

Alma Record.

PUBLISHED BY
C. F. BROWN.

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C. F. BROWN, Editor.

FRIDAY, MAR. 20, 1896.

Republican Caucus

The republicans of Arcadia township will meet in caucus at the Farmers' Hall, Friday, March 27, at 7 p. m., for the purpose of nominating township officers, and the transaction of such other business as may legally come before the caucus.

Caucuses.

The republican caucuses of Summer township will be held at Elm Hill, Thursday, March 26, at 7 p. m., for the purpose of nominating township officers.

The republicans of Pine River township will meet in caucus at Forest Hill, Friday, March 27, at 7 p. m., for the purpose of nominating township officers.

The people's party and silver party of Seville will meet in caucus in the town hall, Friday, March 27, at 7 p. m., to nominate township officers.

The people's party of Arcadia will meet in the Farmers' Hall, Saturday, March 28, at 7 p. m., to nominate township officers.

The New Party.

If all the elements that make hades a place of discord and chaos could be turned loose in society it would be about as easy to bring them together for a family tea party as it will be for the promoters of the new party organized in Pittsburg last week to combine the isms and functions of politics, and succeed in securing successful results. The proposition to fuse populists, prohibitionists, silverites, gold bugs, greenbackers, equal suffragists and other long and short lived professional statesmen into a grand national reform organization, is about as conducive to party harmony as the introduction of a horse fiddle would be to the music of an opera.

This caucus does not need a new party half so much as it does the injection of a little more sense into the management of the old parties already in existence. These organizations represent the fundamental principles of politics, and as the result of ages of experience and thought, are all the public requires. As a matter of fact, parties exist only in name, while the governing tenets of which they are constructed are practically unchangeable and unchanged during the series of years they have exerted an influence over public affairs. The reformers who propose to establish a new party are only advocating off-shoots of old ideas, which in their eyes have become magnified into vital principles of government. With the exception of a few fallacious "isms," which none but cranks could espouse, the same doctrines they propose to embody in a national platform will be found in those of the parties already organized. Therefore a new party is unnecessary.

But it is useless to argue against a new party to the promoters of the Pittsburg political pot pourri. Most of them have been in that business so long that the idea has become a chronic mental malady. They would rather have a new party than general prosperity, or they would turn their attention to reforming the old organizations, and in that way become public benefactors. Let them bear in mind, this time, at least, that it would be easier to redeem the country from the abuses of bad politics through the reclaiming of an old organization than to carry out the barbaquian attempt contemplated by the new organization.

Calls are out for conventions to elect delegates to the National Republican Convention. The campaign of 1896 promises to be a warm one. Candidates are plenty and their praises are being sounded by their friends—sometimes by the candidate himself. Mayor Pingree seems to be making the most aggressive campaign at present and would have people believe that he is the man to nominate for Governor, and that with him at the head of the state government everything, or at least many things, would be improved. Taxation is the principal subject of his speeches. The state tax of this year was his target some time ago. Lately he is paying his respects to indirect taxation. It is well to call attention of people to taxation both direct and indirect. The Record is glad to see the matter discussed, and later on may have something to say on the subject, and give some figures on taxation, both direct and indirect. It is at least four months before the state ticket will be nominated, and the republicans of Michigan have not yet decided on candidates. The republican party may be depended on to do the right thing when the time comes to act.

If the press in the different parts of the state is any criterion, the election of Prof. J. W. Ewing to the office of Superintendent of Public Instruction, if nominated, is assured. And if the expressions of support in the numerous letters he is receiving from public men all over the state have any weight in the convention, his nomination is certain. The republican party will honor itself in honoring him. He has always been as loyal to the republican party as he has been to the profession he has exalted and honored, and greater proof of his loyalty cannot be given.

What is needed is not a change in the pension laws, but in the officers of the pension bureau. This will be attended to, soon after the fourth of next March.

WITTED BY SUCCESS.

IT IS WHAT MRS. LYNN LINTON SAYS OF GEORGE ELIOT.

Some Interesting Reminiscences and Caustic Criticisms of the Famous Novelist, Her Character and Conduct in Different Stages of Her Career.

In The Woman at Home Mrs. Lynn Linton gives the following rather caustic reminiscences of the great novelist, whom she knew, but did not greatly love:

It was at John Chapman's that I first met George Eliot, then Mary Ann Evans, having adopted neither her pseudonym nor her style and title of George Lewes' wife. "Confession is good for the soul," they say, and I will candidly confess my short-sighted prejudices with respect to this—to be—celebrated person. These were her undeveloped as well as her insurgent days. She was known to be learned, industrious, thoughtful, noteworthy, but she was not yet the great genius of her age, nor a philosopher bracketed with Plato and Kant, nor was her personality held to be superior to the law of the land, nor was she recognized as a conventional gentleman. In those days indeed she was emphatically not that. She was essentially underbred and provincial, and I, in the swaddling clothes of early education and prepossession, as I was, saw more of the provincial than the genius and was repelled by the unformed manner rather than attracted by the learning. She held her hands and arms kangaroo fashion, was badly dressed, had an unwashed, unbrushed, unkempt look altogether, and she assumed a tone of superiority over me which I was not then aware was warranted by her undoubted leadership. From first to last she put up my mental brushes, so that I rejected them and there what might have been some closer acquaintance had I not been so blind and so much influenced by her want of conventional graces.

As I was never a habitue of John Chapman's famous evenings and knew him and his wife best when they lived out of London and before they took their Strand home, I saw but little of Mary Ann Evans till after her flight with George Lewes. When they returned home, I called on them by their joint request. They were in lodgings in St. John's Wood, and the acre of their new love was around them. There was none of the pretense of a sanctified union which came afterwards—none of the somewhat pretentious assumption of superior morality which was born of her success. She was frank, genial, natural and brimful of happiness. The consciousness that she had finally made her choice and cast the die which determined her fate gave her a nobility of expression and a grandeur of bearing which she had not had when I first knew her. Then my heart warmed to her with mingled love and admiration, and I paid her the homage she deserved. I felt her superiority and acknowledged it with enthusiasm. Had she always remained on that level she would have been the grandest woman of this or any age.

But success and adulation spoiled her and destroyed all simplicity, all sincerity of character. She grew to be artificial, pensive, pretentious, unreal. She lived an unreal life all through, both mentally and socially, and in her endeavor to harmonize two irreconcilables—to be at once conventional and insurgent—the upholder of the sanctity of marriage while living as the wife of a married man—the self-reliant lawbreaker and the eager postulant for the recognition granted only to the conventional—she lost every trace of that finer freedom and whole-heartedness which had been so remarkable in the beginning of her connection with Lewes. She was a made woman—not in the French sense—but made by self-manipulation, as one makes a statue or a vase. I have never known any one who seemed to me so purely artificial as George Eliot.

She took a fine type for imitation, but the result was not a flesh and blood woman. Not a line of spontaneity was left in her, not an impulse beyond the reach of self-conscious philosophy, not an unguarded tract of mental or moral territory where a little untrained folly might luxuriate. She was always the goddess on her pedestal—gracious in her condescension—with great strains of sympathetic recognition for all who came to her, ever ready to listen to her worshippers, ever ready to reply, to encourage, to clear from confusion minds befogged by unassisted learning and generous in imparting her own. But never for one instant did she forget her self-imagined self, never did she throw aside the trappings of the airs of the benign sibyl. Her soft, low voice was pitched in one level and monotonous key, and her diction of speech was a trifle irritating to the ear whose flint was already fired. Her gestures were as measured as her words, but attitudes as restrained as her tones. She was so consciously George Eliot, so interpenetrated head and heel, inside and out, with the sense of her importance as the great novelist and profound thinker of her generation, as to make her society a little overwhelming, leaving on baser creatures the impression of having been rolled very flat indeed. She was the antithesis of George Sand, whose impulsive, large and loving nature never became artificialized by her fame, never grew to be self-conscious by excess of intellect, as was the case with George Eliot. It was nature and art once more, as so often before, and by one's own character the verdict of which was best will be determined.

With all her studied restraint of manner George Eliot had a large amount of what the French call temperament. As a lover she was both jealous and exacting, and the "fartallone amoroso" when she had captured was brought pretty tasteily to his bearings. If even he went so far as Birmingham to lecture, he had to return home that night, as she quite gravely said to a lady in my presence, "I should not think of allowing George to stay away a night from me."

The Finger Nails.

Many manicures cut with their sharp curved scissors the loose scarf skin growing around the curve of the finger nail. This practice is condemned by the best authorities, one saying, in the course of a talk upon the subject: "The care of the nails should be limited strictly to the use of the knife or scissors to their free border, and the ivory presser alone to their base. The edge of scarf skin should never be pared, the surface of the nail should never be scraped, or the nails cleaned with any instrument whatever saving the nail brush."

Miss Frances Abdullah.

One of the largest dairy concerns of north-west India is in Allahabad and is owned and managed by Miss Frances Abdullah, the daughter of a well known Arab chieftain. She also carries on the "Allahabad stables," and "Zoe Memorial Institute," a temporary home for gentlemen seeking employment.

ENGAGED.

Students lay at the National gallery. Eleanor Vincent laboriously copying "The Challenge." Jack Gerard enters, sees her and bows doubtfully. She smiles. He hesitates, then walks up to her. She holds out her hand.

She—Of all people! Who would have expected to see you here?

He—Or you?

She—Oh, I have taken to playing with palette and brush. One must do something, you know.

He—Must one? And you're ambitious, I see. (Stands looking at her. She paints on mechanically. Suddenly—) My God, how good it is to see you again!

She—(bends her head over her palette and speaks quickly)—You have no right to talk like that. All that was over a year ago. You know what you said then.

He—No. What did I say?

She—You said you hoped you wouldn't ever see me again.

He—What a fool I must have been! What did we quarrel about?

She—(firmly)—Mr. Gerard, I have no intention of permitting this tone from an ordinary acquaintance. You will be good enough to remember that you are nothing more to me.

He—Then you don't care for me at all now?

She—(emphatically)—Not the least bit in the world.

He turns very red and says after a moment's silence: "I beg your pardon. I had no right to speak as I did, especially as—may I bore you with my private interests and hopes?—I am engaged to be married."

She flushes, looks hard at him, smiles and says: "I congratulate you. Do tell me all about her. Is she fair or dark?"

He—Fair or dark? Oh, rather fair, I should say; not exactly dark—between, you know.

She—And her eyes?

He—(briskly)—Oh, her eyes? Her eyes are lovely.

She—Gray?

He—Yes, gray—the most delightful tint. She's a charming girl.

She—(suddenly)—What's her name?

He—Her name? Oh, her name is—Miss Smith.

She—And her Christian name?

He—Why, it's like the catechism! Her Christian name is Mary. But don't let us talk any more about her. I haven't seen you for such a long time, and—

She—And it's a sacred subject, isn't it? He—Yes, that's what I mean. You always understand everything. (A long pause.) Beastly weather, isn't it?

She—Yes, it seems rather detestable when you are in London, but we found it pleasant enough last year down in Hampshire.

He—Yes. Do you remember how we used to go skating and what jolly evenings we had, and how we used to dance in the hall? What a splendid floor that was! And do you remember Christmas eve?

She—Perfectly. I have an excellent memory.

He—(bitterly)—Have you? Then perhaps you remember the 11th of February too? We parted then, you recollect. We were engaged exactly seven weeks.

She—(hurriedly)—We had better not talk about that. Besides, after all, you have consoled yourself, haven't you?

He—Oh, Eleanor, don't! I was a fool I threw away all the happiness in the world for a trifle that seems only fit to laugh at now. Oh, my darling, forgive me and take me back!

She—But what about the Smith girl?

He—(startled)—The what?

She—The girl you are engaged to—Miss Mary Smith?

He—Oh, ah, yes. I had forgotten that. I will get her to throw me over. She doesn't really care for me. She's no real obstacle. Oh, my sweetheart, how could I ever let you go—and all about that stupid young Trimmer!

She—(coldly)—My memory is better than yours. It was about the Smith girl.

He—Oh, never mind what it was about. Forgive me and take me back. It was all my fault.

She—(slowly and with dignity)—Take you back while you are engaged to another woman? Make you break your pledged faith? Tempt you to be dishonorable and then marry a man I could only despise? No, Mr. Gerard, you must keep your engagement this time.

He—I won't. I'll break it tomorrow, whether you will have me or not!

She—I shall always feel to you as a sister. I shall always think of you as a dear brother. But, besides Mary Smith, there's another great reason which makes it impossible for me to regard you in any other light. I, too, have consoled myself, and my wedding day is fixed for the 11th of February.

He—Oh, Eleanor, the very day we parted!

She—(cheerfully)—That's why. I didn't want it always to be a black letter day. It will be a silver letter day for me now, won't it?

He—(angrily)—Well, goodby, then.

She—Goodby.

He—(takes a few steps and then turns)—Before I go, Miss Vincent, I should like to tell you one thing. My memory is better than yours, after all. I only told you I was engaged because I wanted to make you jealous—idiot that I was! You are the only woman in the world. There is no engagement. There is no Mary Smith. (She looks up at him and laughs.) I have never loved any one but you. I am not engaged.

She—No, of course. I knew that. No more am I. I'm better than you, though, don't I?

He—(bewildered)—Then the 11th of February—

She—(impatiently)—There is no 11th of February, unless—

He—Oh, Eleanor, will you, after all?

She—Jack, don't be absurd! That red girl has come back, and she is looking at us.

(Curtain.)—Sketch.

Edible Toadstools.

A great many people fall into the error of considering every mushroom of a certain form and shape as being fit for food. In order to show what a grave mistake this is, we will say that there are upward of 2,000 species of fungi, toadstools or mushrooms, and that only 134 of that great number can be safely regarded as edible. In the whole of the United States there are only eight species of fungi that are fit for food, and 80 that are deadly poisonous.—St. Louis Republic.

Their View of Women.

The Sandwich Islanders estimate women by their weight. The Chinese require them to have deformed feet and black teeth. A girl must be tattooed sky blue and wear a nose ring to satisfy a south sea islander. African princes require their brides to have teeth filed like those of a saw.

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