

In Childhoods Realm



Long Ago.
Of all the beautiful flowers
That hang on Memory's wall,
Is one of a dim old forest,
That seemeth best of all;
Not for its garlanded oaks, olden,
Dark with the mist of the forest,
Not for the violets golden,
That sprinkle the vale below;
Not for the milk-white lilies,
That lean from the fragrant hedge,
Competing all day with the anemone,
And stealing their golden edge,
Not for the vines on the upland,
Where the bright red berries rest;
And one of the autumn eve,
It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother
With eyes that were dark and deep,
In the lap of that olden forest,
He held in peace asleep;
Light as the dawn of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roamed there the beautiful summers,
The summers of long ago;
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And one of the autumn eve,
I made for my little brother
A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a meek embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face;
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the treetops bright
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.
Therefore, of all the pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all.

ALICE GARY.

Books About Children.
The children have cause to rejoice in the tidings from across that a complete manuscript volume, entitled, "Letters to a Boy of Twelve," has been discovered among the unpublished manuscripts of Robert Louis Stevenson. Zangwill credits Stevenson with having set the fashion of literary interest in the child's psychology, and calls books about children as distinct from children's books, a new and delightful nook in literature.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's books have made much laughter and many happy tears on two continents. Child nature and the love of it seem common to the nations, and Mrs. Burnett's books have been translated into several languages. "The One Day of All" is a pretty little bit of autobiography, full of revelations of childish sufferings and fears that ought to teach a lesson to those grave "grown-ups" who have forgotten that sensitiveness is peculiarly a childish trait and that there is no truce like that which comes to the child without perspective.

"How Fannyterly Really Occurred" is a charming biography of a child full of touches of good old-fashioned mother-love. Of the little new arrival his loving mother writes:

"We were sure that the new member of the family appreciated the difficulty of his position. We wondered if he had understood when he had heard us refer to him as 'Little Calamity.' After a few days' acquaintance with him we were afraid he had not understood in using the term, which we had at first thought rather a good joke. Dear Little Calamity, how often we have spoken of that misnomer since. From his first hour his actions seemed regulated by the beautiful resolve never to be in the way and never to make any one uncomfortable. * * * The unflinchingness with which he devoted himself to the fine art of infant fascination was really worth reflecting upon. At 30 there are numerous methods by which a person may prove that he is worthy of affection and admiration; at 3 months his charms are limited to a good digestion, a tendency to somnolence and an unobtrusive temper."

"Thinking Lessons."
Of course it is an English woman—an American woman would never have time—who has established the quaint custom of daily "thinking lessons."

The little ones sit on the floor and speak aloud each thought that occurs to them, relevant or not. The mother jots all down in shorthand, and she will, by and by, possess a volume of childish biography more valuable than the closest observer could compile. "A child 1 year old," said that Frenchman who studied his children with all the care that any scientist could bestow upon a bug, "a child 1 year old knows as much as an intelligent dog." This man kept a diary in which he recorded the growth and progress of his

Little of Life's Hardships Do Flowers and Children Know.
[From the painting by Helene Gevers.]



combinations of food. The following illustrative menus are given that they may assist in this direction, with whatever suggestion they may carry. They embody one week's diet for an average child of five. A little judgment and intelligent consideration can carry still further the principles involved.

MONDAY.
Breakfast—One ripe apple, pared and quartered. Two or three tablespoonfuls of well-cooked and well-selected oatmeal, with half a cup of sweet cream, and salt or sugar, as preferred, according to the taste and condition of the child, using very little of either. A glass of warm milk. Bread and good butter.
Dinner—From 12 to 1 o'clock. Half a cup of beef broth. Bread and butter. One lamb chop, lightly broiled and cut in small pieces; or a piece of roast beef or mutton, with dish gravy. One quickly baked potato, broken with a fork, eaten with salt. Two tablespoonfuls of boiled spinach, mashed through a puree sieve. A few dates and a lady-finger for dessert.
Supper—5 to 6 o'clock. Mutton or veal, one-half pint of hot milk seasoned with salt, sugar and butter, for three or four pieces toast. A few stewed figs. Bread and butter if wanted.

TUESDAY.
Breakfast—Breakfast hominy and cream. Bread and butter. A sweet-orange. A glass of warm cocoa, half milk.
Dinner—One-half cup of mutton broth. Broiled, finely chopped steak, one large spoonful, or one lamb chop, lightly broiled. Boiled rice, as much as desired. Stewed celery, with drawn butter. Gelatine, flavored with chocolate or vanilla, for dessert.
Supper—Saltine crackers, broken in hot milk. Bread and butter. Stewed prunes.

WEDNESDAY.
Breakfast—One tablespoonful of cracked wheat and cream. One poached egg, lightly done. Brown bread and butter. A few dates or an apple.
Dinner—Half cup of beef broth, made from some of the chopped steak and celery bits of the day before. One large spoonful of mashed potato, with drawn butter. Macaroni, boiled in salted water, milk to be added for sauce. If meat is not available, more macaroni may be used. One-half spoonful of stewed tomatoes, stewed long enough to be

put through a colander. Orange float for dessert (soft custard poured over oranges that have been carefully freed from seeds).
Supper—Bread and butter and milk to drink, stewed apples, flavored with cinnamon or orange.

WEDNESDAY.
Breakfast—Oatmeal and cream. Dry toast, with cold, not melted butter. A little stewed potato. An orange. A glass of milk.
Dinner—Half a cup of chicken soup. One broiled lamb chop. Bread and butter. One baked sweet potato. Stewed onions with cream sauce. "Fruit" or apple tapioca pudding.
Supper—Sweet buns or plain rolls, broken up in hot milk, with a light sprinkling of salt or sugar, as preferred. A dish of stewed prunes, or a glass of prune juice.

THURSDAY.
Breakfast—Two tablespoonfuls of hominy and cream (half a cup). One scrambled egg, with butter and butter. One apple. Glass of milk.
Dinner—One cup of beef broth. Bread and butter. Spaghetti, and milk, in place of meat and bread; a supplementary dessert being given, as for instance, rice pudding. Stewed celery, small sauce of rice pudding.
Supper—Bread, butter and molasses, with as much milk as is wanted.

FRIDAY.
Breakfast—A saucer of boiled rice, with cream and salt. Bread and butter. A bit of crisp breakfast bacon. An orange.
Dinner—One cup of beef broth, seasoned with celery broth of the day before. Well broiled, boiled or baked fish having white meat. Baked white potato. One tablespoonful of stewed cauliflower with cream sauce. One egg cup custard, flavored with cinnamon.
Supper—Zwieback, stewed figs, bread, butter and milk ad libitum.

SATURDAY.
Breakfast—Cracked wheat and cream. Glass of milk or an egg. Lightly broiled. Bread and butter and a few figs or dates, or, for a younger child, an orange.
Dinner—Half a cup of mutton-broth. A tablespoonful of the white meat of a chicken, or a tender wing. Small saucer of apple sauce. Macaroni, bread and butter. A coffee-cup.

be connected with some natural human interest. Geography, arithmetic and language all come in practically—that is, to solve necessary problems which are forced upon Crusoe. This allows the cultivation of the imagination and the true development of morals.

In the Herbartian system everything leads up to religious ideas also. The plan is not to find out God by definitions and dogmas but by personal relations. Morals must not be taught as parts of a code of



"CURIOSITY." [From the painting by Helene Gevers.]

laws with arbitrary rewards and punishments, but as the necessary conditions of life and work.

Nursery Menus.
One of the greatest difficulties experienced in the nursery is the providing of sufficiently varied menus. Taking it for granted that those in charge of children understand thoroughly the principles of dietetics, there is still a great deal of study required for the selection of wholesome



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cup of junket, made with essence of peptine (Fairechild's) and one or two lady-fingers or a sweet bun one day old.
Supper—Bread, butter and honey, milk and a small piece of one-day-old Moravian cake.

The above menus may be interchanged to suit the general house supply and all that is needed to give still further variety with the foods allowed is to study the proportions of the cereals, starches, broths, meats, juicy vegetables, fats and fruits in their relations to the menus given and to regulate the quantities according to the age and condition of the child. It will be noticed that the quantities are indicated where certain foods are to be limited at each meal, leaving the others to be given according to the appetite of the child.

With but few exceptions, tomatoes, figs, bacon and dates, the articles mentioned may be used for children from 3 years up, but the amounts given will be found to be more than is required for that age, as they are sufficient for a hungry child of 5.—Babyhood.

Dorothy and Dolly.
"Now dolly, you are going to wear your very bestest dress to-day, 'cause the minister is coming to lunch, and everybody's got to behave like a lady. Ministers just only like ladies an' angels, an' they spose they're something alike, 'cause they only sees ladies when they're all dressed up an' is singin' in church or else passin' cake an' things. The minister told auntie she looked just like an angel, an' she ain't, an' if he under her in the morning before she took down her frizzes an' when she ain't got no white stuff nor red stuff on her face he wouldn't say so."
"Course you don't know what is a minister, dolly, so I'll tell about that. A minister is something like God, only he smokes cigars. In the church he stands up high

you 'most everything you want if you'll only stay out in the kitchen an' keep still while everybody is eatin' an' 'f'n' about how much they loves little children an' flowers an' things."
"Come 'long, dolly, an' we'll go in the parlor an' tell the minister about auntie's new shoes an' what he's goin' to get to eat before anybody knows he's comed already."

Philosophy From Babyland.
Mamma—I am sorry to say that poor old Brindle has had the misfortune to lose her horn.
Little Dick—Oh, no, mamma; Brindle's horn isn't lost. I found it myself and put it in the woodshed.

It was after the furnished cottage was rented for the summer that Bobby's life became a burden to him. It was "Don't touch that, Bobby, it belongs to Mr. Cooper," or "Be careful of that, Bobby, it is Mr. Cooper's," or "Look out, you do not break that, Bobby. You must remember it does not belong to us, but to Mr. Cooper."
One night he was standing at the window, looking longingly at the rising moon.
"Mamma, when will you and papa, does the moon belong to Mr. Cooper, too?"
—Judge.

Arthur was ill one day, and papa, who is a physician, a bottle of medicine with a note of instructions. Mamma read the note and gave the small sufferer the maximum dose mentioned. She even left the room for a time and grandmamma came in, saw the excitement and had sympathy and gave Master Arthur a second maximum dose.
The result was alarming. Papa had to be summoned and vigorous measures adopted. "Mamma, when will you and papa, does the moon belong to Mr. Cooper, too?"
"Arthur, tell me why you did not say that mamma had already given you the medicine?"
"Well," said Arthur, "I fought it would make me sick, but it tasted so good I wanted some more, so I dested keep still."

Dickey was overheard saying his prayer the other evening in this fashion: "Oh, Lord, bless John and Billy Dooliday and me, and don't let any of us die; but if any of us has got to die I'd rather it was them. Amen."—Chicago Tribune.

IS SEIZED ONCE MORE.

Mrs. Fannie Rosenthal's Store Closed by the United States.

The Federal and State Courts Are in Conflict Over the Matter.

A nice little question of law is now in dispute, the contestants being the Superior courts of San Francisco and the Federal courts of the United States. So far the authorities representing Uncle Sam have the upper hand and the State courts are out and injured.

The bone of contention is the cigar-store and factory of Mrs. Fannie Rosenthal at 624 Market street. The United States internal revenue officials charge that the place has been run in violation of the United States laws even though it is in charge of a receiver appointed by Judge Hebard of the Superior Court. In consequence Collector of Customs and Marshal Baldwin went to the store yesterday afternoon and not only ousted the receiver appointed by Judge Hebard, but also locked up the place and sealed it.

Mrs. Rosenthal has an interesting history. For years she and her husband kept a cigar stand and manufactory on Montgomery street, but not long ago they moved to the present location on Market street. The couple did not agree, and finally Mrs. Rosenthal secured a divorce on the ground of cruelty. Shortly afterward her husband died. Immediately after assuming control of the property Mrs. Rosenthal was besieged by creditors, and for a time it was thought she would have to close up the concern.

Finally Judge Hebard went to her assistance and appointed James Riley receiver of the place. Shortly thereafter Chief Deputy Revenue Agent Thomas discovered that cigars and cigarettes were being sold from the store without payment of the internal revenue tax. A keeper was placed in charge and Judge Hebard waxed indignant. He threatened to arrest Collector Welch and the rest of his "scrub-and-wash" clothes on the matter rested for a time.

The facts of the case were laid before the authorities at Washington, and the reply came back: "Do not antagonize the State authorities." Full details were then sent on, and a couple of days ago instruction came from the Commissioner of Internal Revenue and the Attorney-General to seize the store and factory.

According to the Collector of Internal Revenue the receiver appointed by Judge Hebard knowingly allowed Mrs. Rosenthal to refill boxes, and further to take money out of the store, and to buy goods and carry on the business. Instead of closing the factory, the State ran it along on a bond furnished by Mrs. Rosenthal, and now it looks as though the creditors will suffer.

RECITATIONS AND SONGS.

A Pleasing Programme Prepared by the Mercantile Library Auxiliary.

The members of the Mercantile Library Auxiliary are busily engaged in completing arrangements for a musical and literary entertainment which they propose to give on Thursday, May 3.

One of the features of the occasion will be the introduction to a San Francisco audience of Miss Lillian O'Connell of New York. She is a pupil of the Emerson Wheaton director of the Empire Theater Dramatic School in New York. Miss O'Connell's elocutionary efforts and her dramatic ability have been highly commended by the dramatic critics of the East.

As part of the entertainment the auxiliary will give three recitations—"The Old Actor's Story," "Counting Apple Seed" and "El Capitano." Besides Miss O'Connell there are several others who will contribute to the evening's programme. There will be a madolin and guitar duet by Misses Theresa and Lily Sherwood, a piano solo by Miss Jessie Kloppstock and a vocal solo by Miss Mabel Lovick.

UNGANCED STAMPS.

Revenue Officials Are After Those Who Use Them on Empty Boxes.

Ah Foot keeps a small store on Bush street, above Dupont. From it he supplies all the opium fiends in the neighborhood. Like a certain class of cigar-dealers, he has been reeling stamped cans, and was caught in the act by Deputy Revenue Agent Gilchrist. He is now under arrest for the use of the Internal Revenue stamps.

Revenue Agent McLaughlin has now issued special instructions to all his staff to arrest all and sundry who have empty opium cans or empty cigar-boxes with uncancelled stamps on in their possession.

Campbell and the Captain.

Captain Julian L. Waller of the First Troop Cavalry, N. G. C., appeared in Judge Campbell's court yesterday to receive sentence for assault and battery committed on the 15th inst. on the person of H. Owens, a member of the troop. In fining the defendant \$10 and costs Judge Campbell took occasion to remark that no other man in the army is called "the captain" or "the general" with her feet stuck straight down like a gull's. It was so amusing to Saxie that he laughed at the spectacle, and she knocked him off the yard with the squiggle-handle she was riding. He tumbled into the maintop which was just below him, and escaped with a cracked head.

respect to the vessel or the service when he spoke in this manner. He had begun his naval lie a powder monkey at Vera Cruz, and he often said some of the solid stuff he helped to pitch at Santa Anna were stacked in the walls of San Juan de Ulloa yet. He served through the Civil War with honor to his country and with credit to himself, and was never known to complain, or as that performance is best known, growl. He always loved the ship that carried him over life's tough billows, he said, and when he called her "a wagon" with a big, bad D, he was speaking of her, his only sweetheart, in the tenderest way he could.

Fisher was different from his contemporary, Paddy White, who, when he did speak—which was seldom—grewled. He growled at the bright, warm sunshine that dried his "scrub-and-wash" clothes on the line, and even at the wind that blew him along. Fisher was always good natured, always happy and always talking. His favorite theme was his old maid sister, to whom he sent his love money in Philadelphia, who, he said, was the homeliest woman this side of the Western ocean. Often when the softest of winds were wandering over the tropic sea, throwing up little ripples which the thin white sails of the moon were playing with, silver, and the idle sails far up in the semi-litid spaces were waving in and out to the stately swing and pulse-like heave of the ship, we would gather around the old man sitting on the quarter and the 60-pounder and hear him dilate upon the beautiful features of that ever-treaded female.

"Ah, my boy," said he, looking along the side of the vessel, "I was in the States, that sister of mine always run me down, no matter what ship I was in, when she wanted to have a row. She would come riding through the air on a squiggle-handle and always found me, whether I was in the States or at a wheel. I didn't particularly object to her coming to me when I was turned in, because I could sleep through all her jawing. But when she came to the wheel along in the men's watch, the wind about the quarter and the ship hard to steer, we had a cat-and-dog time. She would buzz in my ear until I was blind and unable to see the compass.

One night I couldn't stand it any longer and reported her to the officer of the deck. Of course he couldn't see her, and told me I was getting crazy. So I stood there and suffered while she fairly howled at me. I rolled the wheel to starboard and port, and thought the ship would yaw her head off during that watch."

One of Fisher's stock stories was the Sargata. He was out on the topsail yard one dark, stormy night reefing the sail, when she suddenly appeared, wiglike, standing on the studding-sail boom near him. The spar, jumping under the heave of the ship over the rough sea, would shake her off, and she would flutter through the air, trying to light on the boom, with her feet stuck straight down like a gull's. It was so amusing to Saxie that he laughed at the spectacle, and she knocked him off the yard with the squiggle-handle she was riding. He tumbled into the maintop which was just below him, and escaped with a cracked head.

He said she got married when she was about nine and thirty, but being too young for a voyage in matrimony she only sailed the afternoon. About dark her man jumped aboard of a big clipper bound around God Hope, saying he'd rather sail with Vanderdecken in the Flying Dutchman forever and a day than live with that woman again.

When Saxie Fisher went to the Essex, he was made ship's painter. His abilities in the marine artistic line were limited to dipping a rag in a bucket of the ebony liquid, stowing the rag in the sea, and then shaking it out and ocher and black, and he told the first luff such remarkable yarns of his work with a brush in the "last ship" that he was rated and given a "crow," as the eagle which petty-officers wear on their arms is called. The alcohol, which is a part of the paint-stores of a war vessel, is an object of intense desire on the part of the old shells. The tank which holds the delicious nectar is jealously guarded by the equipment officer, who knows the weakness forward for the pungent spirit. The shrewd little schemes will be originated for the purpose of procuring a few ounces of the delectable draught for to-dies. A bit of deck must be shackled with ocher and alcohol, a gun must be coated with a mixture of alcohol and wax, or something must be done whereby the precious liquid is needed. It is

remarkable what industry is displayed along this line when the custodian of the tank is a jolly good fellow of the right cut. Saxie and his particular chum, Old Johnson, the quarter-gunner, passed a good lot of their time down in the forepeak where the paint-stores were located and the contents of the alcohol tank ebbed low. It was noticed that the two ancient hulks were animated with a mysterious liveliness and went skylarking along the decks with the elastic spring of a golden youth in their old timbers. New stories were told around the 60-pounder on the to-gallant forecastle when the stars were doming the wave and the ship was threading the warm parallels of a summer sea.

But the keen-eyed lieutenant was noting the mystic dance of the painter and the chum and the fountain of nectar stopped flowing. Fisher was solemnly told that the surgeon had poisoned the alcohol and the sailor who made his morning toddy from that toxic compound would slumber in his hammock until the ocean exhumed dead shells.

Fisher turned over a new leaf, and was the most uncompromising teetotaler in the ship, and his yarns, it was noticed, were tipped off with words that could only come from a mind regenerate. But his repentance was too late for material benefit. The first time he was asked to mix in port of paint his woeful deficiency in his new rating became manifest, and his "crow" took wings and flew away. He never could be

persuaded to accept another billet, and did penance as a simple bluejacket, unrated, unhonored and unused. The incident of his rise and fall furnished another theme for long midwatch yarns upon the to-gallant forecastle when the night winds were humming sweet ocean glees through the taut weather rigging and the bells were tinkling deep sea chimes against the bows.

In every navy-yard there is a gang of ownerless cats ready to slip down the gang-

plank and take passage in some outward-bound vessel. They are descendants of feline runaways from other ships that have moored at anchor and wandered on the docks for a chance to slip with him. And their instinct was unerring, for they ever found in him an indulgent and devoted master. Let the most wretched and starving kitten creep timorously through an open port and it was soon found purring contentedly upon Saxie's diddy-box, while its foster sea-daddy was energetically foraging among the messchests for his new protegee. The only return he exacted for a whole voyage of slavish devotion to his pets was a frequent performance of the funny and uncouth antics he taught them. They stood watch with him at night, and played around his feet while he walked the deck with the elastic spring of a golden youth on his cathead-lookout. When he was at the wheel, and, consequently, could not play with them, they sat on the quarter-deck and yowled in the wretchedness of their abandonment. He swung his hammock low—that is, lengthened out the head and foot lanyards, and slept in a bight, as he said, that his cats could turn in with him from the deck. Nor was he solely addicted to cats, for other helpless animals found security in the warm blankets of his care. Once brought a young squirrel aboard and the lively little creature, given the liberty of the whole ship, became a general favorite fore and aft. The captain decoyed it into the cabin, where it was kept growing prodigally, and it was living in luxury until the skipper found that his small messmate had chewed the bone buttons off his white duck trousers. Then bunny went ashore in disgrace.

Saxie Fisher passed a superannuated hull into some snug harbor whence he slipped his shore lines and climbed aloft. This was well, for he would not have been fittingly quartered behind the plates of steel armor in the superstructure of the metal fighting machines that took the place of the grand old frigate and saucy sloop-of-war that swept the waves of long ago. With the sail went the sailor, and the old hand and horny from gripping the battery train-tracks and stowing the rebellious storm-whipped canvas on the springing yards. The kind old hands that were ever lifted to help one of God's helpless creatures, great and small, were crossed one above the other under his country's drooping flag. And the stories he told in the deep midwatch in the to-gallant forecastle when the stars were silvering the quiet sea—and his life story—were told and Saxie Fisher laid still forever.

TOM GREGORY.

LORD ROSEBERTY'S VERSATILITY.
He Once Was a Ruching Man—Wanted to Grasp at Everything.
I first heard of Lord Rosebery as a brilliant after-dinner speaker at literary and theatrical banquets. He then appeared to be a young man given naturally more to literature and the drama than the dry work of politics. He was looked upon as one who had more inclination for the pleasures than the business life. He was a racing man, fond of the turf and of all that belonged to it. Now it is distinctly in favor of a man's popularity in England that he should be a votary of the turf. The people do not desire that their leading statesmen should be ascetics. It is an additional attraction in a public man that he should be a lover of sport in one form or another. Many a sturdy Tory softened toward John Bright because he was known to be an ardent lover of trout and salmon fishing. Lord Rosebery has, indeed, a great many sides to his character. As Savage Landor's words put it, he "warmed both hands before the fire of life." He stretched out eagerly for every wholesome occupation and amusement that existence could give him. Other men of his station moved along one groove and only one. The man of the turf was a man of the turf and nothing else. The politician was a politician. Lord Rosebery seemed to want to grasp at everything and to accomplish everything. This gave him a great start at the beginning, for it made him known in all circles.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY, in the Forum.

SAXIE FISHER

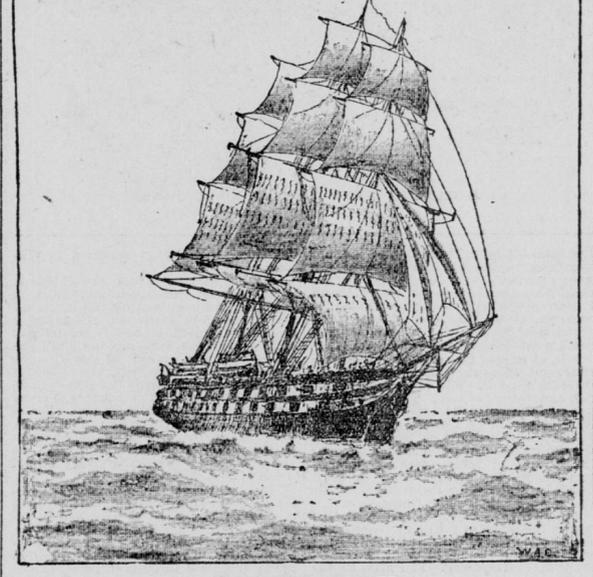
A Chip of the Old Navy.

Saxie Fisher died with the old navy. Not that the glorious ancient service is dead—it only passed from the old to the new ship, and the iron "spirit" that worked the smooth-throated batteries behind the wooden bulwarks is to-day within the steel-clad turrets looking along the polished tube of the rifled gun.

Saxie Fisher—strong, steadfast and loyal American sailor as he was—went away with the "little cherub that sits up aloft keeping watch over poor Jack" when the new Atlanta slipped into the water and led the way for the White Squadron which now bears the flag of Paul Jones, Hull, Decatur and Farragut around the globe. He didn't go into a bird like Paddy White, who is roosting posthumously on the end of the Independence's bowsprit jealously watching the "guards" for fear some other thing of the air will fly off with her.

Saxie wasn't that kind of a man-of-war's-man. Whenever he was drafted to another ship he quietly went down to the pay-office and signed accounts, got his hammock out of the netting, restored and locked his diddy-box, got his black bag from Jimmy Legs, the ex-official baggagemaster, and went over the side, saying he was "glad to get clear of the old wagon."

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AN OLD-TIME FRIGATE.

respect to the vessel or the service when he spoke in this manner. He had begun his naval lie a powder monkey at Vera Cruz, and he often said some of the solid stuff he helped to pitch at Santa Anna were stacked in the walls of San Juan de Ulloa yet. He served through the Civil War with honor to his country and with credit to himself, and was never known to complain, or as that performance is best known, growl. He always loved the ship that carried him over life's tough billows, he said, and when he called her "a wagon" with a big, bad D, he was speaking of her, his only sweetheart, in the tenderest way he could.

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One of Fisher's stock stories was the Sargata. He was out on the topsail yard one dark, stormy night reefing the sail, when she suddenly appeared, wiglike, standing on the studding-sail boom near him. The spar, jumping under the heave of the ship over the rough sea, would shake her off, and she would flutter through the air, trying to light on the boom, with her feet stuck straight down like a gull's. It was so amusing to Saxie that he laughed at the spectacle, and she knocked him off the yard with the squiggle-handle she was riding. He tumbled into the maintop which was just below him, and escaped with a cracked head.

He said she got married when she was about nine and thirty, but being too young for a voyage in matrimony she only sailed the afternoon. About dark her man jumped aboard of a big clipper bound around God Hope, saying he'd rather sail with Vanderdecken in the Flying Dutchman forever and a day than live with that woman again.

When Saxie Fisher went to the Essex, he was made ship's painter. His abilities in the marine artistic line were limited to dipping a rag in a bucket of the ebony liquid, stowing the rag in the sea, and then shaking it out and ocher and black, and he told the first luff such remarkable yarns of his work with a brush in the "last ship" that he was rated and given a "crow," as the eagle which petty-officers wear on their arms is called. The alcohol, which is a part of the paint-stores of a war vessel, is an object of intense desire on the part of the old shells. The tank which holds the delicious nectar is jealously guarded by the equipment officer, who knows the weakness forward for the pungent spirit. The shrewd little schemes will be originated for the purpose of procuring a few ounces of the delectable draught for to-dies. A bit of deck must be shackled with ocher and alcohol, a gun must be coated with a mixture of alcohol and wax, or something must be done whereby the precious liquid is needed. It is

persuaded to accept another billet, and did penance as a simple bluejacket, unrated, unhonored and unused. The incident of his rise and fall furnished another theme for long midwatch yarns upon the to-gallant forecastle when the night winds were humming sweet ocean glees through the taut weather rigging and the bells were tinkling deep sea chimes against the bows.

In every navy-yard there is a gang of ownerless cats ready to slip down the gang-

plank and take passage in some outward-bound vessel. They are descendants of feline runaways from other ships that have moored at anchor and wandered on the docks for a chance to slip with him. And their instinct was unerring, for they ever found in him an indulgent and devoted master. Let the most wretched and starving kitten creep timorously through an open port and it was soon found purring contentedly upon Saxie's diddy-box, while its foster sea-daddy was energetically foraging among the messchests for his new protegee. The only return he exacted for a whole voyage of slavish devotion to his pets was a frequent performance of the funny and uncouth antics he taught them. They stood watch with him at night, and played around his feet while he walked the deck with the elastic spring of a golden youth on his cathead-lookout. When he was at the wheel, and, consequently, could not play with them, they sat on the quarter-deck and yowled in the wretchedness of their abandonment. He swung his hammock low—that is, lengthened out the head and foot lanyards, and slept in a bight, as he said, that his cats could turn in with him from the deck. Nor was he solely addicted to cats, for other helpless animals found security in the warm blankets of his care. Once brought a young squirrel aboard and the lively little creature, given the liberty of the whole ship, became a general favorite fore and aft. The captain decoyed it into the cabin, where it was kept growing prodigally, and it was living in luxury until the skipper found that his small messmate had chewed the bone buttons off his white duck trousers. Then bunny went ashore in disgrace.

Saxie Fisher passed a superannuated hull into some snug harbor whence he slipped his shore lines and climbed aloft. This was well, for he would not have been fittingly quartered behind the plates of steel armor in the superstructure of the metal fighting machines that took the place of the grand old frigate and saucy sloop-of-war that swept the waves of long ago. With the sail went the sailor, and the old hand and horny from gripping the battery train-tracks and stowing the rebellious storm-whipped canvas on the springing yards. The kind old hands that were ever lifted to help one of God's helpless creatures, great and small, were crossed one above the other under his country's drooping flag. And the stories he told in the deep midwatch in the to-gallant forecastle when the stars were silvering the quiet sea—and his life story—were told and Saxie Fisher laid still forever.

TOM GREGORY.

LORD ROSEBERTY'S VERSATILITY.
He Once Was a Ruching Man—Wanted to Grasp at Everything.
I first heard of Lord Rosebery as a brilliant after-dinner speaker at literary and theatrical banquets. He then appeared to be a young man given naturally more to literature and the drama than the dry work of politics. He was looked upon as one who had more inclination for the pleasures than the business life. He was a racing man, fond of the turf and of all that belonged to it. Now it is distinctly in favor of a man's popularity in England that he should be a votary of the turf. The people do not desire that their leading statesmen should be ascetics. It is an additional attraction in a public man that he should be a lover of sport in one form or another. Many a sturdy Tory softened toward John Bright because he was known to be an ardent lover of trout and salmon fishing. Lord Rosebery has, indeed, a great many sides to his character. As Savage Landor's words put it, he "warmed both hands before the fire of life." He stretched out eagerly for every wholesome occupation and amusement that existence could give him. Other men of his station moved along one groove and only one. The man of the turf was a man of the turf and nothing else. The politician was a politician. Lord Rosebery seemed to want to grasp at everything and to accomplish everything. This gave him a great start at the beginning, for it made him known in all circles.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY, in the Forum.

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