

## THE HEAVENLY TWINS.

A Novel Dealing With Questions of Morality.

It seems strange to one who has just finished reading "The Heavenly Twins" that the author could find no publisher willing to run the risk of publishing her book. They might have been frightened by the length of it, six hundred and seventy-nine pages, as well as by the weight and length of the sermons it contains. In spite of these drawbacks the book has had, as every one knows, an immense sale in this country and England.

The characters all make speeches sophomorical, and before the end of the book, tiresome. The moral intention of the book is not sufficiently concealed, not concealed at all, in fact. It is not treating the public with frankness to offer it a book supposed to be a novel, which in truth, is a collection of essays on morality and the rights of women. On the other hand there is no doubt that such books strengthen the moral purpose of all who read them, and if the public can be allured to take what is good for it by a little sugar coating, perhaps the deceit is pardonable. Still there is always resentment of a book or a thing which is not exactly what it pretends to be. The moral in a novel should be inferred from the picture of life presented, and not expressed by the author. It is a delicate and necessary flattery to allow each reader to draw his own conclusions. In presenting the case to the jury public there should be no instructions from the judge. It is said that the latest things from the pen of Sarah Grand are written with a consciousness of this truth.

The book is a protest against the laws that men have made for women since history began. It is a call to women to rise up for their own sake, for men's sake, for posterity's sake, and refuse their society to men known to lead an immoral life. The day of a single standard for men and women is approaching. So far men have been deprived of the strong and steady influence that keeps women virtuous. For this state of things the subjection of women is largely responsible. Happiness and vice cannot exist in the same body. Why should it be made easy for half the human race to cut itself off from all chances of happiness? These are some of the arguments that Madame Grand uses. These and many others she presents with such force and originality that conviction follows reading.

The "Heavenly Twins" themselves are supernaturally bright—but there are supernaturally bright children. Their schemes and tricks and speeches are no more remarkable than the way Mozart played the piano at eight years of age. Anything is possible to genius; and the twins are genii.

The order of events is curiously developed. We are not told of Angelica's marriage until it is perhaps a year old. Then we feel as astounded and incredulous as the "Tenor" does. The book is divided into six parts. In one of them, the musical interlude of the Tenor and the boy Diavolo does not appear, Diavolo being one of the most interesting and lovable of the characters; his is an absence deeply deplored. His sister can much more easily be spared. It is also a shame to make us believe, even through one book, that the chivalrous, indulgent, upright Diavolo has developed into such a selfish, unsympathetic young man as his sister's impersonation makes of him.

Haters of woman's rights women cannot accuse Madame Grand of not being able to know a good man when she sees one. There are more good men than bad ones in the book. The Tenor, Dr. Galbraith, Lord Dawne, Diavolo, the Bishop and Mr. Kilray are fine examples of the best men. However, their goodness does not reach as far as the badness, the loathsome badness, of Mosley Mentieth who is not punished as he should be at the end. To be sure Angelica throws a heavy bible at him and breaks his nose, but the loss of his nose, or the beauty of it, is not enough for crimes like his.

Unlike most books that have been a great success this one is eminently worthy of it. It is a study of heredity. For the good of the race may its place in English literature, be a permanent one.

There is no reason why children should be allowed to suffer from irritable and scrofulous sores and glandular swellings when such a pleasant, effective and economical medicine as Ayer's Sarsaparilla may be procured of the nearest druggist. Be sure you get Ayer's.

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## POTPOURRI.

While nerve and vein revel in triumphant life, many things make us wax merry. But when the day is done, and the shadowy shores of the sunset land show dimly in the mellowing light, how few things which we have done afford us satisfaction!

It was early in the civil war, when Grant by his first successes was arousing in brother officers jealous heart-burnings, that two of them went to Lincoln with complaints, stating among other things, that it would be impossible for Grant to succeed eventually, as he carried his whiskey with him all the time. President Lincoln elevated his eye brows, and that quaint, never to be forgotten smile hovered about mouth and eyes, as he asked, "I wish you could bring me word where he gets his whiskey;" the officers took it for granted they had a case, when Lincoln slowly continued; "I'd like to get some for my other generals." How the anecdote is brought to mind every day by the mean spirit of so many who can never thoroughly rejoice in another's successes. There are so many poverty stricken human natures. Suppose that Jones did get to be coroner, and you failed—that your friend beat you in the race. Be a man! Be magnanimous! Go and wring his hand, and tell him you rejoice with him, and will be glad to come and help him sit on his first corpse without a fee. Lots of folks in this world need a little of Grant's whiskey.

The delegation of women who are to wait upon Mrs. Breckinridge, and plead with her to renounce her husband, evidently belong to the ranks of those mentioned in the old proverb; "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

It's a question, whether on the whole, we suffer most from our over zealous and injudicious friends, or our openly avowed enemies.

It was a Persian king whose life being full of sorrow through all the years, said he would give a dowry of gold and silver and precious stones to the courtier who should bring him a message of comfort and peace, and so short it could all be graven on a ring which he could always wear, letting his eyes rest upon it, whenever they should fall on his hand. And one brought these words, and won the royal prize.

"This too, will pass away."

Nothing lasts forever.

Even time passes away for us; every bubble bursts.

There comes halting places, and we drop here a burden, there a gnawing grief, here a bunch of withered flowers, eloquent in their faded loveliness.

But even when the clouds are darkest, let hope whisper: "This too, will pass away."

Who was it wondering if there were more people out of marriage who wanted to get in, or more in who wanted to get out? That man believed the latter who proposed issuing a divorce coupon with every marriage certificate. The fault lies largely in people acting first, and doing their reflecting afterwards. The man who said he loved his wife so well the first six months he wanted to eat her up, and had spent the balance of his life regretting that he hadn't, belonged to this class.

The silver tongued orator of Kentucky doesn't seem after all, to be much of an improvement on the first man. It was one Adam, in Eden, back adown the ages who cowardly plead: "The woman tempted me and I did eat." And now down in the vaunted land of chivalry, where every man passes as a knight, ready to fight a duel at a moment's notice, the gallant (?) Colonel B.—tremblingly admits his sin, but—"The woman tempted me and I fell." Poor Adam! Poor Willie! Stricken dears. And the world goes on prating of the "weaker sex." Which one?

AUGUSTA L. PACKARD.

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