

"TIRED OUT."

Man was dead there—with his eyes
Staring starward, at cold skies;
Hands there, crossed upon his breast,
Thankful for the gift of rest.

A DAUGHTER'S SACRIFICE
By MARCEL PREVOST

WE WERE talking one evening
over our cigars and coffee in
Armand G's beautiful library,

The name of "authoress" is legion in
the English language. Out of every
three novels from across the Channel

"Pardon me, monsieur, but pray forget
about my book. My father is very
sick just now and I cannot leave him

"More than a moment passed. The
editor of the review found another
novel, and I must confess I had almost
forgotten Jean Seguin, when one morning

"The young girl entered, shook
hands and sat down. There before me
was still the same face, kind and intelligent,

"My father has heart trouble," she
explained, "and these attacks are always
terrible. But, for the present, he is out of danger."

"Willingly," he replied. "It is instructive
and interesting. A scholar would even say
that it was a good contribution to the
chronicle of literary feminism. I will begin at once."

"Like all the rest of you, I received a
good many letters from strangers. Many
are mere waste paper, some abusive, and
by far the greater number ask for help in
influence or money."

"These last I never read without a
twitch at my heartstrings. In the face of
the paper dated from some country town
or eccentric corner of Paris I imagine I
can read such anxiety and distress as I
once felt, a struggling writer without genius
or fortune."

"Why should I have succeeded where
so many fail? I know well that certain
professional beggars write in turn to every
author. I do not care. I answer each letter
as it comes, if only to say that I am powerless
to help."

"Toward the end of last year I received
a letter signed by a name I did not know:
Jean Seguin. He had written a novel; he
wished to submit it to me, and if I was
pleased with it, would I help him to find a
paper and an editor?"

"I answered: 'Send me your manuscript.'
For if the reading of strange manuscripts
is one of our most tiresome duties, I hold
that it is one of the most imperious."

"I did not have long to wait. It was a
large manuscript, finely written, in a
feminine hand which did not seem to me
that of a professional copyist."

"I opened it without enthusiasm—it is so
rare a surprise to discover anything beyond
an eager ignorance, or at the most a certain
clever imitation. I read the first pages
wearily; they were heavy and embarrassed."

"Later, a situation was sketched in a
curiously handed environment. Evidently
it was a woman's own history, with real
letters and incidents that had happened."

"I became so interested that I finished
the entire manuscript at a single sitting.
It was at night, I remember, and the
clock pointed to ten minutes past two
when at last I looked up."

"In the joy of my discovery, I sat down
and wrote immediately to the author,
congratulating him and begging him to
come to see me. I told him he might hope
for much."

"Two days later, in the morning, my
faithful Constant handed me a card:
'Jean Seguin, 9 rue Renouard.'"

"The lady says that she has an engagement
with you, sir?"

"I had guessed aright; Jean Seguin was
a woman."

"She was introduced. I saw a lady of
about 25, dressed in black, with irregular
features, but of a charming freshness,
her face surrounded by bands of chestnut
hair that waved naturally. The mouth,
rather large, was smiling; the nose was
characterless, but the brown eyes, which
looked straight into mine, were deep and
intelligent."

"You are the author of 'The Mortal Test,'
mademoiselle?" I asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Good. I do not like the title you have
chosen, but the work is full of merit. I
am surprised that so young a woman
should have written so well at the start."

"I have worked for a long time,

monsieur," she replied simply.

"Fearlessly, and even with a certain
pride, she told me that she had been a
schoolmistress, but had always loved
literature, and from the time she was a
little girl had amused herself writing
stories."

"My uncle, a professor in a provincial
school, has written many books on
education," she went on, "and my father,
too, has written—"

"Ah, your father?"

"It was some time ago. He does not
write any more now."

"She changed the subject quickly and
naturally. I did not insist."

"Presently she seemed more at ease
and talked readily of her plans for the
future. She was not ignorant of the
difficulties of literary life; rather, she
exaggerated them."

"She pleased me. She was capable of
the greatest enthusiasm, but was without
the slightest trace of envy or bitterness."

"We parted warm friends. She took her
manuscript with her, for she wished to
make a few changes. The very next day
I set about finding an editor for her work."

"It was easier than I had hoped. The
first review to which I wrote needed a
shorter novel to bring in between two
long ones. The editor, happy over his
coming promotion in the Legion of Honor,
interrupted me at once:

"I accept anything on your recommendation,
old man. Bring on your George Sand."

"I hastened to send the good news to
Jean Seguin, begging her to send me the
novel at once, as the review was waiting
for it. To my keen surprise, the young girl
did not come to my office, nor did she send
me any reply. The days passed. I wrote
again. Then I received the following telegram:

"Pardon me, monsieur, but pray forget
about my book. My father is very sick just
now and I cannot leave him for a moment."

"More than a moment passed. The editor
of the review found another novel, and I
must confess I had almost forgotten Jean
Seguin, when one morning Constant brought
me her card."

"The young girl entered, shook hands
and sat down. There before me was still
the same face, kind and intelligent, but
worn, almost lined, with weariness and
sorrow. She smiled sadly."

"My father has heart trouble," she
explained, "and these attacks are always
terrible. But, for the present, he is out of
danger."

"And 'The Mortal Test?' Have you
brought me nothing?"

"She looked me straight into my eyes,
bit her lips with amusing hesitation and
then, as I repeated my question, she
suddenly burst into a flood of tears. She
sobbed, gasping out the words:

"It is finished—I—I can never publish
it!"

"At last, when she grew calmer, she
wiped her eyes and said:

"Forgive me, monsieur—I have been
foolish to give way so—but you have been
so kind—I owe you an explanation. I
should not like you to think me a fool.
Only I ask silence on your part. My real
name is Georgette."

"She told me a name that you would
all recognize, the name of a man famous
in our fathers' time. Bitterly jealous, he
had quarreled with the other members of
his sect and since then he had lived,
solitary and lonely, with his daughter, or
rather she had supported him."

"The thin, yellow face, the rasping
voice of this wretched man rose before me
as I listened to the voice of his daughter.
She explained why I had not received
'The Mortal Test' and why her novel would
never be published."

"Her father, spiteful in his home, as
among his confreres, had always mocked
the idea of his daughter ever writing. But,
overcome with joy at the good news I
sent her, Georgette had rashly told the
story of her success to her father."

"I thought he would suffocate on the
spot," she said, simply. "He fell back in
his chair, tearing the collar of his shirt.
For several moments he could not speak."

"When at length he found his voice he
buried me beneath the horror of his
wrath, accusing me of bribing the editor
and yourself, monsieur! Then came fresh
suffocation and for a week his life was in
the greatest danger."

"Then I arranged with the doctor, who
is one of his old friends and knows him
well, a story of how my hopes had been
dashed and the editor of the Review no
longer wanted my manuscript. Papa saw
that I was heartbroken; it did him good.
He grew slowly better."

"Now he is all right, only he suspects
me. He has locked up my manuscripts of
'The Mortal Test,' and he watches me
closely whenever he sees a pen in my
hand."

"But what will you do?" I asked her.

"What is there left for me? I shall
remain a schoolmistress."

"And two big tears rolled slowly down
her cheeks. At her very start she had
met the bitterest enemy of woman
writers in all Paris—her father!"—From
the French, in N. Y. Sun.

Naming the Czars.

It has been a tradition since the time
of Nicholas I. to name the czarowitzes
alternately Alexander and Nicholas, says
the New York Tribune. But the murder
of Alexander II. caused his name to be
considered unlucky, so there will be no
more Alexanders on the Russian throne,
as there will be no more Pauls or Peters.
The czarowitz was therefore named
Alexis, after the father of Peter the Great.
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War Bulletins

GLOOMY OUTLOOK AT PORT ARTHUR.

Headquarters of the Third Japanese Army Before Port Arthur, Nov. 16.—It is reported that a wound received by Gen. Stoessel has necessitated his confinement in a hospital; that he refused to relinquish the command of the garrison, and that he has issued orders to the troops to die at their posts rather than surrender.

It is said that the spirit of the Russian troops has been dampened by continuous work, the lack of supplies and the hopelessness of their ability to make any successful defense of the fortress. It is said that many of the Russian soldiers are ready to surrender, but that they are kept at their posts by officers, who threaten them with revolvers.

Mukden, Nov. 16.—An unbroken cannonade of siege guns, throwing 50 or 60 shells hourly against the Japanese position in the region of Shakhie station, begun early Monday morning ended only at nightfall, when more than half a thousand big shells had been thrown into the Japanese army's strongest position in the plain.

Che Foo, Nov. 16.—A Russian torpedo boat destroyer has entered the harbor. She has not been communicated with yet, owing to the roughness of the sea. It is reported that a Japanese torpedo boat destroyer has been seen outside, watching the movements of the Russian vessel.

RUSSIAN TORPEDO BOAT BLOWN UP.

The Russian torpedo boat destroyer Rastoropy has been blown up by her commander in the harbor of Che Foo, after having eluded the blockade of Port Arthur and succeeded in filing dispatches from Gen. Stoessel to St. Petersburg. It is presumed that she was destroyed in order to prevent the Japanese from cutting her out as they did the Ryeshtelni.

A dispatch from St. Petersburg says the dispatches filed by the vessel's commander at Che Foo have reached there, but that their character has not been divulged. It is surmised from the fact that a vessel was removed from Port Arthur and exposed to large risk of destruction or capture, that the dispatches she bore are of great importance.

London, Nov. 17.—According to a dispatch received here from Che Foo Commander Plen, of the Russian torpedo boat destroyer Rastoropy, confirmed the reports that Gen. Stoessel is wounded, but says Gen. Fock is quite well. The commander added that there were sufficient supplies of food, ammunition and coal at Port Arthur to last a year.

Che Foo, Nov. 17.—A private letter received from Port Arthur says that all the foreigners there are well and that none of them has received any wounds during the fighting.

JAPANESE IN MANCHURIA REINFORCED BY 60,000 MEN.

Mukden, Nov. 18.—It is reported that 30,000 Japanese troops have been landed at New Chwang and 30,000 others at Pitsewo and that a turning movement on the Russian right is expected.

St. Petersburg, Nov. 18.—As a result of the dispatch received from Gen. Stoessel, the war office expresses entire confidence that Port Arthur will be able to hold out till the arrival of the Russian second Pacific squadron.

Gen. Stoessel in his dispatches to Emperor Nicholas reports the repulse of a Japanese attack October 26 on the north front of Port Arthur. The Russian losses were 450 killed or wounded. All the attacks on November 3 were repulsed.

Gen. Stoessel was slightly wounded in the head during one of the latest assaults on Port Arthur.

Gen. Kuropatkin reports that in an ambush November 15 near Sinschupu 32 Japanese dragoons were killed or wounded.

Washington, Nov. 18.—Consul General Fowler has cabled the state department from Che Foo that the situation at Port Arthur is extremely critical, the outer forts having fallen into the possession of the Japanese. He also states that three Japanese torpedo boat destroyers are lying outside of Che Foo harbor and that the Russian crew of the torpedo boat destroyer that was blown up Wednesday are transferring their arms and supplies to a Chinese cruiser which is posted in front of the Russian consulate.

Che Foo, Nov. 18.—Fighting at Port Arthur has taken place nightly since the Japanese began their general assault on October 26, according to Capt. Ronenberg, a pilot, who was a passenger on the Russian torpedo boat destroyer Rastoropy.

The Japanese trenches, the captain says, are closest to the forts on Rihlung and Keekwan mountains and the other forts of the northeastern group. All the railroad steamers belonging to the Russians, except the steel screw transport Amur, have been sunk by Japanese shells.

The Japanese shells directed against the harbor are fired with remarkable accuracy.

A Conspiracy that was Unsuccessful.

Washington, Nov. 16.—Advices have reached here from Panama of a conspiracy there directed against the present government. It is understood that this conspiracy was directed against President Amador and was conceived by persons who want to control the remainder of the \$10,000,000 fund paid by the United States to Panama in consideration for the right of way across the isthmus. The motive was a failure, President Amador having been warned in advance, but it is feared that the same elements will repeat the effort.

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