

Geraldine



CHAPTER IX—Continued.

Granny did not see many old friends... she only recognized here and there a face among the waiters and waitresses...

Cecil Raymond had promised to look up his grandmother and cousin, and cheer and chat with them during this weary waiting time...

She had seen Cecil only the evening before, and he was coming to Mount Street after their return from the palace...

She did not know that she was experiencing, even in the midst of her splendor, a touch of that loneliness which only those can understand who have been brought up in a confined and limited sphere...

Beneath an arched doorway in front of it seemed to her that within every few seconds a half was made, causing a series of jerks to the fair procession...

The past to-night had almost made Geraldine imagine that she had outlived the feeling. The first shock had been got over, she had been up and down about street and Regent street, and had fanned herself at home in sunny resorts of fashion...

Such endless numbers of fine folks, fine gowns, fine everything! Such wonderful beautiful young faces, such old old patriarchal ones, such lovely children...

Somehow or other, as she gazed, another face and figure, one she had known once, came back upon her so vividly that she almost started now and again...

This had been more than once. It was, it could be, but most foolish of fancies, and she was annoyed with herself that what most mortally annoyed her was the fact that she could not help it...

Once upon the palace, she had, however, and the king and the queen, and through the great court rooms, and through the great court rooms, and through the great court rooms...

It was a lovely place, and then granny bade her young charge note the crash, the heat, and the discomfort of those who, shut back by the indestructible barrier, now poured faster and faster into the great saloon behind...

Furthermore, granny explained that the ante-chamber in front, at present empty, whose recesses she and Geraldine could view at their ease, although they in their turn were debarred from entering therein...

It had been the new liveries which had upset his calculations. His grandmother had omitted to tell him either about them, or her smart new carriage and never having seen the full dress livery of the Campbell before...

"But I heard you had been there all right," he concluded. "I met a man who had seen you. Your old friend, Belleman, Geraldine. Oddly enough, I stumbled across him to-day, though we had not met for ages."

"Indeed!" said his grandmother, somewhat coldly. "We did not see him, nor any one we knew while outside, did we, Geraldine?"

"By and-by she had another pleasure. As the assembled groups settled themselves down, and had time to look around and take note of their surroundings, one after another came up from behind, pleased to recognize an old friend or a acquaintance in the handsome, stately form which sat so erect in front of all, and with whom the lovely girl at her side was so evidently associated."

Then it would be all joyful greetings, and renewal of old ties, and eager inquiries.

What had been about all these years? Taking charge of her orphan grandchild.

What had brought her back into the world? Whereupon the orphan grandchild would be presented with an air that unmistakably meant, "Here is excuse sufficient for everything."

Perhaps granny had never been

Of course she had, and I had been made in her name. She was quick enough to note the effect in every instance, and to have, moreover, a shrewd suspicion as to the cause of the various differences in the reception of her intelligence.

If it chanced, for instance, that the recipient were the luckless child of half a dozen plain and portionless dandies, could she forbear to look upon Geraldine, beautiful, wealthy, fortunate without a momentary envy? If, again, a troublesome boy, son, nephew, or thrifless young cousin had to be provided for, would not envy be exchanged for covetousness? And it was only if the stranger were also a child such considerations, and freed from all such embarrassing remembrances, that there would follow the impartial and dispassionate avowal, "She is a great beauty. Do let me congratulate you when next the old lady would beam again."

The time of waiting did not seem to her long at all, while even Geraldine had so much to see and notice and mark for her own reflection afterwards, that she was quite taken by surprise at last when the str began within the ante-chamber, and ere many minutes had passed it had thinned so fast that their own barrier was withdrawn, and she found herself being greeted by irresistibly urged forward.

"Keep by me, love, keep by me," whispered her grandmother with supercilious caution, for the two could hardly have parted company if they would, and in the excitement of the moment Geraldine had no time to feel thankful or nervous ere she found herself moving on in single file close behind granny, and aware that some one else was equally close behind her.

From the speaker's manner it was evident that a few civil words from a man with whom it was creditable to be on good terms, had undone all the past and the way in which he referred to Belleman and to Geraldine during the next few minutes soon led the old time when no one had stood over her higher place in the good graces of the club, and with her he proposed bringing Belleman to call on his grandmother and cousin.

No, poor old granny did not altogether like this, and for two reasons would aim that nothing of the kind had been suggested. She wished to have nothing further to do with the guest who she could not but feel had been ungratefully and neglectful, and saw had out-fashioned views on the subject of Sunday afternoon calls.

Cecil was himself of course welcome, but she would have preferred his not beginning to bring friends with him. As for Geraldine, the word "bringing" was enough for her. A man that required to be "brought" a man, who even a her knowing that his former friends and acquaintances were within a few streets of him, could not of himself step a rose of this way as it were, but required to be "brought."

An impatient sigh of this was on the verge of escaping when she, however, recollected herself, and recollected as Cecil's face told her, only just in time.

Yes, her cousin was certainly on the watch—actually looking out to see whether any traces of the old dame remained. Polish absurdity, did he not know her better than that? Did he imagine that because he could be won over by the first soft sentence she was to be a totally pro-converted?

She turned with a smile to her friend, and her friend's smile, and his sunny breakfast. Granny was gently demurring to the Sunday breakfast, well knowing what it meant, and Cecil ever ready to conciliate, was explaining and excusing, and, moreover, assuring the old lady that it was not his habit to accept such invitations, that he did so, he felt, very seldom indeed, but that he had not liked to refuse on the present occasion, in case it might have looked as if she would understand, as if some resentment were still harbored of which should be alike beneath a Raymond a day of Campbell.

"We must take the world as we find it," the young man was saying, heavily arguing, "we should simply make ourselves ridiculous if we appeared to have thought so much of a trifle. Belleman is a careless fellow, and after he had left us he had no chance to say to himself that we passed out of memory. But he meant no harm, and he was as friendly as possible to me to-day. You would not have me appear uncharitable as well as unsophisticated?" he wound up.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

American Stories.

Robert Barr, the "Luce Sharp" of The Detroit Free Press, and the dignified associate editor of a London magazine, says that Americans have all the ideas, but Englishmen have all the finish. He says that the American who goes to London must guard his stories, if he ever expects to use them, as they will be taken out of his mouth and made into copy before he knows it.

Over here a literary man tries all of his ideas upon his friends before he thinks of printing them on paper. They are polished by being knocked about.

Hopkinson Smith made up "Col. Carter of Cartersville" out of stories he had been telling for ten years. An American would as soon have thought of stealing his spoons as his stories to make money out of. But in England they are not so squeamish.

Mr. Barr says that an American author came to him one day and said: "Well, Barr, I've told you that yarn of mine, but I meant to work into a novel once too often. One of the men you introduced me to has just brought it out in a magazine." Philadelphia Press.

Perfectly Fresh. Milk frozen solid in cans is now sold in France. It has been discovered that milk can be kept perfectly fresh in a frozen condition for more than a month. It is frozen by means of an ordinary ice-making machine, and dispatched by road, rail, or steamer to its destination. The customer who purchases the frozen milk has simply to thaw it when it is required for use.

NEBRASKA EDITORS.

The Nebraska State Press Association Meets in York.

Twenty-Third Annual Session an Interesting and Profitable One. Col. Brown of Kearney Writes Poetry—Walt Mason Makes a Hit—Officers Elected—Closes with a Banquet.

Synopsis of Proceedings. The Nebraska State Press association met in its twenty-third annual session in York, Thursday and Friday, January 24 and 25. The attendance was not as large as on some previous similar gatherings, but the time was very profitably employed by the colonists.

Thursday afternoon was devoted to routine business, and the delivery of President Hammond's annual address. Thursday evening a public meeting was held at the opera house, with Ross L. Hammond of the Fremont Tribune in the chair. The first on the program was a selection rendered by the York band. The music of the evening was good and thoroughly enjoyed by all. The Arion Quartette gave several of their choice selections, while the Apollo club rendered their portion of the music of the evening. Little Martina Dayton presided at the piano. She is a wonderful little musician and deserves her well earned laurels. The address of welcome of Mayor J. N. Davis was short, but fully expressed the hearty welcome to the people of our city extended to the knights of the quill. The response was made by Ross L. Hammond, president of the association, and was a bright and scholarly address. His remarks showed plainly that the "angels" fully appreciate their position. The address of Will Owen Jones of the Nebraska State Journal was a thorough history of the press, its publishers and the wonderful inventions made in this line of business, and was not only instructive, but was scholarly and remarkably pleasing in all the points brought to the mind of the editor and publisher. M. A. Brown of the Kearney Hub, the poet of the association, delivered the following poem, which is full of prophecy for the brightness of the future.

CHAPTER X. GERALDINE BEGINS TO PAY BACK.

In London how easy we visit, and meet. Gay pleasures the theatre, and sweet smiles are our treat; Our morning's a round of good-humored delight, And we rattle, in comfort, to pleasure at night.

The presentation day had been a Thursday. Cecil Raymond declined to lunch in Mount street on the following Sunday as he had done on the two previous ones, alleging an engagement, and it presently transpired that the engagement was to breakfast with Sir F. Redcrick at his club, after which he proposed bringing Belleman to call on his grandmother and cousin.

From the speaker's manner it was evident that a few civil words from a man with whom it was creditable to be on good terms, had undone all the past and the way in which he referred to Belleman and to Geraldine during the next few minutes soon led the old time when no one had stood over her higher place in the good graces of the club, and with her he proposed bringing Belleman to call on his grandmother and cousin.

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NEBRASKA EDITORS.

Mason, one of Nebraska's brightest newspaper men.

We hear about heroes who joined the crusades. Who died and who lived and who fought; And we hear about knights who defended weak maid;

And various similar stuff; We hear about Cromwells on blood-soaked fields, Of Hampdens who braved and who died; We hear about Spartans who lay on their shields; But what of the men who subside?

The editor sits in his office forlorn, And hundreds come in every day; They come to discourse of the wheat and the corn, And the beet and the potato and hay; They come to their weakness they come in their health, They come like a radiant bride; They know how to pocket their grovelling wealth, But they never know how to sub side.

Offer me I'm afraid I'm acknowledged the boss, For I'm sure Billy Patterson could; And I killed Barrett Scott and I stole Charlie Ross.

And I bore Madame Yale from the fold; I never did fight and I've always done wrong; And I've let opportunities slide; And I can't make a speech, and I can't sing a song.

But I think I know how to sub side. After the delivery of this bright little gem Mr. Mason answered the encore with the following verse which quite completed winning the sympathy and hearts of the audience.

She sang soprano sweetly, her voice was like a lyre; But soon as she sat on the chair she bustled up the stairs.

FRIDAY MORNING. The subject "Should an Editor Hold Office?" by Senator George Cross and "How much Space Should be Given to Editorials," by H. M. Crane were presented and both subjects were well handled. The discussions arising from these propositions will be of great benefit to all, as many new thoughts were brought out and helpful hints given to the editors on this line of matter, which if followed out will add a great deal to the interest of their editorials.

The following officers were elected for this year: C. M. Huebner, Nebraska City News, president; F. N. Merwin, Beaver City Tribune, corresponding secretary; W. E. Dayton, York Republican, secretary and treasurer; Will Owen Jones, Nebraska State Journal, Perry Selden, Blair Pilot, M. H. Barber, Fullerton Journal, W. O. Chapman, Crete Vidette, H. M. Crane, Bloomington Echo, Ira L. Bars, North Platte Tribune, vice-presidents; Will O. Jones, Nebraska State Journal, W. O. Chapman, Crete Vidette, M. H. Barber, Fullerton Journal, S. R. Razo, Curtis Courier, M. A. Brown, Kearney Hub, executive committee.

This afternoon session was spent in many interesting discussions bearing directly on newspaper work. A committee was appointed to report on the organizing of a ladies auxiliary of which Mrs. F. O. Edgecomb was elected temporary chairman and Mrs. Byars was elected temporary secretary. The following members registered: Ross L. Hammond, Fremont Tribune; F. N. Merwin, Beaver City Tribune; A. Wamford, Western Newspaper Union, Omaha; M. H. Barber, Fullerton Journal; W. H. Howell, Verdon Vidette; C. M. Huebner, Nebraska City News; H. M. Crane, Bloomington Echo; M. A. Brown, Kearney Hub; W. E. Dayton, York Republican; F. H. Porter, Holdrege Citizen; Perry Selden, Blair Pilot; J. A. Thomas, Tamora Register; F. O. Edgecomb, Geneva Republican Journal; S. Gray Howe, Crab Orchard Herald; Ate Tyler, York Times; W. H. Chapman, Crete Vidette; E. A. Ward, correspondent State Journal; S. R. Razo, Curtis Courier; W. O. Jones, State Journal; Geo. Cross, Fairbury Gazette; C. D. Thompson, Advertising Agent, Omaha; R. D. Kelley, Fremont Leader; Elmer E. Lesh, Nebraska Newspaper Union, York; C. E. Byars, Valley Enterprise; Ralph K. Hill, Hardy Herald; W. W. Wolcott, Central City Nonpareil; F. G. Simmons, Seward Reporter.

At the close of Friday afternoon session of the Nebraska State Press association a committee was appointed by the president, Mr. Huebner, to look over the territory surrounding our state either near or distant where it will be a pleasure to the members of the press to take an excursion. The location was left entirely with the committee, although Old Mexico was suggested as a place likely to offer many advantages to the press for pleasure and sight seeing. This excursion will be confined to the members of the Nebraska State Press association, and will be acted upon immediately after the next meeting of this body. The association adjourned at half past five. Their next meeting will be held in Lincoln as provided by the constitution.

In the evening the members of the association were banqueted at the Biedget house, by the citizens of York. The menu was as follows:

Blue Point Oysters, Raw Oyster Stew Cold Slaw Dressed Celery Chicken Salad Sweet Pickles Gold Turkey Cold Sugar Cured Ham Pickles Tongue Pine Apple Sherbet Chocolate Cake Apples White Cake Oranges Tea Coffee Bananas

The banquet was served at 9:30, and immediately after the assemblage was seated at the tables the Arion quartette sang:

"WE'VE STOPPED THE PRESS. We've stopped the press awhile, dear boys, To thank the fate that watches over us, And gain new strength to do the work That lies along the way before us. We've stopped the press awhile, to say Our heart-felt greeting to each brother, To fashion Friendship's bonds anew; To cheer and strengthen each the other. We've stopped the press a little while— It's restless wheel move on tomorrow— We take the good the Press brings, Unmindful of the future's sorrow. We've stopped the press tonight, dear boys, We'll all to all our brimming glasses, And drink to all; 'May it abide— That Peace which understanding passes!"

The chief stopped. "I understand," said he, "it is the photograph. Impossible to publish. You, no doubt, have something else," turning to the city editor.

"Certainly. But the Japan letter was announced for to-day's issue," replied the city editor, mournfully.

The edition contained this item: "At a late hour this morning our letter from Japan had not yet arrived. Will the postmaster general tell us how to account for this inexplicable delay?" As to the photograph, it was sent to the garret.—Translated from the French of Michael Tytars.

The Last of the Edgepilllocks. Philadelphia Public Ledger: The last survivor of the Delaware Indians—who formerly owned all of the lands in this section of New Jersey—died a day or two ago in her humble cottage in Southampton Township, and was buried yesterday (Dec. 14) from the little Methodist chapel at Tabernacle. Her name was Anna Roberts, and she was the widow of John Roberts, a mulatto, who died a number of years ago. They had several children, some of whom are still living. A picturesque figure she was as she stood erect in front of her cabin with her long black hair streaming over her shoulders, and the neighbors all had a wholesome respect for her. She was nearly six feet in height, very muscular, and despite her years—she was past 90—could do a day's chopping in the woods with almost any of the men in the neighborhood. "Indian Ann," as she was called, was the last survivor of the Edgepilllock Indians, a branch of the Delawareans. They were assigned to a reservation in Shanung Township in 1757, where they remained for a long time prosperous and happy. Then they were removed to another tract of land in Ononda County, N. Y. Indian Ann's parents accompanied them, but soon became weary and returned to Burlington County, where they lived in a cabin on the Woolman farm, near Mount Holly, until their death, which occurred some time in the 1770s.

The song was composed by W. E. Dayton of the York Republican for the occasion, and was set to music by Prof. Parks of York. After partaking and enjoying the sumptuous repast of toast were given, W. E. Dayton toast master. "Our Honored Guests" by Mayor Davis was called first, then followed, "To the Victors Belong the Spoils; or What are We Here For?" W. O. Chapman, Crete Vidette; "The Aims, Ambitions and Pleasures of Life," F. G. Simmons, Seward Reporter; "Hugs, Hominy and Happiness," M. A. Brown, Kearney Hub; "A Grand Old Man" (Dad Biedgett), C. M. Huebner, Nebraska City Daily News. The lions closed the pleasant evening by singing "Last Night."

THE PHONOGRAPH.

As an Instrument for Suppressing Copy It Was Not a Brilliant Success.

The office boy, John, opened the door of the editorial room and said: "Mr. Peck, the manager wants to see you." Peck was the editor in charge of the foreign politics.

"What does—atchoo— he want again?" said he, with the accent of a man who is afflicted with a terrible cold. Anyway he dropped a large piece of paper on which he was writing an article on the Korean war, put his pen on his right, his pipe on the left of his copy, and, sneezing, made his way to the manager's room. A few moments afterward he reappeared, having in his arms a large box, which he deposited with great noise on the table.

"What's that?" inquired the other editors, curiously.

"This," said Peck, with humor, "is an idea of the manager to do away with copy."

Suppress the copy! There were buoyant protestations, and the maddened editors shook their pens menacingly toward the ceiling.

"This mysterious box," explained Peck, "contains simply a phonograph. Instead of writing his article the editor voices it in the machine, after which it is sent to the type, who sets it up under its dictation. It appears that this system is very much in use in the English newspaper offices."

"And you have been chosen to make the experiment?"

"Atchoo!" sneezed affirmatively Peck. And this explanation brought back calm in the minds of the editors. And Peck began telling to the phonograph a lot of China things on the Korean war, without letting himself get bothered by the editors, as we know that an editorial room is not always like the Temple of Silence.

At 2 a. m., just before the make-up, the proofs of Peck's article were given to the proof reader. At the first words he jumped up, and, like a madman, ran to the editor in chief.

"I think that Mr. Peck has become crazy," he said to the chief.

"What, Peck? What's the matter now?"

"Judge for yourself and read." The chief read:

LETTER FROM JAPAN. (From our special correspondent.) Ever since my arrival on the field of battle—"Well how does it run?" "I have only commenced, Mr. Editor. "All right, continue." I had the good fortune to make the acquaintance (Atchoo) with a Mandarin (Atchoo) that confounded old John, a candidate to grace Mr. Peck's nose. For anyone who is acquainted with extreme Orient, say, Henry, let me have your pen. From an ethnological point of view, oh, how it makes one dry to talk in this affair. I would willingly take something if the English squadron. What idiot is this, John. He didn't know it was a creditor. The emperor of Japan—let me have the scissors (Atchoo).

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