

The Day Was Observed as Strictly in New England.

There is an idea prevalent that strict observance of the Sabbath is almost wholly confined to the New England States. Nothing could be more erroneous. The "Blue Laws" of Connecticut, surviving as a proverb for hardness, have impressed the popular mind and fixed an idea which was, however, not at all correct. As severe as the enactments were, they were scarcely more rigorous, whenever the observance of Sunday was concerned, than those under which the colony of Virginia was established and developed. Attendance on divine service was strictly enforced, and abstinence from all secular employment as rigidly enjoined. It was a church-going religion engrossed the energies of the people. Participation in worship of the law, and whoever failed in it was a lawbreaker and was dealt with accordingly. Later on—that is, prior to the revolution—came a certain laxness—the reflex of the taut-stringed bow when the fox-hunting, cock-fighting, parsons were inducted into the limelight, but as the causes were temporary, the main cause being the political appointment by an absentee Metropolitan, the effect was not permanent.

It was out of these conditions that the Henover presbytery sprang, under the influence of Patrick Henry's son, the eloquent "Parson Davies," who was the President of Princeton college, and while some of the English sons who have made the time notable were dining, and drinking, and fighting the lady were standing stanchly by the old customs, and were making a sadling upon them of such misdeeds as the charges in their indictment against the government "at home." They withstood innovation. They held the faith. They built churches which still stand to-day as memorials to their piety and churchmanship. "An Old Virginia Sunday," by Thomas Nelson Page in Scribner's.

TRUE DAUGHTER OF CALIFORNIA

This One Wanted Recruits for "Busted Lung Brigade."

"Western girls are charming," said a young man who accompanied a Presidential party on the late President McKinley's Western trip, "but sometimes their hospitality declares itself in disquieting ways. Out in Los Angeles I met the prettiest girl I've seen years. We were walking in that delightful park of the town, Westlake, when she suddenly stopped and looked at me. Then, in that brisk way—Western girls have, she said: "Isn't there something the matter with you?" "I didn't know whether it was my eye or my tie."

"I don't know," I said. "Is there?" "Haven't you a cough?" she asked. "No," I answered, getting worried. "Didn't you ever have bronchitis or short breath, or a stitch in your side, or pleurisy, or pneumonia, or anything like that?" she went on. "I had to 'fees up that I hadn't." "I'm sorry," she said, plaintively. "I just gasped and she continued: "For if you had, you know, I could stay out here and join the B. R."

"What on earth is that?" I asked. "Why, the 'Busted Lung Brigade.' Lots of the loveliest men belong to it. I'm so sorry you can't, but (and I brightened visibly) perhaps you've been coarsened after awhile."

"That's a Western girl's way of being agreeable," said the young man, according to the New York Times. "It struck me as a bit ghoulish."

Tea Drinking in Russia.

Enormous quantities of tea are consumed by the Russians, but they do not suffer from any effects owing to the way in which they concoct the beverage. With them it is not a cup of tea, but a glass of tea. A sprinkling of leaf is put into the pot, boiling water is poured on, and allowed to stand more than thirty seconds. A small quantity of the brew—about two tablespoonfuls—is poured into a glass, which is then filled with boiling water. A slice of lemon and sugar are added, and here we have one of the most refreshing and piquant drinks imaginable. The color of the tea is a drab pale amber, and, of course, no milk is used.

He Meant the Bird.

A man once received as a present from a sea captain a fine specimen of the bird known as the "laughing lark." As he was carrying it home he met a brawny Irish navy, who stopped him: "Phwat kind of burrd is that?" asked the man. "That's a laughing jackass," explained the owner, genially. The Irishman, thinking he was being made fun of, was equal to the occasion and responded, with a twinkle of an eye: "It's not jerself—it's the burrd mane, sorr!"—London Spare Moments.

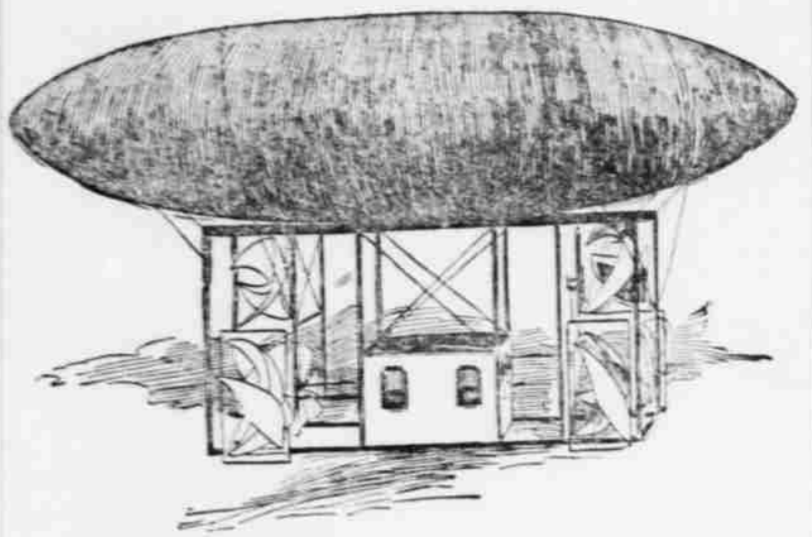
The Unappreciated Author.

The Unlucky Author—1 envied President. His Friend—Naturally. For special reason? The Author—If I had sent a 200 word original story to Congress it would have promptly returned it as available.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Tenants' Rights in Holland.

In Holland no landlord has the power of raising the rent or of evicting a tenant. As a rule, the only letters interesting enough to read are those that never have been written.

NEW AIRSHIP FOR WHICH GREAT PROMISES ARE MADE.



A model of a new dirigible airship was recently on exhibition in Chicago. It represents the results of two years' work on the part of William Reichenbach of Streator, Ill. The model shows a substructure consisting of two major parts, a cigar-shaped balloon, to which is attached a frame, on which are six propellers. Four propellers are used for ascending and two for steering. The power is supplied by a gasoline engine.

The owner of the machine claims it will do many evolutions known to the dirigible machine of Santos-Dumont. The Screaming Inventor declares his Eagle, for that is what he calls it, could be driven from Chicago to New York at the rate of 100 miles an hour, and that it could be sailed around a tower with its side touching the structure at all times. He also contends that the Eagle could be turned around all day in the same spot in the air. It is planned to construct a machine at an expense of \$10,000.

AWFUL BOER MORTALITY.

British Reconcentro Camps in South Africa to Be Abolished. The horrors of the British reconcentro camps in South Africa are to be abated. The appalling mortality that has marked these camps from the beginning has at length aroused the Government to action and the system under which thousands of Boer women and children have perished unnecessarily is to be changed. The reconcentro policy of England in South Africa will be one of the darkest chapters connected with the Boer war. Even Secretary Broderick, under whom they were instituted and maintained, does not defend them. The death rate in them has been awful. In six months 33,941 persons perished in them. During one month 3,156 deaths of whites are recorded, and of the victims 2,633 were children. The death rate for six months approximates 273

per 1,000; and if children alone be regarded the death rate will exceed 400 per 1,000.

To an English lady, Miss Hobbouse, the modification of the system under which so many unfortunate Boer women and children perished is due. This lady, who comes of a good English family and whose interests in the Boer reconcentros is merely a feeling of pure humanity, visited South Africa last spring and sought to ameliorate their condition. She appealed to the Government to act and it did. It expelled her from South Africa. On her return home Miss Hobbouse again appealed to the Government to interpose and end the system under which Boer prisoners, or pensioners, were being judicially murdered. Nothing came of her appeals. She then published the facts she had collected in South Africa and the result has been an awakening of the British conscience. The Government felt constrained to take notice of the opinions and feelings created by the publication of her pamphlet and the order was given for a change in the concentration system.

ALPHABET ON A PINHEAD.

Wonderful Achievement of a Baltimore Engraver Excites Surprise. H. A. Housell, an engraver employed by George Walter, jeweler, has accomplished a task in the engraver's art which eclipses the engraving of the Lord's prayer upon a silver dollar, which was supposed for a long time to be the triumph of fine work in engraving. He has managed to engrave the alphabet complete on the head of a common pin. Mr. Housell, who rarely uses a glass in his work, can read the letters with the naked eye, and although there are few persons whose eyesight is so strong, a common magnifying glass serves to make them easily distinguishable. The letters range from left to right and are all capitals.

In the first circle around the edge of the head of the pin are the letters from A to M, inclusive. Within this is a second circle beginning at N and ending at Z, and directly in the center is the &c mark. The diameter of the pin-head is barely a sixteenth of an inch, and it can be understood how small the letters must be. They are about one-fourth the size of the letters in the Lord's prayer engraved on a dollar. The work occupied about an hour and a half, Mr. Housell occasionally leaving

To a Poet.

To learn poetry "for repetition" is doubtless a means of cultivating a knowledge of literature, but schoolboys sometimes regard the authors of poems learned as taskmasters and personal enemies. This view is amusingly expressed in a letter which was found among the papers of the venerable German poet Gelbel. It was written to him by some schoolboys of Lubbeck, and is signed "Karl Beckmann, II. Klasse." The letter is printed in literature. After stating that two boys had been fogged because they could not learn Herr Gelbel's "Hope of Spring," the letter reads as follows: "We suppose you did not think of such things when you wrote the poem. The Herr Lehrer says it is a very beautiful poem, but there are so many very beautiful poems and we are obliged to learn them. Therefore we beg and entreat you, esteemed Herr Gelbel, make no more beautiful poems. And to make it worse we have to learn the biography of every poet, what year he was born in, and what year he died in. We write to you because you are the only poet still living, and we wish you a very long life.

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been applying her ear to the keyhole, a woman enters. "You are singularly prompt," he says, with a lowering glance and a sneer. "This is Mrs. Grunch," turning to Vera, "my housekeeper. She will see to your wants. Grunch, take these young ladies away. My nerves," with a shudder, "are all unstrung to the last pitch."

These unceremoniously dismissed, Miss Dysart follows the housekeeper from the room, Griselda having preceded her. Through the huge dark hall and up the wide, muffled staircase they follow their guide, moving as they do so the dainty that marks everything around.

She flings wide a door for the girls to enter, and then abruptly departs without offering them word or glance. They are thankful to be thus left alone, and impatiently stand still and gaze at each other. Vera is very pale, and her breath is coming rather fitfully from between her parted lips.

"He looks grim," she says, at last, speaking with a heavy sigh, and going nearer to Griselda, as if unconsciously seeking a closer companionship. "Did you ever see such a face? Don't you think he is grim?"

"Who can tell?" says Griselda. "I might think it, perhaps, but for his eyes. They—she shudders—"they look as if they would die. What terrible eyes they are! And what a vile old man altogether! Good heavens! how did he dare so to insult us! I told you, Vera—with rising excitement—"I warned you that our coming here would be only for evil."

A moment later a knock comes to the door. "Will you be pleased to come down stairs or to have your tea here?" demands the harsh voice of the housekeeper from the threshold.

"Here" is on Vera's lips, but Griselda, the bold, circumvents her. "Down stairs," she says, coldly, "when we get some hot water, and when you send a maid to help us to unpack our trunks."

"There are no maids in this house," replies Mrs. Grunch, sullenly. "You must either attend to each other or let me help you."

"No maids!" says Griselda. "None," briefly. "And my room? Oh—is this mine, or Miss Dysart's?"

"Both yours and Miss Dysart's, sorry if it isn't big enough," with a derisive glance round the huge, bare chamber. "You mean, we are to have but one room between us?"

"Just that, miss. Neither more nor less. And good enough, too, for these—"

"Leave the room," says Griselda, with a sudden, sharp intonation, so unexpected, so withering, that the woman, after a surprised stare, turns and withdraws.

CHAPTER III.

A few days later the girls are sitting in the garden. It is a beautiful day. Even through the eternal shadows that encompass the garden, and past the thick yew hedge, the hot beams of the sun are stealing.

"A day for gods and goddesses," cries Griselda, springing suddenly to her feet, and dinging far from her on the greenward the misty volume she had purloined from the musty library about an hour ago.

"Perhaps I'll never come back. The spirit of adventure is full upon me, and who knows what demons inhabit that unknown world? So, fare thee well, sweet, my love! and when you see me, expect me." She presses a sentimental kiss upon her sister's brow, averting that a "throw" is the only applicable part of her for such a solemn occasion, and runs lightly down toward the hedge.

She runs through one of the openings in the hedge, crosses the gravelled path, and, mounting the parapet, looks over to examine the other side of the wall on which she stands, after which she commences her descent. A little foot she slips into a convenient hole in it, and then the other into a hole lower down, and so on and on, until the six feet of wall are conquered and she reaches terra firma, and finds nothing between her and the desired cool of the lovely woods.

With a merry heart she plunges into the dark, sweetly scented bow of the giant trees, with a green, soft pathway under her feet, and, though she knows it not, her world before her.

It is an entrancing hour. She has stopped short in the middle of a broad, green space encompassed by high hills, though with an opening toward the west, when this uncomfortable conviction grows clear to her that she is lost. She is not of the nervous order, however, and keeping a good heart looks hopefully around her.

Far away over there, in the distance, stands a figure lightly lined against the massive trunk of a spruce, that most unmistakably declares itself to be a man. His back is turned to her, and he is bending over something, and so far as she can judge, thus remote from him, his clothing is considerably the worse for wear. A gamekeeper, perhaps, or a woodman, something of other of that sort. At all events the sight is welcome as the early dew.

(To be continued.)

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CHAPTER I.

Below a great broad stretch of ocean, calm as death, shimmering placidly beneath the stars, lay Vera, a way of palest green, decked here and there by tiny masses of soft, daisy clouds, and far inland, a background of high hills, divided with a tender haze, a very baby lection, just breaking into the faint light. Toward the bow the three girls were a little, leaving a trail of white wake, a straight pale ribbon runs between the greenery for the space of quite a mile or so, and then reaches the small fishing village, where the simple folk of Oldenham Dowsley sail from one year's end to the next, when it carries her, some in careless habit, some, as in great wedding, because of those "who will never come back to the town."

Along the white road, that gleams through in the burning sunshine of this hot midday in June, a carriage is crawling with pale and unattractive passengers—an antiquated vehicle of a type now almost unknown, but which still beyond doubt "does money." The carriage, being an open box, enables the people as it passes through the village to see without undue trouble that the occupants of it are the girls, both very young, both singularly alike, though in distinctly different styles.

"It is charming!" says the younger girl, with a little quick motion of the hand toward the sweeping bay, and the swaying trees, and the other shores of the landscape. "All charming, far better than I ever dared hope for, and yet my mind misgives me, Vera."

She turns a brilliant glance on her sister, full of nervous intonations, and then laughs a little. This animated, so is a very pretty girl, had child, half woman, as fresh as the morning, and with eyes like stars. She lifts one slender black-gloved hand, and placing it beneath her sister's chin, turns her face gently to her.

Such a beautiful day! Very like the faint one beside it, yet unlike, too. There is a touch of sadness round the lovely lips, a mournful curve, indeed, a thoughtfulness too great for her years is stamped on every feature. A tender, loving, yet strong soul shines through the earnest eyes, and when she smiles it is reluctantly, as if smiles all her life had been forbidden to her.

"Oh! that reminds me," said Miss Dysart. "I quite forgot to tell you of it, but the day before we left Nice, Nell Stewart said that this cousin you speak of, if he does exist at all, at all events does not do it here."

"Which means?" "That either he won't, or can't, live with his father. Can't, Nell rather led me to believe."

"Can't it, you may be sure," says the younger girl, restlessly. "Fancy a father whose son can't live with him! And yet, after all, I can't understand on that score a rather out of place with us. I can imagine just such a father."

"Well, never mind that," says Miss Dysart, hastily. "Yes, very good; let us then go from here to uncle's. He and her sister with a little strap. Do you think we shall gain much by the change? This old relative of ours is, perhaps, as delightful as we could wish him, and yet I wish father had not left us to his tender mercies."

"Do not dwell on that," says Vera, with nervous haste. "Do not seek for faults in the inevitable. He is all that is left us. You know the sudden decision arose out of a letter received by father from Uncle Gregory about a year ago. When father was—was—dying—" She pauses abruptly, and a tremor shakes her last words.

"The younger girl turns quickly to look at her. There is infinite awe and compassion in her glance, but perhaps a little contempt, and certainly a little impatience. "Do you know," she says, "it may seem heartless—positively coarse, if you will—but I do not think our father was a man to excite respect, much less love or regret, or—"

"Oh! it is better not to speak like that," interrupts Miss Dysart, in a low, shocked tone. "Don't do it, darling. I know what you mean, but—"

"And I know that I shall never forgive or forget the life he led you," says Griselda, with a certain angry excitement. "Well, that is over!" says Miss Dysart, with a quick sigh, heavily withdrawn.

"What was this vendetta, this terrible lifelong quarrel that was kept up between him and father with such monotonous persistence?" "That had to do with our grandfather's will. Papa was the eldest son, set the property was left to Uncle Gregory, and that for no reason at all. Naturally, papa was very angry about it, and accused Gregory of using undue influence."

"Just so, and of course there is a good deal behind that you don't know. These always, as nobody ever tells quite every thing. And besides—Oh! Oh, Vera! Oh! what has happened?"

Griselda clutches in an agonized fashion at the leather side of the crazy old chariot, which has toppled over to the left side and stands in a decidedly disconcerting position. The moment driver, presumably asleep, had let the horses wander at their own sweet will, and they being old and sleepy, too, the result was that they had dragged two of the wheels up on a steep bank and nearly capsize the carriage.

It is but, isn't it? This last he says hastily, as if ashamed of his unadvisedness on the eye of the sorry cattle to question—their horses, he denoted, and there is something wonderfully charming in the faint apologetic color that springs into his cheeks. As he finishes speaking he looks at Griselda so hard that she feels it incumbent on her to return his glance and to say something.

"We thought our last hour had come," she says, laughing sadly, and looking at him a little shyly, but so peacefully. "But for you, one cannot say where we should be now."

She looks to him, and as does her sister quite as gracefully, and then the horses show more confidence their small-like progress, grinding through the dusty road at the rate of three miles an hour. The little episode is over; the young man seems his soft hat more firmly on his head, picks up his red, regards it anxiously to see that no harm has come to it, and disappears some more into the shelter of the cool wood.

Half an hour later they are at the entrance gate of Greycourt, and practically at their journey's end. Both girls, with an involuntary movement, crane their necks out of the carriage to get a first glimpse at their future home, and then turn a dismaying glance on each other. Anything more dreary, more uninviting, yet withal grand in its desolation, could hardly be seen.

"How dark it is!" says Griselda, a nervous thrill running through her, as they move onward beneath the shade of the mighty trees that clasp their arms between her and the glorious sky—thus blotting it out.

A sudden turn brings them within view of the house. A beautiful old house apparently, of red brick, toned by age to a duller shade, with many gables, and overgrown in parts by trailing ivy, the leaves of which now glisten brightly in the evening sunshine.

The coachman, scrambling to the ground, bids them in a stony tone to alight. He is tired and cross, no doubt, by the unusual work of the day, and presently they find themselves on the threshold of the open hall door, hardly knowing what to do next. The shuffling figure of a man about seventy, appeared presently from some dusky doorway, he waves to them to enter the room, and, shutting the door again behind them with a sharp haste, leaves them alone with their new relative, Gregory Dysart.

CHAPTER II.

Vera, going quickly forward, moves toward an armchair at the upper end of the room in which a figure is seated. She sees an old man, shrunken, unembellished, with a face that is positively ghastly, because of its excessive pallor; a living corpse, save for two eyes that burn and gleam and glitter with an almost devilish brilliancy.

"So you've come," he says, without making any attempt to rise from his chair. "Shut that door, will you? What a vile draught! And don't stand staring like that; it makes me nervous."

His voice is cold, clear, freezing. It seems to the tired girls standing before him as if a breath of icy air had suddenly fallen into the hot and stifling room. "Vera, I presume," says Mr. Dysart, holding out his little white hand to permit her to press it. "And you are Griselda? I need not ask what intimate close your names, as I was well acquainted with your mother many years ago."

"I feel that I must thank you at once, Uncle Gregory, for your kindness to us," says Miss Dysart, gravely, still standing. "Ay, ay. You acknowledge that," says he, quickly. "I have been your best friend, after all, eh?"

"You have given us a home," continues Miss Dysart, in tones that tremble a little. "But for you—"

"Yes, yes—go on." He thrusts out his old, mowery face as if striving for further words. "But for me you would both have been cast upon the world's highway, to live or die as chance dictated. To me, to me you are indebted for everything. You owe me much. Each day you live you shall owe me more. I have befriended you, I have been the means of saving you from starvation."

It so happens that a face could show signs of excitement it shows it now, as he seeks to prove by word and gesture that he is their benefactor to an unlimited extent. The hateful emotion he betrays raises in Griselda's breast feelings of repugnance and disgust.

"I have consented to adopt you," he goes on presently, his cold voice now cutting like a knife. "But do not expect much from me. It is well to come to a proper understanding at the start, and so save future argument. Honestly has made me poor. You have been, I hear, accustomed to lead a useless, luxurious existence. Your father all his life kept up a most extravagant ménage, and, during left you paupers." He almost kisses out the last cruel word.

Griselda starts to her feet. "The honesty of which you boast is not everything," she says, in a burning tone. "Let me remind you that courtesy, too, has its claims upon you."

"Hah! The word pauper is unpleasing, it seems," says he, unmoved. "Before we quit this point, however, one last word. You are beneath my roof; I shall expect you to conform to my rules. I see no one, I permit no one to enter my doors save my son. I will not have people spying out the nakedness of the land, and speculating over what they are pleased to call my eccentricities. They will have me rich, but I am poor, poor, I tell you. Always remember that."

Griselda's features having settled themselves into a rather alarming expression, Miss Dysart hurriedly breaks into the conversation. "If you will permit us," she says, faintly, "we should like to go to our rooms, to rest a little. It has been a long journey."

Her uncle turns and touches the bell near him, and immediately, so immediately as to suggest the idea that she has

been applying her ear to the keyhole, a woman enters. "You are singularly prompt," he says, with a lowering glance and a sneer. "This is Mrs. Grunch," turning to Vera, "my housekeeper. She will see to your wants. Grunch, take these young ladies away. My nerves," with a shudder, "are all unstrung to the last pitch."