

THE DEMOCRAT.

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HAPPY FAR-OFF CHILDHOOD.

Where the primrosed ways are wending
And the live oaks cast their shade;
Where the willow twigs are bending
O'er the streams we used to wade;
Where the oriole is swinging
In his nest high up in air,
And the mocking birds are singing,
Don't you wish that you were there?

Don't you wish—I'll bet you're dreaming
Of the dear old scenes right now!
Of the flecks of sunlight gleaming
On the water, and of how
You have sat along in June time
And have watched the bubbles rise
Fill the droning heat of noontime
Laid its spell upon your eyes.

And with the westering shadows
Like an amber mantle lay
Over stream and wood and meadows
You have dozed the hour away
In that borderland of sleeping,
Where the bird songs filtered through,
And you felt the breezes creeping—
Wish it? I just know you do!

You can see the meadows bending
To a sloping grassy brink;
You can see the cattle wending
Softly lowing down to drink,
And the orchard and the wildwood,
All the dear old scenes you knew
In your happy far-off childhood;
Don't they all come back to you?
—J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

Owing to Circumstances.

By Florence M. Bailey.

THERE were three of them in the playing of the little comedy—or tragedy. She—the first "she," the one most concerned—was dark-eyed and lissome and altogether lovable, with a name unmistakably Irish and a voice that was as absolutely "country born."

Frewin, being very much of a "griffin," did not hear this defect until it was explained to him later by the usual well intentioned feline creature and then it was a little too late—for Rose.

Meanwhile he had liked it; there is a certain note of appeal in the accent when the speaker, who is also young and pretty, is pointing out to you the snows and the various peaks, and telling you to ride rather slowly down that narrow track, because for newcomers it is somewhat risky, and then takes it herself at a gallop, which displays alike her perfect form and perfect riding.

Frewin, town-bred and hardly across a saddle until he came to India, looked upon the girl who could do this thing, with the edge of the khud (the descending side of a mountain road) breaking with each thud of her pony's hoofs, as something superior even to himself, which was about the highest compliment he could pay. Pitchforked into the C. S., with very little knowledge of the world in general and none whatever of India in particular, he had come out to be a small spoke in the great governmental machine. Happily—or otherwise—depends upon the point of view—he did not know his own magnificence even when posted to the Nazra station, which was a far cry from Simla and the upper ranks of the heaven born.

His almighty egotism, plus his superb ignorance of the small change of life and the ways of the world, caused his bearer to name him, within the second day's service, when detailing Frewin to a select audience of friends, the "Chota burra sahib" (the small great master), while the other C. S. men, with finer irony, had dubbed him the "Sub janta" (all knowing); which, not knowing, Frewin went on his way, fulfilled his duties with a thoroughness almost priggish in so young a boy, and occupied his spare hours riding with Miss Rowan—"Rose Mary"—it reminded him of convents and sweet simplicity and things like that—and at a later stage he wrote some scrappy verses to her as "My Rosemary," without apology to Rossetti.

Besides the dark eyes, the bright face that surely changed some twenty times a minute, the gravely gay temper, there was nothing Irish about Rose. She had never "been home"—that great journey which softens the lot of even the country bred.

Her father had been a typical regiment doctor, who died as he had lived, very gay and very poor. A sister, married to a wealthy tradesman of Lucknow, who came up to Nazra Hills for the hot weather, was Rose's guardian and supporter.

It may be placed to Frewin's credit that the knowledge of Miss Rowan's monetary position, common property in the narrow little station, did not influence him; he was a rather careful young man, and still suffering from the effects of having been too well brought up, but he was not mercenary. Moreover, as the cynics of Nazra would remark, there was an elderly brother-in-law, with many wanes and no children.

It was November when Frewin was gazetted to Nazra, consequently there were few people in the station, and the fact that Mrs. Burton, Rose's sister, remained up throughout the winter was an acceptable one to the new comer.

Not that Frewin tried to convince himself that he frequented "The Deodars" for the pleasure of meeting fat Mrs. Burton, who perspired even in December, and whose conversation was strictly limited to the wicker ways of the servants, the shortcomings of her neighbors, and the weather. He owned, alike to himself and the club, that Miss Rowan was pretty and rode well, and could talk of India and its people even if she were totally ignorant of all things English, and could not appreciate the difference between an M. P. and a county councillor. So he, in his heavy way, taught her a little concerning England, and she, unknowingly, taught him many things Indian, and society, as known in Nazra, having gone down to Calcutta, there were fewer venom tipped tongues to wag.

Not that Rose would have cared if all Anglo-India had risen to forbid her intercourse with this youthful civilian, who represented to her the whole glory of the British empire and the perfection of mankind. She adored with an unreasoning adoration which would have been foolish and superfluous in the heroine of a penny novelette.

She was only 20, and life so far had meant to her a convent school and Nazra, with occasional weeks at Lucknow, and one whole fortnight of dissipation in Calcutta.

Moreover, she had the nature of a saint rather than a flirt, and it was her amazingly angelic temper which most won Frewin. A man likes that sort of Griselda girl—until it palls, and he wants a change.

So they rode and danced and dined together throughout the four months' winter, while Mrs. Burton beamed propriety and conveniently went to sleep.

There was no definite engagement, but just mutual understanding which seems almost sweeter when you are young and foolish, and the world is gay—the state which versteht sich von selbst, as the expressive German phrase goes.

Frewin wrote home fanciful accounts, in confidence, to his favorite sister (it is a curious fact that most griffins do this), and wrote Rose many chits when he should have been attending to the service of government. The spring wind blew rose leaves through their small particular world and made life a glad thing.

March brought back Nazra's summer population, including sundry of the heaven born, without whose guiding hands the station managed to do very well during the winter months, but who were absolutely necessary to the working of things there when it began to warm up in the plains.

Old C. S. men, with many rupees and few joys, owing to their touchy lives—or their wives; younger ditto, to whom Nazra meant little work, much gaiety, and many flirtations, and who voted India "immense," not being able to see from their comfortable place on the top rung that Anglo-India was situated chiefly at the bottom of the latter, in steaming plains, where there was small leisure and less heart for polo and lawn tennis; sick men who had been considerably sent up by their firms in order to save giving them six months to England; men without their wives, longing for them daily; men with their wives, wishing them anywhere but in Nazra hourly; pallid, snarly-tempered women, with babies that were ditto, only more so; objectionable Anglo-Indian children, compared with whom the American genus is as an angel—all the miscellaneous, unwholesome collection, of varied color, which swarms up to an idyllic hill station and make it hades.

The Nazra crowd included the usual limited number of "just out" girls, brought out by their respective relatives as marriageable lots, under which heading came Miss Ethel Maynard. She was the most perfect specimen possible of the conventional English girl—tall, fair, well-dressed, warranted irreproachable in conversation and deportment, with a knowledge of all the polite accomplishments and no grain of originality or tenderness in her whole body—the kind of a woman a man marries because she suits his dining table and the family plate. He is never ashamed of her, but as the years go on he gets very tired, and generally he lives his real life apart.

It was at what the newspaper hack still continues to describe as a "minor function" that Miss Maynard met Miss Rowan; naturally, Miss Rowan, being associated with trade, was not asked to the great functions.

"That is Miss Rowan?" in response to Frewin's directing nod. "Oh!"—the Englishwoman's nasty little "Oh!" with a significant pause after it. "She is the"—Miss Maynard almost said "person"—"the same who did that extraordinary thing last week—galloped a mile and a half at night, alone, to see some native?"

She was still honoring Rose with the stare known in vulgar English as polite. Frewin, not being a large-minded man, felt awkward under Miss Maynard's disapproval. Yet he had thought at the time, when Rose had shyly told him of the incident, how splendid it was of her.

"Er—it was a very old servant—her mother's ayah, I believe," he replied, "and she was dying, and sent a message to her missie baba," he broke off, lamely.

It sounded really absurd now, and Miss Maynard's light, cold eyes were disconcerting.

Then he did a foolish thing, ever for a griffin with no tact—he introduced Rose to Miss Ethel Maynard. There was the usual stiff five minutes conversation, and as Rose moved away, Miss Maynard, with Rose barely out of hearing, asked briefly: "Country born?"

Only that—with the exquisite inflection of the most refined and utter contempt natural to a pucea "girl" from home.

"Er—yes—I believe so," said Frewin, in a vague tone, as if he wished he could deny it, and completed his confusion by adding, "She's really Irish, you know."

Miss Maynard laughs the English woman's little laugh of polite incredulity.

"Yes? Funny thing, isn't it? They are generally Scotch."

Luckily Frewin's Indian experience has not been sufficiently lengthy for him to appreciate the insult applied. But when he rides with Rose next day, the soft staccato voice jars on him for the first time, the many trifling ignorances strike him in a new light, and she quivers at his irritable tone.

The idyll's ending was swifter than had been its beginning. Miss Maynard was only one of many who, with the very best intentions—was there ever yet a woman who did harm without these same good intentions?—told him more or less candidly that it was simply impossible that he should think seriously of "that Rowan girl." His chief's wife, who had a peculiar aptitude for managing other people's affairs, reasoned with him urgently; the owners of the marriageable lots, viewing Frewin as a young man likely to come on in the service, asked him to dine; while the lots themselves, observant that he was quite a nice looking boy, and would probably have a comfortable billet later, flirted with him to a degree that simple-hearted Rose had never attempted. The long solitude a deux was ended, and even when it was possible to renew it Frewin showed no eagerness to do so. A place was made for him in Nazra society, by virtue of his position and its probabilities, and his eminently respectable relations at home, but there was no room for Miss Rowan in the same circle.

She missed Frewin, and being young and foolish did not understand. Out of the fullness of her loving heart she wrote him notes which made him frown and put on his judicial look—the same look which in later years he gave subs when he told them that "this course must be immediately discontinued."

He wrote replies that were vague excuses at first, and stillly formal denials later.

Rose cried over them, and the strange pain that had come into life grew greater with each letter. She wrote a last appeal, full of loving foolishness and angelic forgiveness, and went up to the little Catholic chapel to petition that the answer might be as she would have.

And Frewin wrote back that owing to circumstances—circumstances over which neither of them had any control—he had been forced to the conclusion that any more intimate relations than those of friends would not be wise for either," etc.

It was a long, semi-official letter trying to justify a position of which even Frewin had the grace to be ashamed; but the long words and careful phrasing were lost on a girl whose heart was broken.

"By the way, Frewin," says a man at dinner in the after years when Frewin is high in the service, and the former Miss Maynard is presiding over his house and name with all the still dignity of which she gave promise, "who do you think nursed me when I was in the hospital with typhoid fever last month? That pretty Rowan girl who used to be at Nazra when you were there. Went into a convent, and is a hospital sister now. Funny thing for her to do, wasn't it?"

The speaker's tone is light. The matter is only a dinner table topic to him.

But Frewin responds, "Yes—I should think so," so absently, his eyes looking back on life's yesterday for a moment, that his wife tells the kit mager rather sharply that the burra sahib is wanting champagne.—Black and White.

Not Quite Landed.
Edyth—Is it true that you are engaged to Jack?
Mayme—Yes, but you are not to mention it. I'm not quite sure that Jack knows it as yet.—Chicago Daily News.

A HAIDA INDIAN BEING TATOODED.



Find the Chief of the Tribe.

The home of the Haida Indians is Queen Charlotte islands off the coast of British Columbia to which they belong, though scattered members of the tribe are to be found in the southern portion of Alaska. They are supposed to have come originally from Asia, and have some characteristics that point to such an origin. They are experts at tattooing, and cover their entire bodies with quaint figures. Throughout their villages, and especially before the chief's home, may be found queer images called totem poles, which they worship. The tribe is rapidly decreasing in numbers, there being much less than 1,000 of them at the present time.

RICH WESTERN MATERIAL.

Abundance of Subject Matter for the Descriptive and Entertaining Writer.

The west is rich in literary material. There are mountain ranges comparatively unexplored, which aboriginal tradition veils in haunting mystery. The struggles, trials and heroism of the early pioneers have scarcely been touched upon, and what dramatic strength and picturesqueness is contained in this old-time life of the border! And there exists to-day throughout the length and breadth of the Pacific coast a peculiarly fascinating freedom not easily comprehended by those who have known nothing but the restraint of an older and more conventional civilization, says Herbert Bashford, in Atlantic. This, as I have attempted to show, will leave its impression upon the future literary production of the region. As the lands of the olive and the vine have ever figured prominently in the history of old world letters, it is not unreasonable to expect that California, with its tropical sun and gorgeous coloring, will add luster to the literature of America. Perhaps I have dwelt too strongly upon scenic grandeur as a factor of literary growth, but vast forests, icy summits, somber canyons and beetling cliffs must stimulate the imaginative powers, and lead to creative effort. What has been accomplished thus far by the writers mentioned at least offers glorious promise of future achievement—of work, if I may be so bold as to prophesy, that shall draw its freshness and color from California's sun-clad hills, and its strength and beauty from from the white radiance of her eternal peaks.

A Dismal Funeral.

A Japanese Buddhist dignitary was buried a few weeks ago. The police made the following terse return of the side issues of the ceremony: "Three hundred and eleven injuries, 75 fainting, 121 thefts, 374 pickpockets captured, 1,021 articles lost. Seventy-nine people fell into creeks or ditches."

To Be Made a Man Of.

A characteristic story of the late Sir Hector Macdonald is just told. Always a man of few words, when sending his only son to a public school for the first time he addressed the following brief note to the headmaster: "Herewith boy factor, to be made a man of."

Came to Him in a Dream.

The idea for "Jekyll and Hyde" came to Stevenson in a dream, and he began it as soon as he rose on the following morning. His wife could hardly get him away from his table even for meals. The first draft of the tale was finished within seven days.

The Tables Turned.

A little joke floats down from New Hampshire. During the late suffrage campaign in that state the editor of the Concord Monitor was one of the most conspicuous and bitter opponents. His stock argument, on which he rang the changes, was that women did not want to and would not vote. Recently he was a candidate for school trustee and the women of Concord went to the polls in large numbers and snowed him under.

Twice as Big as Japan.
Manchuria is just twice the size of Japan.

ARMY AMBULANCE SYSTEM.

One of the Greatest Branches of Military Service of Modern Times.

The founder of the army ambulance system during the civil war was Dr. Henry Ingersoll Bowditch, of Boston. In his "Life and Correspondence," edited by his son, the story is told of how this man of peace promoted one of the greatest army measures, four times.

Dr. Bowditch had been to the front early in the war, and had seen the brutality and carelessness from which the wounded soldiers suffered sometimes more than from the dangers of battle. He discovered that the ambulance drivers were a miserable set of men. When he returned to Boston he appealed to the Society for Medical Improvement, and was supported by the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.

The matter of an organized ambulance system was laid before congress. To Dr. Bowditch's dismay, when the bill had passed the house and went to the senate in February, 1863, Henry Wilson, senator from Massachusetts, opposed the measure as the notion of an impractical enthusiast. Worse still, Charles Sumner, who as a fellow abolitionist was Dr. Bowditch's friend, kept silence and allowed the measure to be defeated.

Dr. Bowditch meanwhile took every opportunity to preach to the graduating students of the Harvard medical school their duty, if they went to the front, to do all they could for maimed and dying soldiers.

In the midst of his work his own son was fatally wounded at Kelly's Ford. The word came only three weeks after Wilson had crushed the bill. Doubly stirred, Dr. Bowditch published a "Brief Plea for an Ambulance System."

Senator Wilson thereupon offered to introduce a bill for an ambulance department of men drilled to take care of the wounded. Bowditch's work was accomplished, and he always felt that the death of his son had been a single-call rousing him to effort after the first defeat.

No Longer a Wonder.

The Brooklyn bridge has lost its place as one of the wonders of the world since the building of the Williamsburg steel bridge, a mile further up the East river, and the bridge now building to Blackwell's island will be more wonderful than either.

How France Gets Her Corn.

The average annual importations of foreign corn into France for the past three years were 14,000,000 bushels, of which the Argentine republic furnished an annual average of 4,250,000 bushels, Roumania 3,000,000 and the United States 2,800,000 bushels.

Teeth of Aborigines.

Prof. Wright, of Birmingham university, finds the fossil teeth of the men of the neolithic and bronze age almost perfect in number, regularity and soundness. In those early days men's teeth lasted all their lives; the dentist was unknown and not needed. It is so now in many savage and half-savage races.

Neighbors.

Uncle Reuben says: I hev alius endeavored to love my naybur as myself, but de trouble has bid 'vid him, As soon as he couldn't borrow any mo' tea an' swar he ceased to love me.