

**"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.  
Dead there—never any doubt;  
Left this message: "Tired out!"

"Tired out!"—Life's weary ways—  
Solemn nights, and hazy days;  
Eyes the mists of grief made dim—  
Thorns that pierced the feet of him.  
Cry of fallen—victor's shout—  
All are ended: "Tired out!"

Let him rest—blind to the sun,  
And earth's sorrows: Life is done—  
And a voice sings, after strife:  
"Death is kinder far than life!  
On a curtained couch of sod,  
Tired out, we dream of God!"

Sleep, O traveler of the years,  
Far from terror and from tears!  
In that sleep's supreme control,  
Dream the toiler had a soul!  
Dead there—done with faith and doubt,  
With this message: "Tired out!"  
—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

**A DAUGHTER'S SACRIFICE**

By MARCEL PREVOST

WE WERE talking one evening over our cigars and coffee in Armand G's beautiful library, after a dinner that was perfectly planned to stimulate the minds of men who live by their brain and pen. We spoke of woman's invasion in the field of contemporary literature.

The name of "authoress" is legion in the English language. Out of every three novels from across the Channel or the wider ocean two are signed by a feminine name. And the custom is spreading in France.

V—, a surly protectionist in all matters of art, detested the feminine party.

"Not a single one of them has shown talent superior to the least of us," he growled, "and they exceed the biggest of us in envy and vanity. I keep away from petticoats as I would a raging fire."

"Upon my word, I must have been more lucky than you in my meeting of the fair writers," exclaimed our host. "I have the most cordial relations with certain literary petticoats. And just recently I was forced to make a comparison between one of my brother authors and his opponent which was entirely to the advantage of Miss Petticoats."

We immediately demanded the story:

"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 publisher 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. He was a powerful and successful ruler.

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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 Ryeshitlani.

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 Sincchinpu 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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