

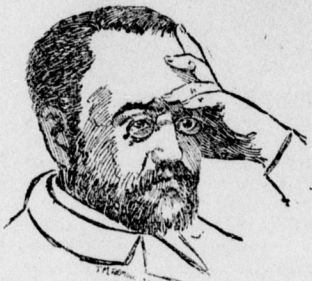
## ZOLA'S DEFIANCE.

THE FRENCH NOVELIST CHAMPIONS THE CAUSE OF DREYFUS.

His Outspoken Utterances Aroused the Authorities to Wrath, and They Compelled Him to Defend Himself—The Amazing Spectacle of This Story Writer at Bay.

One of the most talked about men in France, if not in the world, to-day is Emile Zola, the famous novelist and apostle of realism. And no wonder, for has he not boldly come forward as the champion of the convict Dreyfus and charged the authorities, who condemned Dreyfus to a traitor's doom with all manner of wrongdoing? Zola's outspoken utterances have roused the authorities to wrath, and they have compelled him to defend himself in open court.

What an amazing spectacle—a story writer at bay before the highest military authorities of his country! Evidently this story writer is more than a mere imaginative quill-driver. Let us see. On April 2, 1840, Emile Zola came into the world, his father being an Italian. From the age of twelve to eighteen he studied at the College of Aix, and then he and his mother went to Paris. He remained for two years at the Lycee-Louis-le-Grand, devoting himself to the study of French literature.



EMILE ZOLA.

At the examination for the degree of bachelor he was plucked because he could not give the date of the death of Charlemagne.

When he left school he became a clerk, at a salary of 60 francs a month. The work was such utter drudgery and the prospect of improvement so entirely negative that after two months of slavery he threw up the place and for eighteen months led a life of the most miserable bohemianism. During that time when he could add to his pennyworth of bread a pennyworth of cheese or a cup of black coffee he considered himself in luxury. In 1862, through a letter of introduction, he got a subordinate position in the publishing house of Hachette, and thenceforth fortune favored him. Still, prosperity did not come with a rush. He himself says:—"As late as 1867, when I was twenty-seven years old, by working very hard and turning my pen to every use, I managed to earn about \$60 a month."

Fame first came to him when he began to publish the well known Roujon-Macquart series—those stirring, vigorous books which are ranked by many among the ablest works of fiction of our time. On this subject he says:—"I am no impressionist, and I do not believe in work rapidly dashed off. The creation of a book requires much trouble and exacts great pains. When I start a book I have never any idea as to its plot. At most I have only a general idea of the subject. Day after day for years I have regularly devoted three to four hours of my mornings to my task on the Roujon-Macquart series. From four to six pages of manuscript of the size of a sheet of foolscap cut in half is my average daily production. I should say that fifteen hundred words is my daily output. It is not much, but consider what that amounts to at the end of the year. When I have done what I consider a fair stint, I throw down my pen, even if I am in the middle of a sentence."

Volume after volume was turned out in this way, and it was not long before Emile Zola had an international reputation. His stories were so original, so vigorous, so true to life that they challenged attention. Admirers and disciples lauded them to the skies, while, on the other hand, many launched storms of abuse at them on account of their coarseness. The Parisians bought thousands of copies of each new book, and the booksellers rejoiced exceedingly when they heard that a new book by the popular author would be issued on a certain day.

Zola, however, was evidently not content to be a mere popular author. He wanted also to play some part in the great public arena, where men of affairs play their roles before the public. He wanted also to gain rank among the French Immortals, and hence he repeatedly, though vainly, tried to become a member of the exclusive French Academy.

Zola seems to be firmly convinced that Dreyfus is innocent, and he has not refrained from expressing this conviction in the strongest possible terms. That his attitude in the matter has produced an extraordinary sensation in Paris all newspaper readers know. Apparently this is but the first step in a very interesting drama. How it will all end who can say?

Lombroso, and Nordau would have us believe that Zola is a degenerate, but, so far as physical appearance goes, he seems more sturdy and healthy than many a younger man. Picture to yourselves a strongly built, determined looking man, with a most intelligent face, large, wrinkled forehead, grayish beard and eyes, half concealed by glasses, and you have a fair idea of this keen and clever Frenchman, whose name is now on the lips of almost every man in Paris.

## DOUBTFUL DAYS.

A little love in doubtful days—  
A gleam of love—till more and more  
The impress of the loved one's ways  
Crept in like sunlight at a door.

And fanned by kisses in still eyes  
It grew a flame both pure and bright,  
While slow the moon, above the leaves,  
Sailed down blue spaces night by night;

Until to eyes that bluer were  
Than any reaches of clear sky,  
I told my love; and knew by them  
First knew her mine to live or die.

And here beside the coffin lid,  
As he sat in the train one morning on  
With light of love eclipsed in tears,  
I think of what the white hands did,  
So long ago in doubtful years.

And what the parted lips then said,  
Between their kisses, "You and I  
Will live beyond the dying bed,  
For love, the true, can never die."

## COURTED BY WIRE.

Tom Walton was very much surprised at finding himself deeply in love with a girl whose name he did not even know. It happened in this way. Tom was a telegraph operator in the city, but lived in a small suburban town. As he sat in the train one morning on his way in to work, he noticed among the passengers who boarded the train at one of the stations, a beautiful girl who entered his car and took the seat directly in front of his. The morning paper had no further interest for Tom that day. All the way in to town he sat watching the girl in front of him. I shall not attempt to describe her. Tom says she is the most beautiful girl he ever saw. Of course he is prejudiced, but I must admit that I have only seen one girl who surpassed her. However, that has nothing to do with my story.

What impressed my friend even more than her beauty was her extreme modesty—not the timid, fluttering kind of modesty, which is so easily imitated by the heartless coquette, but the strong, self-reliant kind, which makes men keep their distance. She did not shrink from the admiring glances bestowed upon her by every man in the car; neither did she encourage them. She simply ignored them. A man who would attempt to flirt with such a girl must either be a fool or be gifted with unlimited assurance. Tom was neither; so he contented himself with admiring her in silence.

Week after week went on and each day found poor Tom more and more deeply in love. The unconscious object of his adoration traveled on the same train every day. Sometimes she sat near him and his eyes nearly devoured her wonderful beauty. At other times she sat at the other end of the car, where he could only catch occasional glimpses of her past the heads of his fellow passengers. One day he made a great discovery. Her name was Helen. He had heard a girl friend call her so. That night Tom sat up until three o'clock writing love letters to Helen, and tearing them up as fast as he wrote them.

The next morning Helen again occupied the seat just in front of Tom. He sat gazing at her and building castles in the air. Presently his mind turned to the love letters he had been writing and he began to frame a new one. As he mused, he idly fingered the window catch, which made a clicking sound similar to that of a telegraph instrument. Unconsciously he spelled out the words of the letter.

"Dearest Helen," ran the message, "I love you dearly. Say you will be mine, and—" but he got no further, for suddenly the girl turned in her seat and looked him full in the face, her eyes blazing with indignation. Then she turned back and seizing the catch on her window, clicked out the reply:

"How dare you?"

Tom was completely dumbfounded. He felt like jumping out of the window and ending his miserable existence. He reflected, however, that such a rash proceeding would do him no good and might possibly wound the feelings of the young lady. Moreover, his first duty was to apologize. Of course it would not do any good. She would never have anything to do with such an idiot as he had shown himself to be. Still he could not well leave matters as they were, so he again reached for the window catch.

"I beg your pardon," clicked the improvised key.

"Your insolence is unpardonable," was the reply.

"But let me explain. I did not know—"

"I don't care to hear your explanation."

Just then the train pulled into the station and the offended girl left the car without so much as looking back.

Tom went to his work with a heavy heart. He could think of nothing else all day but the stupid blunder which had destroyed all possibility of his ever winning the heart of the fair telegraph operator.

On the following morning he took an earlier train than usual, in order to avoid meeting the fair Helen. But he had not reckoned on the fact that he might also wish to avoid him. This was the case, however, and Tom was somewhat startled when he saw her enter the car. There was only one seat vacant and that was just in front of the unhappy young man. It seemed as though the Fates had conspired to bring these two people together. The longer Tom pondered the matter the more he saw the hand of destiny in this matter and he decided to make one more effort to obtain forgiveness. Reaching for the window catch he sent the following message: "I'm awfully sorry I offended you yesterday."

There was no answer and the young man continued:

"I had no idea you understood me, I unconsciously telegraphed what was passing in my mind."

Still no answer.

"If you don't forgive me I shall be miserable for life."

At last the answer came:

"Please stop. You are attracting everybody's attention."

"Then let me come and tell you how sorry I am."

After a long pause the girl answered: "You may come."

Tom's heart leaped with joy as the window catch clicked out these words. He lost no time in accepting the invitation, and it was not long before he had persuaded her to forgive his foolish conduct of the day before.

After that he met her every day on the train and their acquaintance soon ripened into sincere friendship on the part of the young lady. As for Tom his feelings had long ago got beyond that stage. They talked of many things during their daily rides to the city, but for a long time they both avoided all mention of the episode which led to their acquaintance.

One day, however, Tom said: "Do you remember the message I sent you by the window catch?"

"Of course I do," replied his companion, looking out of the window to hide her blushes. "How could I forget such a piece of impertinence?"

"I know it was impertinence, and idiotic and all that," replied Tom. "But still, if it had not been for that, I should never have known you; so I am not at all sorry. Are you?"

"How can you ask such a question? Haven't I forgiven you long ago?"

"Yes, but forgiveness is not enough."

"Not enough?"

"No. I want something more. I—you know—well, the fact is, I— I meant every word of that message. Helen, tell me, if I should repeat that message now, what would your answer be?"

Still looking out at the flying landscape, Helen placed her dainty finger on the window catch.

"Click, click, click, click." Tom's heart was in his throat as he heard the instrument click out her answer, "Yes."

### Feather Lamp Shades.

The latest novelty in the way of a lamp shade is made out of the soft smooth-lying under feathers taken from the breast and head of large birds. These shade are not intended to screen the entire flame. They are set on one side of the glass globe and are about as big as a very very full moon, or an oval moon. If that shape is liked better. An owl shade for a reading lamp is made of the gray and white mottled feathers of the ordinary gray owl, and is designed in the exact likeness of the owl's head. The short curved beak, the prominent eyes, with their rimmed circles, and the upstanding ears are all reproduced. Such a shade costs \$2.75. One representing a white owl's head is sold for 50 cents more, owing to the scarcity of the white owl.

There are cheaper feather shades, made from dyed feathers put together in stereotyped patterns, and there are rare and delicate shades contrived of rich-tinted bird of paradise feathers, and the blended hues that hint of the peafowl's plumage. The sober grays and pale browns and shaded wood tints of the hawk and the heron are most sought for, but the bright colored feathers make an effective shade for a drawing room lamp or for one used in a room requiring gay colors. Tiny candle shades scarcely larger than a sea shell and prettily curved are also made of feathers, and the effect is also novel and pretty. In all cases the back of the feather shade is covered with silk of neutral tint. These novelties are neither heavy in weight nor heavy to look at, and are rather a relief from the muffled and bordered, gimped, and fluted paper and silk lamp shades so much used.

### How the Brahmin Cleans His Teeth.

When the Brahmin cleans his teeth he must use a small twig cut from one of a number of certain trees, and before he cuts it he must make his act known to the gods of the woods.

He must not indulge in this cleanly habit every day. He must abstain on the 6th, the 8th, the 9th, the 14th, the 15th, and the last day of the moon, on the days of new and full moon, on the Tuesday in every week, on the day of the constellation under which he was born, on the day of the week and the day of the month which correspond with those of his birth, at an eclipse, at the conjunction of the planets, the equinoxes, and other unlucky epochs, and also on the anniversary of the death of his father or mother.

Any one who cleans his teeth with his bit of stick on any of the above mentioned days will have hell as his portion.

Narrowest Streets in the World.  
Chinese streets are supposed to be the narrowest in the world. Some of them are only eight feet wide.



### AT HOME.

Where burns the fireside brightest,  
Cheering the social breast?

Where beats the fond heart lightest,  
It's humblest hopes possessed?

Where is the hour of sadness,  
With meek-eyed patience borne,

Worth more than those of gladness,  
Which mirth's gay cheeks adorn?

Pleasure is marked by fleetness,  
To those who ever roam;

While grief itself has sweetness  
At home—sweet home.

### TOLLING IN DARKNESS.

This world is a quarry. We are tolling away in the darkness. We cannot see what good is ever to come out of our lonely, painful, obscure toll. Yet some day our quarry work will be manifested in the glory of heaven. We are preparing materials now and here for the temple of the great King, which in heaven is slowly rising through the ages. No noise of hammer or ax is heard in all that wondrous building, because the stones are all shaped and polished and made entirely ready for this world. We are the stones, and the world is God's quarry. The stones for the temple were cut out of the great rock in the dark underground cavern. They were rough and shapeless. Then they were dressed into form, and this required a great deal of cutting, hammering, and chiseling. Without this stern, sore work on the stones not one of them could ever have filled a place in the temple. At last, when they were ready, they were lifted out of the dark quarry and carried up to the mountain-top where the temple was rising, and were laid in their place. We are stones in the quarry as yet. When we accepted Christ we were cut from the great mass of rock. But we were very rough and unshaped, not fit for heaven. Before we can be ready for our place in the heavenly temple we must be hewn and shaped. The hammer must do its work, breaking off the roughness. The chisel must be used, carving and polishing our lives into beauty. This work is done in the many processes of life. Every sinful thing, every fault in our character, is a rough place in the stone, which must be chiseled off. All the crooked lines must be straightened. Our lives must be cut and hewn until they conform to the perfect standard of divine truth.

Quarry work is not always pleasant. If stones had hearts and sensibilities they would sometimes cry out in sore pain as they feel the hammer strokes and the deep cutting of the chisel. Yet the workmen must not heed their cries and withdraw his hand or else they would at last be thrown aside as worthless blocks, never to be built into the place of honor. We are not stones; we have hearts and sensibilities, and we do cry out oftentimes as the hammer smites away the roughness of our character. But we must yield to the sore work and let it go on, or we shall never have our place as living stones in Christ's beautiful temple. We must not wince under the sharp chiseling of sorrow.—J. R. Miller.

"No. I want something more. I—you know—well, the fact is, I— I meant every word of that message. Helen, tell me, if I should repeat that message now, what would your answer be?"

Still looking out at the flying landscape, Helen placed her dainty finger on the window catch.

"Click, click, click, click." Tom's heart was in his throat as he heard the instrument click out her answer, "Yes."

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