

Girls' Names

WHAT THEY MEAN— Their Flower Emblem, Sentiment, Famous People That Bore The Name, The Name In History, Literature, Etc.

BY HENRY W. FISCHER.

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—JOHANNA.

Johanna is the same in English and German. The Scotch drop the "h," which spelling is also permissible in Polish.

Agrimony is the name's emblem. "Gratitude" its sentiment. "Grace of God" is the biblical meaning.

The most popular English abbreviation has been dealt with in the paper on Jane. Others frequently used here and abroad are Joan, Jone, Jenny, Jeanette and Jeanetta. The Scotch have all these abbreviations, besides Jean, but Jessie is their own particular.

The name of Joanna appears in the gospel as that of a holy woman, but she was never canonized. A St. Jane-Frances, however, achieved that distinction. She was the Baroness de Chantal and the founder of the House of the Visitation of St. Mary. The French history of St. Chantal ascribes many miracles to her. She was a disciple of St. Francis de Sales.

Jeanne de Valois, the discarded wife of Louis XII, founded another religious order.

That an English woman, named Johanna, in 855, ascended the papal throne, succeeding Leo IV., and assumed the name of John, is now generally regarded as a myth. There is a large literature dealing with the subject and two years ago a drama called "Papa Johanna" was performed in Rome.

Most of the other historical Johannas have been mentioned in the paper on Jane.

Burns, the loving and lovable poet, addressed a number of poems to "Jessie." One of them was Jessie Stalg, daughter of the Provost of Dumfries. It is sung to the tune of "Bonnie Dundee." Two more poems headed Jessie were written in honor of Jessie Lewars.

Whether Jessica, Shakespeare's "most beautiful pagan, most sweet Jew" whom Shylock accuses of a fondness for "clambering up the case-ments and thrusting her head into the public street," was the Italian for Jessie in the bard's mind, it is impossible to decide. There is an old Jewish name, Jeska or Ischah (she who looks out), from which Jessica may have been derived. At any rate, Jessica has become a fixture, particularly in high class English comedy.

—AUGUSTA.

Augusta signifies grandeur. The dahlia is her emblem and dignity her sentiment.

St. Augustine, the missionary of the Saxons, introduced the name in England, but it never became really popular there until the House of Hanover ascended the throne.

Augusta of Sax-Gotha was the consort of Prince Frederick of Wales. After the ascension of her son, George III, she became extremely unpopular, even though she paid her deceased husband's debts.

In Spain the name Augusta is synonymous with undaunted courage. The English speaking world knows the "Maid of Saratoga" from Lord Byron's stirring verses, yet only her given name and the records of her deed have come down to us.

During the siege of the French, in 1809, Augusta was one of the hundreds of Spanish women assisting in the memorable defense. One noonday she was carrying refreshments to the gate when at the moment of her arrival at the battery of Portillo, the cannon fire was wiped out by a hail

of bullets. There was nobody to remain the guns. Then August rushed "with Minerva's step, where Mars might quake to tread" over the bodies of the wounded and dead, snatched a match from the hand of a dead artilleryman and fired off a 26-pounder.

Strahlberg, the gun, she made a solemn vow never to quit it alive during the siege. Her courage and determination stimulated the garrison to new efforts and the battery held out under her command to the last day of the siege. Augusta lived an honored patriot until 1835.

The first empress of the new German empire was named Augusta. She was a Weimar princess, highly intellectual and devoted to French literature. "Unser Fritz" was her only son. She wrote the music for the ballet, "The Masqueraders."

Augusta Victoria is the name of the present German empress. Augusta, Countess of Stolberg, was one of the fair ones to whom the poet Goethe paid pressing attention before Charlotte von Stein exerted her great influence over him.

—JULIANA.

Juliana is an ornamental form of the classical Julia, but seems to be clearly as old as that, for we find a saint of this name suffering martyrdom at the end of the third century. In the annals of the church she lives as "Juliana of Nicomedia, more than Conqueror."

Juliana lies buried at Brussels and the Netherlands, of which Belgium once was part, claim her as patron. Probably on that account Queen Wilhelmina gave the unusual name to her only daughter and heiress, who, with a royal tradition that ostracized it, since it proved ill omened for the princesses and empresses of Rome.

Records mention a Princess Julienne, whom the first Henry of England made the object of atrocious revenge. But the new name, Julienne, whom the older discarded one and Gillian and Jill were substituted, the latter becoming so common as to serve for wife or third girl.

There is an old English proverb saying: "A good Jack makes a good Gill," meaning that a good husband makes a good wife, or a good master makes a good servant, Jack being the generic name for men. On this the well known nursery rhyme is founded.

Sultana, the Breton variant, was the name of a sister of the famous constable of France, Duresselin, whom the English remember to their sorrow. Though a nun she proved a worthy fighter.

Julian Barnes was famous as a hunt-

ress toward the end of the 14th century, though she, too, was connected with holy orders, being abbess of Sopwell nunnery. She wrote a tract in verse on hunting, known as the "Boko of St. Albans."

William Shakespeare was not the first writer to pen the name Juliet abbreviating that of his Italian heroine Julietta (puppet), since, become a household word for lady love.

That merit belongs to an indifferent poet named Arthur Brooks, the first to Anglicize the Romanesque story told successfully by Masuccio, Da Porta and Boccaccio.

Shakespeare drew a second Juliet in his dark and tragic comedy, "Measure for Measure," the beloved of Claudio, but whose 1600 contemporary, the verses of Romeo's Juliet, Claudio's has but few readers.

Juliette Drouot, an artist's model and actress, was the second great passion of Victor Hugo's life. She helped him to escape from France when proscribed, and was his life long confidante, companion, adviser and helpmate; neither did she ever cease to be his sweetheart. She was the model of the famous statue of Strasbourg on the Place de la Concorde in Paris.

The vogue of Julie (pronounced Julie, with a soft "J") in France was due to Rousseau's Nouvelle Heloise, the heroine bearing that form of the name Julia.

—JULIA.

The Burgundy Rose is Julia's emblem. Simplicity and beauty are her sentiment.

Julia, is, of course, the feminine of the older name Julius, this being first applied as a title of honor to Asclinius, when, a very young man, he had conquered Italy.

Into Great Britain it was introduced by the famous Julius himself, and the introduction of the calendar, bringing in the Julian Era, no doubt likewise helped to popularize the name, as is evident from the fact that the British calendar flower blooming in the seventh month of the year, July, Gillyflower, in France, Groifree.

The early popularity of Julia is further attested by the fact that there are no less than 10 female saints so called, the majority of whom suffered martyrdom.

One of the most famous of Roman women was Julia, the daughter of the Emperor Augustus, a princess admired for beauty, education and kindness. Her father banished her to the desert

island of Pandataria, near Naples, where "Julia's House" is still shown. Like herself, her oldest daughter died an exile.

Julia, Emperor Septimus Severus' second wife, died an unfortunate, like the princess mentioned. Though a philosopher and writer, she committed suicide.

Julia, the daughter of Julius Caesar and Cornelia, was the beautiful wife of Pompey the Great, and died in the flower of her youth. Julia, the mother of Anthony, was noted for her courage. J. Sheridan Knowles introduced in "The Hunchback" a character named Julia which is the type of commonplace sentiment. The Julia of Shakespeare's "Two Gentlemen of Verona," is certainly an engaging damsel and as a passionate lover rivals his Titania and Helena.

There is an engaging Julia in Ben Jonson's "The Poet and Postmaster," while the Julia in Sheridan's comedy, "The Rivals," is commiserated with by all wives suffering from jealous husbands.

—GEORGIA.

Georgia stands for "farmer's wife." The tulip is her emblem and "rural life a virtuous life," the sentiment.

Georgiana is the correct English style. Georgina is the contraction of the name, but Georgie, the diminutive of the male names, is most often used.

Both religious and secular books are full of the deeds of St. George, but of St. Georgia we have but scant news, renowned for her virtue.

Of the noted Georgias the fame of the Duchess of Devonshire will probably endure longest. She was the first wife of the fifth duke and the lord

treasurer of Ireland. Her maiden name was Georgiana Cavendish.

Georgia Cayvan, affectionately called Georgie, was one of the best beloved and successful comedienne of the old Lyceum Theater company under Daniel Frohman.

Mlle. Georgia was the name of the fair chattrous who held the great Napoleon captive for two years. In May, 1806, she abandoned her engagements as a member of the Theater Francaise and went to Russia but nothing could induce her to join in any intrigues against the emperor. Napoleon afterward restored her to her position on the first dramatic stage of France.

—ESTHER AND ESTELLE.

The mixup in the names of Esther, Hester, Estelle, Hetty begun in remote periods, continues to this day, few knowing that all have the same root and meaning.

The Persian name Esther means star. The original Esther had many pages devoted to her in scripture. She must have been beautiful, since Ahasuerus made her queen instead of Vashti.

The yellow cowslip is Esther's emblem. "My Divinity" her signification. The Roman ladies liked the name so well as to adopt it bodily, adding only a final "a," Esthara. This during the

Roman invasion of Britain naturally became Hester, owing to the habit of dropping and adding "Hs," which brings us a little nearer to present day form of the word.

Our English forefathers, it seems, abbreviated Hester into Hester and that into Hetty, but not to be outdone by the adders of "Hs," the droppers of them turned Esthara back into its Hebrew form and subsequently into Eassy.

The Germans stopped using the name after Martin Luther declared against the Book of Esther. The present French form of Estelle is derived from

the literal translation of the Persian name Estelle, meaning star. The Spaniards and Portuguese also translated the Persian name into Estella until the appearance of the famous Spanish pastoral, when Estrella became popular. It has continued so in all Latin speaking countries.

Racine's "Esther," a play of great lyric beauty, ranking among his finest. The success of the play made the old biblical name popular as "Estelle." The vogue of Estelle was awakened by another poet, the French romancer and fabulist Florian, who created the shepherdess type of Estelle. Racine's Esther was adopted for an oratorio by Handel, but is now seldom performed.

Esther Johnson was the much stinned against consort of Johnathan Swift, and Esther Vanhomrigh was her much stinned against rival for the affection of the Dean.

—EMILIA.

Emilia is a Greek word that means "the flatterer." Amalia is Latin, meaning "the industrious," ranking among his finest. The success of the play made the old biblical name popular as "Emilia." The vogue of Emilia was awakened by another poet, the French romancer and fabulist Florian, who created the shepherdess type of Estelle. Racine's Esther was adopted for an oratorio by Handel, but is now seldom performed.

The most popular American-English form is Emily, but many English girls prefer to sign their names Amelia.

In his "Knight's Tale," Chaucer records the temporary spelling of Emily as follows:

"Up roos the sun and up roos Emelye. Lady Emily Eden was the author of "Portraits of the People and the Princess of India," which was one of the famous books of the first half of the past century. She was a sister of the Earl of Auckland, Governor-General of India, and did the honors of government house at Calcutta.

Emilia is the wife of Iago in "Othello," a character that has been assumed by many famous actresses and prima donnas.

In Smollett's novel, "Peregrine Pickle," the sweetheart is called Emilia. Amelia Sedley is the foolish antithesis of Becky Sharp in "Vanity Fair."

A daughter of George II. tried to introduce Amelia into England, but the English people persisted in calling her "Princess Emily." She was the fifteenth and youngest child of George.

Amalia, Landgravin of Hesse and regent of that small country, served the cause of Protestantism and freedom of Westphalia by insisting on freedom of worship. All through the 30 years' war she maintained an army of 20,000 men and allied herself with France and Prussia.

Amalia, duchess of Weimar, was the friend and adviser of Goethe and a composer of agreeable light music. Her "Poets' Round Table" was celebrated.

Maria Amalia, duchess of Saxony, was a playwright and composer of light music, who without a title would hardly have attracted attention.

Queen Marie Amalia of France died in 1865 in Claremont, near London. The first queen of Greece of modern times was Amalia of Oldenburg, consort of the unhappy Otto. She tried vainly to encourage that weakling, and personally was very popular in Greece. She never lived with her husband after the latter was driven from his throne.

Amalia is the name of the royal palace in Copenhagen, where the father-in-law of Europe, King Christian IX, used to reside. The palace forms a circle around a public square, complete for the wide avenue that leads to it. In respect it is a most singular building.

—AGNES.

Agnes should cultivate a gentle and retiring disposition, lest she believe her name is such, literally translated, means "lamb."

As in ancient Rome the lamb was consecrated to sacred purposes, it is not surprising that the name was applied to the gentle girl famed in the history of the church as one of the early Christian martyrs. "Agnes the representative, the triumph of Innocence." The Church of St. Agnes in the Eternal City stands on the very spot where the lamb-like creature is said to have been sacrificed.

St. Agnes' name-day is January 20, and on this eve a girl is supposed to see the face of her future husband through certain forms of divination, as told in Keats' poem, "The Eve of St. Agnes."

The white violet is Agnes' emblem; modesty her sentiment.

Agnes de Poitou was the empress of Henry III of Germany and mother of Henry IV.

By his marriage with Agnes of Meran, King Philip Augustus of France brought down the papal interdict upon his land and subjects and was forced to take back his first wife, Ingeborg, whom he had divorced.

Agnes, Countess of Orléans, killed her two children in a mistaken idea that her lover demanded this sacrifice. She was a relative of the Hohenzollerns, and, according to the legend, haunts them as the "White Lady" of the Berlin castle.

Queen Agnes of Hungary was the daughter of the murdered German Emperor Albrecht I. She took bloody revenge on the murderers of her sire.

Nor was the royal favorite Ines more fortunate. The beloved of Pedro of Castro, who was murdered by Alphonso of Portugal because Castro had secretly married her.

There is a suggestive Agnes in Moore's "School for Women," on which "The Country Wife" by Wycherly is founded. In the great Montana play, "Fatal Curiosity," is an unfortunate, as many of the royal women bearing the name.

From the Christian Register.

Three scientific men from an eastern college visited a certain Montana mine. On the ascent by means of the usual bucket one professor thought he perceived signs of weakness in the rope by which the bucket was suspended.

"How often," he inquired of the attendant, "do you change these ropes?" "Every three months," carelessly replied the other. Then he added, thoughtfully, "This must have been forgotten. We must change it today—if we get up."

—Demand and Supply.

From the Cleveland Leader.

First Doctor—I've discovered a sure cure for a rare disease.

Second Doctor—Great! Now, how can we make the rare disease prevalent?

—Song.

Give me back my dear, fair child: You are as yet, were worth but little; Half beguiler, half beguiled. Be you warned, your own is brittle. I know it by your reddening cheeks. I know it by the black streaks Arching up your peary brows. In a momentary laughter, Stretched in long and deep repose With a sigh the moment after.

"Did it, drop it on the moor!" "Lost it, and you know not where!" "But it is not yours; you have bound and must unbind it Set it free then from your net. We will love you—but I swear it! Love is trouble, love is folly; Love, that makes an old heart young, Makes a young heart old again." —Aubrey de Vere.

TAVERNAY

A Tale of the Red Terror

BY BURTON E. STEVENSON.
Author of "The Marathon Mystery," "The Holladay Case," "A Soldier of Virginia," etc.
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CHAPTER XXVI—(Continued.)

When I awoke the second time, it was night, and I lay for a long time staring up through the darkness and piecing together the adventures which had befallen me since that moment when Dubouq had halted me on the highway from Tours. My heart quickened as I recalled that evening in the garden as I rebuilt it, as I lived it over again, second by second. Ah that had been the one hour of my life! And yet, even in the shadow of the perils which followed, I had not been unhappy, for she had been smiling and with her clear eyes and smiling lips and if she chose to smite me now and then, why, certainly, I had invited the blows and even, in a way, deserved them.

Then, at the end, I had won. That final disaster had driven her straight into my arms, a storm driven the boats to harbor. She had laid her head upon my shoulder and whispered that she loved me! My pulses quickened at thought of it. She loved me—that superb, matchless woman loved me! What did all the rest matter—the world's opinion, my plighted word? I would take her—I would never give her up! She loved me! That should be my justification. And gripping that thought tight against my heart, I dropped away to sleep.

The sun was shining brightly at the open window when I awakened for the third time, and again I saw that kindly face bending above me.

"You are better, monsieur," she said, and again her cool hand touched my forehead. "Yes—your fever is almost gone."

"I am quite well," I assured her, "except for a little soreness of the head. Where are my clothes?"

"You will need them for some days yet, monsieur," she said, smiling at my eagerness.

"Nonsense!" I protested. "I must get up at once, and I made a movement to throw back the covers, but she held me back and I found with surprise that she was stronger than I."

"You see," she added still smiling; "you are weaker than you thought."

"But I cannot lie here," I cried, half-angry. "I must get up. I have many things to do."

I shrank, somehow from asking her outright where my love was waiting, why she did not come to me. And sudden fear sprang to life in my heart; perhaps she was ill and could not come! Only that, only a desperate illness, could have kept her from me.

"I must get up," I repeatedly doggedly, but again she held me back, her kindly eyes reading the trouble in my face.

"You will lie still," she said, "I will bring you someone who will tell you all your wish to know—and who, besides, I think you will be very glad to see."

"Thank you," I answered, my heart beating madly. "I will do as you say."

She nodded, went to the door and spoke a word to someone in the room beyond.

Then my heart chilled for it was not the dear face I had hoped to see which appeared in the doorway, the summons, but an ugly bearded countenance, set on gigantic shoulders. And yet, at a second glance, I saw that the countenance, though ugly, was not repulsive, and that the eyes were kindly and that the lips curved smilingly.

"M. de Tavernay," said my nurse, bringing him to my bedside, "this is M. de Marigny."

He bent and pressed one of my hands in his great palm, then sat down beside me, while I gazed with interest at perhaps the most famous among the leaders of the Bocage.

"And very pleased I am to find you going so well, monsieur," he said, in a voice that was full of sympathy. "I thought for a time that we had rescued you from the rope merely to condemn you to the guillotine."

"Even that would have been a service," I answered, smiling in response to him. "But it seems I am to get well again."

"Yes; you had youth and health to fight for you. Alas, they are not always on one's side!"

"But rescue, monsieur?" I asked. "How came it to be so?"

"I must confess that that was an accident," he laughed. "My spies brought me word that this regiment was marching to Thouars. I determined to strike one more blow before I was called to the guillotine. I gathered and we waited behind the hedges. When night fell, we turned our sheep skin coats and mingling with the flock upon the hillside, gradually descended upon our enemy's pickets in the camp below attracted our attention; we saw a fracas, from which emerged that little procession of which you were the central figure. We saw them prepare for the execution, and supposing them to be about to hang some out-throat of their own, waited until they should accomplish it. Then suddenly you cried 'Long live the king' and brought us headlong to your rescue. In fact, I had not seen to give the word to fire."

"It was fortunate that I chose to make a theatre exit," I commented, laughing.

"Permit me to say it was the act of a brave man, monsieur. I trust that I shall meet my end as bravely."

"Poor, gallant gentleman! He met it bravely still—the victim of a treacherous envy he faced the muskets erect, with eyes unbanded, and himself spoke the word which loosed the messengers of death."

"Tell me more," I urged. "You won?"

"Oh, yes; we cut them to pieces, and seized a store of arms and ammunition which will stand us in good stead. But we captured something else, a thousand times more welcome."

"What was that, monsieur?" I asked.

"That was Citizen Goujon," he answered, and his eyes grew cold as steel. "We found him writhing in his tent."

"Then you planted one good blow," I said, and told him the story. "What did you do with him?"

"We brought him forth screaming with terror, begging for mercy, offering to divulge I know not what secrets, and banged him with the rope which he had so bravely used. It was a pretty vengeance—even you could not desire a better."

"No," I murmured. "No."

"His face softened into a smile. 'It has a certain resemblance to a famous Bible story,' he said, and asked 'I did not know that the full tale of Goujon's iniquities,' he added, 'or I might have chosen a different death for him. It was Mademoiselle de Chambray who told me of the death of my dear friend. Permit me to say that in that affair

also, M. de Tavernay, you proved yourself a gallant man."

"Thank you, monsieur," I answered. "I but did what any gentleman would do. You found Mademoiselle de Chambray, then?"

"I tried to ask it carelessly, but I fear my burning face betrayed me. At any rate, he laughed as he looked at me."

"Yes," he said, "we found her lying senseless on the floor of Goujon's tent. At first we thought her dead, but she soon opened her eyes. Can you guess what her first word was, monsieur? But perhaps I ought not to tell you."

"Tell me!" I murmured, striving to restrain the leaping of my heart.

"Well, I think you deserve some reward. Her first word was 'Tavernay.'"

"Yes," I said, my eyes suddenly misty; "she had just seen me dragged away to be hanged."

"And when we told her what had befallen you, she ran to where you lay—"

"But her ankle," I broke in. "Did you know—"

"Yes, but she had forgotten it. She ran to where you lay; she washed and dressed your wound; she had you borne hither on a litter; and she remained beside you until yesterday—until, in a word, it was certain that you would recover."

"Then she has gone?" I asked. "She has gone, monsieur, and my heart seemed to stop in my bosom."

"Yes, she has gone."

"But her ankle!" I protested. "Oh, how she must have suffered!"

"I do not think she suffered at all," said Marigny. "When she at last had time to remember her injury, she found that it no longer existed. She attributed its cure to you."

I lay a moment silent, striving to conceal my suffering—striving to appear brave enough to sing. She had sought to spare me the agony of that farewell which must, in any event, be spoken. She had been wise, perhaps; she knew my weakness; but I felt that I should give my whole life to see her again, to hear her say once more, "I love you."

Marigny sat looking down at me with a queer smile upon his lips.

"She left no word for me?" I asked, at last.

"She left a note, but I am not to give it to you until you are ready to set out for Poitiers."

"For Poitiers?" I repeated, trembling. "Did she herself name Poitiers?"

"Most assuredly. But why do you grow so pale, my friend? Is it not near Poitiers that her home is?"

"Yes, monsieur," I groaned; "but my journey ends two leagues this side of Chambray. Those two leagues I shall never cover."

"What nonsense! Take my advice—the advice of a man who knows more than you of women. Don't so much as draw rein at Poitiers. Press on to the end of the journey. You will find a fair prize awaiting you."

I shook my head—he may have known other women, but not this one.

"Nevertheless, I should like to have the note, M. de Marigny," I said. "It will comfort me some what. And, besides, I am to start tomorrow."

"Tomorrow," he cried. "A week, hence, perhaps, if all goes well."

I smiled and continued to hold out my hand.

"Let me have the note, monsieur," I repeated.

He hesitated a moment, still looking at me, then went to the other room and brought the note and placed it in my hands.

My fingers were trembling so I could scarcely break the seal; so I had hope possessed me that she had absolved me from my vow; that she had summoned me to her. As I opened the paper, a little heap of withered roses fell upon my breast.

"Ah, you see!" cried Marigny, "I was right, then!"

I could not answer, but I held out the note for him to read. It contained, but one word:

"Courage!"

"Well," he said, "that is good advice. That is precisely what you need in this affair, M. de Tavernay."

"Yes," I agreed bitterly; "courage to give her up; courage never again to see her. You see she has gone, and she could not well be recalled," he said drily. "After listening to you three days in a delirium."

"My delirium?"

"Oh, I dare say she was not offended—what woman would have been?—but she was certainly fed to the ears most of the time. Few madmen, I fancy, have been treated to such a continuous stretch of love-making."

I reddened, too, at thought of it.

"What she has suffered on my account," he murmured.

"I tell you she did not suffer in the least," repeated Marigny. "You permitted her to see to the very bottom of your soul and she saw no image there except her own."

"I know that from the first," I said sadly. "That does not alter matters. No; there is no way out, M. de Marigny. I can never hope to marry her—honor forbids it—an oath not to be broken. She herself has pointed the way to me in the clearest way. She has shown me what a coward I was when, for a moment, I permitted my love for her to blind me to my duty; and I know now she hates a coward. That is the real meaning of this message, monsieur; she is afraid even yet that I may not be brave enough."

Marigny had risen and stood looking down at me with a queer little smile.

"Ah, M. de Tavernay," he said, at last. "I understand now why that blow on the head failed to kill you."

With which cryptic utterance, he left the room.