LITERARY FORGERIES.

The Way That Sir Walter Scott Was Basely Deceived.

CUNNINGHAM'S PROUD BOAST

This Scotchman Claimed He Could Fool a Congress of Antiquarians With His Own Writings and Ballads. Other Famous Forgers.

"I could cheat a whole general assembly of antiquarians with my original manner of writing and forging ballads." The man who made this proud boast, Allan Cunningham, was a youthful stonemason of Scotland, earning 18 shillings a week. That he was no idle braggart is evident, says the London Tit-Bits, from the fact that in his twenty-fifth year he perpetrated one of the greatest literary frauds of the nineteenth century.

Cunningham in spite of his humble role in life could write poetry the beauty and pathos of which would bring tears to the eyes of the reader. Apparently, however, he possessed a desire—characteristic of many rogues of literary genius—to make experts look foolish, and when a Mr. Cromek, who in 1809 was traveling in Scotland with a view to making a collection of genuine Scottish songs, asked Cunningham to assist him the stonemason conceived the idea of writing ballads and passing them off on Cromek as old Scottish productions.

These were included in a volume, and, although most of the critics detected the fraud and it was established beyond doubt that Cunningham wrote the ballads himself, they acquired an immediate reputation, and the genius of the writer led people to overlook the deception.

Nor was Cunningham the only forger of Scottish ballads. Robert Surtees, the celebrated antiquary and historian, for some curious reason not only palmed off on Sir Walter Scott as antique three ballads purely of his own composition, but actually suffered them to occupy a place in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," with a fictitious account of their origin, and left the novelist deceived to the end of his days.

Mention of the deception of Sir Walter Scott reminds one that the famous novelist was the victim on several occasions of literary forgers who used his name to boom their own work. George W. Haering, who under the pseudonym of Willibald Alexis came to be one of Germany's first novelists of the early part of the nineteenth century, published his first book, "Walladmor," and announced it as a free translation into German of a novel boldly ascribed to Sir Walter Scott. He afterward endeavored to excuse himself on the ground that people had been stupid enough not to see in "Walladmor" a satirical attack on the craze then prevalent for Scott's works.

In France several mimetic attempts on Scott have been made, notably "Allan Cameron" (1832) and "Ayme Verd" (1842), which were both published in Paris as being Scott's, and "La Pythie des Highlands," introduced to the world as the work of the famous novelist in 1844 by Charles J. David, son of the famous French painter.

But perhaps the most interesting of all the attempts to trade on Scott's name was that connected with the name of E. de Saint Maurice Cabany, director general of the Society of Archivistes of France, who in 1855 startled the literary world with a newly discovered novel by Scott, entitled "Moredun, a Tale of the 1210."

In J. A. Farmer's book, entitled "Literary Forgeries," it is explained how, on account of inaccuracies in dates and the description of places, this novel could not have been written by Scott, but the authorship remains a mystery.

The prince of literary forgers, as regards quantity, also hails from France. This was Vrain-Denis Lucas, the son of a peasant, who after providing certain classes of people with more or less spurious pedigrees perpetrated one of the most colossal literary frauds of the nineteenth century by successfully palming off 27,320 forged letters of ancient and eminent men to M. Chasles, a man of worldwide reputation as a geometrician and astronomer, who paid Lucas nearly £6,000 for the collection.

Lucas' false letters included some from the apostles, from Plato, Pliny, Lazarus and Mary Magdalene. And yet M. Chasles did not consider it extraordinary that these worthies wrote on paper and in the French language! Ultimately his eyes were opened, and Lucas was arrested and sentenced to two years' imprisonment.

The well known story of "Psalmanazar, the Famous Formosan," shows how easily the public can be imposed upon in regard to literature. This remarkable individual made his appearance in London early in the eighteenth century, claimed to be a native of Formosa and wrote in Latin his very singular "Description of Formosa." The book, which was a pure concoction, did not deceive anybody, but for many years its author "remained an object of faith and charity to a considerable section of his adopted countrymen." He repented, however, of his fraud, and his life ended with the esteem of many, while Dr. Johnson spoke of him as "the best man he ever knew." But who Psalmanazar really was remains to this day a literary secret.

Even more audacious perhaps was the attempt of an Irish clergyman named Eccles, a resident of Bath, who toward the end of the eighteenth century claimed to have written "A Man of Feeling," a work by Henry Mackenzie, often included in the popular reprints of today.

A Bark For Barker.

The editor sat in his easy chair. Editors always have easy chairs—in fiction. He thought he recognized the handwriting on one of the envelopes. He sighed.

"Another poem," said he, reaching for the waste paper basket. He opened the letter. He was agreeably disappointed. It was prose. It ran as follows:

"A man named Barker had a dog that barked, so he called it Barker because it barked and because his own name was Barker. So the man was Barker, and the dog that barked was Barker. The man didn't bark, although his name was Barker. Barker and Barker went for a walk, and Barker barked—that is, dog Barker, not man Barker. In fact, dog Barker barked so much that man Barker said: 'Barker, don't bark so often. You never hear me bark.' Just then man Barker barked his shin on the bark of a tree and barked like anything."

The editor paused. There was a note inclosed, which ran, "Please send check for inclosed to me at 1001 Barker avenue, city." Then did the deus ex machina write, with a smile, "I have received your joke and will send check —when my bark comes in."—Judge.

Legend of St. Winifred Well.

A romantic legend hangs around St. Winifred well. Cradocus, a neighboring prince, smitten with the beauty of a Holywell damsel and roused to anger by her coyness, struck off her head as she fled from his unwelcome attentions. The head, rolling down the hill, rested near the church, and from the spot the present copious spring gushed forth as the earth opened to swallow up the assassin. St. Beuno, who was passing, picked up the head and, with a skill which is now lost to the medical profession, restored the maiden, with only a slender white line on her neck as evidence of the miracle. But not only did the well spring from the spot where the head rested, but the moss on its brink was supposed to be possessed of a particularly fragrant smell, while the blood marks on the stones assumed many beautiful tints on June 22, the anniversary of the event. Today the well is contained in a rectangular building, and the water flows into a large basin in the shape of an eight pointed star.—London Chronicle.

Handling Live Wires.

Never handle an electric wire (lest it be "alive") with the naked hand, but use a nonconducting substance as a protector. Any good nonconducting substance will supply protection.

Rubber—In form of gas stove tube or water hose, could be thrown over a wire to pull it from its connection with a live wire.

Porcelain—In form of a bit of common crockery or a floor tile, hand plate for door, a stone ink bottle.

Glass—A stout bottle, a glass rod or a pane of glass could be used to dislodge a wire from its connection with a trolley wire or other current feeder.

Wool—A woolen scarf, stocking, coat or wrap.

Cotton—Any piece of cotton garment or stout cotton twine.

Silk—Scarf or other garment.

Any of these materials in goodly thickness could be used to protect the hand in removing a live wire or even using an instrument to cut it through.

Spain's Canny Railroads.

In Spain the railroads do not lose a chance to make a little profit even in the case of the nontravelers. When you see somebody off in that country you must pay for the privilege. The railroads all sell billetes de anden, which are good for the platform only. These cost generally 5 centimos, equivalent to a cent in American money. Just why this is done it is hard to see, because persons entering a train cannot very well avoid the conductor, who is always making trips to inspect the carriages. If a person attempted to steal a ride in a carriage, he would have small chance of getting away with it. If caught, he would have to pay a penalty of just twice the fare between the point where he was discovered and the point where tickets last were inspected.—New York Sun.

He Had No Choice.

The wife of a dynamo tender went to a haberdasher's to buy a necktie for her husband. She selected a brilliant red one, ready made, whereupon the young and inexperienced salesman, with compassion for the future owner, was moved to remark:

"Excuse me, missus, is this tie for your husband?"

"It is," replied the woman.

"Don't you think he'd rather have some other color? I'm afraid he won't wear this red tie."

"Oh, yes, he will!" said the woman firmly. "He'll have to—he's dead."—London Answers.

The Irish Priest.

Stephen Gwynn has said somewhere excellently that the Irish priest possesses the secret of Irish life. He does, and so entirely is the key to it in his possession that I doubt if any genius, however great, could give an adequate rendering of Irish life without introducing the priest.—Katherine Tynan in Fortnightly Review.

A Discourager.

Miss Kreech—Some autherities believe that the practice of singing will keep a person from getting consumption. Mr. Knox—Yes, but most authorities believe in "the greatest good to the greatest number."—Philadelphia Press.

Hurt His Feelings.

She—I think Mr. Rymer, the minor poet, felt hurt at a remark you made the other night. He—What did I say? She—You said there was only one Shakespeare.—London Telegraph.

"HE" OR "SHE" ON THE SEA

Why a Vessel Is Usually Spoken of as Feminine.

Mr. Kipling, champion of the romance of machinery, has done much to prove his case in his tales and poems of the locomotive, the motor car, the torpedo boat, the destroyer, the submarine, the tramp steamer and the ocean liner. Nevertheless both the literary and seafaring world is still divided on the question, "Is the steamship of today as much a thing of beauty, of romance, of inspiration, as were the famous clippers, the swift packets, the stately Indiamen and the daring whalers of a day gone by?"

Recently a group of travelers, looking upon their mighty vessel at its pier, noted the vast sides glistening with fresh paint, the elegant appointments, the immaculate decks and the shining brasses, and one of them quoted approvingly, "The liner, she's a lady."

"Is she?" queried an older man. "That's what I doubt. At least if this magnificent monster is feminine at all, she's more than a new woman or an athletic girl even. She's an amazon, a giantess, a circus lady, fit to juggle cannon balls and lift men in her teeth.

"Every craft is still conventionally 'she,' I know, but most of them are losing their femininity. Now, a ship in her movements, her style, her individuality, really was a lady."

"I suppose you have heard the old conundrum, 'Why is a ship referred to as she?'" asked another of the party.

"I don't remember it. What is the answer?"

"'Because she requires so much rigging before she can go anywhere.'"

"Well, on the whole, I think the 'she' is fitting. Once behold a full rigged ship under all her canvas, her gilded figurehead courtesying deep into blue sea and racing foam, her lofty main truck swinging its splendid arc against blue sky and racing clouds, and you could never doubt it. But when we change sails for steam we should change sex and pronoun with them. This ponderous leviathan ought plainly to be 'he,' and, then, think of a battleship! Absurd!"

The youth, who had already quoted Kipling smiled and completed his quotation:

> The liner, she's a lady, and 'er route is cut an' dried;
> The man-o'-war's 'er 'usband, an' 'e always keeps beside.

"Good!" agreed the other. "It's something to admit that the man-of-war is not a lady too!"

"Even before the days of steam, wasn't it odd that she used to be?" asked a lady.

"No; the oddity was in saying 'man' of war," was the reply. "But I suppose that was to indicate her masculine duties, much as when Maria Theresa assumed sovereign command in time of war her subjects, instead of acclaiming her queen, hailed her as 'king.' A ship of the line was quite properly 'she,' and man-of-war is an official title, anyhow."

"You're mixing me dreadfully!" complained a young girl. "How am I ever to learn about ships when you begin by telling me 'he' is 'she' and 'she' is 'he'?"

It is an interesting question. Do vessels lose their femininity with their wings? Are they becoming mannish? Is the liner not a lady?—Youth's Companion.

Tobogganing In 1765.

It is interesting to note in Smollett's "Travels Through France and Italy" that when the novelist was making an excursion in March, 1765, from Nice across the Maritime Alps to Turin he descended the Piedmontese slope of the Col di Tenda toward Suneo on a toboggan.

"Having reached the top of the mountain," he tells us in letter thirty-eight, "we prepared for descending on the other side by the leze, which is an occasional sledge made of two pieces of wood, carried up by the coulants (local guides) for the purpose. I did not much relish this kind of carriage, especially as the mountain was very steep and covered with such a thick fog that we could hardly see two or three yards before us. Nevertheless our guides were so confident and my companion, who had passed the same way on other occasions, so secure that I ventured to place myself on this machine, one of the coulants standing behind me and the other sitting before me as the conductor, with his feet paddling in the snow, in order to moderate the velocity of its descent. Thus accommodated, we descended the mountain with such rapidity that in an hour we reached Limon. Here we waited two full hours for the mules which traveled with the servants by the common road."

This is simply tobogganing used as a practical means of transit for travelers in the Alps.—Chambers' Journal.

Heavy Soles For Walkers.

"People who have to do considerable walking on the streets during the summer time make a mistake by getting light shoes with thin soles," remarked a well known shoemaker the other day. "The thin soles do not protect the feet against the intense heat of the cement walks and the pavements, and as a result the wearer suffers much. Take it in the European countries, the people wear thick soled shoes the year around. Between the two strips of leather is a strip of cork, making the shoe lighter, but furnishing protection against wet or hot walks. Americans appear to have the wrong idea—that is, they think that thin, light shoes are the coolest. This is true if they keep off the sidewalks or streets where the sun has heated the surface, but you will find it is not true if you have to travel around a city much during the heated portion of the day."—Des Moines Register and Leader.

Color Gossip.

Have human beings, like animals, a tendency to clothe themselves in colors that reproduce the prevailing tone of their surroundings? There is another question for scientists who have discovered that different colors produce differing effects on the health and disposition of individuals. At all events color conventions in different parts of the world are decidedly at a variance. For example, while we use black in mourning the Chinese wear white gowns, white caps, white shoes and white ties on their cues. The royal color in Europe is purple—a hue of red, not of violet, as often misrepresented. In China the imperial color is yellow, and a certain shade of yellow may not be worn by the common people, but is conferred upon high officials as a great distinction.

Some individual color preferences are historical. Cleopatra loved yellow; Mme. de Pompadour delighted in a charming mixture of pink and blue; Napoleon's first empress, Josephine, wore the daring combination of black, white and emerald green, while Eugene Field boldly declares that—

> Any color, so long as it's red,
> Is good enough for me.

—Woman's Home Companion.

Bargain Sales In Japan.

Even in placid Japan they have bargain sales, but they conduct them on very different principles from the scrimmages we have over here. An amusing American woman has embodied her experiences of traveling alone in Japan in a most entertaining volume just published, whence may be gathered a description of a sale at the greatest trading house in Japan.

The goods are not flung about. They are shown to advantage in locked cases, and the heads of departments keep the keys. Remnants, however, are laid on mats, and, though there is keen anxiety to secure bargains, perfect order and quiet prevail.

Babies toddle about quite comfortably, others sleep on their mothers' backs. However orderly and quiet though the Japanese bargain sale may be, it is not free from the shoplifter, and it is interesting to hear that the detective is as necessary in the flowery land as in England. The kimono sleeve is a useful receptacle for unconsidered trifles.—London Ladies' Pictorial.

Giving Him a Chance.

Mrs. Wilson's husband was often obliged to go to New York on business and frequently did not reach his home until the arrival of the midnight train. Mrs. Wilson had been in the habit of sleeping peacefully at these times without fear, but a number of burglaries in the neighborhood during one of her husband's trips to New York had disturbed her calm.

On the night of his return Mr. Wilson was stealing carefully up the front stairs, as was his wont on such occasions, so that his wife would not be wakened, when he heard her voice, high and strained.

"I don't know whether you are my husband or a burglar," came the excited tones, "but I am going to be on the safe side and shoot, so if you are Henry you'd better get out of the way!"—Youth's Companion.

A Lesson In Language.

A regular Mr. Malaprop recently came home from his first visit to Europe. He grew enthusiastic about Rome.

"It was fine," he declared, "to go into them churches over there and see the old tombs—cigarophagusses, they call 'em. And then the Sixteen chapel is great, and as for the Vaccination, where the pope lives, well!"

But his stock of compliments gave out when he got to the subject of beggars.

"I always refused them pennies," he said, "because, you see, I didn't want to set a bad prestige!"—New York Times.

Not So Many.

They went in to dinner together. He was very bashful, and she tried in vain to draw him out. Finally she began to talk books, and he became responsive. "And Hugo?" she asked. "Do you like his style?" "Oh, yes," he replied; "I find him intensely interesting. I've read a number of his books." Then she asked, "Have you read 'Ninety-three?'" "No, I've—er—only read three. I didn't know he had written so many."

Reason For High Price.

"You charge me $2 for that little dish of possum?" said the guest at the crossroads hotel. "It's an outrage!"

"No, it ain't, stranger," replied the landlord. "I wuz six nights ketchin' that possum, an' when I kotched him I kotched the rheumatism with him, an' I need the money fer my doctor's bill."—Atlanta Constitution.

A Doubter.

Little Helen—Ma, the minister told me today that God gave me to you. Mother—Well, he did, my dear. Helen—Then somebody isn't telling the truth. I heard auntie tell Mrs. Watson that the court gave me to you.—Detroit Free Press.

His Ground.

He—Why are you going to marry that old fossil? She—I love the very ground he walks on. He—I know, but isn't there any other way of getting it?—London Opinion.

No Hindrance.

"May I have the next dance, Miss Pechis?"

"I'm engaged, Mr. Galley."

"Oh, what's the odds? Why, I'm married."—Exchange.

Nearly every Japanese follows the profession of his father.

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Most of the Russian officers and soldiers are defending Gen. Stoessel in his present trial for needlessly surrendering a position he was powerless to hold. There are occasions when discretion has the edge on valor, and the incident at Port Arthur was one of them.

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TIMBER LAND ACT, JUNE 3, 1878—NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, United States Land Office, Portland, ... November ...

Notice is hereby given that ... DAVIDSON, of Nehalem, County of Tillamook, State of Oregon, has applied to purchase under the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, as extended by act of August 4, 1892, the N ½ ... Sec. 10 and N ½ Nw ¼, Sec 11, T 3 N, R ... will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver, at Portland, Oregon, on Tuesday, the 13th day of February, 1908. He names as witnesses:

J. R. Hicks, of Nehalem, Oregon; ... man, of Nehalem, Oregon; ... Nehalem, Oregon; August Davidson, of Nehalem, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 13th day of February, 1908.

ALGERNON S. DRESSER, Register.

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