FLORIMAR OF FLORINGEN

—BY—

ERNEST H. HEINRICHS.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

THE King of Ilkaland was celebrating his 25th birthday and it was a day of great joy and rejoicing at the court. All the nobles and grandees of the country were present, and the array of gorgeous costumes, of riches and elegance, was magnificent to behold. The young monarch had not spared any expense to entertain his guests. Grand banquet halls had been prepared, tournaments were being arranged, horse racing, running, shooting and fighting were indulged in, and everybody said that no more enjoyable festival had ever taken place in the history of Ilkaland.

When the banquet table was spread in the evening, the royal board filled with the most delicious dainties and the richest wines, the scene in the hall was truly enchanting. The beautiful room with all the costly furniture and ornaments around the wall; with the elegantly dressed courtiers; with the exquisitely delicate display of everything delicious on the banquet table that represented a most fascinating picture for even the most fastidious.

There was one feature, however, the grand festival lacked, and that was ladies. There was not one to be seen anywhere, and thus the greatest charm of social gatherings, the brightest gem of all attractions in life, was absent, and it was not long before a good many of the young courtiers noticed it. And when the enjoyment of the festivity was at its highest, and the hearts of some of the guests had warmed up in the general excitement, one of the earls requested the King to let him make a few remarks. His Royal Highness graciously acquiesced, and the guest said:

"Long live the King; long live my friends; may the glory of our country never wane, but may our renown constantly keep in the ascendent for evermore. The subject on which I desire to address you, my King and my friends, concerns us all, and His Majesty in particular. Look around you. Look at the glittering walls; look at the reflecting mirrors, look at the wines on the table, look at the viands and all the other things to delight the mind and stimulate the body; look at it all. Was there ever such richness, such grandeur, such delicacy displayed anywhere? No! because there is not another country equal to ours in any of these qualities, we can put them all in the shade. But one thing we lack. It is the something without which life is but a barren field, enjoyment becomes wearisome, glory loses its encouragement, success its reward and ambition dies out within us all. I am speaking of woman.

"Just imagine for one moment our assembly here graced with the ever glorious presence of a queen. Her smiles upon us all from yonder seat beside our noble King would be like sunshine to all of us. To please her, to shine before her, to listen to her words of approval would stimulate us all to grand deeds of valor, would encourage us to become heroes and would urge our ambition to glory and nobleness of purpose. As the world would be more like a cemetery without the ever-charming presence of women, as the garden would lose its attractiveness without the blossoming rose, as the woods would be a harbor of awful monotony without the sweet song of birds, as the river would lose its fascination without the fish, so is a kingdom without a queen an abode where discontent is bound to creep in and breed disgust and misery, indifference and lethargy. Woman is the alleviator of all dissatisfaction; she is to man what perfume is to the flower, what a breeze is to the barren desert and what makes life worth living.

"For that reason, my beloved King and master, I, in the name of my brethren at this festive banquet board, beseech you to look around among the countries of this

Around the Banquet Table.

world and choose a queen to whom we, as your faithful subjects, may do homage, and in whom the noble deeds of yourself and your servants may be reflected in a halo of everlasting glory and magnificence."

When the earl sat down a murmur of applause arose all around the room, and as the King himself seemed to be pleased at the speech the murmur soon became a grand ovation. Then the King spoke.

"My friends and vassals," he began, "the noble earl has simply anticipated a desire, which has been felt by me for some time, and I fully intended to make you acquainted to-night with the wish I have to seek for myself and my country a queen, who must be to me the brightest jewel in my crown, and to you a being fit to receive your love and admiration. For this purpose I desire two of you to come here to-morrow morning, and I will place in your hands the credentials which will make you welcome in our neighboring kingdoms. Each of you is to go and see for himself where the lady most befitting the honor of being your queen may be found. Within three months you will come back and report to me. We will then judge of your success and make our choice."

The courtiers were all satisfied with the King's speech, and the next morning Wolmar and Boldon—the two ambassadors selected—appeared before the King.

"Now listen, gentlemen," he said, "the task before you is by no means an easy one. He who comes back and is successful in bringing the lady of my choice shall be honored and rewarded without measure, but he who fails to please me will have to die. In order to convince me of who has made the best choice, I want you to bring me a picture of the lady when you return."

Thus Wolmar and Boldon left on their important mission; one went this way and the other somewhere else.

In about two months the two men had completed their task and they met together on a ship bound for their home.

"Well, let me see your picture," said Wolmar to Bolden one day, and Bolden handed it to him. When Wolmar glanced at it he was perfectly amazed at the beautiful face before him, and he knew at once that Bolden's choice would carry the prize. He therefore resolved to steal Bolden's picture and give him his own, which was not half so good looking. The next night when Bolden was asleep, Wolmar quietly went to the trunk where he knew Bolden kept the picture of the beautiful lady and exchanged them. Then as soon as morning came he escaped from the ship and by a short route he ran home as fast as he could. Although the picture he had originally was not of a very good looking lady, she had given him lots of presents of gold and diamonds, so when he arrived before the King, he stated:

"Most gracious monarch, this is the picture of Princess Florimar, of the country of Floringen, and these are the presents she sends you with her love and devotion. Your name, oh, King and Lord, and the glories of our land opened the doors for me everywhere, and I was received and honored with all courtesy wherever I went."

The King accepted the picture and the presents, and he expressed his admiration of the beauti ul lady in many words. Then he laid it aside, saying: "Boldon will have to do well if he wants to save his head."

In the meantime Boldon, however, had arrived in his country also. He had never taken the trouble to look at the picture of the Princess again, neither did he give the fact any thought that he had told Wolmar who the lady was. Boldon was an open, straightforward and honorable man, who believed everybody to be as honest as himself. It was he who had gone to Floringen, and when he saw the Princess Florimar he at once felt assured that she was the most beautiful lady in the world. When he had told her and her father the errand he had come on, both were much pleased, and as he went away with the picture the Princess said:

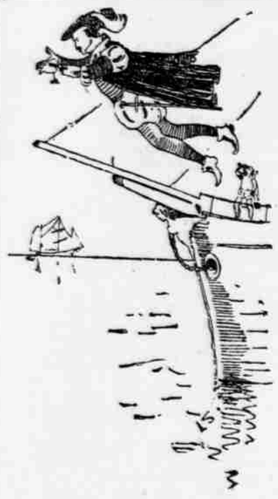
"Hero, Boldon, is a golden shoe buckle; take it and give it to your King, and when he wants me to come to his lands as his Queen tell him to send it to me by you and I will come." Then Bolden, much gratified with his success, departed.

When he arrived at his own King's castle, he at once opened his trunk and pulled out the picture, holding it before the King:

"This is the picture of Florimar of Floringen," he said, but before he could say another word, the King shouted:

"Stop, you arrant knave, that is not Florimar, but here she is."

Then he held the picture Wolmar had stolen from Bolden's trunk before him and Bolden nearly fell to the ground with



Wolmar Escaping With the Princess' Portrait.

anger. But it was too late, he tried to persuade the King that he had been at Floringen and that that picture had been stolen from him, but the King would not believe him, and he at once ordered the executioner of the country to come and take him away and behead him.

But the executioner was a great friend of Bolden, and when they got a little way from the castle he told him to run away. This Bolden did and he saved his life.

A few weeks after the King sent to Floringen to fetch Princess Florimar, but as Wolmar, who had been sent, did not have the golden shoe buckle, she would not come.

"Go and tell your King to send me the man with the golden shoe buckle, and I will believe that he wants me."

Wolmar was dumfounded when he heard this, and when he returned home the King was mad. He went himself to Floringen, and when Florimar told him that she had given a golden shoe buckle to the man who brought her picture, the King began to realize that Boldon might have been right after all. He sent for the executioner and asked him where Boldon was, and when he heard that he was still alive, Boldon was sent for.

Princess Florimar at once recognized him, and asked for the golden shoe buckle. Boldon handed it to her, and the lady then expressed her willingness to be the King's wife. The King was delighted, and he took Florimar to his castle, where the wedding was held with due pomp and ceremony.

Wolmar was hanged the next day, but Boldon was greatly honored by both his King and his Queen.

AMONG THE INDIANS.

Inspection Tours Being Made by Officers of Mission Societies.

THE WORK IN NEED OF WORKERS.

No Room for Lazy Christians Whose Garments Have Become Glossy.

POLITICS ARE ALSO OUT OF PLACE.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

RED ROCK, OTOE AGENCY, I. T., June 18.—The general superintendent, Dr. Dorchester, of Boston, and his wife, are making a tour of all the Indian schools. Their object is to ascertain the efficiency of the present incumbents, and to recommend the retention of those found interested and efficient and the removal of the unworthy. The Doctor is a Methodist minister, and seems to be paying more attention to the morals of employes than to their politics; indeed, he is making a specialty of the competence of employes as regards their moral standing. He asks such questions as: "Is he profane? Does he drink? Of what church is she a member." The Indians need good examples among them, of course; live, energetic, Christian people. They need workers, not lazy Christians whose garments become glossy like satin from hours of ease in their study.

Now will be the opportunity to exclude politics from the Indian question and enforce the civil service rules to the letter by retaining all efficient Democrats in the service, especially those of long experience and good records. But like Puritans who fled to the New World to escape persecution, and became as great persecutors as those at home, we are afraid that this new administration that advocated civil service so energetically during the past four years will find it a dead letter now when it comes so close to home. We are so very selfish that our conscience can stretch wonderfully, and money has a potent tendency to change our views. We see through different channels now.

This country and the moneyed offices belong to no one party, and should be equally divided. When the question of the civilization of a people as degraded as the Indians are is before the people; when so much time, energy, money and controversy are expended in their behalf, and when the result of experimenting is so important, it is not the time or place to allow politics to decide the question of the fitness of employes for these positions, or sect either for that matter.

A PLEA FOR LESS BIGOTRY.

Oh, that the world might worship God, and follow the example of his beloved son and let dogmas, rites and ceremonies be blown away like so much chaff. I hate bigotry in any form. I hate this wrapping of one's religion about one's self and looking up like hypocritical Pharisee and thanking God for being a Methodist, or a Baptist, or a Presbyterian. Said a missionary to me once: "Wouldn't you be happier if all the employes in your school were Methodists?" The answer called forth the emphatic declaration that he would like to see a Methodist church on every hilltop throughout this Territory. I would like to see churches scattered all over this country whose membership were filled with charity for all and malice for none.

Dr. and Mrs. Rust, of Cincinnati, have also been visiting Indian schools. They represent the Woman's Home Missionary Society, Mrs. Rust being Recording Secretary of that organization. She and ex-President Hayes' wife are intimate friends, and both seem to be taking a lively interest in employes of these schools. The present agent for the Osages secured his position, I heard, though Mrs. Hayes' influence. The Methodist Church is gaining, or wants to gain, a strong foothold among the Indians. The missionary now among the Osages has succeeded in getting the Indian council to vote her $60,000 for her school. She is a Methodist sent out by the Woman's Home Society.

Mrs. Rust carried home with her one of little Dick Shunnatonna's pastel drawings of an Indian standing on a rocky cliff looking at a train of cars sweeping around the curve of a hill just across a deep ravine. She told little lame Dick as he stood before her in a condescending attitude that she would show it to Mrs. Hayes. Dick's face face shone like sunshine, and his round head—the Indian boys have nicknamed him Dick Roundhead—seemed to grow rounder in anticipation of the honor. Dick is a natural artist.

The question of vacation or no vacation is agitating the minds of both children and employes. We all need a rest, a change of scenery and diet. The children are

LONGING FOR JERKED BEEF

cooked as their mothers cook it, good fried bread and the freedom of camp life. Much as we love them, and are interested in them, we, too, are longing for a relaxation from the cares that they bring us; and if permitted to return to their homes for at least a month, they will be all the dearer when they return to us, and brighter, too. But, by those in power it is argued that they retrograde so much, forget the English and all they have learned here at school. It is true they do forget, and may retrograde, and so white children, and even good religious church members have been known to retrograde during a summer vacation. But the great principle of rest from labor, especially mental, which is followed in all schools, is good for the Indian's undeveloped mind which cannot stand too great a strain upon it. And the buildings need a complete, renovation, and all need a rest.

Ration day again. Hungry again. Here they all are—ponies, papooses, blankets, beads, feathers, paint, dogs, parasols and variegated umbrellas, and a hot wind blowing the dust into every crack and crevice, turning the beautiful parasols and umbrellas almost inside out. The women, with hot red shawls about them, are pressing up close against the commissary door; others with their children are squatted on the roadside, while the men are walking about very leisurely, as becomes an Indian gentleman. The old, old universal law of a fight for bread, a jamming and a pushing and a scrambling for the sustenance of this life. When the summons come in such a terrible manner as in the past few days; when talent, wealth, energy, all, all are swept away with one mighty sweep, how little and paltry all things earthly seem when weighed in the balance with eternity.

SOME NEW DEPARTURES.

Superintendent Luckey Gives Teachers an Idea of Novel Instruction Soon to be Imparted — Election — Johnstown Relief Funds Disposed Of.

Yesterday two institute sessions engaged the attention of the pedagogic profession. The morning session, at the Grant school, was well represented by the teachers of steps 1, 2 and 3. Superintendent Luckey desires the teachers of these steps to introduce in September the usage of diacritical marks and phonetic spelling. If the introduction proves a success, all the grades will follow in the wake, and know how to use diacritical marks.

The general session in the afternoon was but fairly attended. It has been the custom for the past years to elect the officers of the institute at the June session; but as yesterday's meeting was not as well attended as usual, it was put to the vote of the institute whether the officers should be elected now or in September. It was decided to have the election, and at once a ticket was in progress. While the returns were in progress Deputy Superintendent Houck, who was present, made a few remarks in his entertaining manner. The plan of having noted lecturers at the general session of the institute, the practice of the past year, was favored.

A resolution offered by Professor A. G. Burgogne, of having two general sessions of the Teacher's Institute, one in October and one in January, at which educational topics will be discussed, was passed. An educational record will also be published.

There was a long discussion concerning what disposition to make of the funds collected in the Pittsburg schools for the Johnstown sufferers. Some thought the money should go to the Johnstown teachers exclusively, while others maintained that it ought to be turned over to the General Relief Committee. The majority voted to give the money to the Relief Committee, which Secretary Reisfar will do this week.

The following named officers were elected: President (ex-officio), Superintendent Luckey: Vice Presidents, J. K. Bane and S. A. Andrews; Executive Committee, C. A. Riddle, William A. Proudfit, J. M. Logan, S. D. Everhart; Permanent Certificate Committee, C. B. Wood, J. K. Bane, W. W. Kennedy, G. W. Kratz and Miss Ella McCutcheon.

Educational Echoes.

THE provisional certificates will be issued tomorrow.

THE pupils of the Grant school will give their annual entertainment next Thursday afternoon.

THE pupils of No. 1 of the Hazelwood school, Twenty-third ward, will picnic at Blair's Grove next Friday.

THE public schools close next Friday. On Saturday the teachers will receive their salaries for the month of June.

THE annual school jubilee, in connection with several school exercises, will mark the closing of the school year at the Humboldt school next Friday.

IT is reported that Miss N. Y. Boice, of the Grant school, will not return to school after this term. Her marriage is expected to occur in the near future.

NEXT Thursday will be visiting day at the Mt. Washington school. The school jubilee occurs the following day. Prof. McCargo, who has been quite sick, is rapidly recovering.

THE Franklin school feels elated just now. Of the Central High School graduating class of this year five of its members were pupils of this school, and three of them take honors.

TO-MORROW the final examination for all applicants to High School commences. The studies will be history and analytical arithmetic; Tuesday, arithmetic and orthography; Wednesday, grammar and composition.

MISS MARY A. GRAY, a successful teacher of the Luckey school, will be married early in July to Mr. R. Smith. There is every likelihood that another of the Luckey school teachers will grace someone else's home before vacation is over.

MISS ANNIE EDWARDS, who has just graduated from the Maryland State Normal School, is visiting her cousin Miss Lizzie Edwards, the well-known teacher of the Peebles school. Miss Edwards has just been elected a teacher in the Baltimore schools.

THE National Teachers' Association meets in July at Nashville. An excursion party of educational people from Pittsburg is on the tapis. The expenses of the round trip can be had for $21 50. Those wishing to go must signify their intention before Wednesday.

THE trouble over the dropping of the Misses Forbes, Payne and Aughinbaugh, of the Moorhead School will be settled Tuesday night. The friends of Miss Aughinbaugh say she will be reinstated. There are a number of applicants for the positions. The trouble was the source of much gossip in educational circles yesterday. The Minersville School Board has also asked for the resignation of one of its teachers.

A PRIMITIVE CRAFT.

Fishing in Welsh Streams From an Antique, Cranky Coracle.

DAVY JONES' FAVORITE CRAFT.

An Exciting Voyage Down Rapids and Past Rocks.

TROUT EXTERMINATED BY SAVAGE PIKE

LLANGOLLEN, June 10.—Every schoolboy knows, or, at any rate, has been told, that the coracle is the ancient British boat; but how many people have seen a coracle or know the method of its navigation? The case for the antiquity of coracles is a pretty strong one, for there is evidence of their use by the British in the time of the Romans; but such has been the uprooting of cherished beliefs in recent times that few people probably would be surprised to hear thot coracles had never been heard of before the middle of the last century, and that the first had been used, not by Noah, as the prevalent belief in Wales is, but by one David Jones (of locker celebrity), of Llangollen. There is much in the coracle, however, which favors the idea that it is a primitive boat. That a large wicket basket covered with skins would float is an idea which might occur to man at an early stage of civilization; that it might be made big enough to hold a man, or even two, and that it would be convenient for crossing rivers, and even for floating down them, while its lightness would make it easily carried up them, would be merely a development of the first idea. We therefore (we hope not rashly) believe in the Welsh legend of the antiquity of the coracle, not going further back, however, at present, than Roman times. But the present coracle is, as might be expected, a development, but by no means a very advanced one; the wicker has given place to ashen laths and the skins to tarpaulin.

Coracles vary in shape slightly and also in size. There are single and double ones—i. e. to hold one person or two. The largest size of double coracle weighs about 60 pounds; the smallest single one, perhaps, 30 pounds. The nearest thing to it in shape that we can think of is one of those large walnut shells into which Limerick gloves used to be stowed, and which in bygone ages were considered suitable presents for ladies. There is a considerable bilge, the bottom of the coracle being much wider than the top; the largest and heaviest draw only two or three inches of water; a narrow plank is fixed across the center for a seat.

A CRANKY CRAFT.

The extreme crankness of the craft may be inferred from the method of getting into it; you put one leg in, sitting down with the same action, and then draw the other in carefully after. To people of some temperaments it is somewhat exciting to know that there is only a piece of tarred canvas between them and the raging flood, and that there are rocks and fallen trees under the discolored water; but a good coracleman manages his boat very skillfully with his single paddle held in one hand, and just as you are in the middle of the turmoil of a fearful rapid, with rocks ahead and on each side, on which shipwreck seems inevitable, a dexterous sweep of the paddle takes you between the breakers, and, before you can wink comfortably, you find yourself in the pool below, gliding along in perfect serenity. Coracles are used in many Welsh streams and on the Severn; but, we believe, little elsewhere in England. The most systematic use of them, and the longest voyages made, are on the Dee, in the Vale of Llangollen, the "wizard stream" of Milton; the "holy Dee," "the dear brother of Severn," of Drayton; the "sacred Dee" of Tennyson; and verily the scenes through which the coracle fishermen on the Dee passes are ever-recurring scenes of enchantment.

From no position can river scenery be so well seen as from the middle of the stream; and when one pictures to oneself a voyage of a dozen miles along the windings of a river in such a vale as that of Llangollen, it is easy to conceive that lovely bits of scenery are repeated at every turn. Now the frail craft dashes down a rapid, the waves boiling on either side of it; now it glides on the surface of a long, deep, silent pool, buried in the woods, over the tops of which the purple hills appear. The foliage is rich beyond belief, and in the spring and autumn its varied colors give the most charming effect. "Cool mosses deep" clothe the banks, wild flowers peep forth. Animals are not very shy of the coracle, trout take the fly close to it, sandpipers flit about with the most transparent pretense of being there only for amusement and of having no nest anywhere in the neighborhood, waterouzels show their white throats and little round bodies on the rocks for a moment and are gone, an occasional kingfisher flashes past, his splendid colors glowing in the sunlight, willow-wrens hop jerkily about on the banks, and bright-eyed water-voles eye you curiously before they take their plunge.

GET OUT AND WALK.

Accidents rarely happen in a coracle. Where the river is very difficult the man who paddles makes the fisherman get out, and sometimes the ship itself is landed and carried past a dangerous place. Formerly coracles used to be carried for long distances on the men's backs; now the railway has come to the fisherman's assistance, and his boat goes with him to the station nearest to his starting point, and from thence is carried to the river. If a hole is knocked in the bottom of the boat by a rock or the branch of a sunken tree, the coracle man paddles to the bank, lifts out his coracle, lights a piece of taper he always carries with him, melts the tar on a patch of tarpaulin he produces from somewhere, and sticks it over the hole, like a large piece of sticking-plaster; in a few minutes it dries, and you are off again.

But it is time to say something about the fishing, and sad it is to say that, whatever the beautiful scenes you may feast your eyes on in a coracle voyage, however enjoyable the frequent change from the tearing rapid to the gently moving stream and calm, still pool, the trout fishing on the parts of the Dee where coracles are used is not good—it is not what it used to be some years ago. When it is considered that the fisherman fishes some dozen miles of river, that he has access to both banks, that he fishes places which can be fished by no one else, and that he takes some five or six hours about it, most people will think that on a good day he ought to fill his basket. It is not so now, and the reason is not far to seek. Since the great encouragement of salmon which has taken place within the last few years, trout are sensibly diminishing in rivers where salmon run. Both salmon and sea trout, when they go down stream in the spring as kelts, are voracious, and there is no doubt that they kill numbers of trout; but the Dee holds a much deadlier foe to trout than the salmon.

MURDEROUS PIKE.

There are pike all along its course now, and they are practically ineradicable. It is said that a Sir Watkin Wynn of olden time put pike into Bala Lake. These fish soon made their appearance on the river. Some years ago it was said that they had not been seen many miles below the outlet of the lake, but now they are below Llangollen at any rate. If relentless war were waged against them, if they were netted and nightlined in season and out of season, and a price put upon their heads, their numbers might be kept down; but it is practically impossible to exterminate them, particularly when a supply can always be maintained from Bala Lake. The numbers of trout might be increased by breeding, and turning large quantities into the river, and it is said that some riparian proprietors are doing this; but it is rather a hopeless and discouraging task to provide trout for the pike to feed on.

It is not of very much use either to provide other fish, for the pike prefer trout, and there is no doubt that they kill incredible quantities. If each pike were only to take one trout a day some idea may be formed of the large number that must be destroyed in a year where pike are plentiful. Trout fishing that is worth having will in a few years be a thing of the past upon the Dee if the present state of things goes on. Only one coracle is now maintained at Llangollen, Looking forward to the extinction of trout in one of the best streams possible for their maintenance makes the fisherman feel sad.