

Remembrance.

How often we worship some cherished remembrance, Some image we deem 'twere a crime to forget.

ON A SIDE STREET.

"I think I'll call on the new people who have moved to Denver street," said Israel Courtland, as he sipped his coffee one morning at his handsome breakfast table.

"Now, Israel, I fear you would ask me to do that, you are so democratic. Mrs. Waite may be a nice enough woman, but I can't call on everybody in the township. If I call on people on the side streets, how long would I be received into first society?"

"Well, as for that," laughed good Mr. Courtland, "I should make a society for myself. I can't understand why women are so fastidious about streets. If the world were to have Mary, they would have seen us as poor children living on side streets. Besides Mrs. Waite has joined your church, and it seems to me that if I belonged to a denomination which professes brotherhood I would show it by my works."

"We don't profess social equality when we join a church. If Mrs. Waite were very ill, of course I should go over and offer to help. She seems to me to be a very unwise woman. Why, she is sending her daughter Helen, about the same age of our Belle, to the high school, while she actually takes in washing from some of the neighbors to let that girl be educated. She would be better at her work in some family, and so help her mother."

"The woman don't look unhappy, wife, and if she prefers to educate her daughter, why, what's to hinder? My theory is to let people get all the education possible. People of sense never get above work, educated or uneducated, and ignorance never makes good citizenship. Who knows but Helen may do as well in the world as our Belle?"

"How absurd, Mr. Courtland!" She always called him "Mr." when she was becoming annoyed at his "high moral philosophy," as she called it. He had married his bright, ambitious wife with the expressed determination to make her happy, and whether intentionally or not, she had acquired the power which early love gives one person over another. She managed to do as she liked, and quite often managed to have Mr. Courtland do as she liked.

A very successful manufacturer, he had been a most indulgent husband and father. He was fond of Belle, a self-willed girl like her mother; but his heart centered in his only son, Henry, promising and of twelve, like his father, generous, unwilling to bicker about little matters, and frank and open as flowers that bask in the sunshine.

The subject of calling on Mrs. Waite was dropped, and Mrs. Courtland thought no more about it. Belle had no further desire than her mother to call upon the child of a woman who washed, but Henry, possibly from sympathy with his father, resolved to know Mrs. Waite's only son, fatherless and near his own age. A warm friendship sprang up between them.

"Father," he said, one day, "I have given my bicycle to Arthur Waite. You know he hasn't any father to buy him one, and he always looks so hungry at mine."

"Well, my young man, how will you get another?" said the fond parent. "I expect to ask my father," said the brown-eyed, noble-browed boy.

"Don't you think I'll get one?" he said archly, slipping both hands round Mr. Courtland's arm.

"Well, Henry, between you and your mother it's a wonder I have any money left," and he kissed the radiant, up-turned face.

and called for Arthur; but when he came the bright eyes showed no look of recognition, and the boy went away nearly heart-broken. The sickness was of short duration, and then the Courtland's buried their idol. Arthur brought back the bicycle, laid it on the door steps, and never rode on it afterward.

"Mary," said Mr. Courtland, after months had passed, such months as a man knows who has buried the one bright thing in his life. "I've been thinking I'd like to adopt Arthur Waite. He is a warm-hearted boy, not so handsome as our Henry, but noble, and then, you know, our child loved him so well."

Mrs. Courtland was fond of him, and yet she was not quite ready for this step, for him to bear their name, and have a share in the property; but sorrow mellowed us all, and she gave her consent.

The manufacturer, who had grown ten years older in the past year, knocked one morning at the door of the little cottage on the side street. Mrs. Waite left her washing, and, though a little surprised, was in no wise abashed by his presence. Her own husband had been a man of unusual intelligence, but unfortunate in business, and had died when matters were at their worst. She had preferred washing to breaking up her little family, for there are few things which a mother could do at home to earn money.

"Mrs. Waite, I've come to talk with you on an important matter. Ever since Henry died, I have thought I should like to adopt Arthur and make him my heir."

The color left Mrs. Waite's cheeks. Here was an opportunity of which she had never dreamed, wealth and position for her boy; a way opened for him to go to college, perhaps; but how could she spare him! She had toiled for him from his babyhood. Mrs. Courtland was proud and could not love him as she did. But she must not stand in the way of his best good. She was growing older, and could not work all ways.

"I thank you, Mr. Courtland," she finally found strength to say. "It seems to me that I could never give up the boy, but I will pray over it and let you know."

"He is a noble boy, Mrs. Waite. We have had many a talk together when I have taken him with me to Henry's grave, as I often do. Our hearts sorely long for some one. And we know of no one so dear as Arthur."

Mrs. Waite washed nervously, and there was a throbbing pain in her head all day long. When Arthur came home from school she told him of the visit.

"Would you go and live in the great house, dear, and be educated and have money?"

"And leave you? Never, mother!" And the lad of thirteen seemed to become a man at once. "You've worked for me and if I live I'll work for you. Mr. Courtland is a grand man, and if he offers to help me to go to college I'll take the money and pay him back."

And so a note of earnest thanks was sent to Mr. Courtland, and Arthur remained on the side street under the lowly roof.

The time came when Helen was to finish the high-school, and be ready to help earn. One day she came home with a joyous face. "Oh, mother, I have good news. The superintendent has had a call for a fine school out West, and he has recommended me. I shall have a good salary and you won't need to wash any more."

"But, my dear, who will care for Arthur? He must be educated, too."

"Oh, I know the Courtland's will help him. Mr. Courtland never wants him out of his sight."

"I don't see how I can possibly have you go, Helen, but what is best for you is best for us all."

The simple wardrobe of Helen was soon made ready, and then with a brave heart she said "good-bye" to the two who were all the world to her, and she went out to new scenes. The work was hard as teaching always is; nerve-wearing and exhausting work; but she made herself loved by scholars, sympathizing especially with any that were poor. At the end of the year she was re-engaged, and now she began to grow anxious for the mother to come West and make a home with her. Mrs. Waite had given her consent that the Courtlands should send Arthur to a preparatory school for college, where he would be in good care, and the house on the side street where so many happy hours had been spent, became vacant.

"You have worked long enough, dear mother," said Helen, as she met her mother at the cars, "and I have arranged for a nice boarding place for us two, where you will have no work to do."

Sunday-school, and never seems to know that she is both clever and pretty. A good chance for a young lawyer, eh?"

"Not bad, Chester. The girls I've known have been too much of one kind, stylish and shallow, but little help to a man who expects to get his Congress, or be a governor in a Western State!" and Hemingway laughed, but the words meant much.

In course of time the lawyer called again at the school, and by and by at the house where Helen Waite boarded. The mother grew somewhat anxious for her daughter's happiness. "You must remember, dear, that our circle in life has been different from his. We are still poor, and you must take no encouragement from his attentions."

"I'll keep my heart whole for you and Arthur," was the response.

Month after month went by. The young lawyer was learning that nobility of character and industrious habits are as superior to money and social position as diamond is to common coal.

Years after, when Helen had become the wife of the lawyer, who had reached one of the highest places the State has to give, and Arthur was his law partner, Mr. Courtland said to his wife, "It paid, Mary, for Mrs. Waite to educate that girl. Living on a side street didn't hurt her. If our Belle had been as helpful she would have won Hemingway."

"Well, Israel, we all have to learn lessons. Life is a queer school, isn't it?"

A STRANGE RACE.

The Ancient Inhabitants of the Canary Island.

Medonard Depont, while en route recently for the Congo, having put in at the Canaries, profited by the occasion to visit the Canaries Museum at Las Palmas. In his notes dated from that city he says: Some persons have known the last fifty years taken great interest in the natives of the Canaries. Their curious manners, their heroic resistance, their sudden disappearance from the history of peoples after their conquest, have created for them always increasing interest. They present the rare example of a population which has developed themselves without intermediate agent, thanks to the insular position and to their distance from the centres of civilization.

The Canaries have been, however, known from a very early period. They were renowned for the mildness of their climate, and had been called the Fortunata Islands. The Champs Elysees were fabled as being there, and the poets were elumous in their celebration of them. The name Canaries is mentioned for the first by Pliny, who says that he learned it from Juba, king of Mauritania. Although lost to sight for several centuries, it was nevertheless known that the Canaries were often the prey of corsairs and adventurers who were ravaging the coasts and conveying the Normans, Jean de Bethencourt, conquered them in the name of Isabelle, the Catholic. The avowed motive was to convert the idolaters to the true faith, and under this pretext he committed the greatest rapines and cruelties.

In a comparatively short time, by a phenomenon of which history offers but few examples, the Gouanches had lost their nationality, their name, their language, their customs and their traditions. The chroniclers of the conquest have informed us in their long accounts of the exploits of De Bethencourt and of his companions, but they have given only incidentally details concerning the unhappy inhabitants, whom they consider as native barbarians that were not worth the trouble of studying.

Dr. Chil, of Las Palmas, has devoted himself during the last twenty-five years to the task of reconstructing, scientifically, the past of the Gouanches. He has examined all the writings pertaining to them, made numerous excavations, and stimulated by his initiative, a scientific society has been formed in that city, and a Canarian museum, where are grouped their collections.

Here are some facts which were obtained during a visit to Dr Chil and the Canarian Museum. The Gouanches are large and robust. Their hair is brown and sometimes blonde; the face is long, and likewise the skull, with the chin prominent. They inhabit yet almost exclusively the mountains in the centre of the seven Canaries. Before the contest and after the fifteenth century they remained absolutely in the age of stone. To manufacture tools and arms they utilized the volcanic rocks which form the islands, principally the basalt, because of its coherence, and the obsidian or glass of the volcanoes, which is very sharp. Notwithstanding the intercourse necessarily frequent with the navigators of all nations along their coasts, and who had been possessed of the metals for a long time, they knew neither of their use nor the art of producing them, and were restricted to the natural material of their islands.

The Canarian Museum possesses some polished axes, of a form and workmanship perfectly similar to those of other parts of the globe, beside the usual instruments, knives, pincers, etc. But at the side of these characters of an inferior civilization some institutions, customs and manners appear which denote a state much more advanced. The Gouanches possessed domestic animals, as the goat, the hog and the dog, but not, as was thought, the camel. They tanned the skins with art to the point that the skins of the goat and hog, with which they enveloped their mummies, are perfectly preserved for centuries. They were also very skillful at sewing these skins, although their needles were only bones of fishes and the points of leaves of the palm tree. They made with woven rushes real tissues, resembling coarse cloth. Although they might not know of the wheel, their skill was great in the potter's art. Their vases are frequently of large dimensions, of element forms and of a red color, with designs in bright red or in black. The handles of some, says Dr. Chil, recall those of the pottery of the ancient Egyptians.

The Gouanches obtained fire by rubbing a hard piece of wood against a soft piece. They cultivated wheat, and, above all, barley. They consumed a great quantity of figs and dates, which are only a little carnosus, and peculiar to the Canaries. The vine to them was unknown. Although warriors, and often engaged in civil war, their arms were of the most rudimentary kind. The stone axes were exceptional. They did not even know the use of the sling. They hurled stones by the force of the arm, and this method of attack was sometimes terrible. The defensive arm was the stick, which was redoubtable in their hands. Their breasts were protected by cuirasses of wood. It was with these elementary means that they for a long time resisted their Spanish conquerors, and accomplished exploits which are celebrated in the account, of their chroniclers.

The Gouanches had neither chariots nor carts carrying everything on their backs. They possessed neither boats nor rafts, but were skillful swimmers. As the seven islands were too distant to communicate in this way, their populations remained isolated, and, although they had essentially the same degree of civilization, yet in detail their manner was different. In the islands of Fuerte Ventura the remains of important structures are found, which were called palacio by the conquerors. They embalmed their cadavers with care, but the process has been lost for preserving the flesh. The preserved body was surrounded with aromatic branches, and a number of the tanned skins of the hog and goat. The mummy was then placed in a cavern, where it is preserved until our days, or in the open air, under some little tumulus. With the Egyptians of the time of the Pharaohs, and the Peruvians of the Incas, the Gouanches were the only people who practised mummification. They believed in a supreme being who chastised vice and recompensed virtue, particularly valor.

Contrary, however, to that which the chroniclers assert—to testify, without doubt, the cruelties of the Spaniards, they had no idols. Their religion was very advanced. They had, notably in the Grand Canarie, convents of men who lived on public charity, and convents of women rigorously cloistered, for whom the moral of a man was a sin. The sights of the Gouanches were severe. The man who misconducted himself was punished. In the case of a woman she was unaptingly condemned to death. Another feature of their customs was that the men and women were not permitted to take the same road, but had their separate paths. They knew not how to write, but had, nevertheless, public schools, where the traditions and national songs were taught. Their language was lost after the conquest. They now speak only the Spanish.

Politeness of Spanish-Americans.

There is one peculiarity about Spanish-American people which is extremely attractive to the stranger within the gate—a characteristic, by the way, of the entire modern Latin race—the men and women of all classes are invariably polite in their outward forms and ceremonies. It may not mean much, it is true, but it is irresistible even to those who are most indifferent to the ordinary courtesies of life. In city, street or country road there is the same salutation, the same lifting of the hat, the same "Buenos Dias" or "Adios," the same moving aside to give up the right of way. At first the pilgrim learns to regard himself as an exiled prince whose flimsy disguise is pierced by discerning eyes, but after he perceives that persons whom no magnificence of apparel could render kingly are treated with the same courtesy, he ascribes the reverence he has received to the innate courtesies of the lords of the soil and accepts it as his due. Riding out towards Santiago, beyond which favored region the president has an hacienda, it is not unusual to meet Don Bernardo returning from a visit of inspection. His ready salutation, his courteous bow are given to every passer by, and it is noticeable that the handsome young general invariably takes the initiative and touches his big Panama hat before the pilgrim, unaccustomed to such a feature of Jeffersonian simplicity, is aware of his intention.

When every man is don this or that or the other, maidens of any age are nina; in many cases even married women being addressed by no other title than this same all embracing term. Servants go so far as to call the ladies of the house by their Christian names; a curious custom which was impressed upon the pilgrim the last time he called upon an acquaintance—the young and pretty wife of a distinguished man of affairs political and otherwise—the servant who opened the door replied to his presentation of his card that she did not know whether la nina Dolores was in or not, but she would see; and upon ushering him into the reception room, accented a fellow servant then engaged in arranging the furniture with the inquiry whether Dolores were visible.

The Origin of Shoddy.

An Eastern man says wollen mills are for sale at half their actual cost. So? Perhaps if they would mix less cotton with their wool they would have less competition from pauper labor in Europe. No man yet buys American shoddy goods who can afford to pay for honest English cloth, tariff or no tariff. The writer of this article was a reporter in an eastern manufacturing center in his younger days and always hated to interview people in woolen mills. It took such a long time to get the cotton off his clothes.

Those who attend the races at Clifton and Guttenberg tell enough stories of "rascalties" to fill a page of this paper. One of the latest is of an owner who recently sought to make his filly "stiff" by giving her a bucket of salt water and laying heavily against her in the betting. But alas! before the filly had gone half the distance she was seized with a nausea, and coughing out a roll of worms which had long afflicted her dashed through the field and won. Thereupon joy was among the merry punters who had backed her.

FASHION NOTES.

A great amount of fancy jewelry is worn just now, and a favored earring is the gypsy hoop set with emerald or turquoise of extra large size, these surrounded by tiny diamonds of the first water.

Dog-collar clasps, bangles and lace pins are shown, with garnets and opals surrounded by a fine net-work in gold or silver filigree. There are also medallion heads exquisitely painted and mounted in bronze or antique silver setting; also those of Limoges enamel surrounded by a crescent of French brilliants.

Moire antique and moire Fancalce in smaller waves, corded silks of various brands, and plush and velvet, plain, changeable, striped or plaided, are certainly given great preference this season in the creation of grand toilettes, but not to the entire exclusion of broadsides. Special use is made of these stately fabrics by several Paris and London men milliners, who select new and wonderful designs in the pompadour brocades, delighting in the lustre and shadowy effects that figured satin alone can produce. Large and small patterns are both made use of, and the highest-priced gowns sent out to America are those woven in Lyons, with soft grounds, magnificently illuminated.

The multiplicity of folds, which were the chief features of skirt draperies two years back, have almost entirely disappeared for walking gowns, and were replaced during the summer by the gracefully and slightly draped skirts, recalling a riding habit held up on one side. Jerseys and Garibaldis have retained their hold on popular affection, as well they might, from their comfort, convenience and becomingness, and made in silk are still pretty and smart with black skirts, even for winter. Yet it is to be feared their doom is spoken, they are becoming "common," and so are fading into the limbo which has already engulfed Newmarkets and covert coats, among many other sensible and charming modes against which the dread sentence "vulgarized" is written.

Long mantles have reappeared, to the delight of all women who really understand the true principles of graceful and elegant attire; and with them the small, close bonnets, which now, as ever, become a charming woman's classic head better than any more showy or eccentric head-gear. When I remember a lovely lady, some few winters back, with her bright hair gathered in a great supple knot at the back of her neck, under the tiny close black bonnet, adorned with a simple wreath of green leaves like an anadem above the broad, low brow, and her long mantle of black cut velvet and for draping her warmly from head to foot, "I wonder women can be found so simple" as to relinquish found so exquisitely picturesque, dignified and graceful as this in favor of high-tufted bonnets, like nothing but the lifted crest of an outraged cockatoo; hair scraped up from the nape of the neck, and tight, short jackets, suited perhaps to the tailor's ideal of the human form divine in a woman, but in reality equally trying alike to the slim and the stout.

Evening gowns are richer than ever in texture and design, albeit somewhat simpler in make, thereby partaking of the tendency of frocks in general. In spite of the struggle to revive the Directoire modes, English women show small inclination to adopt them; perchance, because they recall to the Philistine mind the wildest fads of æsthetic nymphs—perchance, because of all modes the pseudo-Greek is the most trying to modern faces and figures. The Louis XV is still adhered to by many women, and brocads nearly all partake of the quality of design of that epoch; but the Louis XIII is, so far as can be seen, distinctly the coming fashion for dinner and reception gowns, and it is singularly becoming to a woman of stately and dignified presence, and also a grateful relief to those who are tired of wearing load-bodies in season and out of season, regardless of the form of their arms. The overgorgeous embroideries in panels and trappings are somewhat less favored than was the case two or three seasons back, and Chios crepe and other exquisitely supple and shimmering fabrics have taken their place; save when real antique lace asserts its imperial sway and is now, as ever, lord of all.

A modified circular is the shape most in favor for the long mantles of the present season, and the most elegant ones are made, as a mantle material, however richly adorned. Fur is now, as ever, the most exquisite, as it is the simplest and the most becoming, trimming for a winter mantle, although passerette is much used. The broche peau de soie, which promised to be so much worn, has been discovered to be too stiff, heavy and dowdy in appearance, and the loveliest mantles are those of velvet, velours du Nord or plush of the richest quality. Evening mantles, intended for theatre or opera, cover the whole gown, while shorter, but not so short, as not to crush the vaporous tulle or plaited lace of the ball gown. This, however, often leaves the frock exposed to the perils of a muddy wheel or an unwinged doorway; and yet once more we sigh for a light, all enshrouding and protecting drapery like the old-fashioned burmese. But while on the subject of evening wraps I may note the more general introduction of that most beautiful of white furs, Thibet, for the sumptuous lining of such garments. Anyone who recalls Mme. Modjeska, as Odette, in her great mantle of broadened velvet, with its lining and high standing-up collar of this fur, like drifted snow, inclosing the slender throat and enhancing the beauty of the delicate countenance; or Sarah Bernhardt realizing Marguerite Gautier's reckless splendor in her cloak of the same wonderful soft whiteness, will understand how this most elegant and distinguished of white furs may set off the beauty of its wearer, especially when the beauty has a fragile, slender, gracious quality.

HORSE NOTES.

Freddy Gebhard has named one of his race horses Her Lilyship.

Fred. Richardson, the jockey, has fallen heir to a large fortune in England.

W. C. France says he has sold forty-two head of horses since December 1.

Charles Wheatley is to be presiding judge at the next meeting at Jerome Park.

Secretary Fasig, of Cleveland, has sold his bay mare Rumpus, 2:40, by Bourbon Chief.

A party of New York turfmen are looking for a site for a new race-course in New Jersey.

There will be seven cross country events and hurdle races during the St. Louis meeting.

Kingston is the most improved horse in Dwyer's stable. Tea Tray is now thoroughly well.

T. J. Middagh, Patterson, Pa., is driving Tony Newall (2:19) and Dick Organ (2:24) to the pole.

Pearl Jennings is in California heavy in foal to Te Broeck. She will next be bred to Grinstead.

The spring meeting of the Hudson River Driving Park will be held on June 13, 14 and 15.

The dates selected for the summer meeting at Homewood Driving Park, Pittsburg, are July 10, 11, 12 and 13.

Charles Ford (2:16), although now 17 years old, is still very fast. He is owned by Judge White, of Chicago.

Work on the new T. Y. C. straightway course, at Coney Island, may be said to have begun. It is probable that the Futurity Stakes will be the first race run over it.

Robert Steel's man "Friday" (George Eckstein) will accompany the former's consignment of trotting stock to Lexington, Ky., next month for the Woodard & Hartison sale.

George W. Burton has purchased of Lawyer William Greer, of Middletown, Del., a brown mare, 6 years old, by Liberty, dam by American Star. She is said to be good-gaited.

Rudolph Ellis, of Philadelphia, has purchased from Major Thomas W. Doswell, Hanover Junction, Va., the stallion Wilful, and he was shipped from Virginia on January 10.

John Van Hagan, who for a time had charge of A. J. Cassatt's Chesterbrook stallions, but more recently was assistant trainer to G. S. Caldwell, died at Washington recently.

The noted sorrel trotting gelding Wells Fargo, 2:18, by George M. Patchen, Jr., has been sold at public auction to Secretary Cook, of the Speed Association of San Francisco, for \$1275.

The Locating Committee of the Vermont Horse Breeder's Association met at Rutland, Vt., on January 24 and decided to hold the annual exhibition at Rutland on August 28, 29 and 30.

Colonel R. W. Simmons, who is the presiding judge at the New Orleans meeting and who for years acted in a similar capacity at Brighton Beach, has been selected as the presiding judge for the Monmouth Park meeting, which will continue twenty-five days, during which time \$300,000 in stakes and purses will be given.

J. B. Haggis, E. J. Baldwin, the Maltese Villa Stock Farm, Hon. George Hearst, D. J. McCarthy, Mat Storn and Theodora Winters are among the California horsemen who will be represented on the turf in the East this year.

Among the English races that did not obtain the requisite number of entries were the Eclipse stakes of £10,000 to be run at Sandown in 1890, and the Lottery stakes, for mares in foal, the produce to run as 3 year olds in 1891.

The ch. g. Belmont, which shares with Neptuneus the distinction of having run more races in 1887 than any other horse—64, in number—died at Brighton Beach on January 19. He was 4 years old, by imported Ill-Used, out of Caroline, by Kentucky.

While exercising on the track at New Orleans recently the filly Belle Taw and a Faustus 2 year old came in violent collision, and both were so badly injured that they had to be destroyed. The stable boy on the 2 year old was pretty badly hurt.

The American Jockey Club, at a meeting of the Executive Committee on Jan. 25th formally elected F. A. Lovcraft as Secretary, vice Captain J. H. Coater, resigned. Mr. Lovcraft is now both Secretary and Treasurer of the Jockey Club.

Terro Haute has withdrawn from the trotting circuit composed of O. A. Busch, C. Seginaw and Kalsman and has joined a circuit composed of Terro Haute, Freeport, Ill., Janesville, Wis., and Milwaukee.

Modesty will not be seen at the post again. She was wind-broken last season, showing but little improvement up to the close. She is now in Lexington, and will be bred in the spring to the Ill-Used.

John Tunney, of Philadelphia, has purchased the gray pacing mare Nellie June, 2:24, by Highland Gray, dam Belle Hammond by Honesty, from C. H. Smith, of Haddonfield, N. J. Price said to have been \$1500.

Some of the big prices that have been paid and offered for horses are as follows: Smuggler, \$40,000; Woodford Mambrino, \$40,000 refused; Pocahontas, \$35,000; Jay Gould, \$30,000; Lady Thorne, \$30,000; Blackwood, \$30,000; Governor Sprague, \$27,500; Happy Medium, \$25,000; George M. Patchen, \$25,000; Sam Purdy, \$22,000; Rosalind, \$20,000; Lulu, \$20,000; Edward Everett, \$20,000; Socrates, \$20,000; Starlet \$20,000; Lady Maud, \$20,000; Jules Jurgenson, \$19,000; Gilbreth Knox, \$17,000; Lady Stout, \$15,000; Allie West, \$15,000; Kirkwood, \$14,000; Electioneer, \$12,500; Mambrino Pilot, \$12,000, and \$30,000 was recently refused for Belle Hamlin.