

SUMMER: A RHAPSODY.

Howdy, Mr. Summer-time? Glad to see you here; Life becomes a pretty rhyme When your glows appear. All the world seems full of love When your roses bloom, And your azure skies above Drive away all gloom.

Carlyle Smith.

FANCHOT.

You will remember—if you have sat in the stalls of the old French Opera House on Bourbon street, to hear "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame" you will remember Fanchot. Fanchot was Le Jongleur. I do not say he sang it. Mary Garden did that. Fanchot was the creature—body and blood and motley. A shrinking, undersized boy, meagerly fleshed, an eager body inside the juggler's gauds; great gentle, sad, gray eyes; and a mouth pitifully young, forever twitching between pain and laughter—that was Le Jongleur. Incidentally, that was Fanchot.

haste, thereby forfeiting a month's salary; whereupon Martier, coming, as Fanchot justly considered, from Heaven-knows where, in answer to imploring managerial telegrams, took her place. Further, there being no other seat for the new-comer, she was put tete a tete with Fanchot at the little table. Further yet she was so pretty as to be proud, and so petted as to be spoiled—a dark, scornful little creature, rose-cheeked, with eyes like the evening star's reflection in twin pools. Furthest of all, upon the first evening, Fanchot had spoken quite kindly, meaning to put her at ease, and the hussy had flouted him. Somewhat after this fashion: "You have sunk elsewhere?" inquired Fanchot with an air—indulgent as an old gentleman in spats. "That runs without speaking," she returned coolly, "else what should I be doing here?" "But your so charming youth," he persisted kindly. Just at the first, she pleased his artistic eye. Martier bit her lower lip to stifle a yawn. "The bread, if you please," Fanchot presented it. "You cannot have had much experience."

The curl that touched her cheek. While he parried and thrust in the vindictive fence she forced upon him, he would have given his soul to put his lips to her hand; and while he laughed lightest at the flattening of her notes, mentally he was down in the dust at her feet, praying that for her own sake, she might not do it again. Nothing of this came home to Martier, though beside herself there was no soul in the troupe who did not know the truth, or who failed, with truth temperamental wit, to make a jest of it. The season marched, as seasons do, and one after another, subscription nights were added to the past. By some quaint chance, the fickle public chose to be pleased with Fanchot and Martier in "Pagliacci"—"Pagliacci" was sung, an incredible number of times, with Martier, an impish enticing Nedda, and Fanchot, a poignantly impassioned Carlo. Something more than the sad clown's fury burned in Fanchot's gray eyes on such nights. A fire of longing touched him, and a flame of wild regret. "In 'Romeo et Juliette' he was the wistfullest lover those walls had seen—as Juliette was the shyest maid—what Fanchot lacked in impressiveness of stature, he atoned for in earnestness; but it was hard for any man to love poetically to the undercurrent accompaniment that Martier played him. When, for example, she leaned from the balcony into his yearning arms, he having gallantly ascended the rope-ladder and pledged him her tender heart—between the outbursts of their duet, she tortured him in a delicate whisper. "Do not jut your face so near—I cannot sing—" "Oh la! la!—if you regard me so mournfully with the eye of glass, I shall undoubtedly laugh."

"Ah!" she would cry, unfolding her napkin daintily, you? How this place is dull—eh? Are you looking at me? I can't always tell—because of the eye. Is it not quaint? And Fanchot would smile wryly his hope once more flung back upon itself. "Tonight," he would remind her "there is Juliette. I trust she will not flat one little note. I have an ear so delicate." But it grew tiresome, that game! Then at the end of a certain week, the last in January, Martier, who had gone as usual to the plantation, failed to return one morning; and evening papers, hawked about the street by careless boys, printed her name in little black letters, midway of a pitiful little list. There had been a wreck—a spreading rail and four lives lost. This was not, in itself, so strange a thing. We must have wrecks, we who travel fast. But when the wreck is at our door. Charpent, the paper crackling in the hold of his great fist, came first to the Hotel de Paris with the news. To his wife who had met him on the stairs with some inconsequent pleasantry about his lateness, he said five words, his kind square-jawed face paling dreadfully, his voice a husk. "The little Martier," he told it thus, "is dead."

"Eh?" said Fanchot, answering as if from a great distance, but quietly. He added after a moment, seeming to remember, "There is nothing." When the waiter had gone, time passed unremarked. Noises in the street grew less. There had been no performance intended for the opera that night, and the hotel went early to bed. The sound of the infrequent cars came like a crash across the stillness. One might have heard the wike singing. And the darkness was without comfort. It was perhaps a little past the three hour after midnight, when Fanchot moved in his chair. He stretched both hands softly across the table, turned them palm upward, as a man who begs, and whispered a name. In that long, silent room, its echo did not cross the threshold. "Well-Beloved!" he said, and again, shaken with longing, "my Well-Beloved!" A little mouse came out of its hole and gnawed raspingly beside the fireplace—no sound but that. "Juliette!" said Fanchot, very stillly; one might have thought, to hear him, he held his breath between words—they do, who listen for an answer. "My Well-Beloved! Dear God—My Well-Beloved!" A little wind came up, and fretted at the windows. A sob caught suddenly in Fanchot's throat. "But I have waited!" he said, desperately low, and his hands clenched in upon themselves, nail into palm, fight with agony. "Dear God!—my Well-Beloved!" Before his eyes, dark with pain, and strained with the hopeless hope of re-visualization, a shadow fell and wavered. It grew, misting faintly into form beside that empty chair. Against the darkness, it was as a film; against the close air, as a perfume; against the silence as a heartbeat. Fanchot sat wrung and tortured. He scarcely breathed. His eyes burned into the dark. Then, while the little mouse rasped at the wall, and the little wind fretted at the windows, there came two other eyes that answered—wide, mocking eyes above a red mouth, tilting at the corners. From the chair that had been empty across the table, smiled the little Martier, and Fanchot sensed a voice. "Oh la! la!" it murmured, "if you regard me so mournfully with the eye of glass, I shall undoubtedly laugh."

shirt was open at the throat, at his eyes were heavy with sleep. Cautiously, he crossed the room, and laid his kindly hand on Fanchot's shoulder. "It is not long, he muttered, before the house awakes—and you would be alone with his grief. A night, is it not? I have watched it may be that you would sleep now, my friend." "She was there, said Fanchot and pointed across the table. "But yes," said the older man soothingly. "Now, let us go, before the servants come. It has been a length—this night!" Fanchot's tired mouth twitched his shoulders heaved with a low shuddering breath. "See now!" coaxed Charpent. "shall we go?" They went up the stairs together, Fanchot stumbling a little, like man who has drunk too deep. "The good God knows," sigh Charpent when they had reached the little tenor's room; "it all makes Art—love, life and death." But Fanchot, who was Le Jongleur had no answer. He lay, face down across the bed, and wept.—By Fanchot Heaslip Lea. BULL FIGHTING ONCE A RELIGIOUS SPOE Bull fighting, now regarded merely as a sport, and confined largely to Mexico and Spain, once had religious significance and was common in many parts of the world according to Dr. Berthold Laufer, curator of anthropology at the Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago. Among six cast brass figures from Europe recently presented to the museum by N. H. Heerams, one of New York there is one that represents two fighting bulls. It is lowered heads, intense with motif trying to gore each other. Staring behind each is depicted a man eagerly watching the outcome of the duel. In its origin, the custom of holding public contests between bulls or bulls and men, formed part of ritual in connection with agriculture according to Dr. Laufer. The ritual of the bullfight was supposed to promote the fertility of the soil or to forecast the crop output. The ox, domesticated chiefly for drawing the plow and thus helping man to secure his daily bread was regarded as sacred in ancient civilizations of Asia, and there is evidence that ritual bullfights date back as early even to prehistoric times. Dr. Laufer says, "In the art of ancient Crete tests between bulls and young men or women are represented. In ancient Greece 'bull-baiting,' as it is called, was held in honor of Poseidon, god of the sea. In ancient China the living ox was replaced by an earthenware image which was sofnized the spring; it was beset with the intention of beating spring itself to hasten its arrival. The underlying idea was that a struggle between man and a bull endowed with supernatural power and put to death that its vitality might transfuse itself into growing crops. "Where ritual bullfights take place, the animals are carefully selected and trained. Shortly before the combat their pugnacity is aroused by forcing potent liquid down their throats. The visitor to the duel is lead in triumph to the arena to the accompaniment of drums and chants. He is then sacrificed to the guardian deity of crops whose representative he is by the chief of the tribe in capacity as priest. No blood is allowed to flow; the animal is either clubbed to death or a spike is driven into its forehead. His flesh is then divided and solemnly consumed at a ceremonial banquet of the community that usually ends in a drinking orgy. Finally the head of a slain animal are set up on tall poles in a public place exalted as cult objects. "This custom is still observed the aboriginal hill-tribe of southern China and Indo-China, in Siam, in Egypt bulls bred for the purpose were made to fight one another. Bullfighting is still common in Malay states not under British rule. It is a curious fact that the Malay state of Menang-kabau in Sumatra owes its name to a contest of sort as far back as the fourteenth century, the name meaning 'quished karabao' (water-buffalo). Madagascar fights between men were the favorite sport of the mer sovereigns and their court, who availed themselves of such occasion for getting royally drunk. FAKE MAPLE SYRUP CAUSES JAIL TERM One Pittsburgh man is in jail default of bail and another has a heavy fine for selling "boot" maple syrup in western Pennsylvania. The "pure maple syrup" being imported into Pennsylvania by motor trucks from adjoining States found, upon analysis, to be the dinary cane sugar syrup, artificial colored and flavored. The product was sold to food retailers, particularly those in the small towns and motor trucks. Counties in which such operations have been reported recently include Allegheny, Erie, Somerset, Westmoreland, and Bedford. The bureau of foods and chemistry is making a determined campaign to break up this ring maple syrup bootleggers. All dealers who are approved by persons selling maple syrup at low the prevailing price for genuine product are urged to be guarded and to notify the bureau foods and chemistry at Harrisburg wherever there is suspicion of fraud. The bureau will take prompt action and prosecute every case where a careful analysis indicates the product is not as represented.