THE SCRANTON TRIBUNE --- SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 9, 1895.

Of and About the Makers of Books.

Some of the Latest Volumes To Issue from the Press.

There is nothing in Ibsen's latest | slon. One wishes, as he reads this book play, "Little Eyolf," (which comes to that William Sharp was placed where us as the first number of a neat new his throbbing phantasles of a perturbed series of books published by Stone & brain might seek some more respectable Kimball, Chicago, and called the Green vent,

Tree Library), that by any stretch of stage requirements could be made the the average playhouse audience. In consequential characters it is virtually limited to three; in dialogue it is prosy, while in movement it is nil. Yet read in the quiet of the study, "Little Eyolf" impresses one vividly and vigorously as a piece of homiletic literature daring in theme and original in treatment. We may be permitted to briefly sketch its few situations as follows: Alimers, a young author,-is it necessary to add, poor?-marries Rita, a young and beauedly devoted to her husband. At the them-Little Eyolf they name him-and later, during a moment of parental chair and is permanently crippled. Inre and more forgetful of him, until at last the finer fiber of the father revolts, he escapes to the mountains, and nesses, he breathes back the pure air of his early manhood and returns, de- Hawthorne's description of the impletermined to be all that, a father should. . . .

It is at the moment of his return that the dramatic personae are introduced to us. The wife, yearning and sensual, had prepared as his welcome, a bacchanallan feast, the seductiveness of which was heightened by various devices, not lished quarterly, is given over to a forgetting her own beautiful appear-ance in deshabilie. This feast he Professions Pay?" Leading doctors, spurns. She upbraids him. Accusa- lawyers and preachers are of the opintions and recriminations pass. Husband and wife analyze each other's weaknesses, as only husband and wife can; and in a petulant outburst of is almost the only one who finds the who hus "come between her and her husband," and wishes he had never been born. Just then, there is a noise among the fishernien beside the near by fjord; a cry of alarm; and father and mother rush to the balcony, only to see a crutch float by, and to learn that Little Eyolf has been drowned none of the fisher folk trying to save him. The episodes of alternating grief and anger and self-revilement which follow this tragedy are poorly fitted for representation on a stage, but they are most forcibly brought home in the text of the play. Indeed, for two acts these constitute the moving impulse of the dialogue. A supposed sister of Allmers, his confidante and frequent com-panion, turns out to be no sister at all; and escapes from the thenceforth danlover. The husband, confirmed by census. In a subsequent article Mr. Eyolf's death in the emptiness of a life Porter expatiates on the magnitude of the over wholly to the senses, seeks the United States' resources and inciseparation from Rita; but in talking | dentaily pays his respects to the newsit ill over with her he discovers that papers which criticized his department's Little Eyolf's death has chastened her, not altogether satisfactory work. also; and they decide, at the conclusion, to devote the remainder of their lives. AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS together if possible, to the relief of suffering children of the poor, having been led to this determination by the recollection that it was because they had, during the seven years of their selfishness, done absolutely nothing for the poor fisher folk at their very door that those folk had lifted no hand to save crippled Little Eyolf from the cruel waters of the fjord. . . . This, all too hastily and inadequately sketched, is the fiction by which Ibse has sought to convey the two-fold lesson of the accountability of those who are rich for the conditions of the poo surrounding them; and also the insufficiency, to civilized and refined natures, of a social union founded pri marily upon the mere physical attractions of sex. It is not a play to be acted In the first place, it could not be acted. so as to bring out its depths and subtelties of meaning; and, in the second, If thus acted it would not be understood, But it is a fletion that in the reading van, Wilhemj, Ignaco Paderewski and telties of meaning; and, in the second of it admits of no equivocations or evasions. It shoots its teachings straight and clear to the mark; and transfixes them in the mind by a most effective employment of words, We have not hitherto been an enthusiastic admirer of Ibsen. The message in such prior works of his as we have been privileged to read is one more cynical than charitable. It has been a message of contempt for the depressed masses; of con descension and almost of scorn for them But here, for the first time, we have him preaching to as a spiritual gospe of tolerance and charity-almost of com-passion for the poor and the unfortunate. There is no scorn for misfortune in "Little Eyolf;" there is scorn only In for lust, unpurified animalism, and fo hypocrisy. These Ibsen fixys with a robust zeal which is characteristically Norwegian; but that done, his ire mel lows into a grand benigmancy and he actually makes as the last command in his decalogue: "Love and care for those who are beneath you." It is a new role an unexpected role, but withal a graclous and a commendable role; and the world will certainly be none the worse for It. "Vistas" is the name of a second number in the Green Tree library. Its author is William Sharp; and his vistas of thought comprise jerky intermixtures of Norse psychology, Howellian realism, erotic impulse and just plain foolishness. These vistas are comnosed in the form of the one-act dramatic writings made familiar to us by · Clyde Fitch, but lacking about every thing that we found agreeable in Fitch's workmanship. We do not desire to burden our readers with very much concerning Mr. William Sharp But we will inflict upon them, as a specimen ad nauseam, a short digest of the theme of one of the vistag-that one entitled "A Northern Night." concerns a young Seotch lassie, soon to be reluctantly married to a man thrice published by E. Bliss, of New York, in her age; a young Scotch lad who is her lover, and one or two minor personages including an invisible, impalpable yet wery-much-in-evidence ghost, or psychic exhalation if you prefer. The short of it is that the iad and the lassie, violating social decorum, skate away, on a winter's night, to a remote and tenantless house, where Eros conquers duty, only to be in turn chilled and horrified by the sudden unseen, yet subdueing by the sudden unseen, yet subdueing gressional library, where literary and presence of the aforesaid wraith. In scientific men can carry on their re-the morning they skate homeward, to scientific without being interfered with by find that the aged husband-to-be had

. . . The magazines for February as a basis of a sufficient production before rule are devoid of startling contents. The chief feature of the Chautauquan is a vividly drawn study of Dr. Parkhurst by Andrew C. Wheeler, better known to the reading world by his pseudonym, "Nym Crinkle." The new Magazine of Travel opens its second number with a graphic study of historic Charleston, with admirably done halfne views of the principal attractions of this venerable South Carolina city. Another pleasing thing in this number is a yarn by Eli Perkins, in which that tiful heiress. For seven years they live droll humorist explains when and how the life of healthy, passionate and self- he first parted company with his veracish youth; he pretending to write a lity. The February Cosmopolitan is a book, his masterpiece, and she, not superior all-round number, good in ilunlike a modern Cleanatra, infatuat- lustrations and in text, but no single article predominates. Preference end of this period, a son is born to given by the publishers to a contribution by General Lord Wolsely on "What China Should Do." The general-who neglect, having its origin almost in is nothing if not conceited-thinks shame, the child falls from his high China should get some English commandant, not necessarily himself, to stead of feeling for the victim of their equip the nucleus of a Celestial land passion, Allmers' and Rita become force and show the pigtails how to fight. orce and show the pigtails how to fight. That done, he thinks China would soon become the greatest power in Asla, if not in the world. Another readable there, amid the solitude and the fast- thing in the Cosmopolitan for adults not subject to the shivers, is Julian ments of human torture used in evangelizing the inhabitants of mediaeval

given over largely to recollections of Robert Louis Stevenson, but has many other contents of live interest. The second number of the Forum library, pubion that they do, more or less; John W. Keller, editor of the New York Recorder, speaking for newspaper workers. jealousy Rita reviles her crippled son, available rewards in his calling utlectually reclaim Chicago, greets us, among other things, with a picture of onclusion one derives from it is that duced. the uncrowned laureate of the stock yards is not nearly so pretty as is his poetry, and especially his child's verse. As for Town Topics, which reaches us deasionally, and which we read when nobody is looking, that clever, satiric and sometimes sardonic weekly gossip journal is continually interesting and intermittently naughty-although we must say it behaves very well these And this was what she said: days compared with what it used to do. The Humanitarian for February offers gerous companionship by deciding sud-denly to marry a hitherto rejected P. Porter, recently chief of the Eleventh glish, but somehow I didn't try to win Commodore Hopkins worthily reprecensus. In a subsequent article Mr. the girl."

. . .

lates that when Caesar and Antony were lates that when Caesar and Antony were maneuvering for position previous to the battle of Actium, Caesar selzed a place called Toryne, which, in Greek, Lang-horne says, means "the ladle," Antony, manifesting annoyance at Caesar's promptitude, Cleopatra asked him "if it was so very dreadful that Caesar had got into the ladle." As ladle is the next thing to seen Cleopatra's set was tentement to soup, Cleopatra's jest was tantamount, according to the New York Evening Post, to saving "Caesar's in the soup."

CURIOSITIES OF WORDS. The Vowels in Regular Order Are Rarely

Found. From London Tid-Bits.

There are two words in the whole range of the English language containing all the vowels in their regular order. They are abstemious and facetious. The following words each have them in irregular order: Authoritative, disadvantageous, encouraging, efficacious, instantaneous, importunate, men dacious, nefarlous, precarious, pertinacious, sacrilegious, simultaneou tenacious, unintentional, objectionable inequivocal, undiscoverable and vexatious. A search through the dictionary might bring several others to light. It s usually said that there are but seven nine-lettered monosyllable words in English, viz.: Scratched, stretched, scrunched, scranched, squelched and staunched. screeched,

Here are some of the shortest sentences into which the alphabet can be compressed: "J. Gray, pack with my box five dozen quills," 33 letters. "Quack, glad zephyr, waft my javelinbox," 31 letters. "Phiz, styx, wrong, buck flame, quib," 26 letters. "I, quartz pyz, who fling muck-beds," 26 letters. 'Fritz, quick! land! hew gypsum box," 26 letters. "Dumpty quiz! whirl back fogs next," 27 letters. "Export my fund. Quiz black whigs," 26 letters. 'Get nymph, quiz and brow, fix luck," 26 letters. In more sober English, the last one would be, "Marry, be cheerful, watch your business." These sentences would make excellent writing copies. for they secure attention to every letter. and profitable exercises for learners of the typewriter, as they take in all the Europe. McClure's for February is keys, and thus familiarize one readily with all combinations. By changin, from capitals to lower case the value of the exercises is increased.

> LEBANON COUNTY ENGLISH. Defect of a Pennsylvania Dutch Beauty

Who Was an Heiress. From the New York Sun.

"The most beautiful girl I ever saw, either in face or form," said the bachefor doctor, "was over in the good old Pennsylvania Dutch county of Lebaterly insufficient for the energy and non. I met her at a party, and fell in agony expended in its discharge. That in love with her even before I knew sprightly little fortnightly, the Chap- that she was worth \$100,000 in her own Book, the mission of which is to intel- right and before I had been introduced to her. The moment I saw her I resolved to try and win her. I was dead 'Gene Field, drawn by himself; and the gone. I couldn't rest until I was intro-"An embarrassing silence followed

the introduction. I had expected a friend at the party, and hadn't seen broke the emmbarrassing him. I silence by asking my enslaver if she had noticed whether he was present. A flush deepened her cheeks. Teeth of matchless white gleaned between her lips as she opened them to reply. "'I haven't seen him, yit. I guess he

hasn't come already."

THE WELSH IN AMERICA.

ome Facts About a Race Noted for Its Large Number of Successful Business and Professional Men. from the Buffalo News.

The first Welsh settlers in America landed in Pennsylvania in 1692. This was in the day of William Penn, and towns with Welsh names-like Meirion, Gwynedd, Cear'narfon, Pencader, Maldwyn-will testify of the establishment of the Welsh in the Quaker state. In 1796 and 1802 the Welsh colony became strong in Pennsylvania.

It is fair to say that the Welsh claim a number of things that do not belong to them. For instance, they say St. Patrick was a Welshman. Camden, the historian, says that he was born in Rhoss, Pembrokeshire, Wales, and states that his father was Calfurnius, a Welsh priest, and his mother was sister to Saint Martin, of Tours, in France, Other historians substantiate this by saying he went to Wales in the year 400. This may or may not be true, but the fact is that the wall that surrounds St. David's cathedral has a gate called at Pen-y-caeran, Remsden, Oneida Portto Patrick. However, it is true that county, N. Y. the officer who was chief in command

of the Mayflower was a Welshman-Captain Jones by name. Captain Reyn olds, of the Speedwell, which had to put back, was also of Welsh origin,

Oliver Cromwell a Welshman.

Oliver Cromwell, whose real name was Williams and who was related to Roger Williams, the founder of Rhode Island, was also of Welsh origin. The Welshmen who aided to found the commonwealth of England and who were n parliament were John Jones, Thomas Harrison and Hugh Peters. These were the men who voted for the execution of Charles I. Philadelphia has probably contained

a larger proportion of Welsh blood than any city in America. The first mayor in the city, Anthony Morris, and the first governor of the colony, Thomas Lloyd, were both Welshmen. The first Welsh book published in this country was by a Philadelphia man, Ellis Pugh, and Dr. Thomas Wynn was the first speaker of the Pennsylvania assembly. Among the signers of the declaration of independence were seventeen men of Welsh birth or origin. Jefferson's ancestors came from the foot of Snowdon

in North Wales. Lewis, who accom-panled Clark to the Columbia river, was of Welsh family. Richard Henry Lee, who signed the declaration of independ-

ence, was a Welshman and had the honor of offering the resolution declaring the colonies free and independent. Of the four delegates sent by New ook to the Continental congress in 1776 three were of Welsh birth-William Lloyd, Francis Lewis and Lewis Mor-

Robert Morris, of Pennsylvania, was ne of the financial mainstays of the American revolution. He was a native born Welshman who came to America as a child. After the battle of Trenton, in 1776, he gave his fortune to help his country.

Number of Welsh Presidents.

Of the presidents of the United States eight have been of Welsh descent-John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, James Monroe, William Henry Harrison, James A. Garfield, Benjamin Harrison, John Quincy Adams. Of those who fought in the revolutionary struggle fourteen generals, seven colonels, and a large number of subordi-

sented the race in the navy.

Little Gems of Song and Story.

Among the Weishmen who have nade a mark in later years may be mentioned Thomas Buchanan Read, the poet; J. M. Francis, ex-minister to Austria; George Jones, editor of the New York Times: Senator Ed. D. Morgan, and the great New York banker,

J. Pierpont Morgan. It is a fact that the wife of Cornelius Vanderbilt, the great stockholder of the New York Central, is of Welsh descent. She was a Gwynne. Rev. Dr. William C. Roberts, of Lake Forest college Chicago, and late moderator of the Presbyterian general assembly, was

born in Wales. William Jones, Vanderbilt's chief agent, and Hugh Roberts, manager of the Atlas line, are both Weishmen. Cadwallader Colden, who first discovered the art of stereotyping in 1779, was Cymro born.

As a religious people the Welsh stand pre-eminent. Outside those who attend English-speaking churches they have 200 church in this country where nothing but Welsh is preached. They have 25,000 hearers and 11,000 communicants. The first Welsh church was established

DANGER OF HYPNOTISM.

One Time When It Worked Like a Boom erang.

It is told of Van Amburgh, the great lion tamer, that on one occasion, while in a barroom, he was asked how he gained his wonderful power over ani-mals. He said: "It was by showing them that I'm not in the least afraid of them, and by keeping my eye on theirs. I'll give you an example of the power of my eye." Pointing to a loutish fellow who was sitting near by, he said: You see that fellow? He's a regular clown, 1'll make him come across the froom to me, and I won't say a word to him." Sitting down, he fixed his keen, steady eye on the man. Presently the fellow straightened himself up, rose from his seat and came slowly across to the lion tamer. When he was close enough, he drew back his arm and struck Van Amburgh a tremendous blow under the chin, knocking him clean over the chair, with the remark: 'You'll stare at me like that again, won't you?"

A TRAIT OF MENDELSSOHN.

How the Autograph Fiend Fared at His Hands.

An amusing anecdote concerning Mendelssohn and some women auto-graph hunters is told by Mr. Seligmann in the Scottish Musical Monthly. The famous composer had conducted a mu-sical festival at Schwerin. "There was a public dinner at which the ladies were present, and Mendelssohn was just sitting down to his soup, when he was surrounded and taken captive by a chorus of aggressive females clamoring Duchess of Newcastle, if the present duke dies leaving no heir to the title for autographs. With amused patience and good humor he allowed himself to be victimized, until a massive matron of mature years handed him her card.

Whether of 'malice prepense' or not I cannot say, but at any rate he wrote faculty of the Royal Academy gave a upon the card the music and words from Haydn's 'Creation,' 'And God reception in the big concert room to Sin created little whales.' This rather per-sonal pleasantry brought the card trick to an end, and enabled the composer to sit down to his soup in peace."

Musical Criticism in Germany.

A Manheim journal has been suspended entitled "Song to Adam." because it published a parody on the em-

Random Notes of Life in London.

Another Bright Budget of Gossip From the World's Metropolis.

Special Correspondence of The Tribune. tween the acts, but the ices are most monstrously expensive. My landlady was going to buy me one, knowing that London, Jan. 26.-This has been a week of disillusion somewhat, and I liked them, but I wouldn't let her many of the idols which I had set up in my imagination have ignominiously tumbled way down to the very ground. waste her substance on them, they are so small and expensive. To begin with, the first disillusion was

Another Disillusion.

Disillusion number three. I had tick-May Yohe, the fair American who has made such a hit over here in "Little ets for a concert one day this week at Christopher Columbus" and in "The which Madame Alice Gomez was to Lady Slancy." Everybody said such be the bright particular star, and as I wonderful things about her that I was had heard wonders of her, I was duly sure I should enjoy seeing her, and grateful for the tickets, and went, takwhen one of the ladies took me the ing another girl along. Well, she is other evening to see my countrywoman black, you know, being a native of at the Avenue theater, I was, of course, India; of the Eurasian caste, and has delighted and went with her in great glee. All the circumstances were favcreated a great furore in England, on account of her voice and singing, and I suppose I expected too much, for she orable, too, for we sat in the dress circle and had a box of chocolates between was quite ordinary. She had a big, hard voice, which she uses rather us, and what more could the heart of bolsterously, in a sleeves-pushed-up-towoman desire?

the-elbow sort of way. It is like most black volces, rather rich and perfectly, May Yohe a Disappointment. But Miss Yohe was a disappointment. true, and really not without interest. There were no great "fog-horn notes" I think her dark Indian face and pecuin her voice, such as I had heard about; liar way of singing are the first causes she is not a great beauty at all, but ust as nice looking, however, as hunof her success, and the interest she

creates. But she is not an artist at dreds more of the pretty brunettes of Pennsylvania Dutch birth who come heart at all. But, just think! on the programme of from Allentown and Bethlehem, in one the very same concert there was a of which cities she, herself, was born.

basso who was simply delightful. His She does not seem to appreciate her every note was a joy, he sang so well Pennsylvania nationality, however, as she gets herself called the "talented and with such an exquisitely handled Californian." Just as if that were as voice. I came home very enthusiastic over him, and when they informed me good as being a Pennsylvanian! I am that he was an American singer I was ashamed of her, I am, not to appredoubly proud of him. ciate her native state more. I suppose the word "California" makes Lon-

The next day we took in one of the London ballad concerts, which are doners think of extensive fruit plantagiven every two Wednesdays and Sattions, and great cattle ranches, and rich gold mines, and such things, and urdays during the season, and having been to one 1 do not want another, as sounds more romantic and wonderful they are dreadfully long. This than if she was honest about her state lasted from 3 p. m. till after 6, and had and called herself the "talented Pennover twenty-five numbers, besides some sylvanian." Well, she is not at all wonderful. California may adopt her encores! However, I had the pleasure of once more listening to Ben Davies, if it likes. Dozens of young women who sang exquisitely; to Signor Foll, on the stage in America are cleverer the good old basso, whom I liked im-mensely, and to David Bispham, the than she is, and dozens of our little ordinary plays better than poor "Lady Slancy." Miss Yohe wore a tremendous num-American basso, whom I had liked so the day before. Mme. Gomez was again on the programme, and Ella Rusber of diamonds in the last act. They el, an American soprano, besides Anwere simply dazzling. I never saw so many before. It is a question, I think

toinette Sterling, Joannes Wolff, the violinist, and the Meister Glee singers, who are a wonderful drawing card in London here, They do sing beautiful-ly, too, They call these concerts Morning Concerts," and they comence at 3 o'clock. Everything that takes place before 6 p. m. is "morning" in common parlance here. "Come this morning at 4 o'clock" is not such a

dreadful invitation as it sounds, and grand morning concerts" occur at 2, 3, 4 and 5 o'clock in the afternoon!

Thunder Storm in Mid-Winter.

Alexander Mackenzie, our principal. 1 We had a dreadful thunder storm the was a congratulatory affair, apropos other day. It was not hot, either, but of his having the title bestowed upor quite cold, in fact, when up came a him at New Year's, you remember. He made a little speech, in which he said. tremendous storm of thunder, lighting, rain and hall, and frightened among other things, that the honor these Londoners out of their wits, for which had been bestowed upon him they are not accustomed to the dreadhad, in no less degree, been bestowed ful electrical storms which come upon upon the grand old institution of which our part of America in the summer. he and all of us, and all England, too, It was about 11 o'clock in the mornwere so justly proud. He was cheered ing and my Scotch lassle, who was fill simply awfully. I never heard such a in her room with a cold, fied to bed and noise. But the men students do yell so wrapped the clothes all around her dreadfully! It is not often that one head to keep its noise out! The lightgets the opportunity of seeing most of the students and faculty together, and the sight was most inspiring, I assure bridge. We had some more at the end

I met a charming, and, by the way,

upon her being told where I hailed

asked her what she meant, and she

ng. I suppose the person's name is a

Morning

Sadie E. Kaiser,

Paul Bourget is yet young, hardly 42. The title of Barrie's new novel will be Sentimental Tommy.

Anthony Hope is engaged on a sequel to "The Prisoner of Zenda," Miss Amelie Rives Chanler is still among the quick, and is in New York with a new

novel The author of "The Silence of Dean Maitland" has written the "Lays of the Dragon-Slayer."

The first two volumes of the Barras Memoires of Napoleon" will be published April and the last volume will appear in August.

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton is writing book of stories and a book on travels abroad, which will be published in Bostor at the close of the year.

Rider Haggard works off 4,000 words day in writing his storles and Stanley Weyman never writes over 1,000 and coniders that a good day's work.

The new Strand Musical Magazine, of others.

The memoirs of Marshal Canrobert, of Adolph Thiers and of Marshal MacMahon are in preparation for publication at Paris. The MacMahon Memoirs will appear in four volumes.

The portraits of Beatrice Harraden vithout her mortarboard hat, are much the best. They show an intellectual confusion of her top hair and a decidedly more brainy head. "Trilby Tableaux" are the latest. A

new dress material has been christener Aubrey Beardsley will blossom out as a rival to Du Maurier in a "Story of Venus and Tannhaeuser." This Bunthorne of odern art has been neatly satirized by an English rhymer in the following recipe for Beardsley carlentures:

Take of Swinburne's ballads three-Choose the most crotle Let them simmer in a pan,

Steeped in some narcotic, To this mixture he adds some other dis greeable things, including "Green Car-

nations," andwhen a scum Thick and green is on it, Throw a scene from Maeterlinck, And one hot Richepin sonnet; Grate some cankered Dead-Sea fruit, And withered flowers of passion, Drench with sauce a Schopenhauer Mixed in Intest fashion; Add a paradox or two (See they're Oscar Wilde-ish); ● Sprinkle in some draughsmanship, Absolutely childish; And, when all these things you've mixed In a hotch-potch baleful, Chinese white and ivory black Dash in by the paliful. Take the mixture off the fire When it is well heated, Put it in the sink to stand Till it grows quite fetid, Pour it in a tainted mould, Like to nothing human, Shut your eyes and hold your nose.

And lo, the Beardsley woman! "Silk-warp Trilby." "Trilby footwear" and "Trilby brainfood for Trilby imbe ciles" will come next.

A copy of Edgar Allen Poe's poems, se New York the other day. A parody on "Trilby," entitled "Bilitry," by Mary Kyle Dallas, is announced by the

General Lew Wallace says he never had

any intention of establishing a "College of Immortals" and charges the newspape men with promulgating the idea. All the general wants is a quiet room in the con-

died at the moment of their transgres- In his "Life of Antony" Plutarch re-

And we sometimes hear through the tur-Compensation. The wings of Time are black and white, Pied with morning and with night. Mountains tall and oceans deep Trembling balance duly keep In changing moon and tidal wave Glows the feud of Want and Have, Gauge of more and less through space Electric star or pencil plays. The lonely earth amid the balls ful smile That hurry through the eternal hall. A makeweight flying to the void, Supplemental asteroid, while Or compensatory spark. sight. Shoots across the neutral Dark. Man's the elm, and Wealth the vine; Staunch and strong the tendrils twine; Though the frail ringlets thee deceive, None from its stock that vine can reav Fear not, then, thou child infirm, There's no god dare wrong a worm;

Laurel crowns cleave to deserts. And power to him who power exerts, Hast not thy share? On winged feet, Lo! it rushes thee to meet. And all that Nature made thy own, Floating in the air or pent in stone, Will rive the hills and swim the sea.

And, like the shadow, follow thee -Emerson.

Why She Hadn't Married.

Miss Maud Adams is a member of the ompany supporting John Drew, and a good story is going the rounds concerning her quick wit. One afternoon she attended a luncheon party, and met, among others, a young man, recently married, who is noted for his bold manners, and who has won the name of being the biggest bore in society He asked Miss Adams a number of peronal questions, and the hostess was about to speak to him, but he received his just punishment from the young lady he had been bothering. "Miss Adams," he asked, "will you tell me if you are married?" "I am not." "Do you contemplate such a step?

"I give it no thought." And why, pray?" he persisted. "Because I am not so easily pleased as your wife was."

.... The River of Time. wonderful stream is the river Time As it runs through the realms of tears, With a faultless rhythm and music rhyme And a boundless sweep and a rage sublim

As it blends with the ocean of years. How the winters are drifting, like flake

of snow, And the summer like buds between, And the year in the sheaf, as they com and go. On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow

As it glides in the shadow and sheen.

There's a musical isle on the river of Time, Where the softest of airs are playing;

There's a cloudless air and a tropical sun And a song as sweet as a vesper chime, And the June with the roses are straying.

And the name of that isle is the Long Ago And we bury our treasures there; There are brows of beauty and bosoms BHOW

There are heaps of dust-but we love them There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of songs that nobody

And a part of an infant's prayer; There's a lute upset and a harp withou strings, There are broken vows and pieces of rings,

And the garments she used to wear There are hands that are waved when

the fairy shore. By the mirage is lifted in air,

bulent roar Sweet voices we heard in the days gond When the wind down the river was fair O, remember for aye, be the blessed isle,

All the days of our life until night; When the evening comes with its beaputi-

And our eyes are closing to slumber a May that "greenwood" of soul be in -B. E. Taylor.

An Infant Logician. "Ain't going to say my prayers to-

night." declared baby Antoinette quietly, to her astonished nurse, as they cent slowly up the stairs to bed. "Why not?" cried the nurse, sur prised. "Cause God will be so busy making

tomorrow that He won't have time to listen."

The Old Wooden Rocker. How vivid the sight of the old wooder

That calm retrospection presents to my view! genuine type of the old knickerbocker

Affair that aforetime our sitting room knew; . real ambuscador, a catch-as-can wrest-

ler. That lurked in the darkness each lodge

night for me, And made of "yours truly" a pang-tor tured nestler

Amid the old sitting room's scattered debris; That old wooden rocker; that dastardly

ocker! That seemed full of implous mischief to be.

How oft ere I'd go for my regular outing I'd locate the thing in the northermost

Of that sacred apartment, without even doubting Its inanimation and statuesque look. But surely as later I entered its presence And tiptoed around where it wasn't be-

I'd get of its meanness a compounded es-

And find myself sprawling again on the floor. Imprecating that rocker; that Satan-shod

rocker! That rocker that gave me contusions ga -Richmond Dispatch. lore.

...

Willing to Oblige.

Colonel William R. Morrison has of of humor in him, and often makes a happy hit in his public speeches. During the late campaign he and Vice-President Stevenson addressed a Demcratic gathering at Springfield from the same platform. In the audience was an old wool-hat fellow, evidently from the "forks of the creek," who was an enthusiastic admirer of the vicepresident. He sat close up to the speakers, and before the proceedings began let off several lusty yells for Stevenson accompanying them with the declaration that he would be the party standard bearer in 1896. Colonel Morrisor was to speak first, and, after making his bow to the audience, was just starting in to discuss the political issues when the countryman, who wasn't more than twenty feet away, rose in his seat, and swinging his hat high over his head, yelled out: "'Rah for Stevenson! He'll be our nominee in '96." It was certainly an ill-mannered act, but the colonel wasn't a bit put out. He took a step or two toward the edge

of the stage and looking at the interrupter with a comical sort of smile, remarked:

"That's right, old fellow; and if he won't take it, I will." The crowd catching on to the humor of the thing, yelled long and lustily, and the citizen from wayback was ef fectually squelched .-- Washington Post. ...

Nightly Episode. Crispy air, Lovely night:

Twinkling stars Spirits bright; Bashful man, Timid maid: Both in love, Half afraid; Bob-tail nag. Shining snow: "Git along!" Away they go. Narrow sled, Cosy rug: "Nice!" she said. Little hug. Coming back,

Laughing moon; fum yum-smack! Yum yum-won. Wedding soon. -New York Evening Sun.

. . A Successful Wedding.

The Bayarian peasants are in many respects very entertaining people, They drink a great deal, are quite witty, and are never so happy as when they are fighting. A story is told of two Bavarian peasants meeting in the road and holding the following conversation: "Were you at the wedding last night?"

"Indeed I was. It was the nicest wedding we have had this season. Why, even the bride took a hand in the

fight."-Texas Siftings. 1.1. The Maiden and the Burgla.r She was a maiden, coy but forty,

Unsullied by a dream of man; No thought, however slightly naughty, Had ever crossed her life's short span,

Till one dark night, when all were sleeping, She found the wretch she long had

sought; For underneath her bed lay peeping, A poor, lone burglar freshly caught.

She locked the door and quickly turning Pulled forth a pistol fully cocked

And with a voice that told its yearning, Her prisoner's plightshe sternly mocked. "Now listen to my ultamatum:

You've got to marry me or die; Though you're the very lowest stratum I'll have a husband, or know why

Then rose the burglar, sadly speaking; "Your proposition does not suit. Rather than be the man you are seeking, Why, darn you, madam, darn you

shoot!" -Youngstown Vindicator.

> ... Somewhat Ambiguous.

Ambiguous language often gets the public speaker as well as writer into trouble. This fact was illustrated in one of the Cohoes churches Sunday morning. The preacher was discoursing on missionary work in Africa and was reviewing some of the difficulties which confront the missionary to the dark continent. He took occasion to invelgh loudly against the rum traffic among

the natives, asserting it did more harm than the missionary could do good. "Why," said the preacher, "forty barrels of rum are sent to Africa to every missionary." Of course, the real meaning of the good man was obvious, but, nevertheless, a smile went around the church.-Troy Times,

of the storm, but not near so much as you. There is no end of masters on the we sometimes have at home. The professional staff-over a hundred-all winter, so far, has been in no way seof them the finest masters in the world in their special line, besides over twenty-five sub-professors, and these all made a very solemn and dignified showvery clever woman not long ago, and ing. They looked quite awe-inspiring from she asked me if my Wilkes-Barre

whether she would be as successful in

America as she has been here. It is

quite true, too, that she is Lady Hope

and some day may come to be the

but his brother, the present Lord Hope,

Incidents of a Pleasant Reception,

Tuesday afternoon the students and

her husband.

all together. Then there were all of us-northwere a theosophical center of much importance! I was, of course, completely country English, south-country Engsurprised, for I know we have not many lish, Welsh students, Irish students, of that persuasion at home. However, French students, students from America (there are about a half a dozen or replied that she had a little volume of eight of us) and students from India essays at home, called the "Wilkes-Barre Letters on Theosophy," by Alexand Australia and the South African colonies. So you see what a lot of ander Fullenton, F. T. S., and that she different looking people we are. There considered them quite interesting readare about 400 men and 600 girls here this year. But I must not talk so much non de plume. I was so mystified shop; you are not particularly interabout them that she sent me the book. ested in the academy life. If you are, I find that it is a compilation of letters I will inflict an academy letter upon on theosophy published one by one in you some day all by itself. the Wilkes-Barro Sunday In the London Shops Again, Leader some time ago. The book looks Speaking of shops, you ought to see quite interesting, but I am too busy to the shops now, down on Oxford street, read it, and so it goes to one of the

Regent street, Bond street, and some brainy women of the house to digest for more of the dry goods neighborhoods us all. Truly, the world is a small They are simply perfect! It is after place, after all. 1 cannot say how glad the holidays now and so the January was to meet Alexander Fullerton, sales are now on, and oh! the pretty whoever he is, away over here, and as things that are displayed in the winthey say his little book is quite a muchdows are quite maddening, I assure read one among the disciples of theosoyou. The most exquisite silks, velvets, phy here, and very clever ones, too. laces, furs, brocades, satins and all am, of course, prouder of my native such things are selling at perfectly man town and state than I ever was, velous prices. I have to pass some of these shops every day on my way to the academy, and you cannot imagine how THOSE FUNNY LITTLE FOLK. my feminine soul is vexed by the sight of these lovely, beautiful things. "And Harry had just begun to go to school. so cheap," you know! Really it is a pleasure to look at these, anyway, ever and was very proud of what he learned. One day he thought he'd show his father If one cannot buy them. You can imhow much he knew, and asked him, at agine, you know, how it would feel to have them and luxuriate in them, any "Papa, how many chickens are there on that dish? way. There's a little enjoyment in that,

"Two, my boy," said papa, "I thought though I dare say it is not quite as solid you knew how to count? as the real having of the nice things, "You're wrong." said Harry, "Thera are three. There's one, and that's two, and two and one make three!" Henry James' New Play.

Last Tuesday night one of the dear

the year 1780, and so the costumes, in-

door scenes and conversation are old-

fashioned, and they are delightful, es-

pecially the costumes. Such delightful-

ly taking old dresses and chignons as

the ladies wore! One of them wore a

crinoline which inspired my respectful

ones; green lined, with pink, and

trimmed with gold and lace; you re-

member how his pictures look. It is a

most wholesome and refined play, al

It is odd the way they walt on you at

"Very well," said his father, "your mother may have one for her dinner, I'll landladies took me to see our Henry James' play, "Guy Domville," at the St take the other, and you can have James theater. You know it has not thirdl been a popular success, and so I expeoted not to like it, but 1 did. An Bobby-I forgot to say my prayers last other disillusion. You remember it was night. hooted by the gallery the first night it Fond Parent-That was very wrong, Bobby, Supposing I should forget your was produced, but I suppose that was because it was neither vulgar nor sen-

breakfast some morning? Bobby (cheerfully)-'Twouldn't make much difference. I shouldn't forget about sational. It is quite interesting, think, though I must acknowledge it.-Harper's Bazar. was dreadfully talkey all through. But

it is most beautifully acted, exquisitely I'll tell you what put him thereand most correctly staged, and is a

At college, so fair an' fine; nice study, at any rate, if it isn't a vul-An' helped him to rise where the fellers gar success as a play. It is written in get wise

Helped him to rise an' to abine :---It was his old mammy. 1000

A-darnin' his socks, An' likewise, his old daddy, A-plowin' a ox. -Atlanta Constitution

admiration, if not my uwe. She was Mamma-What are you trying to draw! the old lady. The men had on velvet Little Ethel-An elephant 'Rather a difficult subject." clothes, like George Washington's bes

'I'd rather draw elephants than anything else, because my friends can always tell what it is. They knows a elephant is the only animal wif two talls"

Boy-It's awful lucky we have our exthrough, and ought to be a success, if it isn't. It is soon to be taken off, howmainations for promotion now, ins in the fall, when school opens,

Father-Why? Boy-'Cause when school begins, in the

theaters here. There are maids, not ushfall, none of us ever know anything. ers, to show you to your seats, and they Teacher-What little boy can tell me the name of the worst nation on sarth

Bobby? coffee, cakes and chocolate around beby-Vaccingtion

really look very nice about the theater with their black dress and white caps and aprons and cuffs. They pass ices,