LITERATURE

It is very reposeful and charming to bask in the hazy lights of the distant last century. It is near enough to be actual; far enough to have taken on the indistinctness of romance and the possibilities of picturesqueness. One may dwell in it as in dreams, and the fictionist with skill who dips his pen in its inks may make tracings exquisite and desirable.

Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, have on their lists several of these stories, grounded on the facts of one hundred years ago, and embellished with its romantic lights and shades. There is Mrs. Goodwin, who charmed us in her "White Aprons," "The Head of a Hundred" and "The Colonial Cavalier;" Mr. George R. R. Rivers, whose "Governor's Garden" found warm expressions of approval for its story value and historical exactitude in narrating events in the career of Gov. Hutchinson, and whose new story, "Captain Shays," claims our present attention, and Mr. George Bridges Rodney, whose "In Buff and Blue" is just at hand, describing the doings of certain portions of the Delaware Foot during our glorious war for independence.

Just a word to insist the charm of books of this character, their good influence on the nationality of our literature, their inspiration to patriotic pride and the obligation owing the publishers who encourage these writers to furnish such palatable and profitable literary provender.

Mr. Rivers finds in the discontent antecedent to and surrounding Shay's retellion in Massachusetts an analogy in labor troubles and mass discontent of 1786 to our present unrest of 1897. He makes this small but significant uprising the basis of a novel largely historical in fact and entirely so in temperament and atmosphere, which anyone may read with profitable pleasure. From its vivid pages one carries away a truthful and fitte impression of the ways and means, thoughts and actions, character and life, motives and theories of the restless a century ago.

The subtitle to "Capt. Shays" is "A Popelist of 1786." Mr. Rivers' endeavor is to sustain the analogy hinted therein. For, while the farmers of Massachusetts suffered and had grievance, for the Government and rich city merchants were not lenient with poverty, they unwisely committed their cause to a selfish man and a demagogue. This is a fact which Mr. Rivers accents not merely to adorn his tale, but probably to point a moral to the aggrieved of this day lest they, too, unwisely commit themselves and their grievance to demagogues.

Another impression carried away from a reading of "Capt. Shays" is that history repeats itself again and again in the unvarying character of human emotion and human passion. The questions of today were the questions of 100 years ago, and the methods of 100 years ago may become the methods today. (Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Washington: Woodward & Lothrop.)

In "In Buff and Blue," the colors referring to the uniform of the soldiers of the Colonial Army, we believe Mr. George Bridges Rodney for the first time enters the lists with Mrs. Goodwin and Mr. Rivers as an historical novelist of the Colonial and Revolutionary period. By the evidence of the story's excellence this would be controverted.

"In Buff and Blue" is alleged to be pertain portions from the diary of Richard Hilton, Gentleman of Haslet's Regiment of Delaware Foot. Capt. Hilton, in the reposeful twilight of his years tells the memoirs of his youth—"those dear old days, when all was youth and love and the gratifying sense of duty done and perfect rest in the reward of duty done."

Haslet's Delaware Foot were a famous regiment in the Revolution. They marched northward in '76 to New York, and fought nobly in the campaign about Manhatton Island. They were close to Gen. Washington; they spent the terrible winter in Valley Forge with him, and came gloriously out of the war only eighty-four strong. Mr. Rodney's romance deals delightfully with the intimate side of this period and its people, in the words of one who lives and acts in the present of those stirring days. He has been to evidently elaborate pains to provide himself a secure historical foundation in fact, and only extensive reading and faithful study of the period could have enabled him to reproduce so exactly its atmosphere and temperament.

"Ah! the memory of that winter in Valley Forge," wrote Capt. Hilton; "the terrible marches of the half-fed, half-naked troops; the cold so intense that it almost gripped one's very heart, freezing blood and bone and sinew, turning strong men into little children. I have seen men who would never have winced under keenest pain in ordinary circumstances, cry like little children in their anguish; their only food dead horse meat or their own leather clothing; their frames and systems so impoverished by a lack of food, that a scratch which in the early days of the war would have occasioned only a laugh, would produce gangrene or some terrible complication resulting often in death.

"The only quarters obtainable were rough log cabins, rudely 'chinked' with mud, admitting the wind through every crack and crevice. Half of the men at least were insufficiently clothed, and many deaths resulted from exposure alone. I have seen men cowering over tiny fires—for wood, too, became scarce—afraid to lie upon the ground for fear of freezing, having literally not enough clothing to keep their flesh from the frozen ground. It is right easy now for you to sit comfortably by your fire, a glass of hot punch on your hand and a pipe between your teeth, and say comfortably: 'Ah, yes, it must have been terrible!' but you may well believe it was another thing to see men with whom you have shared perils and pleasures, looking with envious eyes on others who had perhaps an ounce or two of meat or flour. Even the death of an artillery horse was hailed with delight, for that meant a dainty meal for some of us, and necessity made good foragers of all.

"I have often wondered how Madame Washington could have borne these terrible privations which she was forced to undergo. And yet with inimitable grace and courage she heartened every man who came so much as within sight of her, and when women bore it so, why should we give up?

"I shall never forget serving once on the staff and seeing Gen. Washington, with tears in his eyes, stop a young fellow named Lyons, of the Jersey line, who was marching cheerfully along, barefooted, ankle-deep in the snow, every step leaving blood stains behind him.

"'My poor fellow,' said the general, 'this is too much for you. Take this cloak of mine and cut it into moccasins.'

"'Not I, general,' replied the gallant fellow. 'You'll need it yourself, sir, and so long as my feet bleed, why, they can't freeze,' and he laughed at his own wit." (Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Washington: Woodward & Lothrop.)

M. Jules Lemaitre has this to say of the traditional mysterious dignity of letters and art: "It ought to be generally known that literature and art are not professions which confer of themselves on those who choose them a mysterious dignity, or special titles to the consideration of others. We owe no awful respect to the young men who embrace a 'literary career,' for there are far too many of them; and it is very fine to call one's self a writer or an artist, since it can be done without justifying it by a single proof that it is true. Nor should one have the least scruple in discouraging the young people who are suffering from the disease of writing. Those of them who have talent will either succeed in any case in spite of all hindrances, or else will display it in other professions in unexpected and useful forms; so that neither their artistic sensibility nor their imagination will be lost."

Frank R. Stockton is evidently willing to rest on his laurels. This does not mean that he is willing to rest on his oars. These two similar phrases mean entirely different things. He is not resting on his oars, for both hands are busy, as both hands can be at one time in the operation of writing, making stories for the magazines. Thus only last week his admirers read with delight in Scribner's Magazine his "Buller-Podington Compact."

Resting on his laurels means that he is satisfied with what he has accomplished. This is evidenced by his last volume of stories, bearing the attractive title, "The Story Teller's Pack." In preparing this he has not gone to fields that are green or pastures new, but has tossed together some well-seasoned sheafs, which we recognize as products of the magazine crops of many seasons ago. But he has been discriminating in his compilations, and each of the stories was doubtless compelled to pass a sort of post-graduate examination before it was released from the paper covers to the permanency of book form.

These stories are ten. Perhaps in the recitation of their names you will recall an old friend or two. There are "The Magic Egg," "The Staving Powers of Sir Rohan," "The Widow's Cruise," "Love Before Breakfast," "The Bishop's Ghost and the Printer's Baby," "Captain Eli's Best Ear," "As One Woman to Another," "My Well, and What Came Out of It," "Stephan Sharridge's Christmas" and "My Unwilling Neighbor."

In "A Word to Begin With" Mr. Stockton tells some interesting things about the story-teller's pack. For the credibility of his hypnotic story of "The Magic Egg" he asks that judgment be deferred until the beginning of the twentieth century. That is comfortable avoidance. The virtue in the story of "Sir Rohan" is the evidence to the fact that a roan horse never has anything the matter with him. He holds "Love Before Breakfast" affectionately, because, though the people and the events be pure fiction, the setting is his own home. The ghost story he discloses is set in the poet's corner of Westminster Abbey, near Chaucer's tomb. He tells other interesting things, besides acknowledging the influence of Dickens' Christmas stories in writing his own two in this collection.

The whole pack is good, but there is one of them that is worth the whole pack. It is so thoroughly breezy and imaginative in Stockton's freest and most untrammeled style, as if the ropes and anchors had been cast off and an unfettered sail had been given to the breezes of his fancy. He is at his best in this style of story. He is an inimitable liar. The untruth moves unblushingly from his pen, whereas, if his ink had any sense of self-respect it would turn from black to red in distilling this audacious mendacity. Stockton invents and writes lies with a plausibility Munchausen couldn't assume, and which only finds its prototype in his own neighbor, Will Gillette, who acts them with such delicious abandon.

First let him speak of this particular story for himself: "This being an age of womanly endeavor, it was pleasant to chronicle in 'The Widow's Cruise,' the very successful endeavor of a good woman, not only to rise to the level of the male maritime yarn, but to soar above it and to look with pardonable contempt upon certain persons of the opposite sex, who had underestimated her mental grasp."

But Stockton did it. He inspired the four captains with their whoppers, and it was his malicious spirit of revenge and a playful anticipation of joyous results upon the reader that sustained him in the words he put into the widow's mouth.

Briefly, the Widow Ducket and her companion, Miss Dorcas Networthy, one evening entertained four transient sea captains at supper, and listened to their stories afterward, while they sat on the front stoop and smoked their pipes. Soon after the conversation began it reached that point at which Capt. Bird thought it proper to say that a great many strange things happen to seamen sailing on the sea which landspeople never dream of. It only needed the widow to remark: "Such as any thing in particular?" to plunge Dorcas into expectancy, and the captains into their yarns. Now here is the challenge that four more delightful lies were never told than were told by these four captains, saving always the widow's rejoinder, which eclipses anything.

Capt. Bird told how a whale once struck into the stern of his vessel with such tremendous force that it went half way into her hull. Of course the water came in, too, and the crew expected to see the ship sink in just fifty-five seconds. But they reckoned without their guest. For as fast as the water came in the whale drank it in and spouted it out of the two blow holes in the top of his head and through an open hatchway into the sea again, while with his tail as a propeller he pushed them into port.

Capt. Sanderson said he never knew of anything queerer than what happened to a big steam ship that he chanced to be on, which ran into an island in a fog. Everybody on board thought the ship was wrecked, but it had twin screws and was going at such tremendous speed that it turned the island entirely upside down and sailed over it and he had heard tell that now people sailing over the spot could look down into the water and see the roots of the trees and the cellars of the houses.

Capt. Buress told how he was once on a ship carrying an obelisk, when they found themselves approaching a bank. Without the obelisk they could have sailed over. But the captain made his plans quickly and acted. Under full head he plunged against the bank with such force that the obelisk shot out of the bow end and the lightened ship sailed freely over the bank. One man was jarred overboard, but he was saved, because when the obelisk plunged into the sea, the butt end being heaviest, went down first, and as it stood there and was a big obelisk, it stood five feet out of water. The hieroglyphics, being fine and deep, the sailor climbed up them and waited at the apex till a small boat was sent for him.

Capt. Jenkinson told how he had once found a shark winking at him in the middle of an iceberg. He liberated him with a sailing needle, and the famine of a thousand years was broken, the shark, being cold-blooded, being still alive.

The widow listened patiently and was either incited or encouraged to tell her yarn, her only remark on the stories being that "you sailor men certainly see strange things, and the strangest thing about them is that they are true." She told how she started across the bay to take a can of oil to her sister-in-law. A storm broke out before she was a quarter of a mile from shore and the most extravagant weather prevailed. She poured out about a tumblerful of oil on the water and instantly there was a placid mill pond around her, while the storm raged beyond its narrow limits. But she figured out she would have no oil for her sister-in-law if she used enough to create calm mill ponds all the way across.

Just then the can toppled over and she lost all her oil. Despairing, she glanced down and saw through a hole in the bottom of the boat the placid water below and the hard sand bottom. Then she conceived the idea of blowing the can full of air, jumping through the bottom of the boat and walking on the bay's bed to shore, sucking wind from the can each time her own gave out. This fertile scheme succumbed at the sight of a turtle. But, remembering the science of childhood, she stood on the seat, which was dry, and rubbed the bottom of her shoes backward and forward with such violence that she pretty soon got full of electricity, as when you glide over the carpet and light the gas. Then she sprang into the water and swam ashore. She couldn't sink, she was full of electricity. The captains listened in silent patience; then, also silently, paid for their suppers and went away.

You can see the extravagant fun of these yarns even divested of the charm of Mr Stockton's style elaboration. The publishers have embalmed the book in beautiful paper and type face, and inclosed it in a stunning cover. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Washington: Woodward & Lothrop.)

In summing up the permanent gains of the literature of fiction during the past twelve months, first place will doubtless be given "King Noanet," by F. J. Stimson, heretofore known in a less ambitious and commanding position among writers as J. S. of Dale. The new novel is a charming romance of our early Colonial days, and more nearly realizes the ideal of such a story than anything heretofore done. We present Mr. Stimson's portrait this morning. Frederic Jesup Stimson was born in Dedham, Mass., July 20, 1855. He passed his boyhood in Dubuque, Iowa; went to school in Dedham, Mass.; and Switzerland, and graduated from Harvard College in 1876 and law school 1878. At that time he was one of the editors of the old Harvard Lampoon, and wrote with J. T. Wheelwright "Rollo's Journey to Cambridge." "Guerndale," which he nearly completed before leaving Cambridge, was published in 1882, and followed by "Mrs. Knollys" and a "First Love Letter," two widely-copied magazine stories. The former preceded by a year or more Tennyson's poem on the same plot. "Stimson's Law Glossary" had before been published by Little, Brown & Co. About 1884-'85 Mr. Stimson was assistant attorney general of Massachusetts, and since then has practiced law in Boston and New York. The first volume of this "monumental" work on American statistics and constitutions appeared in 1886, and this year he put forth two important contributions to the law of the labor question, in which he is deeply interested. His works of fiction, necessarily written in periods of leisure, he takes sometimes years to execute and mature; but has written some novels in the fifteen years since "Guerndale," besides "The King's Men," written in collaboration with J. B. O'Reilly, Robert Grant and J. T. Wheelwright. This novel was not, however, a success. Mr. Stimson is also at work on a thoughtful book to be called "The Ethics of Democracy," parts of which appear from time to time in Scribner's Magazine.

F. J. STIMSON.

One of the most industrious and scholarly of Scotch archaeologists is Dr W. M. Ramsay, of Aberdeen University. He is also a theologian of note and an historical student of wide research. His works include a history of the church in the Roman Empire before A. D. 70, and an account of St. Paul, the traveler and the Roman citizen. To these important and much-valued writings he has now added his "Impressions of Turkey," gathered during twelve years' wanderings in Asiatic Turkey and Asia Minor.

The book comes with opportune timeliness. Just now there is great interest in the Turk and his co-relatives, the Armenians and the Greeks, and books relating to them, their interests, character, associations and environment are assured of welcome and consideration. Dr. Ramsay writes after an extensive experience, and his writing is the carefully digested impressions of intimacy and study. It is fairer to write a book after long acquaintance with your subject, but it is not so easy, as he points out.

One who remains only a few months in an Eastern country sees the picturesque facts, is impressed with the salient features of the country, the people and the life, and the facts group themselves in a strong, emphatic, unified well-conceived picture. One learns how simple Oriental life and character are; how easy it is to govern an Oriental race; how small a matter it is to understand the Eastern question; how quickly he would clear up the tangle of the Turkish difficulty if he had the opportunity. He is not troubled with contradictory impressions, because he has had no time to receive them. He has seen only one side, and the novelty and interest of his experiences have impressed that side so strongly that he is filled with the consciousness of new knowledge and the power it gives.

But time, travel, experience and association right all that. When the months have grown into years of acquaintance, one doesn't find the Eastern Question so easy to understand. One has had time to see more, and finds that every one of his earliest impressions is contradicted by some later experience; that every statement which he formerly made without hesitation has become more doubtful. One no longer makes broad and sweeping assertions and generalizations, for he feels that they are unfair to some extent and to some of his knowledge.

Dr. Ramsay's statement of this case is truthful to a degree. He has paved a way for him to walk over his ground, but in the light of his narratives it can scarcely be said that he has risen above the necessity for this apology. He seems to be overcome by the diversity of his experience. He wavers and is unwilling to assert anything positively. But he is manifestly and studiously fair. He gives the reader his experiences exactly as he received them, and he doubtless hoped thereby to convey to him the impression created thereby on himself.

It is hard to take away any other definite impression from Dr. Ramsay's book except that though limited in civilized social life and attendant cleanliness, Greek, Turk, and Armenian cannot be generalized as wholly good, wholly bad, or wholly indifferent, but like the generality of mankind, some are rich in virtue, others sordidly poor. The work is valuable as the scrupulously honest expression of a scholar of extensive intimacy with his subject and as a discussion of a people of present consuming interest.

Dr. Ramsay does not profess acquaintance with Turkish city life. He devoted himself to the villages. From his accounts the quietest and most uninteresting spot on earth is a Turkish village. There are no stores. In one of the most important trading villages he found no change for coin. The inhabitants come and sit about a stranger and expect to be entertained. But they are poor conversationalists, apparently. He notes one occasion when the idlers sat about and no one said a word for two and one-half hours. Yet in the first line of his preface he professes a love for Asiatic Turkey and its people.

Speaking of the Armenian troubles and the Turkish massacres the writer says: "To appreciate what was the situation to the verge of which the Armenians were often brought, and which they felt as a danger continually threatening them in case they displeased their masters and a riot was roused, one must conceive what has always been the character of a thoroughgoing Turkish massacre. It does not mean merely that thousands are killed daily by sword, the torture or the fire. It does not mean merely that everything they possess is stolen, their houses and shops looted and often burned, every article worth a halfpenny taken, the corpses stripped. It does not mean merely that the survivors are left penniless, without food, sometimes literally stark naked. That is only the beginning, the lighter, brighter side of a Turkish massacre.

"Sometimes when the Turks have been especially merciful, they have offered their victims escape from death by accepting Mohammedanism. But as to the darker side of Turkish massacre—personal outrage and shame—take what the more free-spoken historians of former times have told; gather together the details of the most horrible and indescribable outrages that occasional criminals of half-lunatic character commit in this country; imagine these criminals collected in thousands, heated with the hard work of murder, inciting each other and vying with each other, encouraged by the government officials with promise of impunity and hope of plunder—imagine the result if you can, and you will have some faint idea of the massacres in the eastern part of Turkey.

"There has been no exaggeration in the worst accounts of the horrors of Armenia. A writer with the vivid imagination of Dumas and the knowledge of evil that Zola possesses could not attain, by any description, the effect that the sight of one massacre in the Kurdish part of Armenia would produce on any spectator. The Kurdish part of Armenia is the 'black country.' It has become a charnel house. One dare not enter it. One cannot think about it. One knows not how many maimed, mutilated, outraged Armenians are still living there." (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Washington: Brentano.)

JEAN INGELOW.

The recent death of Miss Jean Ingelow took away a poetess whose name was probably better known in America than her verse. However, she was a writer of a long list of works and stood high in the esteem of the critics and the readers of her days of achievement.

Miss Ingelow was the daughter of a Lincolnshire banker, and was born at Boston in 1820. She published her first collection of poems, "A Rhyming Chronicle of Incidents and Feelings," anonymously in 1850. In the following year appeared a story of hers in rhyme, called "Eilerton and Drenx." Among her later writings were "Home Thoughts and Home Scenes" (1865), "Deborah's Book and the Lonely Rock," "Grandmother's Shoes," "The Suspicious Jackdaw and the Life of John Smith," "The Minnows with Silver Tails," "Studies for Stories," "A Story of Doom" (1867), "A Sister's Bye-hours" (1868), "The Little Wonder-Horn" (1872) and "The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire, 1571" (1883).

Miss Ingelow was also the author of a number of novels which were almost as popular over here as in England. The best known are "Off the Skelligs" (1872), "Fated to be Free" (1875), "Don Juan" (1876), and "Sarah de Berenger" (1880). Both her poetry and verse were marked by great refinement and deep religious feeling. She may have been sentimental, but her work was always in good taste.

In 1892 Miss Ingelow talked to an interviewer of her early life in Lincolnshire: "My favorite retreat was a lofty room in the old house, where there was a low window which overlooked the river. The window's had the good old-fashioned shutters which folded back against the walls. I would open these shutters and write my verses and songs on them and fold them back again. My mother came in one day and discovered them; many of them were transmitted to paper and preserved." Of her brother, with whom she lived at Kensington, she said: "He offered to contribute to have the MSS. printed, and my mother went with me to the publisher—Mr. Longman. He was most kind, and took the matter up warmly. In the first year four editions of a thousand copies each were sold, and this first volume has been republished again and yet again, until it has reached its twenty-sixth edition."

Messrs. Roberts Bros., by whose permission we publish the accompanying portrait of Miss Ingelow, are her American publishers.

Andrew William Hammond, of this city, has dramatized his unpublished novel, "George Marlowe, Artist and Tramp," an autobiography, and has published it under the name, "The Poisoned Chalice." He calls it a romantic drama of American life, and has draughted it into five acts. It makes a pretty and handy booklet, and will be read with hopeful interest by his friends.

Mrs. Alexander's latest story, "Mrs. Crichton's Creditor," is comparatively short, fitting snugly into one of the Lotus Library booklets. It is a pretty story, full of the tender sweetness which invests and distinguishes all of this writer's tales.

The creditor in the case is a young English naval officer, who one day sees a beautiful woman in a pawnbroker's shop. A few evenings after he meets her at a fashionable dinner and he discovers that she is a childhood sweetheart. He feels the old love revive, but she is married; she is Mrs Crichton. She is struggling with the problem of a poor girl marrying an avariciously rich man. The husband is rude and brutal, even in his treatment of his beautiful wife, but she seeks to redeem her poverty by pledging her jewels. These in turn the young naval officer redeems for her and becomes her creditor. The husband dies suddenly, and the way would seem to be open for the debtor to pay her creditor with the hand and heart he desires. But she does not, and the end is one of life's stern realities. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Washington: Woodward & Lothrop.)

All of us who have been bored or amused by the stock situations and devices of dramatists and novelists will find sympathetic enjoyment in the following from Charles Battell Loomis on "The Bull, the Girl and the Red Shawl," contributed to last week's Critic:

"There is no incident in all the realms of literature, from the 'penny dreadful' up to the three-volume novel, that has afforded so much material for the pen of the writer of fiction as the delightful episode of the bull, the young girl with the red shawl and the young girl's lover. Sometimes the cast includes the lover's belated rival, but the story may be told without using him.

"It is thirty-odd years since I came across this thrilling adventure in the pages of a child's book, very popular at the time. How well I remember how my young blood—to be exact, my seven-year-old blood—thrilled as I mentally watched this frail girl, with a start of just three feet, lead the tremendous and horribly savage bull in a 300-yard sprint, only to trip at last on the only obstruction in the ten-acre field; how, just as the bull reached her, she flung her red shawl a few yards to the right; how the bull, leaving her, plunged after it; how she, weak and trembling, ran to the stone wall and managed to vault it just as her lover, a brawny blacksmith, who had seen the whole affair at too great a distance to be of immediate service, reached the wall and received her in his arms. 'Oh, Kenston,' she murmured, 'you have saved my life!' and then she fainted—and I believe the bull ate up the shawl. At any rate, its part in that particular story was ended.

"I have always felt that, thrilling as the scene was, it had not been worked for all it was worth; but an extensive reading since then has brought me to the conclusion that, first and last, it has been worked for its full value.

"The next time that I read the enthralling narrative, I was some years older, but the memory of the other telling was still fresh within me; and so, when, in the second chapter, I read about a savage old bull, one Hector, the property of 'Squire Flint, the meanest man in the county—not that his meanness had anything to do with the story, but it is one of the conventions that a savage bull shall be owned by a cross, crabbed and thoroughly stingy man—I say when I had read thus far, my pulse quickened. Inexperienced as I was, I somehow sensed the coming situation. I seemed to know as by clairvoyance that, however limited the heroine's wardrobe might be in some respects, there was one article of apparel that she surely possessed, or would possess, in time to meet the exigencies. True enough, in the very next chapter, her maiden aunt, a saintly old lady of ninety, died and bequeathed to her sorrowing niece a red pongee shawl of great value—as a bull-enrager. The book had seemed prosy at the start, but now that I knew what was coming, and that it was that that was coming, I read on breathlessly.

"Needless to say that, in the next chapter, the young girl fell in love with a strapping young fellow, who immediately proposed—that they take a walk. How well I knew, though they did not, where that walk would lead them. The mad bull—in this case it was mad, although any old bull will do, mad or not—was rampant in a lot a mile south of the young girl's house, and they started to walk due north; but I knew full well that they would need to cross that particular pasture before they got home; and a few pages later found them climbing over the stone wall into the bull's domain, and then they walked along, intent only on their new-found happiness. The day was chilly (in the middle of a particularly hot July), so that the girl could have an excuse to wear her red shawl.

Now, having brought two of the actors on the stage, the cue was soon given to the bull, and in a moment the happy lovers, feeling the ground tremble beneath their feet, turned and saw Hector, his horns gyrating with rage, his eyes bulging out and his head lowered as he thundered along, straight for the pongee bequest. To take her under his strong arm and to rush forward were the only things for the young man to do, and he did them; and then, the rest ran as per schedule. I believe that in this case the young man threw the girl into a tree and then plunged down a woodchuck's hole. At any rate the girl was unharmed. That is the one unalterable formula in constructing these bull stories; save the girl unharmed. You may break the young man's leg or arm, and you may do what you will with the bull, but the young girl must come through unscathed.

"It was years before this 'moving incident' ceased to hold me, and in that time how many changes were rung on it. Once only was the red shawl absent, and I wondered how in the world the bull was to be infuriated, as he was a singularly mild beast in the earlier chapters and on May Days had been festooned with garlands. Then, too, the girl was in deep mourning—for her lover. But the ten-acre lot was all right, and as the author was a clever man I felt that he would find a way to run the act with a small cast and no properties. So I read on, and after wondering, together with the girl herself, what could have caused the peaceful old bovine to chase her, tail up and head down, the full length of a particularly long pasture, she and I found out, when she realized that, the day being sunny, she had picked up her cousin's parasol, which was, necessarily, of a brilliant scarlet. She had no lover, for, as I say, he had died—two chapters before the book was begun; but she did have presence of mind, and so she inserted the point of the parasol in the bull's mouth and then opened it, and while he was extracting it with his forepaws she reached the fence and vaulted it in the usual way.

"The possibilities of the incident are by no means exhausted, and so far from 'Amos Judd' being the last story in which it was used, I saw it in a tale published this month; and this time with the full paraphernalia of hated rival, lover, red shawl and all; but for me it had lost its zest. To be sure, if they would make the hero an athlete and have him bravely stand his ground, while the girl climbed to the top of an enormous elm, and then, just as the bull lowered his head to toss him, have the hero jump high in the air and make the bull pass beneath him, and as he reached ground again, seize the bull, not by the horns, but by the tail, and, swinging it three times around his head, dash it against a tree and stun it—that is, if its tail were securely welded to its body—there would be an original treatment on the subject. And if its tail were but loosely fixed to it, the hero could pull it out and the bull, filled with chagrin, would walk off dismayed and humiliated.

"But pending that form of the story, I am studiously avoiding all novels that contain heroines with red shawls, or that make early reference to fierce bulls, or that speak of a certain ten-acre lot, peculiarly adapted for lovers' peregrinations. For, like the successful burglar, I know the combination."

An Eavesdropper.

Speaking of Horatio Seymour at the Cogburn Club last evening, the old political member was reminded of the following anecdote, which, he asserted, the governor used to tell on himself:

"I had just taken my seat in the railway carriage when I noticed two ministerial looking men in front of me," said the governor. "'Do you know this Horatio Seymour?' asked one. 'No,' came the answer, 'although I have seen him.' 'Have you? Then I pray you to tell me how he looks.' 'Well, he looks what he is—a great drunkard,' answered the one who had seen the governor.

"'Ah,' said the questioner sadly. 'it's a great pity that he should be governor. I understand that he owns an interest in more than half the rum-shops in Utica.' 'Yes,' was the response, 'and he has to look out for them in the morning, as he is always too drunk in the afternoon to attend to that or any other business.' I pricked up my ears," concluded the governor, "for I was curious to know what had caused these two to go for me so severely. Presently I discovered, 'Have you seen his Thanksgiving proclamation?' asked one. 'Yes, and I think it scandalously infidel.' 'So do I.' And yet that proclamation was written by the rector of the leading Episcopal church in Albany."—Utica Observer.

THE CONGRESS OF MOTHERS.

The report of the first session of the annual Congress of Mothers has just been issued. It makes a book of considerable size and much interest, and contains, of course, all of the speeches in full. From some paragraphs which went floating about the country, penned by the more or less idle and uninformed scribbler, it might have been supposed that these speeches were made principally by men, or unmarried women, who, of course, could not be supposed to know anything whatever of the training of children. In glancing over the index, however, one is forcibly struck with the fact that out of the thirty-one speeches made at the conference fully two-thirds were made by women whose names began "Mrs." Of the other third, three of the unmarried women were kindergartners, and one, a physical culture teacher, spoke on that topic.

One of the men who spoke was Frank Hamilton Cushing, who related his observations of Zuni women, and as his facilities for observation in this direction probably have been better than those of any married lady in the United States, if a paper on motherhood among uncivilized races was to be had, that was probably the best way to get it. Another of the masculine speakers was a musician of some prominence, who spoke of music in the home; another was a man who has spent a large part of his life in studying children scientifically, and still another speaker was a physician.

The gathering was, in short, simply a gigantic enlargement of the old-fashioned neighborhood sewing society, against which the most rampant opponent of women's rights never breathed a word, and as for the children of the speakers, they were frequently brought along to enjoy Washington with their mothers, or, if they were not, grandmothers and aunts still exist in the world, and the child who cannot exist one week without its mother is something of a rarity. The mothers' congress was a grand success. The only people who attempted to find fault with it were people who proved by their incorrect remarks that they knew nothing whatever about it except through their own fertile imaginations.

Mr. Cushing's paper on the Zunis, which was a part of the first day's program, is one of the most beautiful as well as most interesting of all the addresses, and no woman who heard it could have failed to feel more deeply that human nature and mother nature are the same everywhere, and that in many races known to us as savages there are tender and poetic customs and gentle traits, and deep thought and feeling, which put many so-called civilized nations to shame. Honoring motherhood, as the first and most divine relation of the human race, the Zunis regard the mother with a reverence which is a part of their very nature, not put on as a chivalric custom, as it is too often done in Anglo-Saxon civilization.

It is a melancholy fact that about two-thirds of proverbial Indian wickedness is the result of contact with the white man. Civilization does not consist in railways and machinery and printed calicoes, but in high thought and kindly actions, and the ancient civilization of the Zunis was in this respect very far above the ordinary life of the American white man. So it would appear, at least, from Mr. Cushing's description, and he surely ought to know, for the man who lives in peace among a people always knows them better than the man who meets them in war.

In a book so full of interesting papers, one cannot pick and choose, but may only quote at random, sure that any selection will be good. On the same afternoon of Mr. Cushing's address came a short paper from Mrs Frances Harper, of Philadelphia, on "The Afro-American Mother," in which she says:

"I do not ask any special favor for the colored mother. Only let us be tried by the same rules and judged by the same standards as are other people. But I do ask you to give what we cannot touch with our hands, the ideal things that cannot be measured nor weighed, just these things which gold is too poor to buy—kind words and holy wishes. I ask that you will do what you can do to create a public opinion which will not class the worthy and the worthless together. If you want us to act as women, treat us as women."

Now, if there is anything un-American or unreasonable in this, what is it?

Mrs. Ballington Booth spoke on "Mothers to the Motherless." She thinks that the woman whose heart is large enough to take in some of the unmothered of the world will be no less the embodiment of all tenderness and care to her own little ones. As a matter of fact, if all women could realize their duties to the motherless little ones of their neighbors there would be no need of herding them out in orphan asylums.

One of the particularly earnest and well written papers was by Mrs. Alice Lee Moque, on "Reproduction and Natural Law." She is of the opinion that haphazard marriages and reckless self-indulgence are responsible for much of the sin and weakness of the race, which is probably true; and she insists emphatically that it is the duty of every man and woman of marrying age to see that the coming race is born right. It is not her idea that God wishes human beings to come into the world with defective bodies and minds and morals. Somebody is responsible for these happenings, and Mrs. Moque makes her point so plain that anybody can see it and feel it.

Mrs. Cotton, of Falkland, N. C., spoke in a most interesting way of "A National Training School for Women." It has been a bewildered impression in the minds of many people that the higher education of women was missing its mission somewhere, if it did not train them to be homekeepers and good wives and mothers. There were people who objected to all higher education of women on that account. But Mrs Cotton's idea is that such training is possible in other ways than in the old, helter-skelter fashion, in which the daughter of a good mother was well trained, and the daughter of an incompetent mother, or the child whose mother was not living, got no training at all.

She plans a way in which this education shall be given scientifically, and all the helps which women formerly got from each other, or from their husbands, if their husbands happened to be scientific men, and which never got further than one family or one neighborhood, shall be given to a large class of girls together. It looks very much as if this might be the next development in woman's education, which is, after all, not a century old yet.

Altogether, this report of the proceedings of one of the most unique gatherings America ever saw is extremely fascinating, and the scraps of it here given are very inadequate in showing its interest and value.

English Liberality.

Live heroes, when they serve in the ranks, can always count on shabby treatment from the British authorities. When the transport ship, Warren Hastings, with 1,246 souls on board, went ashore on the rocks of the island of Reunion last January in a pitch-dark night with a heavy sea running, all England rang with praise of the bravery and discipline of the troops, who stood drawn up in companies on the deck till the women and children were saved, and then went ashore as they were told off. Many of the officers were then mentioned in orders, and some were promoted. All the soldiers and their families lost all their baggage. After six months the war department allows each man $8 to renew his kit, and each family $2.50 as compensation for lost property.—New York Sun.