

ALL THE WORLD.

Maid, do you recall the place
Where the tortured waters race
Downward, downward, to the sea
In an effort to be free?
Hoaring from huge stone to stone,
Grumbling in a monotone
In some hollow where, distressed,
They have sought a moment's rest?

Maid, do you recall where you
Sat and watched the varied hue
Of the waters and the skies?
Did you know that in your eyes
Shone each tint of sky and stream?
Ev'ry evanescent gleam
Of the wild uncanny glen
Shone from out your eyes again.

They were there, the sky's own blue,
Little flecks of sunshine, too;
Ev'ry deep and grumbling pool,
Ember-shaded nook and cool,
Silver-banded swaying birch,
And the thrushes biding perch;
All were there; each vale and steep,
All the torrents rush and leap!

They were there—I know they were—
Ev'ry slope of pine and fir;
Ev'ry foam-white waterfall,
For I saw them, saw them all
And I never looked away
From your dancing eyes that day!
All the world, my world, dear, lies
In the deeps of your blue eyes!

—J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

Sir Humphrey Potter's
First Love.

BY HAROLD OHLSON.

MANY people considered that the time had come when Sir Humphrey Potter, with his wealth and his title, should take a wife. Some of these had daughters. They were only anxious for the dear girls' happiness. No one, however, cared to speak to him on such subjects as love and marriage. He would have thought them frivolous.

He was never frivolous. It was only possible to interest him in serious matters; business transactions for preference; politics, on which he had decided views, in his lighter moods. It was difficult to conceive of him as a lover. His tall, portly form seemed always to require about it the red mahogany and shining leather of his office. Laughter, while in conversation with Sir Humphrey, seemed out of place. It was, said an irreverent person, as the crackling of thorns under a Potter.

Mrs. Latimer had described him as "portentous." She owned that the exact meaning of the word had escaped her for the moment, but she had an inner consciousness that it contained an exact description, and she was not to be moved by any dictionary person.

He was a self-made man. That was evident. No one else would have troubled to make him. However, he stated the fact contently.

He was enormously rich, and had obtained a knighthood by judicious philanthropy. He did not pay large salaries to his clerks, but when a fund was started at the mansion house he pressed nobly to the front. Pressing nobly to the front—people can see you when you are there—had made him what he was—Sir Humphrey Potter.

Young ladies have been wont to call him, in the course of private conversation, "a fat pompous beast." The course of private conversation does not always run smoothly. Now he was "dear Sir Humphrey."

He was on the market. He had wealth and title, although the goods were a little shop-soiled.

It was on a beautiful, warm morning in July that Sir Humphrey cautiously lifted one lath of his bedroom blind and peered out. He was not anxious to be seen. He was a man of great dignity of presence (his tailor, to whom he paid cash, had often told him so), but he felt he did not look his best at that particular time. His hair fell in a fringe over his forehead—which did not suit him—and his face shone with the perspiration engendered by a hot July night. It also required the refining touch of a razor. The fat, frowzy man in the long white shirt (he clung to the old fashions), with big, bare feet and rumpled hair, was as ridiculous and unpleasant to the eye as Sir Humphrey Potter, an hour later, would be dignified and imposing.

It was not for the purpose of observing the beauties of nature that he thus delayed his toilet, but rather that he might watch Miss Latimer, the daughter of his old friend and present host, and her cousin Clarissa, who were walking in the garden. They were enjoying the fresh morning air; Clarissa, for the sake of the thousand delicate scents that mingled with it and the sweet, glad song of the birds; Miss Latimer chiefly for the sake of her complexion. She did not care much for the songs of the birds; she preferred music from the comic operas. And as for the delicate scents of the waking flowers—she had been known to purchase patchouli.

Miss Latimer's whole attention was at that period of her existence engrossed by her numerous love affairs.

Her talk was of young men. Her great purpose was to obtain a husband; if young and handsome, so much the better, but the only indispensable adjunct was wealth. She was little, plump and pretty, with beautiful eyes that she could use effectively on very young men. These walked with her, talked with her (she would giggle at remarks that should have been received with a cold silence), and flirted with her.

She was called "Flo." It seemed a necessary consequence. There are many noble, stately women in the world named Florence, but it would seem an insult to address them as "Flo." However, the name suited Miss Latimer to perfection.

And Clarissa? A tall, slender girl, bearing herself with a natural grace and dignity that little Flo, push herself out and pull herself in as she might, could never imitate.

Miss Latimer's young-men friends (she called them "the boys") thought her cousin Clarissa stuck up. They told each other so. But a smile from her would have brought any one of them to her feet. To be favored of one whom all the others consider stuck up and standoffish appeals strongly to masculine vanity. Besides, she was really beautiful, and as nice as a girl who loves to be a lady is to a man who loves to be a gentleman. But she could not be considered "good fun."

When the two girls disappeared along the path that led down to the river, Sir Humphrey dropped the lath of the blind and proceeded to build up his dignity of presence.

He had made up his mind. He would marry Clarissa.

The preceding years of his life had been devoted to his business, and he had scarcely ventured into feminine society. But now he felt entitled to show some relaxation of his efforts, and had decided that he must bring a wife to the palatial home he had built in a London suburb, and that she must be beautiful, just as he had beautiful furniture to adorn it. He did not anticipate any difficulty. He could pay the bill.

It was a curious coincidence—that is to say, it may have been a coincidence—that Mr. Latimer said to him, as they smoked a cigar together after breakfast that morning:

"You ought to marry, Potter."

"Well, I can't say I haven't thought of it," answered Sir Humphrey. "I feel at times I want something to cheer me up—to take my thoughts off the work when I'm at home."

He spoke as if he intended to buy a banjo.

"You want to find the right girl, and then you'll never regret it. And you won't make a mistake—that ain't your way, we all know, Potter."

Sir Humphrey had money in Mr. Latimer's business.

"You can hardly realize," continued Mr. Latimer, "the rest and pleasure a tired man can find in woman's talk, if it's lively and chatty."

Here Mr. Latimer artistically lost himself in reverie, emerging presently with a sigh.

"How I shall miss my daughter Flo when she gets married! So bright and jolly—such a capital companion! We're always together."

The feeling of a doting parent had carried him away. He was not always with his daughter. She saw to that.

"It needs consideration, Latimer," said Sir Humphrey, and then, a little abruptly, turned the conversation to other topics.

But by lunch-time Mr. Latimer had calculated to a nicety the minimum cost of the transfer of his daughter Flo to Sir Humphrey Potter. He would, he decided, strongly advise a quiet wedding (had not Flo's aunt died within the year?) but he had strong misgivings that that young lady would like the thing done in style. She would be sure that dear auntie would not wish any difference to be made.

In the afternoon Sir Humphrey sat with Miss Latimer on the lawn, until she suggested the summer house by the river as being the coolest, darlingest place, and providing awful fun watching the people in the boats.

"They're all in love with each other, and so funny to watch! Do come, dear Sir Humphrey!"

Clarissa had been sent to the shops to match wool for Mrs. Latimer. Mr. Latimer had thought the walk would do her good.

The thermometer registered 80 degrees in the shade.

Sir Humphrey passed the time pleasantly by instructing his companion in the method of making money on the stock exchange. She understood everything, so wonderfully did he explain things.

She said so.

He had endeavored to enlarge Clarissa's mind on the same subject on the day previous. She had not understood him. Sir Humphrey had no doubt of that.

She had made a foolish remark to the effect that she preferred the methods of burglars. They, at least, took their chance of getting caught by a policeman or shot by the man they were robbing.

In the evening, when the moon was just clear of the tree tops, Clarissa walked down to the river to meet her cousin. It was at the urgent request of that young lady she did so.

"I've promised Gus to go for a moonlight row, but pa must think you're with me. He don't mind my being late, then," she had said, as they left the dinner table. "Be sure you're there at nine, so that we can come in together, and don't let pa see you alone."

So while pa sipped his port in after dinner contentment, Clarissa wandered in the rose garden and dreamed of the lover that was to come.

She did not dream of the lover that was coming.

Sir Humphrey finished his cigar and then went out into the garden. Mr. Latimer said to the sharer of his joys and sorrows—but not his port—that he hoped Clarissa would have the sense to come in. Her health was too delicate for the night air.

It was a maxim of Sir Humphrey's that, when your mind was made up to a certain course, it was best to act promptly. He went in search of Clarissa.

He came behind her as she stood on the bank of the silver river, lost in sweet dreaming. The soft, white evening gown, made in the quaint, beautiful fashion of a past generation, showed the lines of her graceful figure.

She would look well surrounded by the ancient carved-oak furniture he had bought in Tottenham Court road.

He was standing at her side before she recognized his presence. He looked very big and imposing in his evening clothes. A large diamond sparkled in his shirt front. Was this the lover of her dreams?

When he had business in hand, it was not Sir Humphrey's custom to beat about the bush. After remarking on the beauty of the evening—so much was customary even in strictly business conversation—he asked her if she would be his wife.

For a moment she did not reply. Sir Humphrey recognized the fact that she was very beautiful and that loveliness and the moonlight threw him a little off his balance. He felt he wanted to take her in his arms and kiss her. The matter was getting beyond the strict regime of business.

He had never wanted to kiss any one before.

It could, of course, be only a matter of minutes—a little maiden hesitation—before he had the right to do so. Minutes? Clarissa was speaking—

"Do you know my father, Sir Humphrey?"

"No, I have not that pleasure."

He anticipated no trouble in that quarter. Was he not Sir Humphrey Potter?

"I think you will not—cannot—renew this proposal when I tell you that—that—"

"Yes?" urged Sir Humphrey as Clarissa paused.

"He is in prison," she said, in a voice scarcely audible, and turning herself away from him.

"In prison?" gasped Sir Humphrey. There was silence. A faint breath stirred the rushes and died away again. A wakeful corncrake creaked once and then subsided, as if he were alarmed by the noise he made in that great stillness.

Sir Humphrey was thinking. He could not decide on the instant what he should do. But the moonlight still exercised its power over him. He still wanted to kiss her.

Latimer should have told him; it was monstrous to have introduced him to this girl without a word as to her father's disgrace. She was, he supposed, living on the charity of the Latimers. There would be a taint of crime in her blood, and perhaps if he married her it would appear in her children. The thought was horrible.

But he wanted Clarissa.

When, at last, he fell asleep, he had almost made up his mind to marry her.

But when he awoke in the morning he found his love much less obtrusive and his business instincts predominant. Sentiment had faded with the moonlight.

He wondered how he could have hesitated. Such a marriage was impossible.

"I am very distressed, very distressed indeed, to learn you are in such an unfortunate position," he said when the opportunity came; "but you must see, of course, that under the circumstances I cannot repeat the offer that I made yesterday evening, an offer that I should not have—that is to say, had I been informed, as I should have been, of the circumstances, I should not have—er—put us both in this painful position."

Sir Humphrey spoke at civic banquets.

"I hope you will let—er—by-gones be by-gones, and remember me as a friend."

Clarissa heard his speech to the end in silence. She had expected it. Now it was her turn. She had long ago realized the perfect self-conceit of the man. He had thought that she was ready to throw herself into his arms, should he choose to open them. She had decided that to be tricked and deceived by a girl would be an invaluable lesson to him.

She was only acting for his good.

She raised her eyes and looked at him steadily.

Then she told him that her father was indeed in a prison. He had been there nearly all his life. It was one of the largest and most important prisons in England.

He was the governor of it.—London Sketch.

Art, the Drama and the Actor

By JOSEPH JEFFERSON.



ART IS the selection of those matters most interesting in nature, and the blending of them into a harmonious whole. It does not need to be an exact reproduction of nature, but rather a reproduction of those things best calculated to convey the idea.

I have been asked why I do not have a dog in "Rip Van Winkle." My answer is that the dog selected might not conform to the preconceived notions of the larger part of the audience of what Rip's dog ought to be. Then he might wag his tail at the wrong time, and thus attract entire attention to himself. The principal actor would naturally object to being outshone by a dog-star.

The production of plays has undoubtedly improved in recent times. I will not say as to the acting, but the mechanical settings are certainly vastly superior to those of a generation or so ago. For instance, when a banquet scene is shown now, real champagne is served. We used to have to be content with soda water. I remember being on the stage once when an unsteady stage manager upset a lighted candelabra and set fire to the ice cream.

I am asked if truth and sincerity are not important factors in success on the stage. They certainly are. Even in comedy the player should be sincere and act seriously. For, once he betrays the fact that he knows he is saying funny and absurd things, the subtlety of the impression is destroyed. The gravediggers in "Hamlet" indulge in the most ridiculous statements, which they are supposed to think are deep-philosophy, but if they were to indicate in the slightest degree that they regarded their remarks as absurdities the humorous effect would be lost.

The artist should be artistic, but never artificial. Sentiment and sentimentality are very different things, just as art and artificiality are widely divergent. This is true in painting as in any other art.

THE GAELIC LANGUAGE.

Tongue Which Is Known to a Million Persons and Spoken by Many Thousands.

Gaelic is a living language to about 1,000,000 persons out of the 4,000,000 in Ireland. Of this 1,000,000 more than nine-tenths know English also; about 65,000 living in the more remote and inaccessible villages of the western coast, know no other language than Gaelic. This small remnant, states the Boston Transcript, possesses the language by a continuity of inheritance running back to the very roots of time.

Gaelic is not and never has been a dead language. The approaching death which was threatened by the rapid decrease of the numbers who speak it will be long deferred, or entirely prevented, it is hoped by the efforts of the Gaelic league.

Further indications of the so-called "Celtic Renaissance" force themselves on the attention of contemporary travelers in Ireland, where shopkeepers, in deference, more perhaps to popular sentiment than to actual necessity, have a newly painted Gaelic sign below the English one that has long done duty; where the newspapers print a column or a page of their contents in the native tongue, and where every village has its branch of the Gaelic league which meets once a fortnight and has instruction, lectures and recitations in the language. The Irish educational authorities, at the insistent demand of the renaissance organization, has introduced Gaelic into the public school curriculum. There are Gaelic chairs at Harvard, at the Catholic university at Washington, at Notre Dame, at Trinity college, Dublin; at Oxford, and in some of the German universities.

All this is a reaction against the legislation, with the social tendencies that accompany hostile legislation, of quite 500 years. The statute of Kilkenny in 1367 placed a death or confiscation penalty on the use of the Gaelic language "within the pale," and by the middle of the eighteenth century it began to be accurate to say that English, rather than Gaelic, was the prevailing language of Ireland. A still more ruinous blow was dealt in 1833, when the national schools were organized with provision for instruction in English only.

A language is the index of the emotional and intellectual life of the people among whom it has grown, hence the universal testimony of philologists that Gaelic is the best language in the world in which to write poetry. "Tis a great tongue to court with," said one of Ian Maclaren's characters, "it has 93 ways of saying 'dear.'"

The philologists testify equally to its great adaptability to the discussion of spiritual themes; and one of the dukes of Argyll is quoted as saying that he should use English to address his queen, French to persuade his lady of his love, and Gaelic to speak of his God. For lyric poetry, for the description of nature, for deep and intense expression of love and hate, for the communication of truth with power, for wealth of metaphor, for expressing shades of emotion incomprehensible in a less adaptable tongue, Gaelic is the language par excellence. Similarly, no treatise on philosophy or science could be written in Gaelic without the wholesale importation of foreign terms.

Gaelic is closely related to the native tongue of the Scotch Highlanders; more accurately Scotch and Irish as well as the dying Manx, are branches of the Gaelic tongue. A Boston gentle-

man was lately interested to find that his Irish maid and his Scotch gardener, neither of whom knew English, could converse without great difficulty in their common tongue. Still more loosely, "Gaelic" is used as the equivalent of "Celtic." In this sense, it is in addition the language of Wales and of Brittany, and was, up to the middle of the last century, the lingua rustica of the Cornish coast of England, just across the channel from Brittany.

A GRASSHOPPER RACE.

It Was Won by John W. Mackay Because the Professor Got the Wrong Bottle.

Mackay was an early riser, a hard worker, and, although exceedingly hospitable, was him of abstemious and could seldom be induced to play cards for money, and then for only nominal stakes, relates the San Francisco Call. The only game that seemed to attract him was the "grasshopper race," with which the mining superintendents on the Comstock beguiled a portion of the noon hour, while waiting for luncheon at the Savage company hoisting house. Boys caught grasshoppers and sold them to the players at 25 and 50 cents each. Each player paid a fixed stake, ranging from one dollar to \$20, into the pool, and the man whose hopper made the longest jump captured the pool. On the day before Christmas it was agreed to celebrate that holiday with a pool the stakes in which were to be \$100 for each player. The terms were "play or pay," and at the instance of a German professor who was a superintendent of a leading mine each man was allowed to use any means that he might devise to stimulate his grasshopper. The professor was so full of his scheme to scientifically capture the thousand-dollar pool—for there were ten entries—that he communicated it to a young assayer, who was not a grasshopper plunger. The professor had experimented and ascertained that a grasshopper who was touched by a feather dipped in a weak solution of aqua ammonia would jump for his life. The young man also experimented, and as a result he filled a bottle of the same size and appearance with cyanide of potassium and managed to substitute it for the other in the professor's laboratory. The next day, when the professor, after much boasting about his scientific attainments, dipped a feather in the substituted bottle and touched his insect with it the grasshopper rolled over as dead as a salt mackerel, amid the roars of the crowd. Mackay's hopper won the big pool, and two widows, whose husbands had been killed in the Yellow Jacket mine, received a gift of \$500 each from an unknown source.

Tongue-Twisters.

Here are some sentences that will amuse you. Give them to your friends, and have them say each of them over as rapidly as possible:
Six thick thistlesticks.
Flesh of freshly fried flying fish.
Two toads totally tired tried to trot to Tedbury.
The sea ceaseth, but it sufficeth us.
Give Grimes Jim's great gilt gig-whip.
Strict strong Stephen Stringer snared sickly six sickly silky snakes.
She stood at the door of Mrs. Smith's fish-sauce shop welcoming him in.
Swan swam over the sea; swim, swan, swim! Swan swam back again. Well swum swan!
Susan shineth shoes and socks; socks and shoes shine Susan. She ceaseth shining shoes and socks, for socks and shoes shock Susan.—Woman's Home Companion.