JEALOUSY IN MIDAIR.

Joseph Montet Tells of a Thrilling Adventure in a Balloon.

ALMOST A TRAGEDY AMID THE CLOUDS

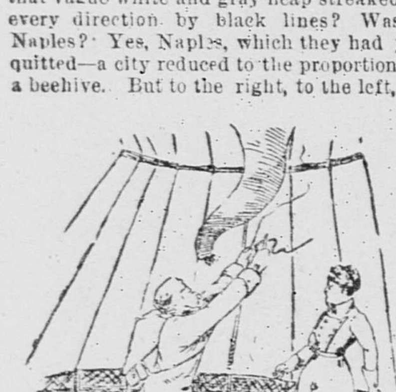
A Bitter Arraignment of a Faithless Jilt—Preparing a Finish to a Neapolitan Carnival. A Caprice That Offered Vengeance for Poetic Falsehoods—The Threatening Doom. A Woman's Wit Saves Her Life.

Written for THE SUNDAY CALL.

Loud acclamations leaped from a thousand throats. The balloon had just started.

Like a falcon the eyes of which the hunter has suddenly uncovered, it fled straight up into the azure space, borne away with lightning speed. Now the heads of the two aeronauts could barely be distinguished at the edge of the car.

Leaning over the slight ozier side, they watched diminish and fade from second to second away below them the forms and dimensions of terrestrial objects. What was that vague white and gray heap streaked in every direction by black lines? Was it Naples? Yes, Naples, which they had just quitted—a city reduced to the proportions of a beehive. But to the right, to the left, be-



"A cut with this knife will suffice to sever them. See!"

fore, behind, what a marvelous horizon! Vesuvius was there, sleeping its alarming sleep; then, further away, the jagged line of the Apennines, and on the other side, as far as the eye could reach, the sea, the vast blue sea, sparkling in the broad sunlight.

Suddenly, amid the profound silence of the azure space, a woman's voice resounded, clear as the tinkling of crystal.

FEAR AND DIZZINESS.

"Oliver," said she, "your hand!"

"Here it is, Lea," answered a man's voice.

"Thank you," said the woman, who straightened herself up, closing her eyes with a shiver.

The man raised his head and glanced at his companion, who, very pale, had seated herself upon a light bamboo stool.

"What is the matter with you?" he inquired.

"I was afraid," said she. "I felt dizziness seizing upon me; but it is over," added she, passing her delicate gloved hand across her eyes.

"Do you regret your whim?"

"No, certainly not. But a first experiment may unstring the nerves. Oh, I will inure myself to it; rest easy on that score."

The man, standing erect, contemplated her. She was charming thus in her close-fitting tourist costume, with the jaunty masculine hat coquettishly placed upon her golden hair, fastened at the nape of the neck, and the dull pallor which increased the brightness of her black eyes.

The young woman contemplated her companion, whose visage, which had a musing expression and a manly tout ensemble, was enframed by a thick and closely cut blonde beard. As she saw he was frowning she said to him in her turn, in her musical voice:

"And you, Oliver? Why have you that gloomy air?"

STRANGE BEHAVIOR.

He did not answer the question, but, leaning a trifle over the edge of the car, said:

"We are ascending too rapidly!" And seizing a rope which hung within reach of his hand he gave it a pull. Almost instantaneously the young woman felt the balloon slacken its speed, then stop and finally move in the opposite direction.

"Are we descending for good?" she asked.

"No," replied Oliver. "Presently we shall ascend again."

"When?"

"When I wish. I have only to close the valve which controls the gas. Do you see this rope I hold in my hand? It regulates our course."

"And if it should break?"

"It will not break; it is strong. But if, by a sort of miracle, it should happen to disappear, we would be lost!"

"How?"

"The balloon is sufficiently charged with hydrogen to carry us to the regions where the air cannot be breathed. We would be asphyxiated."

"Happily it would take two miracles, it seems to me, for the rope is double, is it not?"

"It appears to be double now, but in reality there is only a single rope. Lean over the edge of the car a little. Do you see that ring up there? The rope passes through it and its two ends I hold in my hand. They are tied together, but a cut from a knife will suffice to separate them. See! Now the two ends are free. I have but to pull one of them when the rope will slip through the ring and fall at my feet, and we are off for the grand voyage!"

A FIENDISH ACT.

He had suited the action to the word. The rope had fallen at his feet. He coiled it about his arm and hurled it into space.

The young woman had arisen, trembling, with a frightened look.

"Oliver," cried she, "what have you done? Are you out of your senses?"

The young man looked her full in the face and said, in a very calm tone:

"I am not out of my senses."

"Then what do you want?"

"I want what is going to happen. I desire that we shall die together, here, in the broad heavens, far from that earth I have

"She tried to raise herself by the wrists."

cursed since you there appeared to me such as you are, since the mud of which it is formed bespattered the idol of my superstition adored in you!"

The young woman stared at him in amazement and terror.

"Oh, do not protest!" exclaimed Oliver. "Every feint is useless. In a word I will convince you of what I say. For two days past I have known you were deceiving me; that you were listening to another suitor. Yes, a fool, a fop; that Count Moreno, who followed us from Venice, whom we found in Milan, in Florence, in Rome; whom you caused me to receive as a traveling companion; to whom I have daily extended my hand, imbecile that I am, and who must have had many a hearty laugh with you at my innocent confidence. Yes, I know all this! How did I discover it? You care very little, no doubt. Know that I have followed you, that I have played the spy upon you. The confession does not humiliate me in the least. It was imperative for me to know, and I do know with such certainty that I feel my eyes burned by the fiery points of the evidence!

A CONSUMMATE ACTRESS.

"And it is you who have done this. You, nobility, purity, the ideal, even—for you were all that to me, and you know it—and more, if possible: a sort of divinity before whom knelt my respectful and submissive love—for I loved you thus, to the point of sacrificing everything to the absolute worship I had vowed to you, everything. But what need have I to repeat all this to you? Do you not know it as well as I? Since we left New York, six months ago, have I not been devoted to you—have I not been constantly the submissive slave of your will, of your caprices? You wished to wait, you said, until the period of mourning for your dead husband had expired before bestowing upon me your hand in marriage. And what has been the result? You have determined to break our engagement, to cast me off and become the wife of an Italian nobleman!

"Your role has been difficult to play, but you have filled it like a consummate actress! You, for whom love was but poetic aspirations, ethereal dreams, soarings into the azure space; you, whose siren voice, with its vibrating melodies, sang to me the delights of an infinite ecstacy, of an ideal flight into the blue heavens like the flights of the swallows and eagles! Well, your dream is realized, and you are going to live it out until it kills you! You are caught in the trap of your own whim, for it was you who yesterday took the notion of buying this balloon from the aeronaut who was going to ascend in it and of departing in it with me. Seasonable caprice, was it not, to worthily finish the Neapolitan carnival? It was my vengeance you offered me! I seized it. And now it is another vengeance I deliver you, to that of the azure space jeered at by your poetic falsehoods, to that of the heavens mocked by your sacrilegious irony!

THE PUNISHMENT.

"Ah! they avenge themselves cruelly, these impassable judges! Do you know what punishment they will inflict upon you? One day a couple of adventurers of the air, too rash, made the experiment. They were found in their car, rigid and cold, their visages swollen, the blood having flowed from their ears, their eyes and their mouths! Such is the end that awaits you. Soon a red foam will heighten the carmine of your lips and red drops will hang like coral pendants from your delicate ears, while your beautiful eyes will weep tears of blood!"

The young woman had straightened herself up, seized upon by a convulsive trembling.

"You will not do that, Oliver!" she cried. "It is too horrible! I do not want to die that frightful death!"

Oliver had crossed his arms upon his breast.

"If I wished to prevent it, I could not do so now!" said he.

She sprang upon him and tore from him the knife he yet held in his hand.

"But with this," cried she, "I can cut open the balloon!"

She raised her eyes to the round bulk of the aerostat.

"Try," said Oliver, coldly.

She grasped the ropes, put one foot on the edge of the car, and strove to raise herself by the strength of her wrists. But dizziness overcame her, and she fell backward, breathless. The knife, escaping from her hand, went whirling through the air.

A WOMAN'S WIT.

She remained a moment as if annihilated.

"See," said Oliver, in a mocking voice, "the scorching southern sun is heating the balloon and dilating the gas. We are making very rapid headway!"

He looked upward, contemplating the azure heavens with an ecstatic air.

Suddenly, while he was speaking, the young woman uttered an exclamation of joy, and a flash of hope illuminated her visage. Slowly, quietly, she put her hand in the pocket of her dress, drew from it an object which she concealed, then abruptly raised her arm and two explosions resounded.

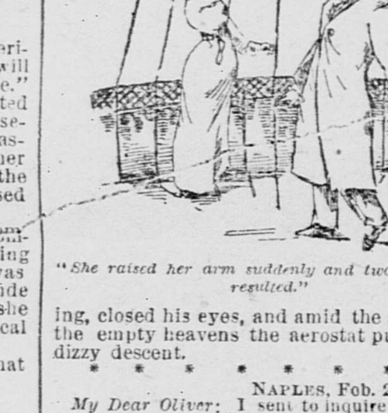
"You have reckoned without your host!" cried she, with a laugh of triumph. "Some American women never travel without a revolver, and they are right."

Cut through and through by the two balls, the aerostat was already beginning to descend.

Oliver leaned over the edge of the car.

"So be it!" said he. "We are over the open sea. Blue for blue, we shall still die in the azure."

The balloon was visibly collapsing. Its speed became terrible. Oliver himself, chok-



"She raised her arm suddenly and two explosions resulted."

ing, closed his eyes, and amid the silence of the empty heavens the aerostat pursued its dizzy descent.

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NAPLES, Feb. 28, 1884.

My Dear Oliver: I sent to inquire about you this morning. They informed me that you were better. I am delighted to hear it. I am also better. You certainly will learn this with pleasure. I have given a few bank notes to the fisherman who picked us up and took us ashore in his boat—both in a swoon, as it appears. Here is a poor fellow who can say, without speaking metaphorically, that fortune fell down to him from the heavens! Traveling in your company, my friend, is decidedly too dangerous. I begin to believe that one day or another you would bring me bad luck. Excuse this superstition, hatched in my brain in this classic land of the Jettatura, and permit me for the future to pursue alone my journey in the country of romance. My dear assassin, I am, without too much animosity, yours, LEA.

JOSEPH MONTET.

A FEW MURMURS.

Written Expressly for "The Sunday Call," by J. E. Totheroh.

Young Wife—Charles, a poor old veteran asked for a bite to eat to-day, and I gave him some of the cake I baked yesterday. You just ought to have seen him when he was eating it! The tears came into his eyes, and he said it reminded him of days gone by.

Charles—Yes, my dear, some of those poor fellows had a tough time of it wrestling with hard tack.

NO LONGER INTERESTED.

Medi Ocre—You look better to-day old fellow; has your love-sickness passed the crisis?

Hi Aspiration—Yes, my anxiety has ceased.

M. O.—Then Dodo has consented?

H. A.—Oh, no. Her father made an assignment yesterday.

OVERMATCHED.

Jack—Bill Strongright, the heavy-weight, was defeated last night.

Tom—Is that a fact?

Jack—Yes. He undertook to put his baby to sleep, and after three hours' hard work the invincible kid was still in it, and Bill was groggy.

AN UNCEASING INCOME.

Walter—I hear you've been sick, Jack. It's pretty tough to be laid up and have nothing coming in.

Jack—Nothing coming in! You'd ought to see the pile of bills I've received.

IN THE ORTHODOX WAY.

Trumps—I say, Spades, you've met Count Seekingwealth; how did he strike you?

Spades—Oh, in about the usual manner.

Trumps—How's that?

Spades—Well, he said his remittances were delayed and wanted me to favor him with one hundred until he received a check; regular method of the Count's.

"HELD UP."

Owens—I was going up Sixth street last night and just as I was passing a millinery store a person rushed from the door, stopped me, and took every cent I had.

Bowens—Well! That was very bold.

Owens—Bold! I should say so! But I'm getting used to it. Every time my wife sees a hat she likes she goes into that store and waits for me to pass. She knows I can't well refuse her the money in public.

BOUND TO WIN SOME TIME.

Lady of the House—Get out, you tramp. I have nothing for you.

Tramp—Madame, that is a hard name. I am not a tramp; I am just entering upon the seventh year of a lifetime go-as-you-please walking match.

Clashing Interests.

The theatrical caterer has often to contend with outside influences over which he has no control, resulting in scanty audiences, or it may be no audience at all. A manager of the old Bower Saloon meeting a friend one day near the Horse Guards, the latter inquired how he was getting on. "Oh, we live, sir, we live," was the reply. "Well, I must off," said his friend; "I'm in a hurry to see about seats at the Italian opera next week." "What!" exclaimed the Bower manager, "does the Italian opera open next week? I'm very sorry to hear it." "Why, what can it matter to you?" cried the other. "Surely you don't imagine that the opera performances will clash with yours?" "Wont it, though?" was the answer. "My audience wont be inside Her Majesty's, but they will all be there—picking pockets!" and shaking hands, the dismayed manager went sadly on his way. Chambers' Journal.

Restoring Flowers.

A woman who is a passionate lover of flowers, and, being city bred, regards them as a luxury, says that after wearing roses an entire evening she is enabled to bring them to life again by a hot-water bath. When she finds that from any cause whatever the blossoms droop and threaten an early death she clips the stems, and, by letting the stalks rest for a while in steaming water, finds every leaf revive and freshen under the process. Illustrated American.

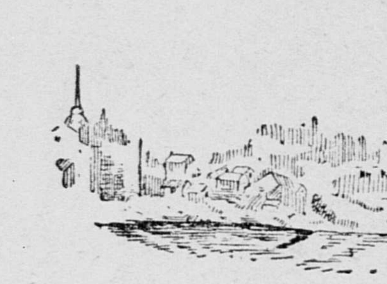
THE "CRADLE" OF NAPOLEON.

Romantic Beauty of Corsica, the Land of Delicious Odors.

Picturesque People—Wonderful Varieties of Climate—The Medieval Capital—Birthplace of the Napoleons.

At many points along the French and Italian rivers the tourist is directed to what appears to be the dim outlines of a mountain chain far, far out in the ocean, scraping the featherly edge of the horizon way in the distance, writes a correspondent from Bastia, Corsica, to the Post-Dispatch of St. Louis. These uncertain lines are the highest mountain summits of Corsica, which, peeping from afar at the shores of those countries with whose destinies that of the solitary little island was most closely allied, stand out in bold relief only in the glorious illumination of a morning and evening sun of southern splendor.

Almost at the same time of day, after a cruise of five or six hours, the French steamer which sails from Nice arrives at Calvi, in the northwestern part of the island, while the one which leaves Livorno on the Italian coast runs into the harbor of Bastia on the northeastern shores of the island.



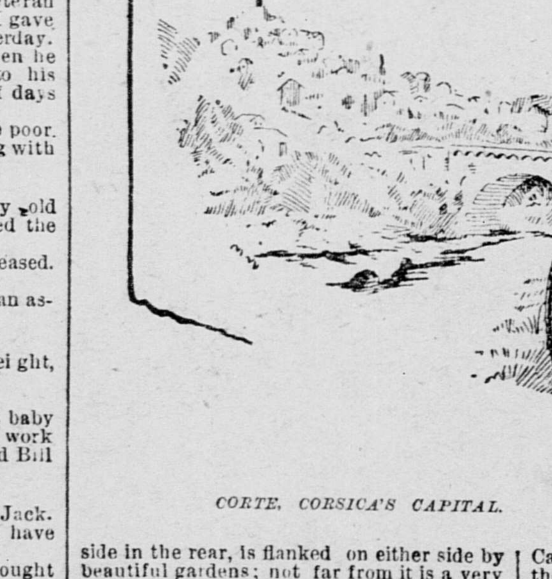
CALVI.

BOCCOGNANO.

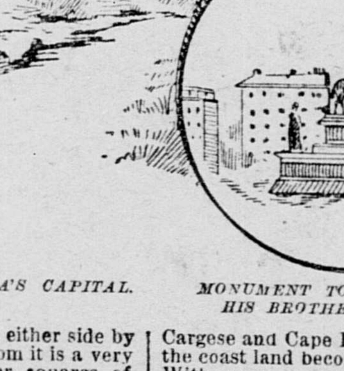
On a clear day the latter route is full of diversion, with splendid outlooks upon Livorno, which scatters along the outer edge of the land, the Monte Nero and the islands of Gorgona, Capraja and Elba, whose green hill-lands and precipitous rocks contrast in manifold tints with the deep blue waters of the Mediterranean Sea. One is never out of sight of land and long before reaching our destination Cape Corso, the extreme point of the island, rises in sight. Here, at this cape, begins the mighty mountain chain which cuts through the entire island from north to south, forming the water-line for its eastern and western half. Immediately at the foot of the mountain lies Bastia, where we made our first halt.

The houses of Bastia rise amphitheater-like from the banks of the bay. High above them towers the ancient castle, which was built during the time of the Genoese reign, and beyond it, climbing skyward, expands a powerful mountain chain, whose scalloped contours seam the horizon. Passing the light-house we run into the harbor, where the ship anchors. As we alight we find ourselves surrounded by a crowd of women with baskets. With loud obtrusion they offer us their services for the forwarding of our baggage, the male inhabitants considering it beneath their dignity to do any labor at all. A number of sleepy, graded, narrow streets and stairs lead from the harbor up to the only wide street of the place, the Boulevard du Palais, which intersects the upper part of the city. Nearly all the public buildings and the best hotels are situated on this street. Only those acquainted with the mismanagement peculiar to oriental streets can form an idea of the neglected condition of the houses and the filth piled up in the narrow by-ways. Of course no vehicle of any kind can pass through them, and the natives, who come in from the country to transact their business, ride on donkeys or mules, or the fleet little Corsican horses. This pretty, fiery race of equines is fast dying out, I am told. The horsemen whom one meets along the way wear the national costume, jacket and breeches of brown, velvet-like cloth, a red sash around the waist, the head covered with a broad-brimmed hat of felt or velvet. At each man's side hangs the "zucca" (gourd-bottle), and on his back he carries the carbine with the cartridges in the carchera (the leather belt). The men are as a rule handsome and of fine figure, with bronzed faces, full beards and dark flashing eyes. In nearly every case the expression of their countenances is a gloomy, wild one. Some greet the stranger with the customary "eviva," while others look timid and distrustful when they are approached.

The newer portion of Bastia resembles almost any provincial town in Southern France. The aforesaid Boulevard du Palais is closed off by a very tastefully built Court-house, which, leaning against the mountain side in the rear, is flanked on either side by beautiful gardens; not far from it is a very pretty theater. All the larger squares of the place are found near the harbor, as for instance the "Market square," where the delicious muscadel from the cape, the pomegranate and the common as well as the cactus-fig are sold together with all kinds of other fruits and vegetables. Then there is the St Nicolas Place, Bastia's largest and most beautiful square with Bartolini's magnificent marble monument of Napoleon I.



CORTE, CORSICA'S CAPITAL.



MONUMENT TO NAPOLEON AND HIS BROTHERS IN AJACCIO.

The coast side of this place is lined by an avenue, which at the sunset hour or during moonlight nights is the favorite promenade for Bastia's beautiful women. The national costume of the females is mostly dark and unobtrusive in color, the only characteristic of their garb being a kerchief (mandile) covering the forehead and winding in folds around the head. There are very few truly handsome faces to be found among the female Flora of Bastia, and the word "piquant" would more properly apply to the graceful little figure, mounted by pale, yellowish-tinted visages, from out of which a pair of dark eyes gleam with rare fire beneath a brow framed with black, lustrous hair.

It was a dark, rainy evening when I left the city on my way to Ajaccio. The road leads along the coast toward the Lake of Biguglia, which is separated from the sea by a small strip of land. We are still in the tropic zone of the island here, in the midst of blooming gardens, where luxurious fig leaves mingle with dark orange trees, with vines and ivy creepers enveloping the ground and powerful aloe hedges shooting out their flower-stalks in all directions. But as we gain upon the mountainous regions of the west, the vegetation assumes another character entirely. From the tropic we get gradually into the temperate zone, which in the Corsican highlands passes into a mountain climate so cold and raw that at Cabasinia, for instance, one of the villages of the Niolo, those who die during the winter cannot be buried until the spring sets in. The rituals are said on the third day after death, then the body is stored away in the garret of the house until March or April, when the frost subsides. It is perfectly rigid and does not show the least sign of decomposition and as the first soft breezes of the spring sweep over the earth it is consigned to its last resting place.

At midnight we arrived at Punta Nuova, where, on the 9th of May, 1769, the Corsicans lost their independence in a bloody battle with the French. We relayed horses again at Ponte Alla Leccia, and from here passed directly into the region of powerful mountains, which towered in their grandeur before us. Our little Corsican ponies galloped madly but safely up the steep grades, landing us at 1 o'clock at night at Corte, the third largest city of the island. Passing down the Corso at the southern end of the city, a magnificent outlook spread before us. There lay the entire city with the castle perched upon its lofty granite socle. The conservative Corsican abhors all relationship with foreign countries, and looks upon Corte as the real capital of the island, although it numbers 6000 inhabitants; one reason for this is that it lies in the center of the island, and is less accessible to a foreign influx than the seaport cities of Bastia and Ajaccia. Then again around Corte cluster reminiscences which date back to the middle ages, closely interwoven with the destinies of the island.

Not far from Corte we came to the beautiful little village of Vivario. At our right stand the gigantic forms of the Monte Rotondo and the Monte d'Oro, both covered with snow. With many precipitous turns the street winds upward to the both famous and notorious Forest of Vizzavona. Famous by reason of its wealth of handsome larch trees and black firs, and notorious because of the dangerous number of bandits who infest this region.

Three thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea the mail coach stops for a few minutes and then hastens on into the valley of the Gravone. The roadbed describes a surprising number of short, sharp curves, and although it dashes past many steep precipices, no railing offers protection excepting in one place, where several years ago a coach shot into the abyss below.

Our first stop in the Gravone Valley was made at Boccognano, a place situated in a grandly picturesque territory. Despite the primitive condition of its houses it is frequented as a summer resort by the people of Ajaccio. The bandits, too, have selected this neighborhood for their retreat. The farther we proceed into the valley the more southern grows the character of the landscape; the sun's hot rays burn down upon us, and vineyards, olive groves and aloe hedges alternate with each other. At last in the sunlight the Gulf of Ajaccio lies before us.

Those who desire to obtain a comprehensive view, or the total effect of the various beauties of Ajaccio, had best undertake a sail on the gulf. Gliding over the silvery surface we overlook at our right the older portion of Ajaccio, which embodies the memories of Napoleon, and the new part, which is destined to become the great competitor of such resorts as Cannes, Nice and Mentone; they are separated from each other by a neck of land, whose point is crowded by a formidable citadel. Two broad boulevards cross each part. The northern horizon is skirted by a charming line of hills, displaying various shades of green; that of the myrtle and the palmetto, the almond tree and the vine, the silvery gray of the olive and the dark, velvety tint of the cypress contrasting with a sky of purest azure blue. Into this idyllic spectacle the snow-capped summits of Rotondo and D'Oro throw their gigantic shadows, while softly swelling mounds well stocked with timber run up from the shore with the open sea beyond. From afar we can see the marble monument of Napoleon executed by Laboureur.

On our saunterings through the city our guide halted before a small, yellowish-gray house with a flat roof. Above the entrance we read the inscription: "Napoleon est ne dans Cette Maison le 15 Aut, 1769." This was the parental home of the illustrious conqueror, and the rooms, which are furnished comfortably in accordance with the modest demands of those days, have been left undisturbed and untouched almost by the tooth of time. In a room that is hung with blue paper the sofa is shown upon which, according to tradition, Napoleon was born. In another smaller apartment his bed, writing-desk and book-shelf are pointed out, all in unaltered originality. Not far from the house in which Napoleon was born stands the vault which his imperial nephew erected in 1855 to the memory of the Bonaparte family, who are buried on the island in one crypt, and the metallic coffins of Mme. Laetitia, one with the inscription, "Mater regnum," of her stepbrother, Cardinal Fesch, and of Prince Canino, Lucien Bonaparte's son. Nearly every place and square is adorned with a monument of Napoleon or of his family.

The entire strength of street life in Ajaccio is concentrated on the Place du Marche and the Cours Napoleon. Its character, like the tongues spoken here, is a mongrel of French provincialism and Italian vivacity. Among the hucksters we are attracted particularly by the pretty country girls who sell drinking water in large demijohns, which is carried to them several times a day fresh from the mountains.

On our way to Calvi, on the western coast of the gulf, we pass among many little houses surrounded by luxuriant foliage. These are the tombs of private citizens, who bury their dead upon their own grounds. As we steer toward the Sanguinairi Islands, at the extreme northern point of the Gulf of Ajaccio, the rocks along the coast grow larger, and are covered for long stretches with thick cactus hedges. After passing the island group, which, too, are masses of rock, we come upon the Greek colonies of Cargese and Cape Rouse, and as we proceed the coast land becomes wildly picturesque. With every approaching cape the aspect changes, until we behold at last the Semophor of Calvi perching upon a rock which stretches far out into the ocean. Calvi itself nestles terrace-like against the mountain side and looks supremely romantic in its decay. Through its streets stroll Arabs and Bedouins. Over seventy of these dusky sons of the desert, originally from Algiers and Tunis, are exiled in the place on account of political offenses. As we approach the Citadel, where they are lodged, we meet the white burnous still more frequently.

For our return to Bastia we chose the way over the seaport town of San Florenzo, and I shall never forget the sublime spectacle of the most wildly romantic landscape of rocks that my eyes have ever beheld. For miles and miles not a house, not a human habitation is visible. The high-road winds serpent-like over mighty mountains, where the olive, the rosemary, the myrtle and a wealth of those fragrant herbs abound that give to many parts of the island that peculiar aromatic flavor, so that one can well understand Napoleon I's exclamation: "If I were blindfolded I would recognize Corsica by its delicious odor."

The Pope's Life.

It seems there is no foundation for a rumor, a very picturesque rumor, that circulated far and wide a short time ago. The Pope had written to the President of the French Republic to announce that he was going to send Mme. Carnot the much-coveted distinction of the Golden Rose. The Pope wrote no such letter, nor is this the season when this order is conferred. The truth is, that Leo XIII, a Pontiff singularly unostentatious, and his manner of livelihood almost frugal, is reducing so far as he can the great and growing expenditure at the Vatican. Thus it is announced that at the forthcoming Consistory no new Cardinals will be created. The Golden Rose, at all times highly valued as a distinction, costs the Pope on each occasion of its presentation close upon £1000. Leo XIII's life at the Vatican is simplicity itself. It is stated officially that his table expenses do not exceed 160 lire a month. The figure seems almost incredible, but the statement is definitely made. The Pope in his Cardinal days used to keep a chef and an under cook, and when he moved into the Vatican these members of his household followed him. In the lapse of years the chef died, and Leo XIII has never replaced him. Pall Mall Gazette.

A large dam across Rogue River at Grant's Pass, Oregon, was washed away last Sunday by the high water.

POETIC THOUGHTS.

Written for THE SUNDAY CALL.

TO ——

WOULD the sun shine as bright,
Dear heart, if you were gone?
Would birds upon the trees
Forget their song?
Would flowers bloom?
Would soft winds whisper to the sea?
Would hearts be merry, light and gay?
Could such things be?

I know the sun would shine as bright,
Dear heart, if you were gone.
The happy birds would not
Forget their song.
Flowers would bloom,
Soft winds would whisper to the sea.
To many, life would be as sweet,
But not to me. GRACE HIBBARD.

February, 1891.

THE SCULPTOR.

In a little village lying underneath Italian skies,
Where the roses blooming ever listen to the south wind's sighs,
Here there dwelt a famous sculptor; he was known in all the land,
He could make the very marble seem to breathe beneath his hand.
People said the gods themselves had taught to him this wondrous art,
And they looked on him in wonder and they kept from him apart.
But he cared not either for their petty notice or their fear;
And he lived but for his marble, and alone he held that dear.
Alone, said I? Nay, pardon me, I fear I do him wrong,
He loved a village maiden fair, and thought his love was strong.
Often with her had he walked beneath the soft and moonlit skies,
And his vows of love were answered by her sweet and shy replies.
But her pure and gentle spirit could not understand his art;
She cared not for his famous name, but she only prized his heart.
And rejoicing in the love he gave, and trusting him complete,
She, content with what he offered, laid her heart down at his feet.
But of late there had come over him a strange and sudden mood;
Through day, and even night, he worked, taking nor rest nor food.
In his lonely garret chamber, all the night his hammer rang,
And all night flew the snowy chips, and all night the chisel sang;
And the people, as they heard it, whispered each to each and said:
"He is working on some statue, by his roving fancy led;
With some wondrous work of beauty he will soon surprise the land."
And they spoke of how the marble grew beneath his skillful hand.
But no one saw the sculptor and no one saw his work of art,
Not even the gentle maiden and she the chosen of his heart.
Day by day the sculptor labored, day by day the marble grew,
While the laborer thought of nothing but to send his chisel true.
At last 'twas finished, and, enraptured, before it its maker stood,
Fair and perfect was the image, clad in graceful womanhood.
Beautiful each lovely feature, delicate each limb of grace,
Lacking nothing to complete the beauty of its form and face;
Long the sculptor stood before it, and a passion filled his breast,
Tortured him with feverish longing and would give his heart no rest.
And he knew he loved the image with a love beyond control,
And the white fair face of marble was the goddess of his soul;
He would spend long hours before it, kneeling on the dusty floor;
Lost to all the world around him, he would silently adore,
And he thought not of the maiden who was long his promised bride,
For that fair strange face had filled him with a mighty passion's tide.
One night, as he knelt before it, seeking what was out of reach,
All the pent up floods within him found relief at last in speech,
And he cried: "O wondrous creature, that these human hands have made,
All my life goes out unto thee! Well for thee my heart has paid!
Come down from thy lofty station; give me but one hour of bliss!
I have formed thee, surely I should claim from thee one loving kiss.
Thou art mine, and I have given thee all my skillful hands could give;
Every limb and feature perfect, but I cannot bid thee live.
O thou fair and lovely image, pray the gods for this one gift
Let me see thee breathe one hour, and my load of anguish lift!"
Eagerly he looked upon it, but the marble did not change;
Motionless it stood as ever, clad in beauty sweet and strange.
Sprang the sculptor to his feet and seized a hammer from the floor;
"Thou hast made me mad," he cried, "and by the gods thou'lt do no more!
Deaf to all my wild entreaties, thou hast moved me past control;
I have made thee: I'll destroy thee, as thou hast destroyed my soul!"
High he raised his mighty hammer, held it motionless in air,
Gazed one moment on the face that smiled so still and calmly there.
Just one moment, then the blow descended on that perfect face,
Leaving nothing but a shattered relic, reft of beauty, in its place.
Steadily the sculptor faced it, dropped his hammer to the floor,
Stood a moment, staggered backward, then the sculptor knew no more.
There they found him, lying lifeless, at the shivered statue's base,
With the sunlight streaming gently o'er his pale and troubled face.
And they laid him in the garden, and before a week had passed,
There beside him slept the maiden who had loved him to the last.
O'er their heads the roses whisper softly to the sighing wind;
O'er their feet the myrtle lovingly around the gray stone twined.
But the roses, though they whisper, know not why the sculptor died,
And so there he lies forgotten with the maiden at his side. BEATRICE B. DI LUNA.

February, 1891.

VACATION DAYS OF LONG AGO.

This is only a memory, simple and true,
Of the days when I was a boy;
So pardon it, reader, pardon it, do,
As you pity a child's broken toy.

We all were young and happy then,
And every day was bright,
But Saturday was the best of all—
The idle boy's delight.
We were a little three of friends,
Yes, Paul and Frank and I,
Who passed the glad vacation days
In sports and frolics high.

Mine was a rural country place,
And they had homes in town,
So when the summer time was on
We wandered up and down
The fields and creeks and woods and roads,
And swam and shot and fished
About the neighbors' farms and ours,
And did whate'er we wished.

But when the winter rains came down
I joined the boys in town.
We rigged up strings across the walk
To knock the Dunlaps down,
And "pulled the rat," and filled a hat
With stones and mud and bricks—
The people broke their canes on it,
Or gave it vicious kicks.

In summer it was better sport—
Oh, oft the setting sun
Has seen us lying in the hay,
When weary play was done,
And thinking of the hour so near,
When each must leave his friend—
For, just as everything on earth,
Vacation days must end.

Together we have fished and swam,
And flown and lost our kites;
Together we have won and lost
A dozen boyish fights;
We jumped and raced, played "one old cat,"
Till after many days
The youth was gone, and we were called
To travel different ways.

But now I love to see the boys
Who play the same old way,
And squander in the simple sport
The week's vacation day;
And often do I pause to watch
Their sports in passing by,
And think of how we used to play—
Yes, Frank and Paul and I.

I have sung the song of my choosing,
And I'm sad when the strain is through;
But think if there's not in the world some spot,
Dear friend, it recalls to you.

February, 1891. LAWRENCE ARCHER JR.

THROUGH CLOUD AND STORM.

(Rondeau.)

Through cloud and storm, it seems in vain
To hope for sweet sunshine again;
Each field flower to the earth's breast clings,
And the torn ivy sways and swings,
The sport of every wind's disdain.

With wistfulness as keen as pain
I hear a bird's song through the rain,
And strive to hold the hope it brings,
Through cloud and storm.

Though showers sweep down the sodden lane,
Still clearly sounds the trusting strain.
Listen! God's voice as clearly rings
Through our blind griefs and murmurings,
Trill on, brave bird! make his ways plain,
Through cloud and storm.

February 12, 1891. MARION HILL.

THE OLD CLOCK OF ST. MARY'S.

"Son, observe the time and flee from evil."—Ecclesiasticus iv:23.

In the midst of the restless city's din,
In the midst of the haunts of shameless sin,
Stands the cathedral old.
And up in its dingy and time-stained tower
A clock, four-dialed, proclaims the hour
With massive hands of gold.

Under the dial a warning stands
Which those who gaze at the mighty hands
May read in passing by,
And learn from the solemn, pauseless hours
To use for good their given powers,
For minutes quickly fly.

O solemn mandate in carven stone!
How many wanderers, sick or lone,
Have upward looked at thee?
How many outcasts, bowed with shame,
Have felt those words, a fiery flame.
"Observe the time, from evil flee?"

Has it been useless, been all in vain,
That warning simple and stern and plain
For those who pass to read?
Who knows how many a sinful man
From those brief words anew began,
Because they filled his need?

Hour by hour the strong strokes sound;
Hour by hour the hands move round.
The crowds pass ceaselessly,
And read what those have read long gone,
And what will counsel those to come,
"Observe the time, from evil flee."

Flushed with the morning's red it glows,
And shadowed by the evening's close,
With men this mandate pleads;
Still urges those who choose the wrong
To flee from evil's bondage strong,
Still kindly intercedes.

When moonlight makes the dials gleam
Beneath its pure and silver stream
Those faithful words we see,
Calm, helpful, earnest, true and brave—
Words which reach out the lost to save—
"Observe the time, from evil flee."

A gay, glad child with flowing hair,
I used to pass that house of prayer
And read that legend old:
"Observe the time, from evil flee,"
A warning well for you and me,
None better ere was told.

Alameda, Cal., Feb. 14, 1891. ANELEH.

GONE OUT.

Gone out! the little light that erstwhile burned so clear
Within our happy home from day to day—
The precious light God lent us on our way—
Gone out! and oh, the darkness seems so lone and drear.

Gone out! and now asleep she lies where birds sing over;
Unheedful of the rain, the dew, the mist,
By soft winds fanned, by gentle sunbeams kissed.
Asleep she lies, 'neath dewy grass and scented clover.

As sweet as wild birds' softest notes when nighttime lowers,
So sweet come memories of the dear lost days,
Of baby talk and dearest baby ways—
Like fragrance rich of blossoms culled in morning hours.

Within the silent house we miss the little feet
And merry laugh; so much our sad hearts miss
The clasp of little arms, the tender kiss,
The gladsome morning greetings and the good-night sweet.

Gone out! We say it o'er and o'er through falling tears—
Our precious little love, our tender care;
And oh! our heavy loss we scarce can bear;
Gone out with all the sweet glad hopes of coming years.

But God knew best. He saw the little lamp grow dim,
And sent the angel twin of Love, called Death,
To quench the tiny flame with one soft breath,
And lead the little vestal virgin up to him.

Dear Lord, bear patiently with us the while we weep,
Be near us in the stillness bending low,
And teach our aching hearts to feel and know
That safe forever thou our little love wilt keep.

San Francisco, Feb., 1891. ANNIE COWAN.

MY MOTHER.

The poet's laurel wreath she doth not wear,
Since in her busy life she seldom writes
The poems that she lives; yet on the heights
With native sympathy her soul doth share
The poet's keen delight.

She neither seeks nor gains the world's acclaims,
Though rarest gifts are hers of mind and face;
More proud is she to fill her simple place,
And wear what seems to her the dearest names
That womanhood can grace.

Her joy it is to guard her loved from pain,
To take from them the burdens hard to bear;
To give her days, her nights, her life to care
For those who, loving her, yet entertain
An angel unaware.

And more than artist's patience she doth give
To tasks of motherhood, since not alone
High dreams are clothed in color, form or tone.
Wrought from the lives that human beings live
Is highest beauty known.

On such as she the world may not bestow
Its vain applause; far from all vulgar strife
She dwells content, if through her hidden life
My heart the meaning of the name shall know
Of mother and of wife.

Leadville, Colo. RUTH WARD KAHN.

LOVE.

Love goeth where 'tis bid,
Nor lingers by the way;
Oft in rude garb 'tis hid,
Sent once for aye.

Joy flits from heart to heart,
Caressing impulse there;
But of true love no part
Though bright and fair.

Lonely and wandering,
Or by its consort blessed,
Love smites with bitter sting,
Or lulls to rest.

Love cometh once for aye
Pure and passionless;
Lodged in the heart to stay,
To curse or bless.

Sweet love, I honor thee,
Brightest of all life's joys;
Oh! prove thyself to me
Without alloys.

February, 1891. GEORGE MARTIN.

LOVE'S PHOTOGRAPH.

Thine album's leaves I will not dare deface
With verse, which would be too commonplace;
But if my sentiments thou would'st surmise,
Behold their true portrayal in mine eyes.

San Francisco, Feb., 1891. ARPHIPPUS.

RUHAMAH'S CHATTY WASHINGTON LETTER.

Notes of Society Events at the National Capital.

The Last Week of the Gay Season Has Come to a Close, and It Has Ended With an Avalanche of Tears—Mansfield.

Special to THE SUNDAY CALL.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 14, 1891.—General Sherman lived so long in Washington, and was so much a part of its life, that his moving away seemed only a temporary affair. Each winter he came down for one or two short visits at his brother's home, and with his energy and restlessness left few of his old friends or old haunts unvisited. General Sherman felt his enforced retirement bitterly, and his nearest friends protested indignantly at the fact of his being 62 years of age being any reason for his retirement, but General Sherman himself voiced no protest and submitted like a soldier to discipline and law. St. Louis offered him no field and not enough of excitement or employment, and after a few years in that busy commercial city, where he was almost alone of his class and out of sympathy with its business men and millionaires, he moved his family to New York. In that great center, with its many interests, its cosmopolitan tone, its clubs, and its constant come and go of old friends, he found a more congenial sphere. The metropolis offered a field for his activity, and conquering its great distances and keeping pace with its busy social life, was a mild sort of campaigning for him. Dining and theater-going filled his evenings week in and week out, and as in army days, General Sherman was in the midst of, or beginning the real enjoyments when the younger men with him were exhausted and completely worn out in trying to keep up with him. He was in Washington about the holiday time, did a round of dinners, lunched at the White House, and, as he always does when he comes here, looked up all the widows and army friends in trouble or illness that he had known in gayer times.

With this last week the gay season ostensibly came to a close. Church bells rang solemnly all day Wednesday, and Thursday's postmen had their

SATCHELS LOADED WITH INVITATIONS

For every manner of entertainment save dances. "Oh, such a winter!" says the old French woman, who, as leading confectioner and caterer of the city, has had social affairs in her keeping for more than thirty years. "Never have I known what it was to be busy before," and with an enlarged store and double the number of delivery-wagons she has not been able to keep up with her orders. The day of the great crushes, the jams to which every one was asked and all the rest went are passing by. The size that the city has assumed for one thing necessitated the breaking up of the one great circle into many small circles. Official entertaining is not now so wholesale and indiscriminate, and with rational dinners succeeding irrational crushes, there is reason and intention in the hospitalities offered. Even in entertaining in Congressional circles the individual and not the committee or constituency are considered more, and society is unquestionably improving in tone by the change. With the beginning of Lent dinners double and treble in numbers and feasting is more the rule than fasting.

The real season ended with an avalanche of teas, an assembly ball and the annual ball of the Mexican Legation, which quite surpassed the balls of the past two seasons. The floral decorations were most elaborate, and the house was a blaze of electric lights throughout. The ball opened with a Mexican danza, or lancers, led by Mme. Romero and Senor Pacheco, who had taught the figures to the other dancers with them, and the graceful sort of minuet was received with favor. Although it was the end of the season, there were as many new and handsome gowns worn as if it were

GAYETY'S VERY BEGINNING,

And the electric lights searched out and told of every diamond and jewel there. The Cabinet families were, of course, absent, but all of diplomatic and higher official circles were represented, and it was one of the notable large gatherings of the year.

Richard Mansfield has made himself such a social figure in Washington that his week's engagements greatly affect the social calendar. Besides being bidden to more breakfasts and dinners and late suppers than he with four understudies could consume, society has stormed the theater in large parties. Mrs. Townsend, the daughter of ex-Representative Scott of Erie, Pa., who, although living in Philadelphia, prefers to spend the gay season here, gave a theater party of 100 on the second night of the Mansfield engagement. Afterward the 100 took supper and danced at Mrs. Townsend's house, and Mr. Mansfield joined them. Yesterday Mr. Mansfield gave a special musical matinee, with a programme that was a melange of everything, and, after the manner of his matinee and invitation in the autumn, sent to Mrs. Frank Loring all the orchestra tickets for her to send out as invitations to her friends. Next as a theatrical event comes the Bernhardt engagement, and society is on the qui vive to see the contents of the 110 trunks and four baskets of snakes.

Mrs. Garfield, who started for Washington immediately upon hearing of Secretary Windom's death, is still here with her daughter, Mrs. Stanley Brown. Mrs. Brown's home is in the next block to the Windom home, and for these two years the families have continued their

INTIMACY, BEGUN SEVERAL YEARS AGO.

Mrs. Windom always had Mrs. Brown to assist at any entertainment or reception, and the Windom daughters, who are of the same age, were in and out of Mrs. Brown's pretty little house. Mrs. Windom has been often remarked upon for her resemblance to Mrs. Garfield, and in her widow's weeds the resemblance is even more striking. Mrs. Garfield still wears the deepest mourning, the long crepe veil and the simplest of black gowns, and she wears, too, an expression of such resigned, chastened, sweet and peaceful sorrow as to make her countenance one to arrest and attract instantly. Mrs. Garfield's modest and quiet life since her widowhood has commanded admiration and respect from many who were foremost in criticizing her. She has wholly effaced herself from public life, the political and official circles that she knew, and as a widow has been a private citizen, leading the most womanly of lives and wholly devoted to her family. Now that both of her sons are married, Mrs. Garfield is free to pay more frequent and longer visits to her daughter, and but for the impossibility of leading as quiet and retired a life as she wishes to, she would make Washington her permanent home. Mrs. Garfield tries to escape in every possible way any publicity or marked attentions and her deep mourning greatly protects her. She opens the part of every day with Mrs. Windom and few recognize the slender black clad figure that goes to and fro under the Thomas statue each day.

The death of Admiral Porter just at the time, when every one was momentarily expecting to hear of the death of General Sherman instead, has come with

SOMETHING OF A SHOCK.

Admiral Porter had been in his sick-room for so long without daily bulletins or alarming turns that the gravity of his condition had really been forgotten. There will be the most imposing funeral that Washington has seen in years and his body will be laid at Arlington near General Sheridan's. General Sherman's will be the next interment there and had sense and apropriateness been considered at the time of General Grant's death, the leaders of the Civil War would lie side by side before the Lee mansion. Then indeed would Arlington be a sacred spot and a place of pilgrimage with the tombs of four such heroes in the midst of their thousands of followers.

The daily bulletins from Senator Hearst's sick-room indicate little change one way or another, and the wonderful vitality of the man is keeping death long at bay. The splendid mansion that was only completed in its last details this autumn has been closed and quiet all seasons, doctors' carriages and the come and go of trained nurses taking the place of the rows of carriages and the crowds of the gay world that had been expected to occupy it. Mrs. Hearst has kept closely to the sick-room for these two months, and has seen no one but her nearest acquaintances. Miss Florence Bayard has been a guest in the house for the past six weeks, and through her the gay world has its only communication with the house. Morning and evening Senator Hearst's condition is reported in the papers, but the bulletins differ little from day to day. Through an agent Mr. Hearst was a large purchaser of Washington relics at the recent sale of the effects of Mr. Baker, the Philadelphia antiquarian. RUHAMAH.

THE LATEST IN HAIR-DRESSING.

Here are illustrations of the latest Paris styles of dressing the hair. In almost every instance an ornament of some kind is used. —*N. Y. Sun.*

Value of Rare Books.

People who are fortunate enough to possess first editions of Burns will do well to send them into the market while the craze for them lasts. A copy which sold for £66 in 1887 sold for £120 last season. It is clear that for some time to come there will be a great run on the late Mr. Halliwell Phillips' folio edition of Shakespeare in sixteen volumes, of which only 150 copies exist. Nine years ago this work was sold for £51, but last season the only copy which was offered realized £171. London World.

An Audience of One.

A sailor who had just come into port with a full pocket paid Stephen Kemble £30 to have a performance of Henry IV all to himself, with Kemble as "the old boy with the round forecastle, built like a Dutch lugger, and lurching like a Spanish galleon in a heavy sea." He chose the music to be played by way of overture, saw the play through, and gave vigorous expression to his appreciation of the Falstaff of the occasion. Chambers' Journal.

MADAME ROWLEY'S TOILET MASK!

(OR FACE GLOVE.)

THE FOLLOWING ARE THE CLAIMS MADE FOR MADAME ROWLEY'S TOILET MASK, AND THE GROUNDS ON WHICH IT IS RECOMMENDED TO LADIES FOR BEAUTIFYING, BLEACHING, AND PRESERVING THE COMPLEXION:

1st. The Mask is Soft and Pliable and can be Easily Applied and Worn without Discomfort or Inconvenience.

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3d. It has been Analyzed by Eminent Scientists and Chemical Experts, and pronounced Perfectly Pure and Harmless.

4th. With ordinary care the Mask will Last for Years, and its *valuable properties* Never Become Impaired.

5th. The Mask is protected by letters patent, has been introduced ten years, and is the only Genuine article of the kind.

6th. It is Recommended by Eminent Physicians and Scientific Men as a *substitute for injurious cosmetics.*

7th. The Mask is as Unlike the fraudulent appliances used for conveying cosmetics, etc., to the face *as day is to night,* and it bears no analogy to them.

8th. The Mask may be worn with Perfect Privacy if desired. The Closest Scrutiny cannot detect that it has been used.

9th. It is a Natural Beautifier for Bleaching and Preserving the Skin, and Removing Complexional Imperfections.

TRADE MARK Reg'd

The Toilet Mask (or Face Glove) in position to the face.
TO BE WORN THREE TIMES IN THE WEEK.

10th. The Mask is sold at a moderate price, *and one purchase ends the expense.*

11th. Hundreds of dollars uselessly expended for cosmetics, lotions and like preparations may be saved by those who possess it.

12th. Ladies in every section of the country are using the Mask with gratifying results.

13th. It is safe, simple, cleanly and effective for beautifying purposes, and never injures the most delicate skin.

14th. While it is intended that the Mask should be Worn During Sleep, it may be applied, *with equally good results,* at Any Time, to suit the convenience of the wearer.

15th. The Mask has received the testimony of well-known society and professional ladies, who proclaim it to be the greatest discovery for beautifying purposes ever offered to womankind.

A FEW SPECIMEN EXTRACTS FROM TESTIMONIAL LETTERS.

"I am so rejoiced at having found at last an article that will indeed improve the complexion."

"Every lady who desires a faultless complexion should be provided with the mask."

"My face is as soft and smooth as an infant's."

"I am perfectly delighted with it."

"As a medium for removing discolorations, softening and beautifying the skin I consider it unequalled."

"It is, indeed, a perfect success—an inestimable treasure."

"I find that it removes freckles, tan, sunburn and gives the complexion a soft, smooth surface."

"I have worn the Mask but two weeks and am amazed at the change it has made in my appearance."

"The Mask certainly acts upon the skin with a mild and beneficial result, making it smoother and clearer and seeming to remove pimples, irritations, etc., with each application."

"For softening and beautifying the skin there is nothing to compare with it."

"Your invention cannot fail to supersede everything that is used for beautifying purposes."

"Those of my sex who desire to secure a pure complexion should have one."

"For bleaching the skin and removing imperfections I know of nothing so good."

"I have worn the Mask but three nights and the blackheads have all disappeared."

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"I must tell you how delighted I am with your Toilet Mask; it gives unbounded satisfaction."

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