



In a Country Practice. These short serial stories are copyrighted by Bachelier, Johnson & Bachelier, and are printed in The Tribune by special arrangement, simultaneous with their appearance in the leading daily journals of the large cities.

It was late November the year after Dr. Ashurst's death, and his two daughters and their mother were in a good deal of trouble. He had been a man of infinite gentleness; he had gathered some good books and a very few good pictures. He had made his family happier than any other family in all that region ever dreamed of being. He was still a good bit this side of age when an attack of pneumonia brought him quickly to his end. People who had allowed themselves to take his talents and gifts for granted were surprised into doing him tardy honor, by finding what recognition was given him.

It had been a long, sad year since the good man died--indeed "they needed a doctor up at Alton," as he had said at the beginning of his brave career. There was many a poor soul that felt unbefriended now and unaccompanied, with no one to look to for help, spiritual or material. And as for Dr. Ashurst's own household, the sorrow of poverty was added to sorrow itself. The mother and her two children were left really poor. John Ashurst always

hoped to leave his family a good sum of money, to buy a comfortable life insurance before he should be taken away, but the necessities of the moment always hid the fear of the future. He had lost what money he had by the failure of a bank, and he had never been provident. It was the rainy day with which he concerned himself. Now that the small bills that could be collected were all paid, many accounts having never been kept at all and still more forgiven--it was but a poor dependence, and the girls were wondering what they could possibly do. One had inherited her father's gift of teaching, and had gathered a little school, but it was more a thing of love than of business, and of late she had taken the district school near at hand, and her poor pay was the mainstay that was left. They had always felt so rich all their lives that they did not know how to feel poor, exactly. In the late years when Dr. Ashurst had been sent far and wide, and now and then a large fee came in his way, they had begun to feel like people of fortune. And only the last Thanksgiving day, the fortnight before his three days' illness began, what joy they had in making happiness for many households! The old chaise had gone its rounds with a high-backed mound of beneficence under the buffalo robe, and this old woman must have this thing to make her happy, and the other something else, for Thanksgiving was still kept in all its glory of neighborliness and good cheer in Alton, and Christmas itself seemed to be the happier for young people, because their elders and betters made the most of the earlier festival.

"The doctor's study, where a light was apt to burn so late on winter nights, was a plain room full of books, with a great desk and some three-cornered chairs which had been old Dr. Ashurst's before they belonged to our friend, whom the elder people still call the young doctor. There was a curious odor of drugs and Russia leather bindings. There was a huge wasp's nest on one bookcase, and a bust of Dante on the other, and a beautiful old engraving of Sydenham hanging on the wall. One could not help finding it a charming, scholarly sort of a place; there was still a delightful air of sympathy and friendliness, as of a place where people were sure to come to tell their troubles, and sure to go away comforted.

It was the day before Thanksgiving, and one of the doctor's daughters, who had often been his companion, was sitting there alone. She had been looking at the books and making a list of some of them, about which one of her father's friends had written her. He had made a good offer, out of friendliness, but both Dr. Ashurst had known what good books were, and had left behind them some volumes of very great value. Of course they must all be read, and it was a good chance, but Nelly Ashurst loved these particular books, and treasured them all the more because her father and grandfather had treasured them too. She took down the old copy of the Religio Medici, and held it for a moment--then she kissed it and put it up again, and went over to the old desk to lay her head on her folded arms and cry. The night before a proposal had come from her mother's sister in one of the seaboard towns, that they two should come to her to spend the winter, leaving the eldest sister, who was the doctor's only daughter, to go and live with her school. In the summer they could perhaps let their house, for Alton was near one of the

hill towns where many people came to pass the summer. "At any rate," the aunt had said kindly, "when you are fairly here, we can talk over plans and do what seems best." She was not a woman, and Nelly Ashurst was grateful for such thoughtfulness, but her mother, who had had many illnesses, was only well among his high, dry hills, and she sobbed to herself over the old desk: "This is an end of our home, an end of our home!" There seemed to be nowhere else to look, for the winter at least. Perhaps when summer came they could indeed come back, and find some people who would come to board in the pleasant old house. But their independence and old free ways were assailed; they must do what they could now, and never any more what they wished. Nelly Ashurst mourned with the despair of youth. She could almost feel her father's hand on her shoulder in kindly reproach, but her trouble was all the more bitter, for the poor girl, because it seemed in some vague way to be a rebuke to him whom she loved and made her hero. She had never felt the weight of pain and care as she felt it now. She thought of her mother's hopeless face.

"Nelly, where are you?" said her mother, suddenly, just outside the door, and Nelly dried her eyes in a hurry, and crossed the room to stand before the bookcase in the shadow. "Nelly, dear," said Mrs. Ashurst, coming in. "Here are some letters, and the poor old Dent sisters are coming up the yard to see us--think of it, this cold day! I wish we had something--I really don't know how to be poor at Thanksgiving time," and her voice faltered. "They shall have a pie at any rate, and they shall come and sit in here in the dear study--they will like that best."

"Mother, mother, quick!" said Nelly. "Don't mind them, let them wait a minute. Oh, see here!" and she held a large letter sheet before her mother's eyes. "I had turned quite gray and pale. "It is not only some circular, or something like that--it was directed to father. Somebody who lived in Cuba--who died last month, has left father and his heirs--she could not hold her voice steady--"has left father in kind remembrance of most helpful services in time of need \$50,000, to be paid at once according to directions. Oh mother, mother!" "Let me see it, dear," said the frail little woman, shaking with excitement and coming back across the room. "Oh, if your dear father were only here! And how often I have thought that so many people were ungrateful, and he always said that the poor had the best paymaster, or that he only asked for happiness enough to get his work done, and was glad of the liberty to use what skill he had--and now this comes, like a gift of his provision, for his girls and me! Why, Nelly, dear, don't cry so!"

"There are those two old Dents knocking and knocking--could you let them in, mother?" said Nelly, laughing and crying at once. "Oh, what a Thanksgiving we'll have! I wish Sister Lizzy would come. What will she say? Fifty thousand dollars! Why, father said once that he wished he had just that for his old age and for us, and no more; it would be all--"

Her mother, a little dazed, had gone to bid the poor old guests a glad welcome. Old Sarah, the dependence on the doctor's household, who seemed entirely one of themselves, was away that afternoon, and part of the sorrow and uncertainty that was hardest to bear had been in the thought of turning her out of her home, if they themselves must go. Now the dear old home was going on, and the little comforts and helps for many a poor person who was sick and old were to go on, too.

The mystery of the legacy was never made clear. Nelly vaguely remembered her father's saying something about a sick, old man, a merchant in Cuba, to whom he lent his thick plaid

London Pictures by Richard Willis

Interesting Resume of the Important Events of the Week. PRINCESS ALIX IN DISGUISE. Incidents of the Czarina's Sojourn at an English Watering Place--Stands as Godmother for Twins--Results of Incessant Rains--Political Talk.

Special Correspondence of The Tribune. London, Nov. 18.--The future wife of the czar, Princess Alix, was staying for some time quite shortly at Harrogate, a small watering place on our coast, and, of course, she was much watched. She went under an assumed name to avoid publicity, but the truth soon leaked out and the poor girl was followed about and stared at by rude nosiness in a most disgusting manner. She appeared most simple and natural young lady and stopped at a quiet house. A funny thing about her visit was that all she stipulated was that there should be no children in the house, and, strange to relate, on the very day that the princess entered her apartments the landlady presented her delighted (?) hubby with twins. The poor man was in a dreadful way and felt it duty bound to acquaint the lady with the news. Instead of tying off the princess stayed on and personally stood as godmother to the children, who were named Nicholas and Alix. This is a rare stroke of good luck for the landlady and his prolific lady, as the place has already been extensively patronized.

The final trial of the murderer Read has been the sensation of the week. Diligent "London letter" readers (and who is not?) will remember that Read shot a young girl after getting her into trouble and left her body lying face down in a pool of water and she had decayed. It was shown that, though a married man with a family, he possessed several lady loves in different parts of the land. Read has maintained a composed demeanor throughout the trial and is a smart looking young fellow. But his smartness is of no avail, as he is hank by the neck until he is dead. A most disgusting and cruel evidence was elicited during the case, and a strange feature of the trial was the evident affection for the prisoner by family and dupes alike. A veritable coward, too, who not only murdered the poor foolish girl, but disgraced his family, robbed his employers and was the means of separating a husband and wife. The judge summed up against the prisoner and the jury took but little time to come to their unanimous verdict of guilty. The prisoner protested his innocence, but did not say where he was at the time of the murder and he left the court a doomed man.

In our last letter we alluded to the translation of Horace by Grand Old Man Gladstone; this week it is the turn of the leader of the opposition, Mr. Balfour has written and published a truly clever and profound book "A Defense of Philostrate's Doubt." We Englishers are, I think, justly proud of the honorable rivalry that exists between the two old parliamentary champions in the field of letters. It is seldom that politicians shine in the literary world, but these two great statesmen are equally successful in the scientific and literary studies. Mr. Balfour's book has made a stir not one whit less than the work of Gladstone did last week.

England has been visited by heavy and incessant rains and the result is that many parts of our little island are under water. The city of Bath is completely flooded (the name is unfortunate) and the only means of locomotion is by boats. The greatest misery prevails there and the position of the poor people is deplorable. In the county of Surrey many cattle and sheep have been drowned and the valleys are deep with water and in many places the railway traffic is stopped. Around the coast the storms have done very considerable damage and in many places wrecks and daring rescues have been numerous. The new promenade pier at Dover has been partially destroyed and the coast guard cutter has been much delayed. The Thames has overflowed its banks and whole fields and villages are flooded, even in certain parts of London houses have two feet of water in their basements, and unless the rains soon cease the damage and distress will be terrible.

One is accustomed to reading strange and sickly accidents and deaths from electricity in the American papers but it is very seldom that fatal accidents occur from the same cause in this country. But a strange scene was witnessed in Cannon street in the heart of the city one day recently. A horse drawing a carriage fell down suddenly and the coachman himself fell down to the ground unharnessed the animal when he experienced a series of severe shocks and was obliged to escape to the pavement. Several bystanders endeavored to help, but were all thrown to the ground and two were so seriously injured as to necessitate their removal to a hospital. Within a few minutes of the horse's death several explosions occurred and one of the boxes of the electric light mains was hurled in the air. Engineer's arrival and found that a leakage in a gas pipe had come in contact with an electric spark. Moral--Wear rubbers!

The "Masqueraders" has returned to London very much improved and is in its present state one of the finest plays we have seen for many a long day. It is one of Henry Arthur Jones' and in its original form it lacked interest owing to the small heroine's part and was but a duel between the hero and the villain. But now we have a breathing, intense and interesting woman and the part is a great one and is undertaken by a new actress, who is destined to make no inconsiderable mark in her profession. The part of Dulcie Landon, the flirt, the coquette and once light-hearted and then ashamed woman, is admirably filled by the charming Miss Evelyn Miller, and Miss Evelyn Miller than ever and Herbert Waring is a fine contrast. We are promised another of Jones' plays and we look forward to it, as the writer of "The Middleman" has never disappointed us yet.

Horse racing is nearing its exit for the season and M. Cannon comes out a little on top of T. Loates as far as winning mounts go. During the recent racing at the Liverpool meeting a huge race was declared void, owing to a most singular mistake. In order to facilitate the quick working of the programme, instructions were given to the servants of the course to take away the hurdles as the geese jumped them. The clouds removed the hurdles

right enough, but commenced the wrong end; the consequence being that the jumpers had nothing to jump toward the end of the race. The owner of Roland Groome is distinctly unfortunate, as he had backed his horse to win a good round sum.

Our politicians are still making vigorous speeches all over the country. They are very much the same; the Liberals say that Ireland shall have home rule and the Tories must go. The Conservatives say home rule shall not come about until the order is given, and the Irishmen go for both parties and come for each other. And there you are, don't you know. The result of the elections in America seem to have found great favor in this country, and American business is already looking up. Yankee mines are claiming much more attention, too, owing to ominous reports from the Australian gold fields, where the gold is said to be playing out.

The Swazi warriors are happy now. The queen has given them an audience. The chiefs were delighted at their reception and the cordiality of the "queen mother," and they were tremendously impressed by the brilliant uniforms and arms of the soldiers. They were introduced by the marquis of Ripon and duly delivered the loyal message they were the bearers of. After gazing open-mouthed at the royal apartments they returned to London in a mystified state. It is gratifying to the South African visitors to have seen the queen and their wondrous narratives must make a profound impression upon the gentle Swazi when they return.

AS TO TRILBY. It is a Most Charming Book, Full of Beauty and Grace, but It is Not True, so at Least Thinks Mr. Dana, from The New York Sun.

Those who have read "Trilby" will regard as an impertinence any statement of criticism of the novel. It is a masterpiece to those who have not, let us say briefly that while the story is drawn out of the same elements of youth and love which every novelist, but somehow they grow old or tedious, Mr. Du Maurier has written his tale with such originality, unobtrusiveness, and elegance, such rollicking humor and delicate touches of the highest play of every little fancy, all running so briskly in exquisite English and with such vivid dramatic picturing, that it is only comparable in the mass of readers poured out under the name of novel writing, to the freshness and beauty of a spring morning at the end of a drizzling winter. Many of those who have read it think that the novel is not so good as it is. It is, however, a thoroughly unique story, and one begun in it is not put down until it is finished, by the artist, the schoolgirl, or the man of the world.

The discussion about "Trilby" chiefly centers about the book's morality. For the scene of the story is laid in the bad girl land known as the Bohemian quarter, and Trilby, the heroine, is an artist's model who earns her living by posing, nude or draped, either in portions or in "the altogether" which she has, in fact, mostly by reason of her parents' faults and her unfortunate early surroundings, lost the one virtue "which gives its name to all the rest." When the novel was printed serially in Harper's Magazine, the passages were thought by the editor to be a little too strong and were eliminated; but these passages remain unaltered in the book. It is a story, they are simply those in which Trilby tells frankly of certain incidents in her life, and the author defends the necessities of the artist's profession as regards the use of living models. He says that who thinks the passages immoral we cannot agree. Mr. Du Maurier has treated with candor some facts belonging to the realm of things which are not to be talked of, and which, being talked about, he has done this with singular manliness and delicacy, and with entire absence of mawkish or other vulgar sentimentality. The impression of Trilby's character left on the reader is entirely that of a noble, generous woman whose life is not a sin but a tragedy.

Not an Immortal Book. And yet, having given the book and its author a warm and a friendly word, I am tempted to point upon those hearts Miss Trilby's divine feet are dancing so merrily, must forgive the belief in that the story has little share in the powerful rhyme which drives the plot. It is a story of prices. It is a strong and bewitching tale, but it is not great. "Trilby" is a moving piece of sentimentalism which, as we have said, is not to be taken too real. It presents a picture of life which is striking, but false in fact and design. It is not great because it is not true. For the same reason, unless it is read wisely, it may prove a bad influence on those who are carried away by its fun and whimsy. Trilby may see its substantial untruth, if they like; by comparing it with a real masterpiece, they will be able to see the difference. We are not thinking here of the improbable share that hypnosis plays in the story. This, of course, is mere fantasy, though a weird and powerful one. But the artist, who is so fond of pointing out plainly that the artist of the Latin quarter, in Paris or elsewhere, are not Trilby's more than they are George Ethel or Clara. We think, however, that Maurier's readable fiction will do harm if it induces any young man to believe that the bright gristle of his acquaintance is a noble, grand-souled creature like Mr. Du Maurier.

Bohemia Not Fit to Live in. We are not terribly scared about the matter. If the reader will keep his eyes open, he will see clearly enough that he is enjoying a brilliant poetic fallacy, which the author himself is not to be blamed for after all the sermons about "nothing to chase as nudity," was Little Billie shocked or horrified when he saw Trilby naked on the posing position. He is certainly not the scene, the great artist, M. Carrel, took Trilby away instantly, and try to comfort her, remembering "that he had daughters of his own at home." And why did Little Billie's artist conductors, who are artists in nudity, tell Trilby that posing "for the altogether" wasn't just the thing? We do not quarrel with the poets, either of Bohemia with generous license and fanciful exaggeration. We all of us like to read what they have written, and their words of winsome unreasonableness are infectious. We are not like the straits of the plaintive song, which Mr. Du Maurier has made the musical motif of his story. But in real life the poets and writers, those of them who are true to anything, regard Bohemia with more professional affection, and they get away from there as soon as they can. When John Boyle O'Reilly wrote that he had rather live in Bohemia than in any other hell, he did not mean that in what he said, although he made a delightful poem out of it. He knew very well, as Du Maurier knows, that it is an interesting place to visit, but there are no more pitiable species in the world than the men who stay there and grow old there; and that in truth, it should be seen once and happily lost, which was found once and happily lost, as Carrousselle is the country which we are always looking for and never find.

Woman Suffrage Vindicated. Fifty-five per cent. of the votes in Colorado was cast by women, and Governor Waite may well say that "the women did it." The wives of workmen have been things to see many times, but the women have made them realize the fallacy of theories. Of what avail to make laws favoring a special class if those drive capital out of the state and deprive the masses of the poverty becomes the rule and enterprise is stifled?

What Woman Never Does. From the Albany Argus. A woman never marries the man she plies, nor plies the man she marries.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS. Physicians and Surgeons. DR. G. EDGAR DEAN HAS REMOVED TO 616 Spruce street, Scranton, Pa. (Just opposite Court House square).

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