dependent.
How helpless are we all in the hands of Destiny! Here was one woman born amid the elements of strife; companioned with those who shed blood, trained to trace her finger placidly in the groves along the cabin wall where the messengers of death had ploughed, not unused to looking dead men in the face she was that which the in the face, she was that which she was: Destiny! Fate!

A most lovely woman; dying for love; made unlovable by destiny; fate! Such is the story of life. But let us hasten forward. The year wore on uninterruptedly; if we may omit mention of the very fre-quent visits of Farla and her sister at what they were now pleased to call "The Stu-

Some progress was made in painting, but none whatever in the subject at heart. True, the mystery of the flowing springs on the mountain top was a matter that held much promise in its solution. But how was it to be solved? The artist found some work in the little cities, sown like flower-beds at his feet, and the "struggle for ex-" was no struggle in the cabin on the spur of Mount Diablo. The sweetest loaf of bread in the world was to be had at any of the little flower-like cities below and all about. Fruits? All the grapes, plams, pears, all fruits you can name, were to be had almost anywhere for the picking up. And as for fish. There is your hook; anywhere you can find water, and all kinds of fish are yours. Meat? The land that sends meat to every great market on this globe is not going to let any man that toils go hungry for ment!

One most pleasant morning Farla dashed down to the cabin on her great, strong white stallion, and leaning a little forward from

her saddle, cried out:
"I have asked father for almost the fortieth time, and now he says you may go with us this morning to the islands. Take the steep trail down to the Straights. Our sailboat is there. Be quick or we may have to

The great, wide-mouthed creature threw himself back on his supple haunches, reared his proud, white head in the air and then plunged on and on, roaring over the

It was the one thing that the author desired. Here now at last he was to sail through the dangerous Straights of Carquinas at the side of a man who ought to

know their every secret.

Arriving at the rendezvous just in time to take his seat in the boat he had a good op-portunity, after salutations and introductions, brief and simple as possible, to contemplate the form and stature of the man, who by his strength and daring, had long been the terror of all wrongdoers in his re-

gion. This giant in strength was a giant in size Yet so exclusive and reserved was his life that the artist, so far from ever having been at his house had never before looked upon his face. He had a full heavy beard; was almost a perfect blonde, this Portuguese from the Azores, this islander who still kept his home in some sort in the sea; choosing islands even more desolate and craggy than the most steep and stony of the Azores, where he was born and bred. His hands were simply huge, and as he un-loosed and threw off the heavy cable rope from the prow of his boat the artist could not help thinking of the man who had been found up on the top of the crags above them "with his back broken and his neck twisted

Once fairly from land the silent man began in a quiet way and in a voice that was "You have heard of my trouble about the

land; you live in the cabin where men came and tried to drive me out." heard nothing to his disparagement.

"I am sorry; very sorry it all happened. But I had retreated from the inundation people to the mountain top. There was no going further with my family; either they or I had to quit."
"And they quit!" said Farls with the

fierce look and the firm set lips noted be-

"As for those other matters, don't believe them. I don't go about the world breaking people's backs across my knee. Nothing can be laid to my door, nothing can be proved but that one trouble at the cabin." John Gray had been glad, very glad, if the man had not said so much. His assursace that nothing more than the killing of the three men could be proved set his teeth on edge and made him miserable. He was now certain that his bost for the day, and for many days should a storm set in, was really in the babit of breaking the backs of people across his knee if people interfered with him; certain of it, because he took such unnecessary pains to deny it.

However, the strong and steady hand at the helm would hardly be raised against him, he thought, and as they shot down the Straits the ill-omened reflections were shaken off. The yellow sail filted with the favoring breeze. Farla held the sail rope. Farla held the winds, their lives as it were,

These Portuguese sailors have here the same yellow sails that dot the waters of Venice. They are made yellow with a mixure of oil and beeswax. The oil and beeswax makes them tough and enduring. Sometimes the Bay of San Francisco is yellow, as a California field is yellow, with spots and dots: a flower field of water: great floating California poppies! Farla and her father manned this huge yel-

low flower of the proud sunlit Buy of San Francisco. This left two fdlers. more natural than that they should sit side by side? It was not only natural but almost absolutely necessary. Yet the dark brows of one there grew darker still; and stendily grew durker as the boat shot on. Suddenly there was a lurch that almost

threw John Gray and Sanello on their faces. Instinctively his arm fell about her and restored her firmly to his side. And the dark brows were dark as muffled thunder

'What could have done that?" asked Gray.
"It was all my fault," answered Silvia

after a moment's pause, to give Farla time to explain, which shouldenly declined. "It was like striking a rock," said Gray. "No; it was not a rock; something worse than a rock though when the tide is low. But with this full tide I thought I could run straight over it; over it now though.'

"What is it?"
"Don't know; eddy I reckon; anyhow it has been there always; and we keep close to the shore when the tide is low hereabouts. For the water boils and boils there as if a

buried river was boiling up."

John Gray caught his breath at mention
of a buried river and must have changed
color, for he saw that both Farla and her father were looking him hard and curiously

they rested on the waters that leaped and leaped against the swift gliding little vessel.

"What a curious mixture of waters," eried Gray suddenly. His artist's eye had detected colors and the confusion of colors which ordinary men would not at once ob-"Yes," said Silvia, "that is another quee

thing. Here is yellow water and white water, black water and green, all mixed up together; only they don't seem to mix at

This contradictory speech, absurd as it may read, was se plain and direct a state-ment of a curious fact as could have been made in so brief an observation. The writer recalls a singular and indeed a similar condition of things encountered while descending the Amazon river many years ago. There from the south bank, about midway from the Andes to the ocean, a broad black river rolled its dark smooth waters into the light, white, airy Ameson. So for a whole day, if recollection is not treacherous, the waters of the two mingling streams refused to mingle. Ten, 20, 40, 50 miles below we still sailed now and then over and through broad, black and oily islands or solid bodies of water that had not yet blended with the bright waters of the Amszon. Ages hence, when we are all forgetten dust, the oil wells of the world will be on the headwater of that smooth, silent

CHAPTER VII. OUT THROUGH THE GOLDEN GATE.

The dash through the Golden Gate, if you care to go out with the turn of the tide, as did our little party that morning, is one of | Sublimity! God! the most exciting, inspiring-not to say desparate, if a gale goes out with you-in all this world. The reason is not far to reach. For you

must know that the gate is very narrow. It is in fact a flume hewn out of granite. It is something more than a flume; it is a mighty mill toil, with the tide running out. Add a gale to this! An audacious Portuguese sailor at the helm! A yellow sail so full that the must is bent almost into a hoop! See that hoop thrashing the white foam of the water at almost every bound! The boat leaps from wave to wavel The dark-browed girl holds all in her two brown hands! A slip of the rope, a single inch of loosened rein, and this gorgeous yellow flower would blossom no longer on the bosom of the

foamy white sea at the Golden Gate.

John Gray has a stout heart; but it is not in the boat. It is back there with the bubbling and boiling waters of the Buried river. He has a stout arm; but it is not at all concerned with his own safety or his own comfort. It is about the terrified girl at his side. She has been terrified, timid, trembling in a strangely unnatural way for one born and bred to the sea and of a race her? She leans close to the man's side; is pale, silent as usual; unaccountably sad. Farla's lips are set, as if never again to be relaxed. She has seen all. She has imagined 10,000 times more than all that has

been; or ever can be. The father has seen that his silent little girl suffers and is silent and unhappy.

But now the swift and desperate dash is over. Shot out of the gate, as if shot out of a gun, they at last take a long breath and drive on in a straight line and tranquil sea to the steep and stupendous islands of

unheaved rock; so steep and so stupendous that they take the wind from the yellow But in this haste to get through the gate to the open sea we have forgotten to give the simple reason for this flood and foam and rush of waters at full turn of the tide. to admit a tremendous inflow from the sea at full tide, and so the Bay of San Francisco fills well from the sea. But it must e borne in mind that one of the great rivers of the continent is all the time pouring into the bay also. This Sacramento river once flowed from very far to the north. It drew its strength from the snows of Canada. Then the Sierras were broken through and the great river was cut in twain at what is now the farther Oregon and found expression to the Pacific Ocean at that point. The

other end of the great Sacramento river is now called the Columbia river. But to get back to San Francisco bay; with this great river which drains the Sierras and nearly all of California, to say nothing of the sunken rivers of Nevada, with this river pouring in at one side and the sea pouring in at the same time from the other you observe at once that the Golden Gate is more than doubly filled when the tide sets seaward. Add a cracking wind to this and you can see what a divinely audacious wrestle a real man may have here with the noblest elements of nature. John Gray took in a long breath after this dash; and as the boat began to round

in under the shadow of the overhanging rocks his arm relaxed which had supported the girl at his side. And all this without his hardly knowing what was done.

Not so with Farla, ' She took in no long breath or any sense of rest. She was on fire. She set foot firmly on the narrow strip of white sand that hugged the edge of the rocky inlet where the party came to land but did not speak. The brave little boat with the yellow sail puffed and panels, as it in the dense redwood in the rocky in the party came to land but did not speak. The brave little boat with the yellow sail puffed and panels, as it in the dense redwood in the rocky in the party came to land but did not speak. The brave little boat with the yellow sail puffed and panels, as it in the dense redwood in the rocky in the party came to land but did not speak. The brave little boat with the yellow sail puffed and panels, as it in the dense redwood. white sand that hugged the edge of the it had been a great greyhound lolling its thicket where the graves are that he stayed

> The party climbed steeply up the one narrow way hewn out of the rocks in single file, holding fast to the outreaching and overhanging crags.

On, on, on, up to the very clouds the great crags climbed! But here on a bench 50 feet or more from the water was a little hut of stone and here the party stopped. For here the partner of Silvia, a brother, had been waiting with the freight which he had gathered from the precipitous rocks. A dozen great hampers of big speckled eggs rested upon the door. A dozen curious black eyed children watched the strangers from behind the rocks and corpers of stone but. Two or three superannuated sailors, stranded wrecks of sailors, lounged about on the rocks; old sea lions that roared no more now. A brown and wrinkled old woman came shuffling out of a crack in the rocks in the rear of the hut with a pipe in her toothless mouth. Such is the landing at the "Fa'leones."

Half an hour of tugging at the heavy hampers of the huge sea bird eggs and all was ready for the return.
"I am not going back. I will stay with uncle." The pale thin lips of the proud girl, the girl whose lips had yesterday been so full, so sensuous with life and love and humanity, these changeful lips parted very unwillingly to say even this much to her e spoke to no one else; did not even seem to see anyone else.

"Are you afraid to go back?" said the father kindly.
"Afraid? ha, ha, ha." Her laugh was hard and low and bitter.
"Farla is not afraid," said the sister, in a kind, conciliatory tone, "and what is more I shall be afraid if she don't go. But I shall not be afraid if she is slong," and turning half to Gray she said: "Farla is safe; so certain; she looks after everything. I used to say that Farla looks after everything, and leaves nothing at all to God."

"But you leave everything to God-and There was a sting in the tall of this last speech, which only the father and sister eard; and even they only half understood. But seeing the proud and beautiful girl turn suddenly away, and start steeply up the overhanging rocks before them, the father chose to let her have her will, as usual, and with a gruff "good-by, Farls, I will come to-morrow," led off down to the

ing down fast behind the rocks, the sail was once more to the wind, and the Golden Gate was before and not behind them.

Some tacking and much adroit use of the yellow sail and the giant in the stern of the boat, with a half suppressed sigh, threw a giance back over his shoulder. An exola-mation of amazement, if not of alarm, broke from his lips!

All turned their eyes in the direction of he savage islands. There away up hun-reds of feet in the air, higher than the sun it seemed, the sinking sun behind her, a black silhouette standing in a background of gold! Her stream of black hair almost mantling her as the wind housed within its wondrous folds, lifted or let it fall. Glorious! The goddess of the unpo

The father bit his bloodless lips; tightened hand on helm and was about to turn about. Then the face of his younger child appealed to him; she was not so strong as Farla. And then what would returning avail?

He was not a man of words. He knew that Farla was in peril. He did not say to her sister that she was standing where never man, much less woman, had set foot before. But he knew it well. He only set his teeth tightly and drove on straight for the Golde Gate and did not look back.

CHAPTER VIII.

AFLOAT ON SAN FRANCISCO BAY.

The full and flooding ocean rattled against the granite gateway on either side as the yellow sail with its three silent voyagers swept on up the bay under the gloomy guns of the fortress. The swift yellow sail was accompanied by a mighty snow white fleet of sea clouds that came in through the great Golden Gate like monstrous, wide-winged sea birds seeking shelter for the night.

How mightily heaved the swelling, surging bosom of the great bay under them! The falling sun had been suddenly caught on the sharp horizon, between sky and sea; and

awful fireflashes, like flashes from molten iron of some mighty forge flashed for an instant forth and the fleet of snow white clouds was a sea of gold and fire.

Might and Majesty above them! Silence

Only a moment at the extreme end of the great narrow wharf that thrusts its long commercial finger far into the bay; a rattle of tackle and iron hook; the hampers of sea birds' eggs are in the air; the yellow sail is leaning to its work under a full wind; with the rocky walls of Carquinas Straits dimly visible in the light of the dying sun above the cleaving and climbing prow.

"Sanello? Rello?" The massive, broad shouldered man a the helm, with a voice, and maybe a nature, like that of a lion, had suddenly broken silence. He seemed to have been almost alarmed at the sound of his own voice and tried to modulate it by letting it fall and using the little pet diminutive by which he had called his child in her babyhood.

"Rello?"
"Well, father dear?" "What could be the matter with Farla?" The strong man sighed deeply, caught in his breath and expelled it with such tremendous force that he might have been named as of kin with the surging elements about him. It seemed to have been the first real breath he had taken since he saw his first born lined out against the gold and fire of the divine such that awful and insceed the same that a wful a way in the same that a wful and insceed the same that a wful a wfu of the dying sun on that awful and inacces-

sible eminence in the sea.

Sanello was slow to answer; not that she really knew the cause of her sister's strange conduct. Indeed she, as well as her father had long since come to be prepared for much that was willful from this strong, passionate and determined girl.
"Rello, do you think Farla is in danger

The voice was like low, far off thunder; and the hard, big hand held not steadily to the helm; but it shifted and lay doubtfully at its direct work, as if debating whether o no to keep on; whether or no to turn back into the night that had now enveloped

"If you think Farla is in any danger

there I will land you and Mr. Gray at our cove and go back."

The voice of the great grizzly bear trembled, and the girl's heart was moved, "Why no, father, I, for my part, can't think of Farla as ever in danger from anything. She's so strong and confident and sure. Just see how it was with that white bull."

At the mention of the white bull there came a low, deep chuckle of satisfaction and delight from the darkness back in the stern of the boat, and there was a stronger and a steadier grasp on the helm.

John Gray had hoped for much in the

way of close observation in the region of what he now felt was surely the mouth of the Buried river on his return, but night was upon them and the man at the helm laid his prow close under the frowning banks. The boiling and surging phenomena of the morning was entirely avoided by the cautious old sailor now and the yellow sail crept along under the crags in obstinate security; in absolute silence now as well.

"The white bull?" queried Gray finally, of the girl at his side.

"Yes, the white bull; but be sure don't

mention it to Farla. You see the Pachelos' rich people, governors of California once had herds and lands all about Redwood Park and Mount Diablo. Well, a big, white bull, the most terrible creature I ever saw, twice as bad as a grizzly bear, took up his residence right down there by the Indian well where the three men are buried."

the three dead men came up out of the darkness at the helm. But where was the Indian well? and where were the graves of the three? All this was great news to John

A grunt of satisfaction at the mention o

there all the time; all the time except when he would break out after mother or some of

"He deserved to be shot." "Shot? Full of holes as a sieve; lead enough to sink him, eh, father?" A jerk at the helm back in the darkness: and a sharp closing together of the massive jaws like the closing together of the iron teeth of a wolf trap, and that was the an-

swer and assent as the girl went on. "Lead wouldn't kill him; his curly white hair was so long and his hide so tough that all the bullets we could fire into him did no good; only made him more savage."
"And he chased Farla?"

"Chased Farla? No! that is a strange part of it. He never chased Farla at all; all things seem to know better than ever chase Farla; but he chased everybody else. And one day when Farla and father were over to the Islands the white bull got after mother when she went to the spring for water, and run her to the gate, and then pitched her clean over the fence. We thought she was dead. We children got her in on the bed, and she lay there all day moaning and moaning, till they got back from the Islands. And that white bull tearing and stamping and bellowing all the time at the gate till Farla came. Then he went back to the thicket that surrounds the Indian well in the arroya back of your old

the white bull. Frightened him off! She killed him! Yes, she did. One look at poor mother where she lay moaning there, and Farla caught up father's knife, dashed down to the thicket, and father after her trying to keep her back"—a low chuckle from the stern of the boat—"but he could only see her creep, like a panther through the nar-row thicket; on, on, to where a great white heap lay breathing heavily by the Indian well and between two of the graves; the big, burly head thrown back and around on the side; sound asleep in a second, for he was very tired from his hard and hot day's work.

Well, that's all. She was on him with a single leap, like a Califonia lion, and her knife was buried back of the ugly horns be fore he knew what hurt him. There was no mistaking the deep chuckle of delight that came up from the stern of the boat now. The recital of the daring girl's deed gave the father confidence that all was well with her at the island and the helmsman drove his boat into the little cove, his harbor, his home, with firmness and great satisfaction.

great satisfaction.

The moonlight landed there in full force and splendor at the same time. The great silver seimitar in the unseen hand of the eternal flashed in serene dominion over sea and land, and the little rock-bound and wood-hung cove was lit up like the porch of

guests.

But there was another boat there. Light came into the face of Sanello at sight of it. Darkness and rage in the face of her father came and kept possession as he saw this costly and richly finished little yacht lift and fall on the moonlit bosom of the bay.

The girl was auxious to fly up the rocks, to reach home instantly; surely Swain was there

"Father, Mr. Gray and I will take the short way; right straight up; he can hold on to the bushes and I can hold on to him." "Well." This was all the word the tw heard in answer as Gray, impelled by the eager girl behind him, lay hold of bush and bough and drew himself upward. Half way to the summit, in a little moor

lit open space as the grass grew long and strong, they paused to take breath. The poor girl was so exhausted that she threw herself face downward, her hands covering her face, into the grass.

by action rather than utterance, urged Gray hastily on. "But that Indian well? did you say it

was close to the cabin?"

He said this back over his shoulder right in her face as he made pretense of holding back some bushes from striking her too "Not two minutes' walk were it'not for the

brush; in that tall thicket; under the cliff; other side." The girl was out of breath and spoke briefly as possible. She paused a moment and then said in hurried whispers:

"Now mind don't let Farla know. Its her's; all her's. A little lake it is. Full of fish. Stone walls; lillies all about.
Beautiful! And she's got a boat in the
well, or lake; a bull hide boat; made it herself; made it out of the hide of that white
bull she killed. Now mind don't you never tell Farla I told you. Come, hurry on; but mind, don't you never tell Farla I told

And so panting and out of breath they came through the redwoods to the opening where the mother stood at the stout gate

waiting.

"Mr. Swain?" whispered the girl to her mother with a half glance behind for fear her father might hear her eagerness.

"Gone, 'Rello—gone for a long time maybe. He left some gold for you with me; and the pretty boat for you down in the cove. But he's gone 'Rello; gone, my girl."

She sank against the great oaken post and the mother's arms fell about her, as the wings of a hen fold over her helpless brood. The father came up, dark browed, silent, sullen. The young man passed on his way toward the lonely cabin; toward the graves in the thicket; the sunken old Indian well with its border of lilies, its bull hide beat; its vague possibilities of association with the old tradition here. Was this after all his search and waste of time really the old tidal well with its rise and fall of waters into which the imperishable old Indian chief had been hurled? Was this indeed the very spot from which first fluttered the gaudy flag of Spain on the rock-built battle-ments of Mount Diablo? And Farla? To house all those ponderous secrets in her heart. What a mysterious being! How much less a woman to keep her heart walled in as a well! Less than woman? Or more than woman, surely not entirely woman. But here the water is too deep.

[CONTINUED NEXT SUNDAY.] Copyright, 1889, by Joaquin Miller.

CULTIVATION OF NUTMEGS. How They are Grown and Treated in New

Guinen. Paddling into a little cove, says Captain John Strahan, in the Glasgow Mail, on the south side of the bay, we landed beside a clear rippling stream, and, having ordered the whole of the men to march in Indian file in front, we started by a little rugged path into the mountains, with my interpreter immediately behind me, and the Rajah just in front. Every foot of the journey, which was laborious in the extreme, disclosed fresh scenes of verdure and tropical splendor, winding along the sides of deep ravines, sometimes dragging ourselves up the creepers and undergrowth, we ultimately attained an altitude of about 1,000 feet above the sea, and then entered the nutmeg country. Here we halted and rested. The country. Here we halted and rested. The Rajah pulled some of the nutmegs, and explained how far they were from being ripe. Having rested sufficiently, we again started forward, and after scrambling along for about an hour, we gained a fine piece of table-land, over which we traveled for about another half an hour, when we reached three houses erected in the very heart of the

houses erected in the very heart of the forest. These were used by the natives for drying the nutmegs. The country was everywhere magnificent, and the aroms of the spice-laden air delicious. Nutmeg and other equally valuable trees were everywhere growing in great profusion. The fruit of the nutmeg in appearance resembles a pear, and, when ripe, opens and displays the nut covered with a beautiful red coating of mace. The nuts are then picked from the trees, put into baskets, and taken to the houses, where they are husked and placed on shelves. They are then partially roasted over a slow fire until all the moisture is extracted. After this they are cooled and carried down to the village in nets ready to be bartered to the Bugis, Arabs, and other traders who frequent the Gulf in their small

prows or junkos at the proper season. A CASE OF MIND CURE.

An Instance in Which Self-Preservation Was Stronger Than the Infirmity.

Lewiston Journal.] "The best case of mind cure that I ever heard of," continued the doctor, "happened in the town of Belgrade. My father told me

about it. "Old Deacon Budger's wife lay in bed for vears. She didn't know what ailed her and couldn't find anybody who did-and some folks were unkind enough to hint that it was undiscoverable because it didn't exist
—but there she lay year after year, without absolutely. She went to Mr. Frohman and moving from the bed. It was a nice feather bed which her mother had handed down to her and which she prized very highly.

"Everybody pitied the deacon. He hired what assistance he could afford, but had to do a large share of the house-work, himself, and three times every day to carry a good

square meal to his spouse, whose appetite was remarkably reliable.
"One day the house took fire while the deacon was away. Did the deacon's wife burn up? No. The instinct of self-preservation was stronger than her infirmity. So was the instinct of feather-bed-preserva-tion. She got up and carried her bed to the other side of the road. Fortunately the fire was soon extinguished and she took her

again. "About 6:30 o'clock that evening she asked the deacon why he had not brought her supper to her as usual. Sarah, said he, in a tone that smacked mildly and sadly of self-assertion, 'if you ever get anything more to eat, you'll have to come out in the kitchen after it!' "And as Sarah had not been roasted,

A GAS-PROPELLED CARRIAGE.

A Description of a Wonderful Vehicle Exhibited in Munich.

Messrs. Benz & Co., of Mannheim, have lately exhibited in Munich a motor of which gas is the propelling agency. The gas is generated by the contrivance from benzine or analogous material. The motor, which is not visible from without, is placed in the rear of the carriage, which has three wheels, over the main axle, and the benzine used in its propulsion is carried in a closed copper receptacle secured under the seat. from which it passes drop by drop to the generator, and which holds enough bensine for a journey of about 75 miles. The gas mixture is ignited in a closed cylinder by means of an electric spark—a very safe and

means of an electric spark—a very safe and reliable arrangement.

After regulating the admission of the gas the motor can be started by simply turning a hand-lever. The operator mounts upon the seat and by pressing the lever at his left sets the motor in motion, which then starts, the carriage being connected with the back wheels. The speed can be regulated at will by turning the lever backward or forward, and by pulling on the lever the motion can be completely stopped. The vehicle is steered like a tricycle by a small front wheel. Its greatest speed is about ten miles an hour. A quart of benzine is sufficient for a one hour's trip, the cost of the motor power being thus about three-pence half-penny per hour. The carriage is intended to seat four persons, and in appearance somewhat resembles an ordinary phaeton set on three wheels. on set on three wheels.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE For Impaired Vitality and weakened energy, is wonderfully sucSOCIETY ACTRESSES.

Some of the Fashionable Women Now Preparing for the Stage.

AN AMATEUR'S ROMANTIC HISTORY A Real Prototype of the Heroine of The

Quick or the Dead. FOLLOWING MRS. POTTER'S FOOTSTEPS

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. FTER Amelie Rives wrote a tremendous amount of gush about a dead husband's clothes, cigar stumps and the other personal belongings which the tempestnous Hal was obliged to leave behind him when he departed from the frenzied affection of Barbara, a chord of sympathy was struck in the feminine breast throughout the land.

It takes a woman to appreciate the romance of a defunct eigar stump. Women unquestionably felt the power of Miss Rives' emotion over the relics of a dead husband, for probably no incident in "The Quick or the Dead" has been more widely discussed than Barbara's affection for her dead husband's clothes. I accidentally discovered the other day

that an actual flesh and blood woman, and one who is endowed with beauty, high social connections and considerable wealth, followed out the precise lines of Miss Rives' Barbara after her own husband's death. She cannot be accused of cribbing ideas from "The Quick or the Dead," for her form of hero-worship was inaugurated before the novel was published. In Mrs. Berlan-Gibbs' country house near Orange there hangs upon a rack in a room adjoining her own the last suit of clothes worn by her husband, including the overcoat with the gloves thrust half in the pocket precisely as he left them. Under no circumstances are these relics allowed to be disturbed, and they are cherished with the most tender

care by the actress. A SENSIBLE WOMAN. If Mrs. Berlan-Gibbs were emotional or silly such action would be more or less absurd, but she seems to be a remarkably robust, well-balanced and sensible woman, She is an odd figure, inasmuch as she is the only amateur actress who has gone upon the professional stage and become successful without a lot of hulla-balloo and clap-trap without a lot of hulla-balloe and clap-trap advertising. Every detail about her pri-vate life has been studiously guarded from publicity, and probably the facts that I am setting forth now will see the light in a newspaper for the first time. The name of Berlan comes from the grandfather on the maternal side, who was an Austrian baron maternal side, who was an Austrian baron. Her father was a near descendant of Jona-

than Edwards.

From her early childhood she had a romantic history. When she was very young she eloped and married Mr. Gibbs in the face of a good deal of family opposition. The young people had more or less of a struggle for a time, but they had influential friends. A stanch friend of the bride during all of her troubles was the late Mrs. William Astor. When Mr. Gibbs died suddenly the grief of his wife passed all She was not on friendly terms with her family, she lived alone, grieving over her husband's death until her friends arged her to do something. She made up her mind to go upon the stage. She was unique in the history of society amateurs from the fact that she was impelled to the steps neither by a desire for notoriety nor a lust for money. Her fortune is ample, and she has never talked about, but she wanted some aim in life which would help her to forget the grief caused by her husband's death. She began to study with Mrs. Corbit. It may be said in passing that as soon as Mrs. William Astor heard that Mrs. Berlan-Gibbs was going on the stage she terminated their friendship. Mrs. Berlan-Gibbs had a magnificent voice when she was a girl, and in-deed up to the time of her husband's death, but since the funeral she has not been able to sing. There seems to be no explanation of it. She has tried in every way to sing, but though there is no sentiment in it, the voice seems entirely to have left her. She dresses in white and gold or white and silver, and is a slender and spirituelle-looking woman. Many of her friends advised her to make a European appearance, or to come out as a star after the fashion of Mrs. was engaged to play in one of his road pieces—in "The Wile," I believe—and she is now touring through the country quietly without attracting any other attention than

that which results from her artistic merits METHODS OF SOCIETY ACTRESSES. All of this is more or less notable when one considers the usual methods of a society actress. All the shrewder judges of theatrical life have urged women repeatedly to pursue the course which is followed by Mrs. Berlau-Gibbs, and it will be interesting to watch her career and see if the results carry out the opinion of experts. The question is whether a woman had better start in with a rush and carry her career through on the style of Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Potter, or begin quietly and work her way up to the top by means of her art.

Mrs. James G. Blaine, Jr., will go out this

fall as a star, but in her case it will be im-possible to work quietly. Her name will attract attention in every city in the coun-try, and her debut in New York will keep the wires rattling in every section of the country for a week. Mrs. Blaine's advisers are urging her to go slow, and she gives every evidence of following their counsel, but people are beginning to talk about her, and the influence of this species of young fame on a woman is very difficult to withstand. At the first night of "Cleopatra," for instance, Mrs. Blaine was in a box, and she received as much homage as a princess on parade. People stared at her and gossiped about her with bated breath. She bore the scrutiny with superb tranquillity. She is a stender blonde cold and self. She is a stender blonde, cold and self-possessed-looking young woman. Probably nine people out of ten would call her beau-tiful. The tenth judge of womankind would say that she looked as though she had a history. Her managers are trying to get a play which will have sufficient draw-ing nower to asser Man. She is a slender blonde, cold and self-

and Mrs. Bloodgood would seem to be the coming victim. Her face is not as pretty as Mrs. Potter's, but she has a far better figure and unquestionably more dramatic power.

AN EXCUSE FOR SOCIETY ACTRESSES. A lady of my acquaintance, who has trayeled a great deal, and who holds a prom-inent position in society, in speaking of amateur actresses, said the other day: "Why shouldn't Mrs. Bloodgood go upon

the stage? People sneer at Mrs. Langtry and speak of all she has lost by her profes-sional debut; so they do of Mrs. Potter; so they will of Mrs. Bloodgood; but when you come to think of it there is not such a heartrending sacrifice in it at all. I have been in society for 20 years, and I shall in all like-lihood be there ten years more, as I have two very young daughters to launch upon the world. I have seen many women come up, and I have also seen them go down. That is where the true wisdom of the choice of such women as Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Potter comes in."

"You mean to say that you indorse the

action of these women in leaving their homes, their husbands, and all that goes with such a proceeding to go on the stage?"
"I don't believe that either one of them
ever intended to leave their husbands. It
was not a result they looked for, and it is very often the case, as you know, that hus-band and wife live in perfect privacy and happiness even though the wife is on the stage. Take the case of Maggie Mitchell, Emma Abbott and others. Mrs. Langtry's position was this: She was unknown when she went to London. Society took her up, feted her, and courted her in the most splendid manner for two seasons. The third sea-son came around and Mrs. Langtry discov-ered that she was becoming an old story. She knew perfectly well that in the fourth season she would be dropped and utterly for-getten in the rushing crowd. A number of rival beauties had come up from the ranks.

A woman who has once tasted a great success cannot easily go back to the retirement and privacy of an economically managed home. It is the same with Mrs. Potter. She reached the apex of her career when she went to London four years ago and went from Lady Randolph Churchill's house to Bowes with the Prince of Wales' party. Everybody petted her. She was a shrewd woman, nevertheless, and she knew perfectly well that in a year or so to duplicate such success would be an impossibility.

TOO MUCH OF A DROP. To come back here after that and settle

that attract women, and it is useless to advise womankind against them.

The brief career of Mrs. O'Sullivan Dimpfel points a moral. She did not leave her husband and home when she went on the stage, but she took him with her. The result was a series of tremendous rows. The result was a series of tremendous rows. The actress had not only to support herself, boost her name into prominence, and attend to the many other details of a woman who travels around the country, but she had also to smooth the fiery temper of Mr. O'Sullivan Dimpfel, and endeavor to prevent her managers from thrashing him at short intervals. The strain was too much, and she went back to private life in Baltimore, but it is said she will never again be received into society.

received into society.

A glance at the future reveals Miss Elsie De Wolff as a coming star. With her the list is complete. We have no others. There are 1,000 girls all over the country who dream off a success on the stage which is not based upon purely dramatic ability, but after the names of Mrs. Langtry, Mrs. Potter, Mrs. Berlan-Gibbs, Mrs. Biaine, Mrs. Bloodgood. Mrs. Dimpfel and Miss Elsie DeWolff, there is nothing to come. Modjeska, Mary Anderson, Ada Rehan, Marie Wainwright and Julia Marlowe complain that there is no place in America for women of dramatic genius, and that the society amateurs are crowding women of ability to the wall. It seems to me there is very little reason for alarm. Personally I have yet to see a "society actress" who knows anything at all

about acting. BLAKELY HALL.

LOOK TO YOUR PICTURE CORDS. Suggestion for the Approaching Spring House Cleaning.

A correspondent sends us, apropos of our article dealing with "Portents," an account of what he calls a singular circumstance. When he was at school some 20 years ago a prominent picture in the school diningroom came down with a run about the dinner-hour. The same thing had happened some years previously coincidently with the death of a near relative of the headmaster. The recurrence of a similar accident caused our correspondent some anxiety, as it happened that his brother and several other of the boys were then lying iil. No harm happened to these patients, but the daughter of the house, a bright, cheer-ful little girl, was immediately carried off

by a relapse.

This story may certainly be classed with many others showing how mere coincidence often begets a tradition, however unreasonable, of a casual relation between absolute y unconnected phenomena; and from this point of view it is not worthy of any serious examination, even by the society for Psychical Research. But it does lead to a more practical reflection as to the carelessness with which pictures are hung. Householders are apt to consider that picture cords are everlasting; and no doubt, the picture cord of the good old times will last a very long time. But the modern wire, which is preferred nowadays on account of its convenience and light appearance, should always be carefully examined from time to time. It disintegrates sometimes very rapidly, and is frequently entrusted with too heavy a picture and frame. The movement of the rightness which convicting course. of the picture which constantly occurs, helps on the natural action of gas and air upon the cord, and hence the many acci-dents which every picture collector, who does not take care, has from time to time to regret. When spring cleaning season re-turns, this is one of the points to which it is always desirable to look.

A TELEGRAPHER TALKS.

Thoughts That Murder Sleep. "The typewriter is a most useful invention, but I doubt if anybody finds it of greater assistance than the telegraph oper-

had a history. Her managers are trying to get a play which will have sufficient drawing power to carry Mrs. Blaine in case Mrs. Blaine is not able to carry the play the play will be starred and Mrs. Blaine will not. That is to be the programme. If the play fails no stigma of failure will attach itself to Mrs. Blaine's name. If the play succeeds, Mrs. Blaine will probably to the position of a leading star. She has had experience on the stage and will probably succeed in making an income of \$20,000 or \$30,000 a year and seeing herself incessantly talked about by the newspapers.

Judging from the outlook to-day, the coming actress who will follow Mrs. Blaine will be Mrs. Wilbur F. Bloodgood. This lady is walking precisely in the footsteps of Mrs. Potter. Nothing that Mrs. Potter ever did is left undone by Mrs. Bloodgood, and there can be no doubt in the mind of a close observer of the stage and its people that the similarity in the careers of the two women will be earried out to the end. Mrs. Bloodgood is having her photographs distributed, her pretty face is continually appearing in the dramatic papers, paragraphs about her dot the columns of the press. She is a regular attendant at the theaters on first nights and at professional matinees, and she vigorously denies that she is going on the professional stage, precisely as Mrs. Potter did all these things two or three years ago. New York must have some woman to talk about,

CHILDHOOD MENACED

By the Compulsory Education Wave Sweeping Over the Land.

DEATH IN CROWDED SCHOOLS.

How Fresh Youth, Bright Eye and Active Brain Can be Obliterated.

AN EXAMPLE OF EDUCATIONAL FORCE



early breakfast till school time and from 4 o'clock till moon rise that he has not been with them, fn games and adventures. But to be with the boys all day, not shut out from them by the 9 o'clock bell, or compelled to hover like a Peri in short pants around the school door till 4 o'clock; to have "marks" and spell his way to the head of classes and share the responsibilities of a boy's entire life so fill his soul that he only eats on one leg, with his head screwed over his left shoulder to catch the first glimpse of his comrades. God bless the boy, but the house is so very still without him, it seems gone awry.

What does he find at school as its doors close behind him? Have you never attended a scientific association at its annual meeting and listened to topics notof thrilling interest, while you felt forbidden to move in down as the wife of a bank clerk on \$6,000 a terest, while you felt forbidden to move in year was a difficult future to face. She went your seat or indulge in a cough or a yawn? on the stage. The result is that everywhere she goes she is stared at, her life is full of excitement and movement, her income is large, and she has become interested in her art. Incidentally she is a silly woman to make such a ghastly exposure of herself in the play of "Cleopatra," but probably in five or six years from this she will be able to command an income of \$50,000 or \$60,000 a year, as Mrs. Langtry does, and have a public career open to her until she is well on toward her 50th year. These are the things that attract women, and it is useless to advise womankind against them.

And didn't a forenoon or two prove enough for you—all that muscles and nerves cared to bear? You can stand being shut in your office day afteg day because some advantage is coming of it, but when the result is mere information, not exactly available in your body feels after a day of hard sitting still. But our boys drudge at their Society for the Advancement of Useful Knowledge week after week year after year, without much idea of the service it may be to them. They want to be at their natural gymnastics of play and effort. which knit muscle and on the stage. The result is that everywhere | And didn't a forenoon or two prove enough of play and effort, which knit muscle and sinew in that great virtue of hardihood, the one thing which makes the difference, Prof. Huxley says, and all successful men know, between those who grasp success and their fellows, equally well informed and talent-ed, who "lose their grip," on all that life holds good.

Our grandfathers thought it well to keep boys at their lessons from daylight till dark, and, in English phrase, "tended" them well for not liking it as well as being out with the larks. They were as well persuaded their system was the best possible as we are of ours to-day, and it seems just imaginable that our habits may be as susceptible of improvement. The best teachers, the born teachers, who see into minds and capabilities, begin to find this out and move accordingly. In that wise magazine, Education, which parents ought to read as well as teachers, the soundest, most sagacious men

seen by any man who looks into his own mind and knows that when he wants to learn whist or roof laying, the advantages of a country or the rights of the bi-metallic questions, he gives himself to that, and to that chiefly, till it is mastered. Putting his force and interest at the question, it is mastered without uneasy effort or loss of time. There is a pleasure in the sense of gaining information which supersedes every-thing else for the time. This is the natural way of teaching children. It is the way they have to begin, for they cannot take any other study till they have learned to read—a feat they accomplish, with tender brains, in far less time than they learn anything else, because they give undivided attention to it. This faculty of concentrating element of success in things little and large, is most studiously ruined by our present.

We shide a child for not learnthe mind on one thing, which is the great education. We chide a child for not learning a lesson or filling an order well, because, we say, he does not give his mind to it, when his whole training has been to inter-rupt and divert the habit of fixing his

HOW TO ADDLE BRAINS. In the system of the public schools nearest me, which is held to be one of the best in the State and as near perfection as principals can make it, hardly two days in the week have lessons on the same branches. The plan is so broken up with elocution one day, grammar the next, drawing one hour, political discussion the next, and mathematics to follow, that my own brain would be addled in trying to go through it and it matics to follow, that my own brain would be addled in trying to go through it, and it is a wonder that the pupils can carry over from one week to another what they learned the week before. The mind, properly speaking, has no training by such methods. It receives a mass of information minced and mixed, indigestible as mince pie, and

not half so inviting.

It is told of Agassiz the elder, that, shutting himself up to the sole study of a diffi-cult language, he could so master it in six weeks as to read a scientific treatise in it with ease. To do this, in a language of different character from the Roman, is a teat, but to master one of the continental tongues in six weeks' close study is within the power of any well-trained mind. Yet how few dream themselves capable of this moderate undertaking, simply for the reason than not one in 10,000 is well trained or ever will be under our present hop-and-skip methods. Yet think of the service such faculty would be, in mercantile life, to travelers, to lawyers and legislators, to peo-ple in new Territories. I declare that for want of such training common society, to one who has the use of his mind, is like consorting with a community of congenial cripples, born without limbs and awkward

WHAT YOUNGSTERS CAN DO.

in the use of what they own.

That children are capable of learning all they are desired to know with a third the time and drudgery indicted at present. I know by actual experience, and an experience of my own is not out of place here. More years since than I can stop to count, at the ripe age of 17, I was teacher of a country school with a few boys, who had the name of pretty hard scholars. I was warned that they would not study and they would make trouble, which came true. But they were sturdy boys, to whom open air life was indispensable, and my good angel made me hit upon the idea of promising them that whenever their lessons were well learned and recited they should be dismissed to play. They could have won medals for good conduct after that, and the clumsy, horrible lessons were turned off with ease and precision. My "bad boys" were the comfort of my life, and were improving briskly, when the School Committee, in the person of our hard old farmer, got wind of it and interfered. Those boys must be brought in, and if they wouldn't, I must "lick 'em." It was useless to point to the fact that the boys had already learned in a month more than in two sessions of the old way. "The kernittee" must be obeyed, and after one conscientious struggle to carry out the plan I threw up the school, vowing to myself that I would scrab floors for a living before I would ever teach school again. Suppose That children are capable of learning all

yourself shut up in jail six hours a day to learn the higher mathematics and the drearlest essays on criticisms you ever skipped in magazines, and yon may feel what ordinary schooling is to children.

Not one parent in a thousand ever knows the inside of a school building where his children spend most of their waking lives. I own that, calling for my lad one day in school hours, I was obliged to step downstairs to get fresh air while waiting. It was December, and the heat must have been 80 degrees in the room, where the breath of 60 children, the smell of the boys' clothing, not the cleanest, and of stale luncheons mixed a powerful brew that almost drove me choking to the porch.

me choking to the porch.

DANGER IN THE SCHOOLROOM. The effect of such air on teachers is pros-trating and pitiable. I recall the beautiful graduates of the New York Normal College as they used to pass in filmy dress, with bouquets of loose roses, and the same girls not five years after, aged as they should not be at 50, their complexions faded and lined, their hair fast turning gray, their eyes pale and tired as all women grow who lead in-door lives at deek or course beauties. door lives at desk or counter, breathing im-pure air and leading a monotonous, vexing routine. And if the school air thus affects is to have that dearly women, what is it to the children? The sought ambition to epidemics of scarlet fever, diphtheria and be "long with the other boys." To be greater and lesser, must answer. It is idle in most cases to look at home for the trouble.

Dead air, breathed over and over by scores of lungs, 60 times and more an hour, is precisely the same poison which exudes from a dead body in process of decay, and deposits the seeds of tubercle and putrid sore throat in the living tissue. I know a child kept at home for what was supposed mere sore throat, whose mother called the attention of the doctor just as he was leaving to a rash the child had borne for two or three days. To the horror of all concerned it was scarlet fever, unsuspected by anyone, and but for the chance remark the child would have played as usual with its mates and gone to school. In another case th mother in dressing a boy noticed dull red pimples on the back and sent him to the physician before school time. The inspector poohed at sending him a little breaking out caused by taking cold, but by noon the boy came home so ill that the family doctor was sent for and diagnosed at once a case of chickenpox so virulent that it could hardly be reckoned less than smallpox itself. The disease had been taken at school, and when we know that chickenpox is only a lesser form of smallpox, dangerous if neglected, the risk of hasty inspection is manifest. I speak only of what comes within my limited experience. Teachers could tell far more

EYE AND BRAIN AT STAKE.

When it comes to failure of the eye the evil is too well known to require many words. On the Continent it is remarked by the ablest doctors, that near sight and trouble with the eyes follows fast upon compulsory education, and the prize scholars and winners in competitive examinations gain their desire only to find it useless from failure of eye or brain in a short time. The light in the center of great classrooms can-not be strong on cloudy days, while those next the windows in clear weather find it absolutely glaring. Add to this the poor type of cheap school books, the evening study demanded, the effect of foul air on the nerves of the eye, and there is too good rea-son for the weakness of sight which increases in schools and among graduates. The evil in schools and among graduates. The evil, though hidden, is not dead. In too many

idest, most sagacious men of compulsory education in the advise the taking up education topic by topic, giving the whole attention to one or two studies only at a time.

How supremely logical this is may be

voters.

ONE SAD EXAMPLE. If you could see the end from the begin ning, education in mere book learning would not be valued higher than life and health and social adaptation, as it is held. Since I wrote the last paper in this series I stood by the deathbed of one of the most finely gifted women-brain, beauty, delicate, enduring physique and personal character to be found among women. For more than 20 years life had been one almost unbroken anguish of such pain as seems incredible. Her doctors -such men as Seguin and Hamilton, spe-cialties in nervous disease—said it was the pain of cancer without its hope of speedy re-lease. Borne bravely, heroically, silently, through those long years, she never excused herself one duty the trembling hands were able to perform, but with corpse-like face, pausing for the intervals of maddening pain, went about her household tasks till mind and body both gave way, at the very last. And this terrible doom was traced to last. And this terrible doom and her education. The bright girl, overpressed her education. with studies to gratify the pride of her family, broke down with brain fever at 14, recovered only to be urged along the same route, with Latin, Greek, higher mathe-matics, belies lestres, beside accomplish-ments, all taken not in smattering, but with the thoroughness and conscience which marked all she did. From graduation she went at once as teacher in a large and bril-liant ladies' school, and, worn out there in a few years, wishing rest and a home of her own, she married—God help her!—a home missionary, the last man in the world she

should have chosen.

She died, murdered as truly as if the shife had been set across her throat, who should have known ten good years of life longer. The very friend who had brought relief to her pain over and over, whose touch had soothed her delirium, was forbidden to remove her to purer air, or to employ a trained nurse at her own expense to attend a trained nurse at her own expense to attend the dying woman. In her last hours of peace years fell from her like a garment, and so fair, so bright she seemed with her tender tones and quick jesting as of one at ease in soul and body, it was trebly hard to let so much sweetness and grace go out of the world by the contrivance of coarse, merciless natures, tired of caring for her so long. But by her dead form I swore that such force as I have should go to revent women from suffering such cruel lives, if women from suffering such cruel lives, if plain speech and truth-telling could hinder them. God knows there is little enough truth in the world and sorrowful need for its being told. Let it tell against whom it will, I care not. It is time for old theories to be taken down, shaken, dusted and proved whether they will do to keep out the light awhile longer, or whether they are disease-haunted, insect-eaten and falling of their own weight. SHIRLEY DARK.