents are careful to teach him is: "You no like girl first. If you do girl laugh and call you woman."

The way in which a young woman opens and conducts a courtship with the man for whom she has taken a fancy differs widely from the most approved method adopted by the leap year girl in America. When the island maiden becomes enamored she sends a piece of string to the sister of the man she covets, which is a sign that she loves him. The sister then says to her brother: "Brother, I have good news for you. A woman loves you." He asks who the woman is, and, if willing to go on with the affair, tells his sister to ask the girl to keep an appointment with him at some designated spot. At the appointed time they meet and talk the matter over. The betrothal often is made at the first meeting if both parties are satisfied.

When a man and a woman begin to "keep company," he is branded on the back with charcoal, while her mark is cut into the skin, because she "asked the man." They are expected to get married, but if they don't, nothing can be done. If it is the man who is unwilling he is given a sound thrashing by the girl's father and friends.

After marriage, in spite of the fact that the girl did the proposing, she becomes the property of her husband. She even is so completely in his power that he can, if she should offend him, kill her with impunity.

CARE OF THE FINGER NAILS

Any Girl Who Will Devote a Few Minutes to Them Daily Can Have Pretty Hands.

This is the season of the year when it is more than ever difficult to keep one's nails in order. Living out of doors, practicing many sports, works havoc to the hands, unless a girl is careful. To go regularly to a manicure is expensive, but with little time and by simple means it is possible to do much toward improving the nails, says the St. Louis Republic.

The skin at the base is inclined to grow over them, but that can be easily prevented. Fill a basin with nice hot, soapy water, and soak your hands in this for at least ten minutes. By that time the skin will be soft, and with a blunt stick of orange wood (obtainable at any chemist's) can be pressed gently back into its proper position, so that the pretty half moons at the base of the nail can be seen in all their glory.

But remember that too great pressure or ungentle treatment of any kind will probably result in a crop of those little white spots that are so disfiguring.

After pressing back the skin and thoroughly drying the hands, take half a lemon and keep digging your fingers into this until the nails are saturated with the juice. There is nothing like it for improving and beautifying them. Wipe off the lemon with a soft rag, roll a corner of your towel up into a hard pad, and with this give the nails a brisk rub to restore the polish.

This treatment once a week and a careful pushing back of the skin every time the hands are washed will soon bring about a marvelous improvement in the appearance of the nails. To polish, rub briskly on the palm of the other hand.

New Combination for Salads.

Try combining cucumbers and leeks in a salad. Cut the leeks in very thin slices and chill both cucumbers and leeks before pouring over them a French dressing. The rule is equal parts, but if a strong onion taste is disliked a smaller quantity of leeks may be used.