

HER SISTER'S HONOR.

A Tale of English Life.

By Walter Besant.

MY SISTER—OR MY SISTER

On a fine Saturday evening in July there are never many readers in the Free Library. The old men who come in winter, because the place is warm and light and quiet, are now walking up and down the pavement, where the sunshine warms them through and through and chases away their rheumatic pains. The younger men are all afield, playing cricket, boating, cycling, rambling about, thinking of nothing but the delights of fresh air, and enjoying their youth. What have the young to do with a dusty, dusty library on a summer evening? A library is a cemetery. Books are mostly the tombs of dead men's brains. Young folk are much better occupied with reading each other's thoughts than with walking among the tombs, so that the library is almost empty.

It was about seven o'clock. At the window into which the sun would have poured its wealth of light and heat, which it gives to the tombs of the dead as well as to the fields and flowers of the living—a brown blind was hauled down, leaving a long, narrow line. The sun, pertinacious in its attempt to reach everything, took advantage of the line to make a thin plate or lamina of bright sunshine, across which the merry notes danced with their usual cheerfulness. There was a smell of leather bindings; the tables were covered with magazines and papers; a few readers sat at the tables. But I think that knowledge was not greatly advanced. One or two of them slept; one or two looked as if their thoughts were elsewhere—with the brook babbling over the shallows, with the village croonies gathered under the lean-to beside the ale-house. One of them, a young man, was reading a book with an illustrated paper before him. But he never turned over a leaf, and he looked not at the pictures. The librarian watched that man suspiciously. He did not like the look in that man's eyes. It meant rebellion; it meant a wicked spirit of discontent with the social order which left him starving while it made his neighbor fat, and refused him work, while it suffered his neighbor to live in comfort on the work of other men. Only a year or two ago—or it might be ten, because to one who is a librarian years have no significance in connection with numbers—a man had come into the place with just such a look in his eyes. That man asked for a book, sat down, and proceeded to tear away its bindings and to wrench its sheets asunder. Then he gave himself up to the librarian with the greatest gentleness and politeness, explaining that liberty without a crust was really a mockery, and that in future he meant to be maintained by his country, and that when he had served his time for the destruction of the book, he meant to smash a lamp, and that atoned for, to steal a stretcher from a police station, and so on, getting perhaps longer sentences, until he should be called by his reward. They walked off together to the nearest police station to the two old friends, and parted with a hearty grasp after the sergeant had noted the case.

Another man there was whom the librarian regarded with eyes of compassion. He dragged himself slowly and wearily up the stairs, threw himself upon a seat next the wall, and therefore provided with a back, took up a paper, sighed, and instantly fell fast asleep. This sort the librarian knew very well—he was the clerk out of work.



THE LIBRARIAN SAT IN HIS CORNER.

He fell asleep because he was exhausted with want of food, and with climbing the stairs in the city seeking for work. The librarian wondered how much longer the weary quest would continue. The man was clearly well on the downward slope; his next place would be lower; his next lower still. With adversity arrives too often moral weakening—is one of the countless ills which flow in misfortune's train; perhaps this poor wretch would take to drink—many of them do; in the end, a clean bed in the London Hospital, with pneumonia drawing him swiftly to an ignoble grave.

The librarian sat in his corner, a many-pigeon-holed cabinet against the wall at his side, a great book before him—no librarian is complete without a great book before him—and the usual materials for cataloguing on his desk, because to carry on the catalogue is as necessary a part of the daily work as to open the day's letters or for a secretary. He was a man of 60, or perhaps more. His hair was white, and his gray hair scanty on the top. He wore spectacles, and his face showed the clear, unlined surface of one who has never been concerned with markets, prices, or the state of trade. He lived all day in the library, and in the evening he walked home to his solitary lodging, two miles away.

The librarian of a free library is familiar with every kind of reader. He classifies them all. There are first the unemployed, the most numerous patrons of the free library. The librarian gets to know the trade of every man, if he belongs to one of the commoner branches of work, by his appearance. There are the quiet men who use the library in the evening, when their mates are in the public-houses of drinking, or at the club wrangling or perhaps gambling. They come here not to pursue a line of study, but to amuse themselves in prose. They in any library there are one or two habitués of the day time. Mostly they are retired tradesmen, or old pensioners,

who continue to live in the locality where they have friends. There is the young fellow who comes regularly to consult all the papers on sporting matters. He collects the prophetic tips, and notes the odds in a book; he would fain be a Sharp, but he, too often, remains a Juzgins. There is the boy who comes here whenever he can get the chance to sit in a corner and dream away the time deliciously over a story. There is the poor country lad who has more knowledge in his little finger than a London assan in his whole body, who understands how to plow and sow and reap, and stack and thrash; who can cultivate an allotment; who knows sheep and beasts, and pigs and horses; who can foretell the weather. Yet he has thrown it all over and come up to London, where he has nothing but his pair of hands and his strong arms, and his great knowledge avails him nothing. 'Tis as if you turned a professor of mathematics into a draper's shop, where they would use him for nothing but to sweep the floor and carry out the parcels. He rolls in to the library accidentally, and not looking for the place or the smell (which is not in the least like the smell of the earth), he goes out again.

The librarian knows them all. He watches in the silent room as the clock over his head ticks loudly, and makes up their little stories for them. Sometimes they whisper a little with him. He is a sympathetic creature, and they will confide their case to him asking for his advice. They do not seek it in the search for a book to read, but in search for work. And sometimes he knows, or has heard things, which may help them. The other librarians, you see, get a vast and intimate acquaintance with books, and the librarian is more useful to his readers if he knows the contents of the trade journals.

Sometimes, however, as in the case of Naomi Hellyer, he was altogether at sea. Naomi first appeared on this Saturday evening. She came in timidly, and looked about her with hesitation. There was no other woman in the place. Perhaps she was not admitted. Then the librarian stepped out of his corner and invited her to take a seat and ask for anything she might want. He saw a woman of thirty dressed in the black stuff frock of a workwoman, with a cloth jacket, though it was so warm an evening. Her dress was perfectly neat and well-fitting; her gloves were worn; she had the appearance of resolute respectability coupled with small pay. Her face was thin and pale, and her features delicate. She was not beautiful, but she looked steady and serious—what is called responsible. The librarian noticed these things; he also noticed, for he was an observant creature, that when he had served his time for the destruction of the book, he meant to smash a lamp, and that atoned for, to steal a stretcher from a police station, and so on, getting perhaps longer sentences, until he should be called by his reward. They walked off together to the nearest police station to the two old friends, and parted with a hearty grasp after the sergeant had noted the case.

When she took off her worn glove the librarian saw upon her forefinger the usual sign of needlework, which a woman can no more disguise than a mulatto can disguise the black streaks below his finger-nails. She took a place at one of the tables and began to turn over the leaves of an illustrated paper, but languidly, as if she took no interest in what she read. The librarian, watching her from his corner, observed that she presently put down the paper and began to walk about, reading the titles on the books on the shelves as if she was in search of something.

Being a conscientious librarian as well as observant and sympathetic, he left his place in the corner and asked her if there were any work which she wished to read. She shook her head. There was nothing, she said. The librarian observed that she had an extremely sweet voice. He also observed that she went looking at the titles as if she really did want something.

The librarian was experienced as well as conscientious, observant, and sympathetic. He discovered that there was something behind this restless curiosity. "I think you are looking for some book," he said. "If you will tell me what it is—"

"Have you got," she asked, coloring deeply, "any book that tells about—?" She hesitated.

"About?" he repeated.

"About women"—here she looked about to make sure that nobody else could hear, and her voice dropped to a whisper about women in prison, how they are treated, and how they live?"

"We have a book called 'Five Years of Penal Servitude,'" he replied, "but that is about male convicts, not women."

"May I see that?"

He found and gave her the volume.

When the library closed she brought her book, and went away. But her eyes were red. She had been crying.

During the week the librarian found himself thinking a good deal about this woman. She looked refined and delicate, perhaps above the position she now held, which seemed to be poorly paid, judging from her dress. By her language and her manner she showed herself what is called ladylike or what ladies prefer to call rather a superior person. He could not remember whether she wore a wedding ring. He hoped that she would come again.

On Saturday evening she did come again. The librarian greeted her with the smile reserved for habitual readers. "Let me find you another book," he said. "Please let me have the same"—as if the librarian should remember every book taken up by every reader. But he did remember her book and gave it to her.

She finished the book that evening. But long after she closed the volume she sat with it in her hand, thinking. She was in a corner where there were no other readers. But the librarian could see her. And from time to time the tears rose to her eyes and ran down her cheeks. He wondered what was meant by this grief, what miserable story lay behind.

She was the last to leave the library. The other readers had all gone, half an hour before the time for closing, but she sat there motionless, thinking, crying silently, and the librarian made pretense not to see her.

When the clock struck ten he locked the room and went out, a few minutes after her. His mind was quite full of her distress, as he walked along the

streets, now growing cool in the July twilight.

Presently he saw before him, going the same way, his reader. He overtook her and ventured to speak.

"We are going the same way?" he asked.

"I am going to—" She mentioned a street not far off.

"It is the same way," he replied; "and I'll walk with you? I am the librarian, you know."

She hesitated a little. But an official such as a librarian is not a perfect stranger. Besides, he was old and looked harmless, and his voice and manner were friendly. "If you please," she said presently.

They walked together in silence, side by side.



"WE ARE GOING THE SAME WAY?"

Presently the librarian began to ask a few leading questions, and learned that his new friend was a workwoman at a dressmaker's in the neighborhood. It is not a fashionable quarter, and the pay given to the most superior person is but meager—still it was enough, and the work was regular.

"I do not belong to the place," she said. "I come from the country. I have no friends, and am fortunate in getting any work at all."

"You must come a great deal to the library," he replied. "There you can be quiet and have the companionship of books, if you care for them. But you must not always read sad books—"

"I have no heart," she said, "for anything but sad books. This is my street. Good-night."

A week later she came again. Always on a Saturday evening. The reason was that she worked extra time in order to get a little more money on other evenings.

"I have found you a book about female convicts," the librarian told her. "It is twenty years old, but I suppose things are not changed much."

"Oh, give it to me—thank you!"

She snatched it from him and sought her corner, where she sat, her head on her hand, reading the book all the evening.

They walked home together again.

"You are in great trouble," said the librarian. "If it will be any help to you, tell me what it is. A good many people tell me their troubles. Sometimes it helps me to talk about things. Have you no friends?"

"No. I have lost all my old friends, and I cannot make new ones. Oh! if I could tell you—"

"You will not give me any more books if I do."

"Surely—surely—"

"Well then—the reason why I want to read about—about—you know—oh! I must speak to someone—the reason why—I it is because my sister is in prison—oh! my sister—oh! my poor, poor sister! She is in prison."

CHAPTER II.

BY THE RIVER.

Outside the old wall, a little of which still stands, runs, winding slowly through the meadows, the river on whose banks the ancient northern town is built. It is broad enough for boats, and on summer evenings a few come out, but not many, because it is a sleepy old town, and all the young men who have any go in to seek their fortunes elsewhere when they come to the rowing age. For half a mile or so below the town a broad walk has been constructed, having the river on one side and a row of trees on the other. Seats are planted here and there. It is the boulevard of the town, people, and, when the weather and season allow, the place is crowded and animated with the girls—

in this happy town there are thirty girls to one young man—who go up and down in pairs laughing and prattling as merrily as if they were not destined by the rigor of fate to single blessedness, because there are so many of them. I have always thought that this special application of the old law about the sins of the fathers must be very hard for a girl to accept with resignation. "You suffer," says the law, "because there are too many of you. I am very sorry, but—it is the sin of the father—why were you born?" Why, indeed?

In the summer the lilies lie upon the waters; the river sparkles and dances in the light and sunshine; there are swans and ducks; under the branches disport millions of midges; there is a soft warm smell in the air, partly from the river and partly from the low meadows on the other side; the fields are full of buttercup; from the tower of the cathedral float the melodious notes of a carillon; the river is lazy, and flows slowly, lapping beside its banks; now and then a water-rat chooses the place on the opposite side as a fish leaps out of the



"TELL ME ALL," HE SAID.

water; the cows sit watching the sky and the sunset; the swallows and swifts are the only really active things; it is a pleasant, peaceful place to which the crowd of girls lends an illusive show of youth. I say illusive because youth ought not to be of one sex, and when there are not male and female in equal proportion, youth loses its brightness.

When the evenings are cold and dark the place is deserted. No one walks there after sunset. This was the reason why a certain choice of the place on one evening in October. It was a little after seven; the night had fallen upon a

gloomy day. A fresh breeze blew up the river, tearing the leaves off the trees, whirling them about in the air and making drifting heaps of them; the branches overhead cracked; the meadows were dark; the river was black; drops of rain fell upon the faces of the pair who walked side by side, the young man's arm around the girl's waist.

"Tell me all," he said. "Let me know the worst, and then we can face it. My darling, is there anything that we cannot face together—hand-in-hand?"

"Oh!" she murmured. "It puts new strength in me—only to hear you speak and to feel your presence. Naomi is anxious and troubles herself about the future, morning, noon and night. Harry, will it make no difference to you?"

"My darling, how would anything make a difference to me? Do I not love you once for all—for all this world and all the next?"

He bent over her—he was a tall and gallant young fellow—and she raised her face to meet his lips.

"He fell down," she went on, "while John was putting up the shutters. He was standing at his desk, and he fell down on his face. He never spoke again or knew anybody or felt anything. And next morning about noon he died."

"He died," echoed the lover. "Poor dear Ruth! You told me of this in your letter. It was a terrible blow to you."

"I wrote to you about it. But I said nothing of what was discovered afterward."

"What was discovered?"

"We always thought he was so well off. Everybody thought so. There was never any want of money. When he died the people said we must remember how well off we should be left, and that ought to console us."

"Well, dear?"

"There is nothing. The business had been falling off for years. There is not enough now to pay rent and taxes. And as for what is left it must all go to pay debts."

"Poor child! This is terrible. What will you do?"

[SO BE CONTINUED.]

The Work of Daubigny.

Daubigny brought into landscape art greater freshness and spontaneity than had yet been seen, and his work first seizes you by its force, and then charms you. As poems of nature throw off in the heat of passion and feeling, so his works affect you, and continue to do so the more they are studied. "He painted better than he knew" when with palette-knife and brush he dashed in effects instantaneously, and one wonders how so much can be expressed by such slight means.

He was among the first "impressionists," and "realism" was one of his mottoes, but how different his art from that too often called by these names to-day. It was not the coarse materiality, the surface qualities, and the bare optical effect alone that he sought to render. He penetrated deeper, and the surface was always the outgrowth and expression of a spiritual center. The thing and the thought, the spirit and the matter, were equally balanced, and never did he put a touch of color to canvas that had not first passed, no matter how rapidly, through his own spiritual self.

His interpretation of nature was direct, and he sought to obtain scientific truth; but art, too, for him was expression, never mere reasonless imitation alone. A presiding intelligence, and still farther back an impulse of soul, directed the production of all his works. He found ideal in the real, and set to work to record it. Thus each work was the result of a fresh emotion, expressed in its own way; and if you see fifty pictures by Daubigny you will find each different in conception, color, and execution. As the motive itself differs.—Century.

Making the Deaf Hear.

The vibrometer is a newly invented instrument for the cure of deafness. The principle of its operation is the message of the sound conducting apparatus of the ear by means of vibratory forces. The phonograph has been used for this purpose, and the results attained justified the belief that an instrument embodying special improvements on the same lines would be of the utmost value. The vibrometer was accordingly invented and its success has been remarkable. Many persons whose deafness was from five to fifteen years' standing can now, through its use, hear ordinary conversation from ten to twenty feet away with their backs turned to the speaker, and others, with never-ceasing noises in their ears, have been completely relieved.

Stub Ends of Thought.

The liar catches fish with his mouth.

The man who is perfectly satisfied with himself finds no one of like opinion.

A dowdy woman is one of nature's mistakes.

God victuals are the greatest good to the fewest number.

A receipted bill is an evidence of honesty.

Age turns its back to the future, youth to the past.

There is not one dog in a thousand that will wag his tail and not mean it.

No man is a better husband than he is a lover.

Hypnotism.

A young man hypnotized at an entertainment in Paris remained senseless for two days, and with difficulty brought back to consciousness.

Here and There.

The new high school of Japan is unique. "High" in this case refers not to the degree of education, but to the social status of its students.

Good Thing.

Delivery wagons, the motive power of which is electricity, are the newest vehicles in London. A green grocer had the first.

Thunderstorms.

Thunderstorms occur most frequently at sunset.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A new species of giraffe has been discovered in Africa.

Seventy-two races inhabit the earth and use 3004 different tongues. There are about 1000 religions.

The annual number of births is about 35,720,000—an average of 100,800 a day, 4200 an hour and seventy a minute.

While the death rate of the Austrian cities averages twenty-five per thousand, the rate of thirty-three great towns in England and Wales is only 15.8.

Professor Villard, of the Paris Ecole Normale, has at last succeeded in combining argon and water. It required a pressure of 200 atmospheres to do it.

Henry Van Nostrand, a New York retired merchant, who died recently, was one of the most noted conchologists in the world, and leaves a collection of shells of great value.

Kites were recently sent up at Blue Hill Observatory, New Jersey, to the height of 9335 feet. The instruments sent up registered a fall of temperature equal to twenty-six degrees at an altitude of 8750 feet.

Ben Davies, of University College, Liverpool, has been able to dispense altogether with the glass globe, making the sphere partly of copper and partly of aluminum. By means of his process, he is able to see small objects through three feet of solid timber, and the bones of the hand at a distance of thirty feet from the source.

In use on the electric street railway at Bideford, Me., is a peculiar track tester, based upon an adaptation of the telephone. A man sits in a car and talks continuously into a mouth-piece, which is connected electrically with a receiver held by a man in the powerhouse. A break in the conversation shows where the track connections are faulty.

The sensation of temperature experienced by the human body and ordinarily attributed to the condition of the atmosphere depends not merely on the temperature of the air, but also on its dryness, on the velocity of the wind and on the suddenness of atmospheric changes, all combined with the physiological condition of the observer. A complete expression for the relation between atmospheric conditions and nervous sensations has not yet been obtained.

618,000 Full Moons.

Many people suppose that moonlight possesses great potency and has a wonderful influence on or over animate and inanimate things on our planet. Such persons should remember that moonlight is only reflected sunlight, and that the quality and quantity of the light thus reflected is not what is generally imagined. In fact, it is a truth which has often been demonstrated by the speculative astronomer that it would take 618,000 full moons to afford an amount of light equal to that emitted by the sun; and furthermore, there is only sky space for 75,000 such discs.

It has been noted that some heat comes from moonlight. However, it is in quantities so small that it cannot be measured by ordinary instruments. Flammarion says that the amount of heat emitted by a full moon while at the zenith cannot be one eighty-thousandth of the amount that the sun supplies when standing on the meridian on a favorable day in July. Such being the case it is really surprising that intelligent people should consider that the moon has such a wonderful "influence" over terrestrial affairs.

Lost—A Finger Tip.

A peculiar case is reported in one of the medical journals of the union of a severed finger tip thirty-six hours after the amputation. The story comes from McCook, Neb. A bicyclist rider, while applying a lubricant to the chain of his bicycle caught the index finger of his right hand between the chain and the rear sprocket. The pressure of the opposing surfaces completely severed the finger at the root of the nail, cutting through the middle of the last phalanx.

The bicyclist went to a physician and had the wound dressed. The tip of the finger was picked up by a bystander and was passed to several people as a curious memento of the accident. Eventually it reached a friend of the physician who had dressed the wound, and he took it to the doctor whose name as a medical curiosity than anything else. The patient was sent for, and thirty-six hours after the accident the tip was joined to the stump of the finger. Strange to say, the union was effected almost as if it were before the accident.—New York Journal.

Dreadful.

I cut the following advertisement from the columns of a London daily newspaper:

"Old Artificial Teeth Bought.—Persons wishing to receive full value should apply to the Manufacturing Dentists, Messrs. Browning, instead of to wardrobe buyers. If forwarded by post, value per return.—Chief Office, 133 Oxford street (opposite Berners street), London. Est. 100 years."

Do you know what strikes me as to the most terrible statement in this advertisement? "Est. 100 years."

To think that for one hundred years a firm of dentists has been selling second-hand false teeth to a confiding public, and that such an offense to decency is carried on by a firm bearing the name of one of England's greatest poets!—Critic.

Half a Century Too Soon.

Sir J. Anderson, of Butevant, Cork, Ireland, spent \$150,200 in 1837 in trying to perfect "a steam drag or carriage for common roads."

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

WILLIAM HELPS TO FIND LONG-LOST RELATIVES.

A Heavy Mail Attests the Philosopher's Popularity.

Now if there is any old soldier living who was in the Indian war in Oregon during the years 1859 and 1863, under command of General Joe Lane, and knew Captain George W. Reynolds, is that service, let him please write to his widow, at Mars Hill, Madison county, North Carolina. The poor woman is entitled to a pension for her husband's service, if she can prove it. It is a long shoot and a narrow chance, but maybe some comrade will see this. It would rejoice my heart to see a little of that pension fund coming down this way.

I am not a bureau of information, but receive many letters of inquiry about antebellum days and families and events, and am always pleased to answer them and give the information if I can. Many of them are from old Georgia soldiers who removed west soon after the war, and they or their widows have heard that Georgia is paying all her invalid soldiers or their widows a pension. Please let me say to all concerned that there is no provision for non-residents in our state pension laws. This seems hard upon those who felt constrained to emigrate, but it is the law, and that settles it.

Then there are many letters from aged men who look back to old Georgia with longing hearts and wish to trace up their kindred. It is a sure sign of gray hairs when a man or woman begins to hunt up their distant kindred or the companions of their youth. Here is a Mr. John A. Harris, of Pass Christian, Miss., who wishes to know about his father's relatives—the Harris family, of Appling and Macon—and also about his mother's kindred—the Bledsoes, of Athens and Augusta. And here is Mr. Redwine, of Redwine, La., who wants to know of his kin of that name in Georgia. Alas, my old venerable friends, Judge Clark is dead and so is C. C. Jones, the only two men who knew all the old families of Georgia. It would perplex even them to identify any branch of the Harris family, for their name is legion, but the Bledsoes and Redwines could no doubt be traced by these are the octogenarians still living. These are very unusual names and their kinship is not so remote.

I was ruminating about the origin of names. Anglo-Saxon names, and find it to be a curious and interesting study. For instance, it is possible that the original Bledsoe was wounded in a fight or by accident and bled so much that it gave him a name? Is it probable the Redwine ancestor had a vineyard and made wine of that color, or maybe did not have a vineyard, but was much given to looking upon the wine when it was red? It seems that the common people didn't need but one name until long after the Christian era. The Romans, however, began a system to honor and distinguish distinguished people. They adopted a pre-nomen—a noun and an cognomen—as Publius Cornelius Scipio Publus was his Christian name, as we call it, and no doubt the boys called him Pub. Cornelius, his family name, and Scipio was his most notable characteristic, for he was good to his blind old father and led him about with a staff, and Scipio means a staff. I have great respect for Scipio. Horace was called Horatius Flaccus because he had very large ears, and Flaccus means flop-eared. It was not till the eleventh century that family names were handed down to succeeding generations, and this custom was adopted because of a law requiring births and marriages and deaths to be registered in the parish books. As late as the eighteenth century many families in England had no surnames, and the children were given nicknames, as Nobby, Soaker, Sucker, Snaggletooth, Cookey, Jumper, Bowlegs, Redtop, etc.

As people multiplied, new methods had to be devised to distinguish them. Prefixes and suffixes were resorted to. The word son was added to distinguish the father from the children, as J. J. J., Johnson, Will, Wilson, Tom, Tomson.

The word Fitz was a prefix to Norman names and came from *fils* or *fil*, a son. Viteb in the Russian language has the same meaning, and so has von or van in German, and Mac in Scotch and Irish, as MacDonald, the son of Donald. O is an Irish prefix and means grandson, as O'Connor, O'Barr, O'Halloran, etc. De or Du is the French prefix for son and *ap* means the same in Welsh. These affixes and prefixes will classify a great number of names, for from John came Johnson, Johnston, Johnstone and Johnstone.

The Smith family name had a peculiar origin. The old Anglo Saxons were ever on the lookout for invasions of the island, and hence they kept a large force of men on the hills near the coast to look out for the invaders and to smite them when they came. These men had but a single name, as John or Jack or Will, but they were known as John the Smiter or Jack the Smiter, or Will the Smiter, which was soon abridged to John Smiter and then to John Smith, and finally to John Smith. A smith is a smiter—a goldsmith smites gold, a blacksmith smites iron. And so all the so-called soldiers of the highlands became Smiths by name, and were good patriotic fighting stock. Hurrah for the Smiths!—in-judging John. The Jones family are of Welsh extraction, and no doubt had a similar origin for the original name was *Jone*, and the S was added for a plural.

But names were still scarcer than people, and so they had to resort to

occupations to distinguish them; hence came the honest names of Farmer, Carpenter, Mason, Baker, Gardner, Tanner, Weaver, Taylor, Draper, Cooper, Miller, Porter, Joiner, Saddler, Brewer, Barber, Turner, Plumber, Thrasher, Carver, Currier, Grainger, Cook, Bridgman, Bowman, etc. Scores of others could be added that indicate trades and occupations.

Not long after, as the people multiplied, they were named for the places where they lived or some natural object near by, as Hill, Dale, Forest, Wood, Grove, Fountain, Lake, Pool, Rivers, Brook, Branch, Bush, Grubb, Tree, Stone, Banks, Shore, Beach, Birch, Waters, Wall, Cliff, Park, Sea, Rain, Rainwater, Timberlake, Rice, Wheat, Corn, Allcorn, etc.

They even appropriated the names of animals, birds, etc., as Lion, Lamb, Hog, Cull, Fowl, Bull, Bullock, Beaver, Bear, Buck, Deer, Swan, Hawks, Dove, Crane, Bird, Herring, Bass, Trout, Salmon.

And next the fruits and flowers, as Apple, Orange, Lemon, Plum, Cherry, Berry, Haws, Coffee, Turnip and Turnipseed. Colonel Turnipseed was colonel of the Ninth Georgia regiment. Of flowers and trees, there is Rose, Violet, Primrose, Chestnut and Holly.

Then they had to encroach on the nobility and clergy, and so we have King, Knight, Prince, Earl, Lord, Duke, Knight, Page, Stewart, Chamberlain, Pope, Bishop, Priest, Abbot, Prior, Deacon and Bailey.

And on the heavenly bodies and heavenly things and precious stones, as Sun, Moon, Star, Cloud, Wind, Gale, Sky, Angel, Diamond, Pearl, Gold, Glass, Jewell, etc.

And on parts of the body, as Head, Heart, Beard, Hair, Arms, Leg, Foot, Shin, Back, Hipp, Hand, etc.

And on colors, as White, Black, Brown, Green, Redd, Blue, Gray, Hoar and Violet.

Some were named on account of personal peculiarities—as Long, Long-fellow, Stringfellow, Short, Small, Strong, Meek, Lightfoot, Good, Best, Bliss, Wise, Wit, Wisdam, Fite and Fitten.

But there are enough for the young folks to build onto and make a very good catalogue of names. Charles Lamb says that the original name of Bacon was Hog-flesh, who was a very wealthy and clever gentleman, but his girl wouldn't marry him because she couldn't bear to be called Mrs. Hog-flesh. It would be awful. And so he applied to parliament and had his name changed to Bacon. He couldn't give up the whole hog, but took it cured. Many names were abridged or changed from circumstices. John at the Moor was changed to Atmore, and At the Wood to Atwood and Peter at the Seven Oaks to Peter Snooks.