THE HOMES AND HAUNTS OF FAMOUS AUTHORS

III. THE BROWNINGS, BY HELEN ZIMMERN, AUTHOR OF "HALF HOURS WITH FAMOUS NOVELISTS"

HOWEVER fortunate, indeed rarely fortunate in their external surroundings those wedded singers, Robert and Elizabeth Browning, it can scarcely be contended that their lives had been cast by Fate in poetic surroundings. His childhood, youth and earliest manhood were passed in the dreary metropolitan suburb of Clapham, that suburb connected, one scarcely knows why, with visions of Low Church theology and dreary sectarian meeting-houses; a wilderness of ugly streets studded with drab-colored uniformly unartistic dwellings. Her long invalid life was passed in the darkened upper chamber of a cheerless house situated in "that long unlovely street" of Wimpole. Mutual love which gave to her renewed life gave to them both ambient emancipation. No wonder they adored Italy. We all love her, those of us who know her, but how much more must she have been appreciated by these exquisitely keen worshipers of beauty, who had escaped to her clear skies, her balmy breaths, her flowers, her artistic and natural beauties, from an encompassment of leaden skies, of brick and mortar, of fog and over-anxious, heavy-hearted men and women. After that quiet clandestine marriage in the forenoon of September 12, 1846, Browning and his new-made wife, who seemed to have stepped from the tomb into life, made their way by slow steps to the still, sun-steeped, art-consecrated little town of Pisa.

I yield the grave for thy sake and exchange
My near sweet view of heaven for earth with thee.

So sang the woman poet in those tender "Sonnets From the Portuguese," her offering to him out of the darkness of her chamber, of which at Pisa her husband-lover was permitted for the first time to have a glance.

She thrust the MSS. into his hands as one evening they were watching the sun setting behind the fantastic-shaped Carrara hills, and it was only after much and long persuasion that she could be induced to publish them. She held that they were for him and for him only and were much too sacred and intimate for the world. He on the other hand insisted that the world ought not to lose such exquisite and poetic treasures, and the world has cause to thank him for his generosity.

Pisa, as all the world knows, stands on the banks of that "golden colored" Arno which also washes Florence and which at Pisa is very near to its outpouring into the sea. The town is noted for its cathedral, its frescoed "Holy Field," where rest its dead, and for that curious architectural freak, its Leaning Tower. It is dear to the English, too, as for a while the home of Byron and Shelley, poets both the Brownings rapturously admired, Shelley above all, and it may have been a desire to walk in his footsteps that led them to the sleepy old city of sacred associations. It was in an old palace built by Vasari in sight of the marble cathedral and the leaning belfrey that they settled their first home, a little nest of but four rooms, in whose seclusion they loved and wrote and day-dreamed. The city itself invites to rest as it lies there "asleep in the sun," and no wonder Mrs. Browning's health improved by leaps and strides. "We both like Pisa extremely," she writes at the time to a friend;—"the city is full of beauty and repose and the purple mountains gloriously seem to beckon us on deeper into the vine land."

From Pisa to Florence.

To this beckoning they gave heed in April of the next year (1847), and when the swallows were darting over the pine forest around them and Shelley's little favorite Aziola owl was hooting among the white marble gullies of Carrara, the two poets quitted what they jokingly called their perch at Pisa, and set their faces toward Florence. Here they settled themselves temporarily in a central lodging, and here Mrs. Browning at once fell in love with the place.

"Florence is unspeakably beautiful," she writes. And here they spent the Summer

"One of the most delightful of Summers notwithstanding the heat, and I begin to comprehend the possibilities of St. Lawrence's ecstasies on the gridiron. Very hot it certainly has been . . . and as we have spacious and airy rooms, Robert lets me sit all day in a white dressing gown, and as we can step out of the window upon a sort of balcony terrace, which is quite private, and swims over with moonlight in the evening, and as we live upon watermelons and iced water and figs, we bear the heat with angelic patience."

In those days Vallombrosa was not a congerie of pensions and hotels, and an expensive though lovely Summer resort approached by a funicular railway, but a secluded monastery. The Brownings thought to find accommodation there and shelter from the sun's rays, but after a toilsome journey, undertaken by an ox sledge, they were turn back ignominiously by te abbot, "for the sin of womankind," as Mrs. Browning phrases it. Yet even so Mrs. Browning exults very properly concerning the woods, and the scenery and the hills, "such a sea of hills, looking alive among the clouds. Such fine woods, supernaturally silent, with the ground black as ink." The next Winter the pair took rooms in the Piazza Pitti, that irregular space facing the huge long rough stone built pile which is now the King of Italy's Florentine palace, and harbors the famous Medici picture gallery. In the small mezzanino rooms, yellow with sunshine from morning to night, the two lived their second married Winter, seeing but few persons, but happy in themselves. As she says, "Most days I am able to go into the piazza and walk up and down without feeling a breath of the actual Winter." In the evening they would roast chestnuts and toast their feet over their cozy fire of fir cones and chestnut sticks, and drink mulled wine in company with such friends as might drop in. But when the Spring came and they still found the attractions of Florence too overwhelming to leave, they decided to get into rooms of their own, rather than continue living in furnished apartments. It was then that they moved into the old palace which will be forever associated with the author of "Casa Guidi Windows." "In fact, we have really done it magnificently," writes Mrs. Browning, who was the letter-writer of the couple; "planted ourselves in the Guidi palace in the favorite suite of the late Count, his arms are in scagliola on my bedroom floor. Though we have six beautiful rooms and a kitchen, three of them really palace rooms, and opening on a terrace, and though such furniture as comes by degrees into them is antique and worthy of the place, we yet shall have saved money by the end of the year—a stone's throw, too, it is from the Pitti palace, and really in my present mind I would hardly exchange with the Grand Duke himself. By the bye, as to street, we have no spectators in windows, but just the gray walls of a church called San Felice, 'for good omen.'" And, again, speaking of her home, she says: "Just such a window where Bianca Capello looked out to see the Duke go by and just such a door where Tasso stood and Dante drew out his chair to sit. Strange to have all that Old World about us and the blue sky so bright."

The Casa Guidi Furniture.

It was a great amusement to Browning, this picking up and adapting of old furniture which at that time sold for a mere song and from this Italian furniture he never parted. When after his wife's death he removed to his commonplace not to say dull abode of Warwick Crescent, Paddington, he also put it there, where its massive carvings, heavy gildings and valuable tapestries looked strangely out of place and overweighed the low-ceilinged English chambers. But Browning's conservative nature clung to it, for was it not bound up with the idyll of his life lived out in the Casa Guidi? When a couple of years before his death the poet moved to a more commodious house in De Vere gardens, the fine old Italian furniture went, too, and there it could be better seen and appreciated. In London, too, were always kept in his study the little low table and chair used by Mrs. Browning when she wrote or read.

Casa Guidi has become a name sacred to English people for its poetic and human associations and not an English-speaking visitor who comes to Florence omits a pilgrimage to the Via Maggio to see it, no one but reads with grateful emotion the elegantly worded inscription placed over its portal in memory of Mrs. Browning, by the municipality of Florence.

"Elizabetta Barrett Browning che in cuore di donna conciliava scienza di dotto e spirito di poeta e fece di suo verso aureo anello fra Italia e Inghilterra."

(To Elizabeth Barrett Browning in whose woman's heart were united the learning of the scholar and the spirit of the poet and who welded with her verse a golden link between Italy and England.)

But the site where the golden international link was forged cannot fail to disappoint and astonish them. Florence is so rich in fine palaces that this one looks but a common structure. Nor is its situation, at the end of a long street overlooking an irregular and for Florence uninteresting piazza and church remarkable in any fashion. Further it lacks the charm possessed by almost every Florentine abode. There is no view of rolling mountains and distant plains from its windows and balconies, except from those of the topmost floor, but this the Brownings did not occupy. Even the view of the Pitti, of which so much is said in the poem "Casa Guidi Windows" is but a side-

CASA GUIDI, FLORENCE.

long glimpse of the wing of that fine building, the portal, the empty space in front where the chief political events took place could only have been seen by the mind's eye. But of course compared with Wimpole street or Clapham it was a picturesque paradise.

Summer Sojourns.

As a rule the Summers were not passed in Casa Guidi. In early days the Adriatic coast was sought and at Ancona and its neighborhood a happy season was passed. While there they visited Fano, that sleepy little erst seaport from which the sea has receded, rich in churches and memories, and here Browning wrote that lovely short poem, "The Guardian Angel," which alluded to Guercino's picture in the local church. "My Angel with me, too," he writes, and tells how they went together three times to the chapel to drink into their soul's content the beauty of dear Guercino's picture. But when the child came, such idle wanderings after pictures and poetic associations had to be abandoned, and for some years they oscillated between Siena and the Baths of Lucca, with occasional visits to England and Paris, where Mr. Browning's family then resided. Among the chestnut woods of Bagni di Lucca, where as Mrs. Browning phrases it, you caught mountain air without its keenness, 'sheathed in Italian sunshine' they hired a sort of eagles' nest, in fact the highest house of the highest of the tiers of villages called the Bagni di Lucca, "which lie," again it is Mrs. Browning who speaks, "at the heart of a hundred mountains, sung to continually by a rushing mountain stream." Here amid no sound but that of the leaping hill torrents and the crickets of the Italian dog days heat, the couple spent many a Midsummer rambling amid the Tuscan birch and chestnut forests that are the glory of that region. These tree-clothed hills that back the antique walled architecturally rich town of Lucca are full of associations to lovers of the Muse. Here, too, Shelley had lived and translated Plato's Symposium; here Heine had sneered and made love, here at a later epoch Byron wrote his splendid fragment "In a Balcony." On one occasion Browning rambled to the remote waterfall high up a glen where Shelley had been wont to amuse himself by sitting naked on a rock in the sunshine reading Herodotus while he cooled and then plunging into the deep pool beneath him, to emerge further up the stream and then climb back to the waterfall, a glittering human wraith. No wonder the married lovers were happy and returned again and again to their Tuscan retreat. But it was always Florence which made their center and in Casa Guidi became associated their ideas of home. One Winter was passed in Rome in Via Bocca di Leone No. 43 on the third floor, that quiet street not far off the Pincian Hill, and here, in comfortable rooms turned to the sun, the couple worked and played by turns and saw and made many friends. Too many, almost, so that they hankered after the seclusion of Casa Guidi. Mrs. Browning wrote, "To leave Rome fills me with barbarian complacency. I don't pretend to have a ray of sentiment about Rome. It's a palimpsest Rome, a watering place written over the antique, and I haven't taken to it as a poet should, I suppose."

Again and again both in poetry and in prose the couple sang the praises of the Tuscan town. "I love Florence," she writes, after some years residence in Casa Guidi, "If you take one thing with another, there is no place in the world like Florence, I am persuaded, for a place to live in; cheap, tranquil, cheerful, beautiful, within the limits of civilization, yet out of the crush of it." Indeed, they both grew to love Italy more and more. In 1858, he writes, "I hate the thought of leaving Italy for one day more than I can help, and satisfy my English predilections by newspapers and a book or two," and she, "To live out of Italy at all is impossible to us."

And in Italy, and in her beloved Florence was Mrs. Browning laid to rest when, in June 1861, she passed away quietly and almost unexpectedly, her death hastened, it is always believed, by her grief over the death of Cavour, for she comprehended by intuition how grave and irreparable a loss this was in view of Italy's future. She lies among the roses and the cypresses of the English cemetery that then stood outside the city walls, but which is now within its extended precincts. A marble mausoleum, designed Leighton, covers the spot; it bears no inscription, but the date of her migration and the initials "E B. B."

Browning himself left the city and never returned thither, neither in life, nor, as he had hoped, in death, for his country's Abbey claimed the bard's remains, but it is pleasant to think that their son, Mr. Robert Barrett Browning, with filial piety, when Casa Guidi a few years ago was in the market, bought up his parents' old home and his own birthplace. The whole house has been renovated and repaired, and is now let off in flats much sought after by the English.

It was over 20 years ere Browning again set foot in Italy though his heart yearned thither. When he did it was to Asolo that he turned, which he had first visited in his youth, and which had inspired the dramatic idyll of Pippa. After the ice was once broken Venice and Asolo were visited yearly until his death, but no fixed abode was his. He stayed with friends or put up at an inn. It was only in 1889, the very year of his death, that he suddenly conceived a desire to purchase a bit of land in Asolo on which to build himself a dwelling, that would place him beyond the necessity of constantly seeking a new Summer resort. It was evident, he said, that his Summer wanderings would always end in Venice, where since two years his son was established with his wife in the Palazzo Rezzonico on the Grand Canal, and where Browning was henceforth to have a corner "for his old age." The negotiations for the wee bit of land dragged on as Italian business negotiations will, and ere they were completed the poet passed away at Venice, in the city he loved so well, in his son's house, and surrounded by his dear ones.

Venice did her best to honor him, she knew his value, and how he had loved her and her country. On the wall of the palace, beneath the window of the corner room in which he died, a room that looks out on one side over the Grand Canal, and on the other upon a narrow water-way, has been placed a round marble tablet, with the inscription:

A
Roberto Browning
morto in questo palazzo
il 12 di Dicembre, 1889
VENEZIA
pose;

while below in a corner are engraved his words,

Open my heart and you will see
Graved inside of it, Italy.

Nor was Asolo forgotten! On the site secured at last Mr. Robert Barrett Browning has reared a living memorial to his father, better far than marble or bronze. Pippa's craft was a thing of the past, dead beyond revival. But in the crumbling factory in which Pippa worked and sung, the poet's son founded a lace school, and thus the young Asolan maidens have a new industry instead of the old one. And flourishing it is, too, thanks to Mr. Robert Barrett Browning's personal supervision. Hence girls in pretty Asolo can still be thankful for their happy, healthy work, and can still rejoice with Pippa in their New Year's holiday. And just across the road from the lace school there is a tablet let into the wall of a little house, often inhabited by the poet's son and his surviving sister when the midsummer heats drive them upwards from Venice, on which can be read:

In questa casa
abito
Roberto Browning
somma poeta Inglese
Vi scrisse Asolando,
1889.

Next week, "Stevenson," by H. Bellyse Baildon, M. A.

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FOR THE SCRAP BOOK

To a Swallow Building Under Our Eaves.

Thou, too, hast trvel'd, little fluttering thing—
Hast seen the world, and now thy weary wing
Thou, too, must rest.
But much, my little bird, couldst thou but tell,
I'd give to know why here thou lik'st so well
To build thy nest.

For thou hast pass'd fair places in thy flight;
A world lay all beneath thee where to light;
And, strange thy taste,
Of all the varied scenes that met thine eye,
Of all the spots for building 'neath the sky,
To choose this waste.

Did fortune try thee? Was thy little purse
Perchance run low, and thou, afraid of worse,
Felt here secure?
Ah no! thou need'st not gold, thou happy one!
Thou know'st it not. Of all God's creatures, man
Alone is poor.

What was it, then? Some mystic turn of thought
Caught under German eaves, and hither brought
Marring thine eye
For the world's loveliness, till thou art grown
A sober thing that dost but mope and moan,
Not knowing why?

Nay, if thy mind be sound, I need not ask,
Since here I see thee working at thy task
With wing and beak.
A well-laid scheme doth that small head contain,
At which thy work'st, brave bird, with might and main,
Nor more need'st seek.

In truth, I rather take it thou hast got
By instinct wise much sense about thy lot,
And hast small care
Whether an Eden or a desert be
Thy home, so thou remainest alive, and free
To skim the air.

God speed thee, pretty bird; may thy small nest
With little ones all in good time be blest.
I love thee much;
For well thou managest that life of thine,
While I! Oh, ask not what I do with mine!
Would I were such!

—Jane Welsh Carlyle.

A Little Longer.

A little longer yet—a little longer,
Shall violets bloom for thee and sweet birds sing:
And the lime branches, where the winds are blowing,
Shall murmur the sweet promise of Spring!

A little longer yet—a little longer,
Thou shalt behold the quiet of the morn;
While tender grasses and awakening flowers
Send up a golden mist to greet the dawn!

A little longer yet—a little longer,
The tenderness of twilight shall be thine,
The rosy clouds that float o'er dying daylight,
Nor fade till trembling stars begin to shine.

A little longer yet—a little longer,
Shall starry night be beautiful for thee;
And the cold moon shall look through the blue silence
Flooding her silver path upon the sea.

A little longer yet—a little longer,
Life shall be thine; life with its power to will;
Life with its strength to bear, to love, to conquer,
Bringing its thousand joys thy heart to fill.

A little longer yet—a little longer,
The voices thou hast loved shall charm thine ear;
And thy true heart, that now beats quick to hear them,
A little longer yet shall hold them dear.

A little longer yet—joy while thou mayest;
Love and rejoice! for time has naught in store;
And soon the darkness of the grave shall bid thee
Love and rejoice and feel and know no more.

—Adelaide A. Procter.

When Stars Are in the Quiet Skies.

When stars are in the quiet skies,
Then most I pine for thee;
Bend on me then thy tender eyes,
As stars look on the sea!
For thoughts, like waves that glide by night,
Are stillest when they shine;
Mine earthly love lies hush'd in light
Beneath the heaven of thine.

There is an hour when angels keep
Familiar watch o'er men,
When coarser souls are wrapp'd in sleep—
Sweet spirit, meet me then!
There is an hour when holy dreams
Through slumber fairest glide;
And in that mystic hour it seems
Thou shouldst be by my side.

My thoughts of thee too sacred are
For daylight's common beam;
I can but know thee as my star,
My angel and my dream;
When stars are in the quiet skies,
Then most I pine for thee;
Bend on me then thy tender eyes,
As stars look on the sea!

—Lord Lytton.

Prospice.

Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear, in a visible form,
Yet the strong man must go;
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall,
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon is gained,
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forebore,
And bade me creep past.
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers,
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest!

—Robert Browning.

The Flower.

How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
Are Thy returns! Even as the flowers in the Spring;
To which, besides their own demean,
The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.
Grief melts away
Like snow in May,
As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shriveled heart
Could have recovered greenness? It was gone
Quite under ground; as flowers depart
To see their mother-root, when they have blown;
Where they together
All the hard weather,
Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

* * * * *

And now in age I bud again,
After so many deaths I live and write;
I once more smell the dew and rain,
And relish versing; oh my only light,
It can not be
That I am he,
On whom Thy tempest fell at night.

These are Thy wonders, Lord of love,
To make us see we are but flowers that glide;
Which when we once can find and prove,
Thou hast a garden for us, where to bide.
Who would be more,
Swelling through store,
Forfeit their Paradise by their pride.

—George Herbert.

The Dawn of Peace.

Put off, put off your mail, O Kings,
And beat your brands to dust!
Your hands must learn a surer grasp,
Your hearts a better trust.

Oh, bend aback the lance's point,
And break the helmet bar;
A noise is in the morning wind,
But not the note of war.

Upon the grassy mountain paths
The glittering hosts increase—
They come! They come! How fair their feet!
They come who publish peace.

And victory, fair victory,
Our enemies are ours!
For all the clouds are clasped in light,
And all the earth with flowers.

Aye, still depressed and dim with dew,
But wait a little while,
And with the deathless, radiant rose
The wilderness shall smile.

And every tender, living thing
Shall feed by streams of rest;
Nor lamb shall from the flock be lost,
Nor nursling from the nest.

—John Ruskin.

Afraid? Of Whom Am I Afraid?

Afraid? Of whom am I afraid?
Not death, for who is he?
The porter of my father's lodge
As much abasheth me.

Of life? 'Twere odd I fear a thing
That comprehendeth me
In one or more existences
At Deity's decree.

Of resurrection? Is the east
Afraid to trust the morn
With her fastidious forehead?
As soon impeach my crown!

—Emily Dickinson.

FOUR SHORT FABLES

BY GEORGE ADE

I.—The One of the Parisian From the High Grass.

OUT West there was a self-made Josiah with a Son who was brought up on Soft Food. He was subject to Headaches and could not play in the Sun. Therefore his People decided that he was cut out for an Artist.

He went to Paree to study. What he wanted was an Atmosphere. So he engaged a Loft and made up for a Tramp. He fell in with the jolly Students who were so busy letting their Hair grow and working the Bohemian gag that they had no time to change Collars, etc.

He shifted from Rain-Water to Red Ink and let the Trouserials bag at the Knees. His daily Task was to sit under a striped Awning looking fuzzy and disreputable, the while he went against a tall Beaker of the Stuff that smells like Paregoric and converts the whole landscape into a light Green with Yellow Spots on it.

He lived in the dear old Latin Quarter until his Wardrobe was caked on him. Finally his Letter of Credit petered out, and he had to return to Illinois, where the crude Yokels shave every Saturday Night and put Butter on their Bread.

He showed up on the Prairie with a Mardi-Gras Costume, considerable Dandruff and four bum Sketches. Father looked him over and went for the Ax but Mother talked him out of it.

One Year in the Home of Art had weaned Alec away from the Simple Joys of the Middle West. He was all the time hollering because he could not get Garlic in his Food. He wore a Velveteen Coat and smoked Fumigato Cigarettes and read French Novels. Alec didn't know who was President of the Country or Governor of the State and he did not wish to bother about it.

America simply amused him.

In the meantime Father had to put up, for Alec was dead set against the Commercial Spirit. His principal Occupation was wishing himself back in Paree and nearly everybody hoped he would get his Wish.

Once the Directory Man asked Alec's Father for some Information.

"What is your Son?" asked the Directory Man.

"You can search me," replied the unfortunate Patriarch. "He does everything that a Painter does, except Paint. He don't want to be called an American and yet I can't label him French, having no Grudge against France. He's a mixture of Parisian, Sucker, Expatriate, Four-Flush and Free Luncher, which makes him, as near as I can figure it, a Yellow Mongrel."

Moral: To a benighted People the Latin Quarter looks like Thirty Cents.

II.—The One of the Poor Woman Who Had to Live in a House That Was Overrun by Anecdotes.

A GENTLEMAN with several Dislects once married a Woman because she had the Sense of Humor.

About the time she was up stream with the Bait but before he had used the Net, he would call on her and spring a Good One every little while. Whenever he told a ripe old Scandinavian Wheeze or an Irish Bull she would let out a Whoop and keel right over among the Cushions. He was an unqualified Hit and ran for nearly 100 Nights.

"She's the Strip of Calico for me," said the Private Comedian. "There's no chance of a Crust forming on our Married Life, for I can see a Future all rippling with Laughter. I shall be Funny Man and she can play Audience.

After they had been married a couple of years she knew his whole Repertoire backwards. He had a collection of Hasteters that made Joe Miller seem comparatively Recent and he worked them off every time they had Company but not at any other Time.

Her Sense of Humor seemed to evaporate after she had heard some 4000 shine Catches told in parlor Dialect.

The story-telling Man dies like an Outcast if he is cut out of his usual Stunts.

In order that the conversation might not lag she began to fill in by telling him what she thought of him.

At present his only happy Moments come when they have Friends to Dinner. She does not dare to choke him off and there is a tall Bouquet in the Center of the Table, so that he cannot see her Face.

Moral: Only a very appreciative Woman enjoys one after hearing it 800 times.

III.—The One of the Patient Toiler Who Got It in the Usual Place.

ONCE there was an Office Employe with a Copy-Book Education.

He believed it was his Duty to learn to labor and to Wait.

He read Pamphlets and Magazine Articles on Success and how to make it a Cinch. He knew that if he made no Changes and never beefed for more Salary, but just buckled down and put in Extra Time and pulled for the House, he would Arrive in time.

The Faithful Worker wanted to be Department Manager. The Hours were short and the Salary large and the Work easy.

He plugged on for many Moons, keeping his Eye on that Roll-Top Desk, for the Manager was getting into the Has-Been Division and he knew there would be a Vacancy.

At last the House gave the old Manager the Privilege of retiring and living on whatever he had saved.

"Ah, this is where Humble Merit gets its Reward," said the Patient Toiler. "I can see myself counting Money."

That very Day the Main Gazooks led into the Office one of the handsomest Tennis Players that ever worked on Long Island and introduced him all around as the new Department Manager.

"I shall expect you to tell Archibald all about the business," said the Main Gazooks to the Patient Toiler. "You see he has just graduated from Harvard and he doesn't know a dum Thing about Managing anything except a Cat-Boat, but his Father is one of our principal Stock-Holders, and he is engaged to a Young Woman whose Uncle is at the head of the Trust."

"I had been hoping to get this Job for myself," said the Faithful Worker, faintly.

"You are so valuable as a Subordinate and have shown such an Aptitude for Detail Work that it would be a Shame to waste you on a $5000 Job," said the Main Gazooks. "Besides you are not Equipped. You have not been to Harvard. Your Father is not a Stockholder. You are not engaged to a Trust. Get back to your High Stool and whatever Archibald wants to know, you tell him."

Moral: One who wishes to be a Figure-Head should not Overtrain.

IV.—The One of the Crafty Love-maker Who Needed a Lady Manager.

AT a Summer Resort two Young Fellows were after a Blonde.

One was an all-round Grand Stander and the other was a plain Varnish.

Number One could play 18 Holes in Bogey and ride any Jumper that ever wore a Girth. He was built like an Ox and asked People to feel of him, for he was as hard as Nails. If any Argument came up on the Veranda or at the Dinner Table he made the others look like Rabbits, for he was Posted and was very handy with the Sub-Maxillary. He wore his Chest a few Inches in front of himself, and no one could tell him where to get off. Inasmuch as he was a big, husky Good-Looker with all the Manly Accomplishments, he had a Panel Picture of himself leading Miss Blonde into a Flat.

Number Two belonged in the Sub-Duffer Class, no matter what Game he tackled. When he swung at a Golf Ball he usually hit himself in the Ankle. In sailing a boat he did not know a Sheet from a Sail. He ducked all kinds of Athletic Sports. In Company he became balled up and often had to be Rescued. He was no Ring Performer and he knew it. Therefore, to avoid making too many Breaks he would go to the Blonde and confidentially ask her to be his True Friend and steer him through the Shoals.

Number One would be out on the Links, hammering away to win a $2 Cup, but Number Two would remain under Cover and complain of feeling a trifle Knocked Out and permit the Blonde to put Cold Cloths on his Head. Then he would give her a couple of those long yearning Looks and tell her that no one else had ever been quite so Good to him.

Number One was trying to demonstrate that he was a Deuce of a Fellow and Number Two was trying to convince her that she was an Ace of a Girl.

When both of them had come to Tow, she did not hesitate for any great length of Time.

"That poor Boy needs a Bright and Clever Woman to take care of him," said she. "He has learned to depend upon me and it would be Cruel to turn him Adrift."

Number Two won by a City Block.

Moral: Star Her and she will discover your Good Points.

Hymn.

(Sung at the Second Church, Boston, at the ordination of the Rev. Chandler Robbins.)

We love the venerable house
Our fathers built to God—
In heaven are kept their grateful vows;
Their dust endears the sod.

Here holy thoughts a light have shed
From many a radiant face,
And prayers of humble virtue made
The perfume of the place.

And anxious hearts have pondered here
The mystery of life
And prayed the eternal light to clear
Their doubts and aid their strife.

From humble tenements around
Came up the pensive train,
And in the church a blessing found
That filled their homes again;

For faith and peace and mighty love
That from the Godhead flow,
Showed them the life of heaven above
Springs from the life below.

They live with God; their homes are dust;
Yet here their children pray,
And in this fleeting lifetime trust
To find the narrow way.

On him who by the altar stands,
On him thy blessing fall,
Speak through his lips thy pure commands,
Thou heart that lovest all.

—Emerson.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

FOR THE LEARNED AND THE CURIOUS

LETTERS asking for general information will be answered in these columns. They should be written on one side of the paper, and must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not for publication, however. All letters without the name of the writer go to the waste-basket.

Tribute to Barbary States.

About what amount did the United States pay annually to the Barbary States during and just before Jefferson's Administration, in order to be exempt from their piratical attacks?

STUDENT.

It cannot be stated exactly what sum the United States paid the Barbary States for exemption from piracy. Probably the total would not be much if any short of $5,000,000. Comparatively little was paid directly in money. Much went in the form of arms and munitions of war, at prices agreed upon with the Barbary rulers, which were in many cases but a mere fraction of the actual value of the stores. At one time a war vessel was built by the United States and completely equipped for service and sent with a lot of maritime stores as a present to the Dey of Algiers. At other times large sums were paid for ransom of Americans taken prisoners by the Moors in the course of their piratical operations. By a treaty with Algiers, concluded September 5, 1795, it was agreed that as consideration to the Dey for keeping the treaty he should receive from the United States "annually the value of 12,000 Algerian sequins (about $37,000) in maritime stores." In a treaty with Tripoli, November 4, 1796, "money and presents demanded by the Bey" were referred to "according to a receipt which is hereto annexed; except such part as is promised to be delivered and paid" on arrival of the United States Consul in Tripoli. The treaty of March 26, 1799, with Tunis prohibited the levy of tribute, but it was evidently not enforced, for the Bey of Tripoli subsequently based his demand for an increase on the allegation that Tunis was receiving more than he, which was not disputed. In 1804-5 the insolence and exactions of the Barbary rulers became intolerable, and Congress authorized President Jefferson to conduct war against them, though there was no formal declaration of war on the part of the United States. As a result of those operations, treaties were concluded putting an end to the demand for or payment of tribute. During our second war with Great Britain the Moors renewed their offensive practices, which were finally ended by Decatur in 1815.

Cecil Rhodes' Scholarships.

Will you kindly state the conditions and qualifications of applicants for the Cecil Rhodes scholarships? Are these schdlarships confined to undergraduates, or are they open to graduates of other colleges desiring to continue their studies? Are they confined to any one section, or are they equally distributed throughout the states?

According to the terms of Rhodes' will, applicants for Oxford scholarships must pass a satisfactory examination in scholarship, physique and character. Details have not yet been arranged. The American advisory board will soon establish rules for admission. Examinations will be competitive. It may be said in a general way that the scholarship requirements will be mech the same as for an American college of first rank. The physical test will probably not be less rigid than the test for West Point or Annapolis. Each state and territory of the Union is entitled to two scholarships.

Pension for Indian War Veterans.

Are all Indian War veterans entitled to a pension, or do they have to prove some injury received in the service, or some other physical disability? H. S.

All who served in the Indians Wars of Oregon and Washington from 1847 to 1856, Regulars or Volunteers, privates or officers, are entitled under the new law to a pension of $8 a month from the present time on. The only condition is that they must have been sworn into service and actually performed service.

Increased Pension Bill.

A few weeks ago The Oregonian published in its Washington dispatches the proceedings in the House of Representatives over Sulloway's amendment to the new pension bill, which increased the pensions of those who lost a limb or limbs or were totally disabled. Did the amended bill become a law? D. W. D.

No. The Senate bill to increase the pensions of those who lost limbs in the military or naval service was amended and passed by the House. When it came back to the Senate, June 17, Chairman Gallinger, of the pension committee, said the House had amended it in the matter of rates and made it apply only to soldiers who had received disability prior to the Spanish War. It also increased from $12 to $30 the pensions of soldiers under the act of June 30, 1890. He declared that these amendments destroyed the purpose of the bill, and that the Senate would not accept them. The bill was referred to the pension committee, where it now remains.

Nearest Approach to the Poles.

What is the nearest approach that has been made to the North and South Pole respectively, and by whom?

The nearest approach to the North Pole was made by Professor Fridtjof Nansen, who reached latitude 86 degrees 14 minutes, on April 7, 1895. Fifty days before that, Captain Svend Foyn, of the Norwegian whaler Antarctic, reached the highest Antarctic latitude, 74 degrees.

Portland's Altitude.

What is the altitude of Portland above the level of the sea? DRAIN.

At its lowest stage the Willamette River at Portland is 5½ feet above the sea, or, to be exact, 5.52 feet, according to the Government survey.

Governors Without Veto Power.

What four states in the Union whose Governors have no power of veto?

Delaware, North Carolina, Ohio and Rhode Island have never given their Governors the veto power.

Wichita, Kan.

Can you give me Mrs. Nation's address—the lady famous for smashing saloons with her hatchet?

NANCY HANKS.

To Various Correspondents.

E. A. R.—There is no premium on the half dime of 1807 or the dime of 1838.

S. A. D.—No back pension will be paid to Indian War veterans.

J. McG.—Any man who is hopelessly in debt may apply for relief through the bankruptcy law.

France is first in Europe in point of fast trains, the fastest averaging 58 miles an hour. England comes next, the fastest time being 55 miles. Third is Germany, with 51 miles, and next Belgium, with 49.