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Mrs. J. H. Beaman
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In Spite Of Fate.

BY DR. H. A. MOODY.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

HE was very small, very slight, very delicate, with sunny hair whose abundance and rebellious nature caused it to escape from confinement of comb and band and wander in golden ringlets around her face and neck. Her eyes were large and of a pure, deep violet blue, whose intensity was increased by the continually changing pupil that varied with every emotion. Her complexion was as pale and clear as purest alabaster, utterly devoid of color, except a slight ivory tinge, but her lips were pink with health, and her small mouth, as she spoke, disclosed regular, pearly teeth and a faultless expression. Her hand was rather long, very thin and delicate, but not bony; and was so gracefully carried that it was in itself a charm. She was clad in some light, gauzy material that harmonized with an appearance so ethereal that Roscoe felt as though the steps she measured in approaching him were entirely unnecessary, when she could so easily have floated through the air. She did not look a day over twenty, and he could hardly credit his senses when his stalwart young friend introduced him to her with the phrase: "This is Mr. Owen, mother." Such a contrast between mother and son he had never before seen. One tall, dark, athletic, clad in back; the other petite, sunny, spiritual, pure white. After they were seated and had talked upon general subjects long enough to feel acquainted, Roscoe turned to Charley Moore and said:

"Pardon such a personal question, but by what right do you call this young lady 'mother'?"

"Curious, isn't it?" said Charley Moore, laughing. "I sometimes insist upon visiting mistake about it, or that I was a nurse, or something or other, says it's all right, so I suppose."

"They call you by a beautiful pet name at Mr. Hardison's," said Roscoe, "but I can't comprehend why they should say 'Fairy Grandma.'"

"I'll tell you," said Charley Moore, evidently delighted with an opportunity to make her his subject, "she's the greatest lover of babies you ever saw, and is godmother to ever so many of them, and grandma is easier to say than the other, so she is known all over north Mississippi as Fairy Grandma."

"And so you have concluded to cast your lot among us, Mr. Owen?" she said. "You will be sure to like us, for either by your merits or good fortune you have made a favorable impression on the people with whom you have become acquainted, and consequently you see nothing of that reserve that makes us so hateful to those we do not like; so as we are determined to like you, you can not help liking us."

"Your conclusion is unavoidable," he answered. "I have already conceived a greater liking for my new friends than I ever expected to feel for any one."

She looked at him a moment, the pupils of her eyes contracted and a musing expression on her face.

"Your parents are not living," she asserted rather than inquired.

"No, madam; they died when I was too young to retain any distinct remembrance of them," he answered.

"Yes," she said, "I thought so. You have no brothers or sisters? Excuse the inquisitiveness of an old woman who wants to be well acquainted with you."

"No. I am alone, excepting an uncle and a cousin."

"I see. You will be certain to remain with us." Then, after a pause: "How do you like the Hardisons?"

"I like them so much that I have no words to express the liking."

"That's right," said she; "they deserve it. Miss Clara is very pleasant, is she not?" and she scanned his face narrowly.

"I find her so," he said, "and she seems to have a very affectionate nature. Her love for her father is very evident and very beautiful."

The little lady sat musing a moment ere she spoke again; then she asked: "How do you like Miss Constance Hardison?"

Roscoe had been prepared for such a question by those that had preceded it, but he felt that his pulse beat a little quicker as he answered simply: "She is very beautiful."

"Yes," said the lady, after looking at him a moment, "she is very beautiful."

"Now, mother," said her son, "you know that she is something better than

merely beautiful; she's one of the best girls in the world."

"Is she as good as Clara?" she asked, with a meaning smile.

Charley Moore's face flushed a little, but he quickly answered: "I was not making any comparison between them. They are both perfect, but each in her own way."

"Your lines have fallen in a pleasant place, Mr. Owen," she said, "for Poplar Ridge is noted for its hospitality and enterprise. They get up dinners and entertainments and picnics out there that we of X— have never been able to equal. You will be charmed with the country, and I hope you will find it to your interest to settle there permanently. Now, if you young gentlemen will excuse me, I will attend a little to my household."

She rose, and with a slight bow floated gracefully from the room. Her son hastened to open the door for her, and, as she passed him, she smiled in his face with all the glory of a proud mother's love beaming from her blue eyes.

"What a pleasant home," thought Roscoe. "How often have I been the guest of those who considered themselves perfect in good manners, yet where did I ever before see such graceful courtesy blended with such warm affection?" Then speaking aloud, he said:

"I do not blame you for loving so tenderly your beautiful mother."

Charley Moore seated himself on an ottoman and answered, seriously:

"No, Mr. Owen, I could not help it if I wished to; but I don't wish it. Thank the Lord, I'm not one of those overmanly men who is ashamed of loving his mother."

Mrs. Moore soon returned, and the time flew pleasantly as they conversed unreservedly until the supper hour. Around the board they assembled, a pleasant group. Mr. Moore asked a short blessing over the repast, which was a neat and nutritious meal, but far less bountiful than nightly loaded the Hardisonian table.

"We don't set out such a spread as Hardison," said Charley Moore, laughing. "for the house servants would have to call in help to eat it if we did; but we won't starve you."

"How long can you stay with us, Mr. Owen?" inquired Mr. Moore.

There it was again; that expression indicating that it was considered a favor to be allowed to dispense this liberal hospitality. Roscoe replied to the effect that he had thought of staying two or three days, as he wished to get ready for the opening of his school. They so evidently took it for granted that he was to remain with them during his stay, that he could not object.

The next day he spent in the town looking for the articles he desired to purchase, but he failed to find them, and concluded to go to Memphis on the next morning's train. The town of X— seemed to him the dullest place he had ever seen. There appeared to be nothing to be seen and nothing to be done. There were no libraries, no museums, no parks, no drives, no book-stores, nothing but billiards and whisky for amusement. In all the twenty-odd stores he did not meet half a dozen customers, and the citizens seemed to occupy their time in lounging in front of their doors, smoking, reading the papers and whittling. Charley Moore told him that on Fridays and Saturdays the stores were all crowded and everybody was busy; but that now it was cotton-picking time, and everybody was in the field. He went to Memphis, purchased books and clothing and returned to X—.

The last evening he spent with the Moores was exceedingly pleasant. Mrs. Moore was very kind and motherly to him, and it had begun even now to seem perfectly right that he should consult with her and ask her advice, although they had so lately met and she seemed so absurdly young.

Just before he left the next morning, said to him:

"Mr. Moore left word for you to consider this your home whenever you are in X—, and I also hope you will come here." She gave him two notes to deliver; one for "Mrs. Hardison" and one for "Miss Constance Hardison."

An uneventful drive brought him to Poplar Ridge, where he remained until late in the evening, making arrangements for board and the opening of his school. He was determined to remove himself as much as possible, from the influence of that infatuation which he

found himself so unable to resist. It was after dark when he rode up to the gate and entered the house. All the inmates were at supper. He entered his room, performed a hasty toilet and went to the supper-room. It warmed his very heart to hear the chorus of welcome that greeted him.

"I knew you'd be back to-night," said Mr. Hardison, as soon as he could make himself heard, "and here's your place all ready for you."

As they were all nearly through supper, the gentlemen soon rose, according to their curious custom, leaving Roscoe to finish his meal as best he could, with only the ladies for company. He did not at all object to this arrangement, but sipped his coffee and ate his biscuit very leisurely as he answered the running fire of questions directed at him.

"I hope you had a real nice time, Mr. Owen," said Mrs. Belmont. "I don't expect you missed us a bit, did you?"

"That's not fair, Aunt Louise," interposed Clara. "We mustn't make Mr. Owen tell stories."

"I suppose you stayed with the Moores?" said Mr. Hardison. This reminded Roscoe of his notes, and he at once delivered them.

"Oh! Mr. Owen; isn't Fairy Grandma splendid?" exclaimed Clara.

"I have no words to express my admiration of her appearance and character," he answered; "and her son is scarcely her inferior."

"There, Clara!" exclaimed Mrs. Belmont; "you ought to say much obliged for such a compliment to Charley Moore."

"It was no compliment," replied Clara; "it's every word true;" but the fair face was a little flushed and there was a slight shade of vexation on the sunny brow.

Meanwhile Mrs. Hardison and Constance had read their notes, which seemed to be brief.

"What does she say, mamma?" inquired Clara.

"If Mr. Owen will promise not to feel very much flattered, I'll read it aloud. It's entirely about him," said she, smiling.

"You have an opinion as to whether that I am safe for the future," he laughed.

"Well, here's what she says," said Mrs. Hardison:

Dear Mrs. Hardison—We have enjoyed very much the visit of Mr. Owen. I write to congratulate you upon the acquisition of such a desirable member to your community. If I am any judge of human nature, he is a true chevalier and ought to have been a Southerner. We must do our best to make him one by marrying him to some nice Southern girl. Take good care of him. I hope you are coming to X—soon. My love to Mr. Hardison and the girls and dear Miss Johnson.

"That's all," said Mrs. Hardison. There was a general laugh around the table, in which all but Mrs. Belmont and Constance joined heartily. Mrs. Belmont seemed annoyed at something, probably at being carefully ignored in the note. Constance, although she smiled a little, suffered the smile to vanish immediately, and her look was unusually serious.

"Is your note about Mr. Owen, too?" inquired Clara, thoughtlessly; read it aloud, do?"

"My note is of such a nature as to be interesting only to myself," said she; and her quiet face plainly showed that impatience would fail to persuade her to read it.

They arose from the table and Roscoe joined the gentlemen.

Soon they all re-assembled in the parlor, and music and pleasant talk wiled the hours away rapidly. Roscoe had but little conversation with Maj. Carney, though he was very kind and cordial. His attention seemed generally bestowed, although when speaking to Constance there was a grave earnestness in his manner that was not so intense at other times. Later in the evening Roscoe, who had not approached Constance, thought he detected a look of surprise in her glance that once or twice met his own. Despairing his own folly, he finally took a seat that chanced to be vacant by her side. After taking it he knew not what to say. No appropriate subject suggested itself, and for full a minute he sat silently listening to a dashing fantasia that Mrs. Belmont was playing. Her execution was brilliant and correct, but there was nothing in her music that stirred or moved him. It was all mechanical.

"I hope the dark spirit is not upon you to-night, Mr. Owen," said Constance, in a low, clear voice.

"No," he replied; "it's only the spirit of stupidity. I want to thank you for exercising it the last evening I was here, but I don't know how."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE HISTORY OF LIFE.

[BARRY CORNWALL.]

Day dawned. Within a curtained room, filled to faintness with perfume. A lady lay at point of doom.

Day closed. A child had seen the light: But for the lady fair and bright, She rested in undreaming night!

Spring came. The lady's grave was green. And near it oftentimes was seen, A gentle boy, with thoughtful mien.

Years fled. He wore a manly face. And struggled in the world's rough race. And won at last a lofty place.

And then he died! Behold before ye, Humanity's brief sum and story. Life, death and all that is of—Glory.

BE THYSELF.

BELLE BEARDEN BARRY.

How important and how very applicable to all is the wise old saying, "Know thyself." However, let us consider for a time another which may prove equally as important, "Be thyself." It is really our duty, not only to ourselves, but also to our fellowmen, to know what we are, after which it will then be an easy thing to be, to act, and to live what we are.

Some minds, like some bodies, have naturally a slower growth than others, consequently it is later in life with some persons than with others, when the quickening comes, when the mind begins to unfold, and desires to disseminate some of the information which it has acquired during the previous period, when only the desire for learning an absorbing seemed to exist.

Here are different methods and conditions by which we may learn to know ourselves and to be ourselves, and there are likewise different channels through which, and into which, we may cast our influence. For instance, when a woman becomes a member of a society, or any organization, how prone she is to feel that it is enough for her to do, to give her name and furnish her dues, and then sit back in idleness and watch somebody else do all the work. The woman who knows a lady who schooled our best modern magazines. "Woman's life was not 'herself' with aims and missions, with the world thrown open to her professional step, to a literary career, or to the many opening doors which advanced civilization has granted her.

The Southern woman's life was in and through her father, brother, son and husband. Their fame was her fame. Their State and political questions became vital home questions to her. Their fall or degradation was only suffering and misfortune to both, provoking her tenderest help and sympathy. Such were the mothers that gave us the "soldier in gray with the heart of gold." The hero who coming home to desolation, drove the ploughshare through fields in September, that were moistened with blood in April. Such were the mothers who handed us their faith in God, pure as it came to them, a "covert from the tempest" as it was to them, unstained by an "ism," as it now is ours. God grant we may send its blessing on till time shall end! Such were the mothers that gave us the women who stood the storm of the sixties, brave, cheering, broken hearted and resolute. Turning from the graves of the men they worshipped, gathering the old and helpless to the sheds that were left for homes, they faced the question of bread, balancing their possibilities and capacities, how many, and how sure, for how much bread. Hundreds became teachers, hundreds tried authorship. Most of the hundreds wrought successfully in the school room, and there is no mead of honor to be withheld, because most of the hundreds failed with the pen. The failure of a noble effort means only an experience to the wise, and often proves a stepping stone to the real place of work.

Carlyle says, "Literature is the thought of thinking souls," and in this day of inexorable demand for the best, that mind, body or soul, can give, thought must be given, clear, direct and simple, if it is to seize and hold the public. Life is so fast and full, and days so crowded we ask a finely pulverized mental food, easy to catch and to absorb. We no longer think of trailing through long elaborate detail, and our popular writers recognizing this, greet us simply and directly.

Of the older and more assured minstrels, Mrs. Preston remains, bringing the harvestings of the old era, to be gathered with the unripened fields of the new. She wrote because she "thought in numbers, and the numbers came," neither spurred by popular applause, nor harried by pinching necessity. Her style is clear, pure, lofty in thought, and graceful in expression. We have all felt the spiritual uplifting

SOUTHERN LITERATURE.

MRS. J. FOSTER SCOTT.

THE absence of literature in the South, during a period so full of intellectual energy of a different kind, which has marked the century closing, must have a cause. Great names of famous men come down to us, in science, in theology, in law. Statesmen whose far-reaching thought, saved and shaped this broad commonwealth, for the freedom and progression of its life today. The Alexanders, Maury, Audubon, Jefferson and Henry, with many others, protect us from the charge of mental poverty. The South really possessed the "Culture of the classics, the most fertilizing of all intellectual forces," and held recognized supremacy, in battles of statecraft, and tilts in the forum. A predominating cause of our lack of literature was the agricultural life and employment of the people and consequent separated homes. Literary life largely grows and lives with mental friction and association as sparks of fire ignite and glow against each other.

The isolated homestead and few townships afforded no centering birthplace for undeveloped talent, nor sheltering arms for smothered genius.

Our standard of literature was formed by the finish and purity of English writers, which true criterion justly made home effort more timorous. Again, State preferment and political distinction was the goal to which all mental energy was directed, as affording the widest range, and largest possibilities.

Our Southern women were long familiar with letters, being fluent and graceful in expression, both with pen and tongue. Many an unpublished manuscript, delicately inscribed, yellowed with age, an "in memoriam" essay, poem, or perhaps a letter, comes to memory, the work of a grandmother or a great grandmother. How reverently we open its worn foldings, saying, "There is more life and truth in one page here than between the covers of our best modern magazines." Woman's life was not "herself" with aims and missions, with the world thrown open to her professional step, to a literary career, or to the many opening doors which advanced civilization has granted her.

Grace King, in her short story, "Monsieur Motte," gives in true pathos, the faith and love of the old black mammy to the babe, the young mistress suddenly orphaned and thrown helpless in her arms. Miss King interprets with a fine understanding, that peculiar adoring love, which existed only in the Southern civilization of that day. The vividness of her pen pictures, makes real the beautiful girl graduate looking for that unknown uncle—only a merciful fiction of old mammy's,—to take her home, and the agony, shame, and hiding of the loving old nurse, that now her darling would know her secret and "die of shame," that she had been cared for only by a "nigger." Miss King gives a glow of beauty to the faithful old heart that becomes a memorial to us of some such love that enveloped our childhood. To a series of books called "Makers of America," contributed by our best authors, Miss King has added one, a history of the early settlement of Louisiana by the French Canadians. Their courage, persistence and ultimate success is told in an attractive, forcible way, and with careful exactness. Her place in Southern literature is assured.

Ruth McEnery Stuart, like Miss King, is a Louisianian by birth. Mrs. Stuart is true and natural in dialect writing. First living in Louisiana, and later, on a plantation in Arkansas, she was thoroughly acquainted with negro customs, habits and superstitions. Her ear seemed to catch some rhythm in the negro tongue; her conception and her imagination, finding apt expression in their peculiar idiom. She carried interest and sympathy to the lowly, meagre lives of these simple folks. When in "Uncle Moses' Christmas," he finds the dime in the little sack of buck-wheat, as "old mistis" used to fix it," his burst of tears and joy, that his old mistis' is found at last, we know is real.

Sarah Barnwell Elliott's romance of the Cumberland mountains begins, as does her book Jerry, upon a "train of deep emotional force," nor lessens its firm hold and continued pressure of interest until the story ends. The high, free spirit and lofty ideals of the heroine, the leaden life of ignorance made to glow with patient strength, is wonderfully woven together, in lines firm, symmetric and charming.

Mary Johnson is publishing in the

that breathes in her poems. Beechenbrook, one of several of her collective poems, was published in 1865. Her poems of the war have an added note of sadness that only heaven can cure.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis and daughter were for years acceptable co-workers in periodical literature. The January number of the Arena contains an able paper by Mrs. Davis on "Why we do not need the Philippines." Her study and understanding of State rights and government is evidenced in her Memoir of her husband, and every Southern woman feels a warm personal interest in all her efforts and successes.

Marion Harland became a household name almost half a century ago, when all school girls, and many of the reading public of that day, bent eagerly over her books; "Alone," "The Hidden Path," and others following on, without break; pure, wholesome stories, until 1900. And now we will have her new book, "Of More Colonial Homesteads," their histories, portraits and home life, making a volume of pleasing reminiscence for their living generations, and a lasting monument to the industry of a woman of seventy years.

Mary Noyles Murfree brings with her a first introduction to Tennessee mountain dialect and people. She makes fresh, living pictures with delicate finish, touching their characters as diamonds in the rough.

In a cottage upon a crag, near Beech-sheba, in the Tennessee mountains, looking down and far away to the falling foot-hills, now dim in darkening shadows, now crimson in the glowing sun-set, or silvery with the opening day, she caught the inspiration which gave us the "Prophet of the Great Smokies."

Her powers of description seem vast as the changing mountains, the lights and shadows and glints of which, we have so often watched, and which she has so beautifully voiced. "In the Tennessee Mountains," "In the Clouds," and other books, maintain the reputation she so quickly gained.

In the same line, is Will Allen Drumgoole, in "The Heart of Old Hickory," "Hero-Chums," and later "Rare Old Chums," are some of her other works.

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