trigger the flint struck open the pan with a shower of brilliant sparks, but the weapon did not fire; then he recollected that he had forgotten to reload it after Lalie Garcin had used it. The keen click of the lock frightened the beautiful bird, and so it escaped. Slight as the incident was it served to cast his thoughts back upon the scene in the garden, and so he wandered on, idly threading the ways of the sylvan solitude and permitting his fancy to weave all sorts of airy fabrics until suddenly he found himself within sight of the bay whose blue wavelets were twinkling and whitening under a fresh breeze.

He had walked further than he knew, and it came into his mind that he might have trouble in finding his way back to Garcin's. Certainly his route had been without any special direction, nor had he made the slightest note of its bearings, so absorbed had he been in the novelty and picturesqueness of what he had seen, heard and experienced. Confident, however, that his sense of directions would guide him aright, he stood awhile enjoying the wild view of the day, then turned about and re-entered the woods.

After walking a short distance through the thicket of yaupon trees, and across a spur of quaking but not boggy marsh, he came into a narrow but well-marked path that wound away under old cedars and oaks whose buttressed roots were cushioned with moss, and whose boughs let fall airy festoons of gray parasitic plants that trailed upon the ground. At one point this swinging growth had formed a curtain which almost closed up the path. As Orton, stepping rapidly with long, vigorous strides, was passing through this obstruction he came near going plump against a young woman coming from the opposite direction. They recoiled, each from the other, with that start of surprise inevitable under such circumstances, and stood for a moment gazing at each other. He lifted his hat and bowed as he stepped aside respectfully, giving her the path.

"Your pardon, Mademoiselle," said he, with a grave gentleness in his voice. She hesitated in a half-frightened way, her form palpitating, her lips apart; then she almost ran as she passed him and soon disappeared round a turn of the path. It was all so sudden, so unexpected and so quickly over that Orton was left with a sweet bewilderment in his mind. Her form and face, every feature, every line, her clear, soft eyes, her straight brows, and fine, delicately modeled nose, her rosy lips and softly rounded cheeks and chin, every detail of her drapery from head to foot and the nameless but powerful charm of her whole presence had impressed him as if by some fairy magic. It was like the passing of a goddess; the air was filled with the sense of sweetness and freshness trailing after her.

Looking in the direction she had gone, Orton saw through a shimmering rift in the waving foliage, and not very distant, the gray walls and pointed roof of the stately Rochon mansion.

The young man's first impulse was to follow in Mlle. Rochon's footsteps, and thus gain a better view of the house, and, perhaps, another glimpse of the young lady herself; but he resisted the temptation successfully, promising himself a leisurely visit to the place with sketchbook and pencil at an early day.

It was now past noon; the luncheon at Garcin's would be ready at 2, so he struck out to find his way back, bearing with him a satisfying sense of the very charming adventure his first exploration had afforded him. He came to a cabin in a small clearing; it was occupied by a numerous negro family, from whom he received directions how to find Garcin's house. The distance, his informant said, was about three miles. By dint of rapid walking and turning aside for nothing he reached the house just in time to meet Garcin himself returning from whatever work he had in hand.

"And you found no game, Mo'sieu Orton?" the latter inquired in his sprightly way, holding open the little gate for the young man to pass through. "No lions, tigers or panthers, eh?"

"No game whatever," Orton answered with a cordial smile, "but a very lovely young man."

"Ah, Ma'm'zelle Felicie Rochon!" cried Lalie, who had run out to greet her father. "It was she, certainly, whom Mo'sieu went to look for, not bird or beast."

"But she is by no means easy to capture, I should say, Ma'm'zelle Garcin; the way she broke past me was bewildering," Orton lightly remarked as he followed the little man and his daughter into the house. "You had not told me the half of her beauty, however. It was like meeting Diana or Hebe."

Neither Lalie nor her parent knew enough about mythology to understand this allusion any further than to feel the fine compliment it signified.

"You called at the mansion, I suppose," ventured Mme. Garcin, who met them at the door, "and you saw Mo'sieu Rochon, did you not?"

"Oh, no indeed," said Orton; "nothing of the kind. I merely chanced to meet Ma'm'zelle in a path near her home; I did not see the old gentleman."

A silent expression of relief seemed to pass over the Garcin group, as if a sharp tension had been relaxed suddenly. From one dark face to another leaped a mere twinkle of communication, as if to say: "Oh, but he's a sly detective; he'll catch the old chap at his tricks! He's not going to be in an overhurry, and so fail."

"And did Ma'm'zelle Rochon speak to you?" inquired Lalie.

"No, but I spoke to her."

"You did! and she would not deign to return the compliment! Well, she is not as highbred as she lets on to be, certainly."

"Lalie!"

"Lalie!"

Protested the father and mother.

Orton laughed.

"But indeed," the girl went on with the energy of deep conviction, "I think it quite rude and ugly for a young lady to refuse to notice a gentleman's politeness, don't you, Mo'sieu Orton?"

"But I was far from polite," said Orton. "I was rushing carelessly along the path and came near running against her. She appeared to be quite frightened."

"But she knew that you did not do it on purpose. She saw it was nothing but an accident," argued Lalie. "I don't like a person who takes on such high airs for nothing."

While the girl was speaking her father was plucking her arm and making faces at her. Finally he pinched her till she cried out.

To Orton all this was as strange as it was amusing. He saw by a side glance that Mme. Garcin was making all manner of faces at her daughter.

"You won't mind Lalie, Mo'sieu, she speaks what she doesn't think sometimes," remarked the host, when he had pinched the girl into silence. "The ways of Ma'm'zelle Rochon are exquisite, certainly. We all admire her very much, don't we, Lalie?"

The bright eyes of Lalie shot a quick look into Orton's face; but she did not speak.

"I admire her," said the young man, smiling down into Lalie's glowing dark face. "She has quite captivated me."

The girl's cheeks flushed again and then grew pale; she let her eyes fall for a moment, then lifting them with a flash of anger, she exclaimed:

"Well, I hate her—hate her!"

The absolute dramatic force of her attitude, gesture and voice struck Orton with singular effect. There was nothing of conscious melodrama in it, no overwrought display of feeling, but a simple, direct expression of suddenly aroused anger as deadly as the poison of a snake. It disclosed a picturesque, almost startling reserve of barbaric force in the girl's character.

"Lalie!"

"Lalie!"

Chimed the chiding voice of her parents, with the usual understrain of approval. Orton laughed with an effort at lightness and shook off the subject by making inquiry of Garcin touching the geography of the region around about them.

He learned that the population of the Bay St. Louis country was scattered and weak in numbers, the plantations being few and far between, while the people who lived by fishing, hunting and kindred pursuits, dwelt in cabins along the coast or on eligible hammocks beside the bayous, whose meandering channels were their highways of labor, trade and travel. On a direct line it was not more than 50 miles to New Orleans, but the impassable marshes bordering the Rigolets and the lakes Borgne, Ponchartrain and Maurepas, lay between, to say nothing of those awful cypress swamps the haunts of the alligator, the deadly moccasin and the panther. Eastward, on the other side of the bay, the wilderness was broken by but few settlements until you come to Mobile, while northward the country was settled at intervals varying with the character of the land and the facilities for transportation produce to a proper market.

Indeed, the more Orton found out about the region he was in, the more isolated, individual and strange it seemed to him. It was a place for hermits, misanthropes, fugitives, law haters and romance lovers. Surely it was a good place for an artist!

CHAPTER IV.

FROM BRUSH TO SWORD.

For a few days subsequent to that whose events are outlined in the foregoing chapter, Orton was busy with his sketch book and pencils making water-color notes of whatever pleased his fancy in the surrounding landscapes, from mere bits of natural history set in sepia, to broad, vivid views of marsh and bayou made to glow with a tropic fervor of color.

By most adroit management, through slow degrees of persuasion, he had finally obtained Lalie's consent to sit for him. He made one rapid sketch to show her how well she would look in a picture. It was not a little idealized. An inspiration, had, in fact, flung into it that nameless charm so often indicated in the half-accidental work of over-imaginative artists. She was pleased, fascinated; not more by the beauty of herself reflected therein than by some indefinite but infinitely sweet consciousness of its higher significance, the relation it bore in some way to the cultured and teeming world whence the artist had come and of which she had had her dreams.

"How do you like it?" he demanded, holding it up before her in such a way that she had the best possible view of it. "Does it look like you, Ma'm'zelle?"

"Oh! oh!" she cried, clasping her hands before her and catching her underlip between her pearly teeth. "Oh, but it is beautiful, magnificent! Let me take it in my hands."

For awhile he kept it away from her, knowing well the value of arousing her to the highest pitch of feeling. It was charming to watch the color come and go in her expressive face, where the shadows were so deep and where the sunshine was so strong, a face typical of the hot, shady, wind-swept, sea-cradled tropic islands of the farther south. The pleading of her half-gentle, half-savage voice, the eager, hungry flash of admiration in her yellow-brown eyes, and the nearly audible palpitating of her breast filled Orton with a new consciousness of her uncommon beauty.

Presently he handed the sketch to her and said:

"It is not half so beautiful as you are, Ma'm'zelle Garcin, not half." He was not dreaming of flattery; for the moment he was carried away with the thought of what a portrait he could make of her, and he was quite sincere in what he said. "If you will permit me," he went on, "I will show you how lovely you will look in a finished picture. Will you?"

She was too thoroughly lost in devouring the sketch to give ear to what he was saying; but she did not fail to hear his remark about her beauty, for she was a woman. The little picture itself was, by some irradiating process, instilling into her heart a delicious sense of her own charms, a something never reflected from mirror or heard in the indulgent flattery of father and mother. It was as if a warm, exhilarating waft from some far away Eden of perfume and joy had flowed over her heart, stirring it strangely and sweetly.

Orton watched her with growing admiration of her half-childish expression and also with a fine inner acknowledgment of the significant compliment she was unconsciously giving him.

Suddenly she started, held the sketch before her at arm's length, and looking from it up into Orton's face, exclaimed in wondering inquiry:

"Am I like that? Am I so very, very beautiful, Mo'sieu Orton?"

"Indeed you are," the young man answered with cordial promptness, speaking as he would have done to a spoiled but fascinating child.

Tears of joy leaped into her eyes and bedewed the black lashes, as for a moment they drooped as if weighted with a thought.

"Then, Mo'sieu," she said, looking up again with eager, vivid insistence in her face, "then, Mo'sieu, I am as lovely as Ma'a'zelle Rochon, am I not?"

"Certainly, you are," he responded, but this time with a vague uneasiness. "But now let me pose you for a better sketch,"

Lalie was trembling with delight. Anything that he wished now she would do. Her heart was swinging in her breast like a merry bell and filling her whole being with its fine, fairy chime.

Orton, with a decided reverence for the barbaric in form and color, arranged a background of palm-leaves against the wall on the veranda, in front of which he placed Lalie's low chair draped in the folds of a rich old brocade curtain of red and gold. Here he seated her with her cat on her arm and a mandolin beside her, while the short, heavy gun she loved to shoot with lay across her lap, its dark, richly carved stock appearing just below the arm upon which lounged the tawny cat. Her dress was of white stuff heavily flowered with purple and vermilion; one foot, shod in a high-heeled slipper of fine leather knotted with ribbons, showed itself below the skirt. She looked as one would imagine a savage princess might, who had just returned from a hunt in the jungle or from a journey over the desert.

For several days Orton worked before the girl wholly lost in his art purpose, unaware of the rapid progress of the spring or of the almost delirium of happiness in which Lalie Garcin was reveling. The creative mood was upon him giving the power of absolute vision, and he was painting the girl as this vision dictated, softening some of her traits, intensifying others, blending, dimming, glorifying, idolizing.

Sometimes Madame Garcin came and looked on in wrapt content; but Garcin himself appeared for most of the time too restless and anxious about something else to give more than a passing glance now and then at the rapidly growing picture.

Orton noticed that certain dark-faced men came quite often lately, and consulted in a mysterious way with Garcin. These visitors appeared at any hour of the day or night, coming, as a rule, by way of the bayou. Evidently there was urgent business of some sort on hand, but the young man did not trouble himself to find out what it was. When the picture was finished, however, and he had shaken off the abstraction its making had induced, he could not fail to discover that his host and hostess were trying to hide a matter of trouble. It was as if they were anticipating calamity, but were unwilling to admit the fact. All this was rather shadowy than real in appearance, and it scarcely disturbed the young man's enjoyment of the rambles in the woods which he resumed with fresh energy.

The picture, covered with a light cloth, sat in Lalie's room, and she for a time found her chief pleasure in lifting the veil and sitting before the beautiful counterfeit of herself and feasting upon its deceitful flattery. This could not content her long, however, for she grew restless when Orton was away, wandering from room to room, straying listlessly in the large garden, or sitting upon the dock and gazing into the gray-green water of the bayou. In some way these few days had flung into her life a sudden and strange maturity for one so young. She looked taller, she was more reserved and quiet of manner and her face wore the expression of one who pondered over sweet but disturbing things.

Meantime, some rather startling matters were in progress in the Bay St. Louis region. Old Gaspard Rochon had determined upon crushing Garcin and his free-booters because he found them outwitting him in collecting the valuable revenues afforded by unlawful traffic with certain coast cruisers. Indeed, Rochon had been king of the coast for so long and with such absolute sway, that when he discovered a wide-spread and well-matured plot to dethrone and discrown him, he became like a maddened wild beast.

"Que diable!" he roared, "I will kill every nigger of them, from Garcin down to Victor! I will sink their boats and burn their houses and leave them nothing—nothing, the accursed nigger bandits!" This is translating his language very mildly; for he cursed horribly and swore as only a reckless old outlaw can. Forthwith he began preparations by calling together as secretly as possible a large number of his most trusted and desperate men. He armed and manned several small vessels and organized a company to operate on land. His movements were not so swift, however, nor yet so secret that Garcin and his coadjutors failed to get wind of them in due time. So it came to pass that a battle was imminent in the secluded little nook where Orton was finding so much to interest him so deeply and to fill his imagination withal.

Quite undisturbed by the evidence of Garcin's preparations because utterly ignorant of their worst meaning, the young man kept on with his sketching and his wandering in the woods, delighted when now and again he was fortunate enough to have a glimpse of Mlle. Rochon, whose grace, beauty and high bearing won upon him rapidly, the more, perhaps on account of the romantic and picturesque circumstances surrounding her life. On but two occasions did Orton see Rochon himself during that and then only momentarily, riding through the woods at a gallop, his huge form and grizzled hirsute face making him a noteworthy object.

The days rapidly slipped past until Orton had been at the Garcin place for nearly two weeks, and never had he enjoyed a sojourn more keenly. The weather was superb, the balmy luxury of a semi-tropical spring was in the air and was making the woods rich with color and fragrance. On the wide marshes the tall grass was green and brilliant as emerald, while the lazy bayou crept through like a thread of silver.

One evening after a pleasant dinner with Lalie and her mother, for Garcin had been absent all day, Orton coaxed the girl into the room where the spinet was and she played and sang for him; but he could not help seeing that she was unusually reserved and quiet between songs.

"What is the matter, Ma'm'zelle Garcin?" he inquired presently, "you are not unhappy I hope."

"I don't know what it is," she said, "but I all the time feel that something evil is going to happen soon."

"Oh, play something bright and cheerful, sing a really gay song and shake off your dolefulness," he lightly said, going to stand beside her at the spinet. "Has your cat been telling your fortune again?"

She made no answer, but drummed idly on the keys. In a moment she looked up quickly and demanded with sharp directness:

"Were you at Rochon's place to-day?"

"I was near there," he responded.

"Did you see the Ma'm'zelle?"

"Yes, Ma'm'zelle."

"Do you see her every day when you are out?"

"Not every day; but why do you ask, Ma'm'zelle Garcin?"

Her eyes fell, and she flushed with confusion for a moment; then she recovered herself and said with a laugh, that in some way was displeasing to Orton:

"Oh, I supposed that you had fallen in love with Ma'm'zelle Rochon; she is so very rich, grand and beautiful."

"'No," said Orton, "I am not in love with her. She has never so much as spoken to me. I am in love with my art and my freedom, Ma'm'zelle, and I have no room in my heart for love of a woman."

"Then why do you go looking around there every day?" she demanded. "Are you really trying to spy upon the doings of Mo'sieu Rochon?"

Orton laughed; and yet he was by no means pleased. Something in Lalie's manner rasped upon his temper, and he did not like the look in her eyes. It was a relief that Garcin arrived just then and came in abruptly, evidently in a very nervous mood.

"Go tell your mother that she and you must go at once. There's not a moment of time to spare—go!"

Lalie's face blanched in a peculiarly ashen way and she went out without a word.

"Mo'sieu Orton," added Garcin, quickly, "there is going to be fighting here soon. I am sending the ladies away out of immediate danger." Here he paused and hesitated.

"What is it? What is the trouble?" inquired Orton, quite startled, but holding himself calmly. "Explain to me."

"Certainly," replied Garcin, "you shall know. Old Rochon has called his men together and is coming to attack me. My men are not all here, but most of them are. We will give the old devil a hot welcome, Mo'sieu Orton."

"This is strange," exclaimed the young man, looking intently into Garcin's face. "I don't understand the meaning of such work. What is the trouble—the cause of——"

He was interrupted by the return of Lalie accompanied by her mother and two or three negresses, the last much excited, their eyes rolling white and their teeth chattering audibly.

"You've brought this upon yourself," cried Mme. Garcin, addressing her husband with almost brutal fierceness, you wouldn't be satisfied with letting well enough alone, but must go and interfere with old Rochon. I hope you are satisfied."

Garcin paid no apparent heed to this sharp rebuke, but gave the woman at once to the care of two dark men who had been waiting at the door.

"Take them to the hummock," he said with authority, "and Lazare, be back at once; don't waits a moment."

Orton could never forget the look that Lalie cast upon him as she went through the door. It was full of an indiscribable yearning blent with an almost savage despair. Her eyes were tearless, but the expression in them suggested more than tears could possibly have done. Her lips trembled strangely as she said: "Good bye Mo'sieu Orton—au revoir."

Evidently she tried to speak lightly, but she did not succeed. She clasped her father in her arms and kissed his parchment cheek with passionate tenderness.

"Goodbye, Mo'sieu Orton," she cried again and was gone.

There was very little of mere sentimentality in Orton's nature, but in some way he was deeply touched, moved, indeed, as he had never before been moved. No time was permitted him, however, for giving himself over in the least to such feeling. All around the sounds of a body of armed men making ready for fight broke the usual stillness of the evening. This could not fail to rouse the chivalrous blood of the young adventurer and thrill him to his finger-tips.

"But what shall you do, Mo'sieu Orton?" demanded Garcin, nervously. "You had better go to the hummock with——"

"Stop Garcin," said the young man sternly and laying a heavy hand on the little fellows shoulder. "Stop, sir. I am neither an ingrate nor a coward. I will stand by you to the last in in this matter; but you must explain so that I can act with intelligence."

Garcin grasped one of Orton's hands in both of his own and almost kissed it.

Just then the report of a musket came from a little way down the bayou. Two seconds later there was a scattering fusillade in that direction and Garcin darted away, but he returned in a short time, while Orton was arranging himself with gun and pistols.

"Buckle this on you, Mo'sieu," he exclaimed, handing the young man a belt bearing a heavy rapier in a scabbard, "you may need it soon."

Orton did as he was bidden and then followed Garcin, who, now that the woman had been safely removed, appeared to have lost all his fussy nervousness. They passed out through the garden and down to a little slough that led into the bayou. Here they found 10 or 15 men in open line.

"Command these," said Garcin, "they are all brave men." Then he passed along the line telling them that Orton was to be their captain.

[*Continued Next Sunday.*]

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MADE a mash, why, how? Bought a "Belle" Jane Hading veil by the yard at 75 cents. It's just too lovely. Sold by all drygoods houses. su

THEY HAVE TO WORK.

Why Elegant Young Men With Money and Leisure Can't Have

A GOOD TIME IN NEW YORK CITY.

Everybody Works There and Life is Rather Stupid for

YOUNG SWELLS WITHOUT OCCUPATION

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

A FEW days ago I chanced to be walking down the sunny side of Fifth avenue, when I discovered an acquaintance leaning against the railing of a corner house, the picture of boredom and dejection. His hat was on the back of his head, his hands were in his trousers' pockets and he gazed moodily and mournfully at the pavement. He is the son of one of the famous rich men of New York, a man of 30 years, and is usually regarded as an amiable and good-natured person. He nodded as I came along, and asked me if there was anything going on.

"In what way?" I asked.

"In any way out of the humdrum of everyday existence."

"Not that I know of."

"Of course not," was the morose reply. "New York is as stupid as a back country village. I love it, and so do you, but I cannot help thinking what a howling outrage it is just the same, that all the amusement and fun is being crushed out of the town. It is not only that they are stopping the public balls, cutting up the Polo Grounds, moving the driving parks miles out of the city, preventing all boxing, sparring and athletic exhibitions by police force and shutting up all the places of amusement wherein wine, women and song effect a felicitous combination, but it is the spirit of everlasting repression and caddishness that governs the town.

IN A HUNDRED YEARS.

A hundred years from this, New York will be the greatest city in the world. We will have a glorious climate, and the will of the people will predominate, so that we will have all the entertainments of the fun-loving Germans and French, as well as the sports of the English and Americans. I don't know what to do no more than myself. My life is as monotonous as that of a confidential clerk in a down-town drygoods house. I rise at 10, breakfast at 11, and at 11:30 or a little time thereafter, my barber comes and shaves me. I can't go out until he does me up, because if any one else shaves me I look as though somebody had passed a lawnmower over my face. This gets me up to noon, and at 1 o'clock I am down at the club for luncheon. After that I would like to know what on earth there is to do. There are a thousand things going on every afternoon in the other great capitals of the world, but no longer in New York. It is all nonsense to say that we have no leisure class here, for the town is filled with sightseers and strangers at all times."

"Why don't you drive?"

"Oh, drive be blowed! The park is filled now with a lot of youngsters whom nobody ever saw before and hopes never to see again. No one ever thinks of going out there until 4:30, and then there is a continuous stream of English traps, driven by rank outsiders, who have little clothes, and drive their little horses around the little circle, and then return home, feeling that they have done a great thing. We went in for trotting stock for awhile, but up the road it is simply a succession of drinks. Once in awhile I get desperate in the long afternoons—we do not dine until 8, you know—and I drop in at a matinee. It did not last very long. If there is anything on earth more thoroughly disheartening than the feeling which comes over a man after he has come out of a matinee. I don't know what it is. You feel exactly as though you had been playing poker all night."

DRIVEN TO WORK.

What the man complained of was really the best feature of New York life. There is absolutely nothing going on during the day, and even rich men's sons are driven to work. That is why the atmosphere of New York is so much healthier for young men than the atmosphere of the big towns of the Old World. A man who does not toil in New York is looked upon as more or less of an anomaly; whereas, in London or Paris, the man who works for a living is regarded with a feeling of gentle but fathomless curiosity by the greater number of his friends. When our leisure class has reached its full development there may be more fun in New York before the gas is lighted for the night, but it will be a healthier atmosphere for young men.

The amusements of New York's younger generation do not begin and end with what may be called "show driving." The fact is, there is very little real solidity in the procession of traps in Central Park. There are but two or three tandems in the city now, and they are driven by men whom nobody knows. Tearts, dog carts and gigs of various patterns are not as fashionable as they were. They are still correct enough; but a queer fad has caught the Anglomaniacs here. The most ultra English of all vehicles are the little ash buckboards which were recently adopted in Great Britain. The buckboard itself is an American invention. About ten years ago our carriage manufacturers developed the vehicle, and it was taken up by a lot of wealthy people at Newport and Lennox. Sideboard springs were introduced, the dashboard and seat were constructed of beautifully embossed leather of a light brown shade, the wheels were almost as light as those of a sulky, and the horses were harnessed well forward to a long ash pole. Altogether, it made a wonderfully smart and taking little wagon for rambling around the country roads. At all events, it caught the fancy of the rich people of Great Britain, and the carriage manufacturers here had endless orders. Then the British carriage builders took up the fad.

THE ANGLOMANIACS.

In the course of time, a few Anglomaniacs discovered what a stupendously swagger thing the buckboard was, and brought back some English imitations from London. That was enough. Now the buckboards are decidedly in the van. As is usually the case, however, the Anglomaniacs have made the mistake of using the vehicles for city use as well as for the country. They drive them in the park during the afternoon to teams of well-matched cobs, and evidently fancy themselves serenely at the top. Notwithstanding this, however, the buckboards are a welcome relief to the eternal sameness of the carts and gigs.

This same misconception of the time and place for exhibiting a new fashion may also be applied to the tailless dress coat or shell jacket. Everywhere one goes in public now there are to be found troupes of young men in evening dress, but nearly all of them wear the tailless coat. At a theater or opera, even when they accompany ladies, the Anglomaniacs apparently feel *au fait* in what is to them a new garment. If a man were to appear in such a dress in England in public he would be the cause of universal derision. The shell jacket is regarded in England simply as a slight improvement upon the dressing gown or smoking jacket. A man would no more think of going to the opera there in a shell jacket than he would think of wearing his dressing gown.

Originally the jackets were worn by officers on service in India. The heat there is very great, and the officers devised a light and cool imitation of the dress suit to wear on state occasions. When they got back from service in England a great many of them kept their fondness for these light and comfortable little garments; but at no time did they rise to the distinction and dignity of the old-time clawhammer. Now that they have started here, however, there will be no stopping them for the next five years.

It is a curious thing, by the way, that there is no diminution of this Anglomaniac craze. It is not quite true that the absurd and silly imitators of the English are beginning to drive on the left-hand side of the way, but they are certainly pushing the craze for British manners, intonation and clothes to an absurd point.

AMERICAN CADS.

For instance, a few days ago, I went to a breakfast at Delmonico's where no less than four out of seven men wore single glasses. Two of the men are from Philadelphia, and it transpired in the course of a talk that they had none of them crossed the ocean. I do not ever remember to have been in a crowd of half a dozen men in London where as many as three or four affected the single glass. A great many men who are near sighted over there, carry a thick glass in their waistcoat pockets, and peer through it when they wish to see at a distance; but they do not attach a string to the monocle or wear it for any other purpose than that of convenience. The glass over there is by no means as common as people usually suppose. Bad actors and queer specimens of the genus swell in America are the only ones who keep up the absurd affectation. In England and France, men often carry a glass when they wear evening dress, merely as a means of decoration apparently.

The present stage of Anglomania in New York is not particularly attractive. The men have the surliness of the English without the solidity or good nature. It is too much on the surface. Englishmen are curt and reserved in public because they are always afraid of the presumption of a class or grade lower than the one they chance to be born in. They are always on guard in public. From the keeper of a public house to a prince of the blood there is always the same stern and unrelenting endeavor to keep the man below from climbing up. Hence the heavily fortified armor of snobbery and austerity. This manner the New York Anglomaniac has succeeded in copying, but the cardinal mistake he makes is in not knowing when to throw it all off. That is where there is such a difference between the British snob and the New York imitator. No matter how austere an Englishman may be in public, the instant that one is alone with him and he is fully satisfied that you have a right to be in his house he is genial, frank and hospitable. Not so the Anglomaniac. He is a cad first, foremost and forever. Now that I think of it I doubt if he is even worth writing about.

BLAKELY HALL.

THE OPEN WINTER OF 1816.

It Lasted Twelve Months and There Was No Summer.

Omaha World.]

"The open winter" of 1888-'89 will have a companion when the history of the century is writers. The year 1816 enjoyed an "open winter" during the entire 12 months, being frequently referred to by cotemporaneous writers as "the year without a summer." All through the settled portions of the United States there was a frost in every month, crops were ruined and farmers called it the year of "Eighteen hundred and starve to death." Snow fell in November of 1815, but there was none in December or January to speak of. Christmas and New Year were "warm, open and green," and faithful to the old saw that "a green Christmas makes a fat churchyard." The old people predicted all sorts of dire calamities, and the results would justify it. January was a very mild month, the sun shone every day, and a little snow that fell hardly covered the earth and soon melted.

People prepared for great storms and extreme cold weather in February, but were disappointed, as it was even milder than January. Toward the end of the month and during the first days of March a terrible storm raged and gave place to cold and boisterous winds. The weather in January was repeated in April, but grew colder as the days passed, ending with snow and ice and very low temperature. In May ice formed an inch thick on the rivers and streams, buds and flowers were frozen, and the entire corn crop was killed. Frost, ice and snow were common in June, and all attempts to raise vegetable products failed. The condition of the farmers is described as being desperate, and they were compelled to hoard their crops of the year preceeding and necessitated a big increase in prices. Almost everything was killed, and the fruit was nearly all destroyed.

July was accompanied with frost and ice. The 4th was cold and a blustering wind, raw and uncomfortable, swept the entire Atlantic coast. On the following day ice was formed of the thickness of window glass in New York City, all through New England, and in Pennsylvania. In August ice half an inch thick was frequently seen. September and October presented the nearest approach of summer weather than any other month in the year, but in November extreme cold weather began, and a severe winter continued up to April, when summer began, and permitted the farmers to realize bounteous crops.

The same condition of affairs existed in England as in this country, only it was not so severe. In central New York it is stated corn was so badly frozen in the summer that it was cut down and dried for fodder. The warm weather in January so encouraged a Vermont farmer that he planted corn, and in fact some of it was in good condition during March. Farmers were compelled to pay $4 or $5 a bushel for the corn of 1815 for feeding purposes.

TEXAS FLEAS IN GEORGIA.

A Little Insect That Kills Entire Coveys of Partridges.

Elberton (Ga.) Star.]

Sportsmen throughout this and neighboring counties report that partridges are getting very scarce and threaten soon to become exterminated. Some persons say this decrease is due owing to so many wet summers of late years, the young birds being drowned and the nests flooded and eggs spoiled. We notice, however, that several papers argue that this disappearance of partridges is owing to the introduction into Georgia of the Texan flea, brought here by the Texan ponies. The insect attacks the birds and soon attacks them to death. It is said that entire coveys are soon killed out when the Texan flea gets among them. There is no doubt about one thing—partridges are getting scarcer every year.

Why the Hemp Party Was a Failure.

A TALE OF THE WESTERN BORDER.

"No more hoss-stealing for him. Now, sonny, three minutes to say your prayers."

"Now, boys, all together!"

He had traveled with Barnum as the "Serpent-necked Wonder."

PRESIDENTAL ADVICE

Bob Burdette Offers Some Suggestions to General Harrison.

HUMOROUS MESSAGES SUGGESTED.

A Communication Bristling With Wise and Witty Points.

HOW TO DEAL WITH THE MUGWUMPS

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

To President Benjamin Harrison:

MR. PRESIDENT: I am emboldened to write to you by reason of a personal letter which it has been my fortune—or shall I say fate—to receive from our mutual friend, Mr. John Wanamaker, of the United States; or, to be more explicit, of the Earth. Referring briefly and with that reticence which is so characteristic of the man, to his own relations with the administration, and expressing his own view of the situation which now confronts us with a conditional theory which is akin to a theoretical condition: Mr. Wanamaker says, speaking of a tariff for revenue:

"Your kind attention to your December account, as per bill rendered, will be greatly appreciated by "Yours truly,

"JOHN WANAMAKER."

You will perceive, Mr. President, by the familiar and noticeably persistent tone of Mr. Wanamaker's frank and cordial note, that this matter has been discussed by us more than once or twice; and while I am willing to admit that I am, perhaps, more conservative in my action upon this measure than our esteemed friend, yet I fully agree with him concerning the more important features of his bill for the accretion of the surplus, and will cordially move either to recommit it, or, if it would better meet the views of the administration, to press it, with an avoidance of undue haste befitting the gravity of the situation, to a third, or even a fourth reading.

Having thus, I trust, established my claim upon your consideration, not to say deference, by the foregoing allusion to the cordial and intimate relations already existing between myself and one of the warmest and most deserving friends of the administration, I will pass on to matters not more important, perhaps, to myself and Mr. Wanamaker, but more general in scope, and somewhat more national in character.

ABOUT THE CABINET.

It appears, from what I have learned through trustworthy sources, that, after all, you formed your Cabinet without consulting me. This was probably an oversight, reasonably caused by the overwhelming duty of daily receiving large and constantly increasing throngs of old school-mates and long-lost cousins, but as some 50,000,000 of other influential people, citizens of the United States, were overlooked in the same way, I will let it pass. In fact, it has passed already. I trust that everything else you do for the next four—or, permit me to hope, thus getting my fine work in ahead of the boys—eight years, may pass as easily with the Americanibus Populorum, which, by interpretation, is, American people. I don't know how you keep up your Latin, but unless you keep it up better than you used to get it up when we were boys at Hinman's, I had better construe as I go along. I think I will, for my own sake. Howbeit, I will not dwell on these painful memories.

AT THE WHITE HOUSE DESK.

You are now a servant of the people. In this land of the free bear in mind and remember, the master is servant to the hired man, and no housewife has any right in her own kitchen. Serve your masters, the people, as they are accustomed to serve their masters, the children and servants, willingly if it please you, unwillingly if it displease you, but do as they bid you, just the same. Do not waste too much time at that precious "desk" at the White House, of which we have heard so much in bygone years. When this country wants a clerk, it is rich enough to hire one, or even two. When we elect a President, we spend sufficient time and money to hire enough clerks to run the Government 25 years. Save enough out of your salary and stationery allowance to buy a little desk for a dollar and wear it on your watchchain; then you can truly say that you are always at your desk, and you won't waste any time about it. There is a heap of precious time wasted at a desk. The development of a most excellent clerk may be the spoiling of a good President. Fifty thousand dollars a year is a great deal of money to pay a man for holding down an office chair and playing solitaire on a lock-stitch typewriter. Don't be a clerk; be President. I think you will; it runs in our family.

MESSAGES AND STATE DOCUMENTS.

And don't devote too much, and a very little is too much, time to writing compositions on the "Ethics of Popular Government," "The Conservation of the Conservative in Conservatism," Civil Service Reform as a National Discipline," or that sort of thing. All this you should have attended to at school, when you were in the line of doing—or, possibly, occasionally of not doing—exercises. People enjoy good compositions on practical—and impractical—moral—and otherwise—subjects, but they require them to be rather highly spiced with humor to make them palatable, and that is something. Well, any time you want anything of that sort, any of the "funny business," you know, grafted into your messages and documents, if Riley isn't around, send for Eugene Field, or—oh, well, any of the boys will be glad to help you out any time. I'm stopping right here in Bryn Mawr (pronounced Bryn Mawr) myself; all the time. Reception hours after 1 P. M. Been staying here through two administrations—liable to keep on staying, unless—however, we won't discuss that now. But don't be a contributor to the waste basket. Be President.

DON'T BE A PHRASE-COINER.

But, again: don't spend much of the time which belongs to the people to the production of "phrases." Phrase-making is a free and unprotected industry, and you were elected on a distinctively protection platform. Anybody can make phrases who has a mind to. Men have made phrases and phrases and phrases; and then they have heard the masters of the feast say, "Give this man place, and get thee to a law office where talk is the staple." Remember how long was sung the chant, "A public office is a public trust." Nobody knew just what it meant, but it was like an echo valve; it sounded well, in a horn. Mr. President, in our younger days—and how pleasant it is to recall the good old times when one of the good old-timers has been called to a position where he has it in his power to make times good for the other old-timer—do you not call to memory the legend, the well-known euphonic creation of a phrase-making genius of an older day, illuminated by the portrait of the conventional setter dog, deceased, that hung on the decorated walls of the grocery at Martinsville, "Poor Trust is dead?" Ah! yes; and the next line went on to tell what killed him. Do not wear out your Thesaurus hunting for strange, wild words of questionable character, and don't stare a blister on the ceiling trying to coin new ones of uncertain pedigree. Don't be a phrase maker; be President.

PERSONAL AND DOMESTIC HABITS.

If you can do so without neglecting other public business, issue a daily bulletin of your personal life and domestic habits. This would relieve the inventive faculties of the Washington correspondents of a great strain, and give to the people trustworthy information upon these matters. I observed quite recently, most appropriately published in the "patent insides," a two-column interview with the Statesman, Imported, who expects to be cook or chef to the President of the United States. As the statesman told the reporter all that he knew concerning the lives and habits of the Presidents who had the honor to be served by him, so, doubtless, he will reveal all that he learns or imagines about you. You can anticipate him by telling it yourself, and say—if you will permit an old friend to drop into the colloquial what a grind it would be on the Chef, or Cook, if you should tell all you know about him. Although, to be sure, it wouldn't do for the President to take liberties with the Cook. There were Cooks long before there were Presidents. Think this over. If it be true, as as has been reported in print, that you have an inherited weakness for the Demon Pie, you will have to make your own, and eat it secretly by night, in bed, if you would keep your weakness from the world. And even then, the terrible secret would leak out, in all its sickening details and with accompanying diagrams—forgive me that the wicked thought of saying diaphragm entered my teeming brain—in the Sunday papers.

Do not aim to treat all men alike. Why should you, merely because you are President? Do all men treat you alike? "Beware of entrance to a quarrel, but being in," shut your eyes and slosh around with both fists until you have cleared a large circular space around you as far as you can reach. The advantage of closing your eyes before you begin is, that you can't see who you hit, and sometimes the man nearest to you is the man whom you want to hit the hardest, but being President, you feel that you can hardly do so, if you know it. Cut this out and past it in your hat; it may cost some fellow his head.

JUSTICE TO THE MUGWUMP.

Deal gently with the Mugwump, lost bird that moulted out of season and migrated on mistaken wings; flying south in the very morn of the balmiest June-breathed winter that ever wreathed this continent in summer smiles, and then suddenly turning to beat the air northward, when the belated blasts from the Arctic caves turned all the mists of spring to frosty rime. The Mugwump know not what they want. Nor what they think. Nor do they fully believe they believe what they believe. Be kind to the Mugwump; we might have been born that way ourselves. You would not be impatient or harsh with an Indian because his ideas on politics and one thing and another are vague, and crude, and amorphous? Then do not be hasty with the Mugwump; he knows as much as an Indian. Not so much as all Indians nor even two Indians, but just one Indian; and I'll let you pick your Indian. Be just to the Mugwump. Give him all