An Adaptation of Exodus

Why There Were Many Plagues in the Captain's Quarters.

TO a certain sort of mind a void of identity without a ness himself would be debrow, and the prince of darka saint by the halo above his saint is only to be known as pitchfork and a cloven hoof. To such as these the knight-errantry of Drayton and Bartlett may seem problematical; but a knight-errant is one who succors beauty in distress, and who rides abroad redressing human wrongs. Whether he employs an obnoxious insect rather than a sword, as Drayton did, or whether he rides an S. C. government mule, as Bartlett was wont to do, is neither here nor there.

Bartlett was riding the aforesaid mule shortly after the time my story begins. He rode it up the line, its long gray ears waggling evenly and restfully, and came to a halt in front of the set of quarters where Drayton and he roomed. Drayton was sitting on the porch, his feet on the railing, his chair tipped back, and the visor of his cap pulled down on his nose. He pushed the cap to the back of his head as Bartlett came slowly up the steps.

"I wish you would get a horse," he compained. "If you could just realize the figure you cut on that old elephant!"

"That's a mule," corrected Bartlett, his arm around a pillar and letting his heels dangle, as he perched on the railing. "It's also a very nice mule. It is no longer a shave-tail, but has reached years of discretion. The moment man or animal does that, his appreciative country straightway has him inspected and condemned. Horses may do for some, but not for one who has the duties of post quartermaster to perform. And, besides, I believe in the infantry and scorn a horse."

"The scorn," observed Drayton, "of the fox for the grapes."

"Don't rub it in," said Bartlett, dejectedly; "I'm miserable enough as it is."

"Thought you looked rather triste. I'm all sympathy. Go on."

Bartlett released his hold upon the pillar and folded his arm upon his breast in an attitude combining stern endurance and precarious balance. "The Collinses are going to rout the Lawrences out."

Now, the Collinses were the family of Capt. Collins—wife, mother-in-law on both sides, and three small children. They had that morning arrived at the post. Collins was in command of Troop L, which had been moved on some weeks before. If he had been well disposed his entry should not have put the whole garrison below his rank in the throes of fear of a progressive "turning out." For there were empty quarters into which he might have moved exactly as well as not, and no one have been any the worse off.

"But Collins won't see it that way," Bartlett went on. "He ranks Lawrence, and his wife ranks him, you bet; and it's the wife and the mothers-in-law who are going to have the Lawrences' set or bust."

"Throw them a few buckets of paint and calcimine by way of sop," Drayton ventured to suggest.

"Did," said Bartlett, briefly. "Offered them half the quartermaster's department, and a carpenter, and a blacksmith, and a farrier, tto, if they happened to need one. Told them they could have any or all of the colors of paint of the rainbow, if they'd just be good—but those three Graces are bound to have the Lawrences' house."

Drayton opined, with a little of the placidity, nevertheless, with which we all bear one another's burdens, that it was a very great and very profane shame. "There's that poor little woman with those two little bits of kids, and just moved into those quarters and got them all fixed up so prettily, and her garden started, too. Then, those Collinses! They're a mean lot of cattle anyway." He made a gesture of disgust, which turned the visor around over his left ear, and was silent a minute through sheer wrath.

"I told Mrs. Lawrence they would be serpents-on-the-wood-cutter's-hearth—"

"Serpents, now?" asked Bartlett; "they were cattle before; and you called that"—he pointed over his shoulder—"an elephant, whereas, in point of fact, it's a mule."

"I told her," continued Drayton, unmoved, "that it wouldn't pay. I know all about these Collinses—served with them in Texas. I was sitting on Mrs. Lawrence's steps—I know that I usually am, so you can save yourself—I was sitting on her steps when the Collins outfit drove up. The ambulance stopped in front of the C. O.'s house, next door, and Collins jumped out and went in. The rest of them just waited. All would have been well if Mrs. Lawrence hadn't become tender-hearted in a most unnecessary way, and hadn't chosen to disregard any advice." He assumed the look of prophecy fulfilled. "I told her to sit still and not get excited and do something rash; gave her the benefit of my knowledge and experience. But it wasn't any use. She made me dry up and hang on to the kids, while she ran down to the ambulance and invited the whole caboodle to come in and rest and refresh themselves. They came. You can bet your life they came—or they wouldn't have been the Collinses. I saw Dame C.'s weather eye taking in the house. I could see she liked it, and I knew there'd be trouble. Mrs. Lawrence kept them to luncheon—the whole seven of them. Asked me, too; but the kids were raising Cain, and the abade of peace was transformed, so I lit out."

"Well, I guess she's sorry now—if that's any comfort to you. For the Collinses are not only going to have those quarters, but they're going to have them quick. Even the C. O. got at Collins. But it wasn't any use. 'My wife likes the quarters,' says he. And that's all."

They sat in meditation for some time. Then Drayton spoke.

"I like those quarters, too. I'm going to have some of them myself," he said.

Bartlett did not understand, and Drayton undertook to explain.

"Well—see here." He took his feet down from the rail, in his earnestness, and straightened his cap. "It's like this. You and I have got one room each in this house, haven't we, same as the most of the other bachelors?" Such was the case. "And we're entitled to two rooms each, aren't we?" Bartlett agreed that they were. "And we've been keeping these ones because we've been too lazy and too good-natured to ask for more, haven't we? Well, we won't be lazy and good-natured any more. If the Collinses move into the Lawrences' set, I'll vacate my room—turn it over to you—and I'll apply for the upstairs floor of the Lawrence house. Oh! I'm entitled to it, all right," he chuckled. "I know my rights as a citizen of these United States and as a first lieutenant of cavalry. The Collinses, the whole sweet seven of 'em, may have the lower floor. It's all they can claim under the law. That's four rooms, including the kitchen. I dare say they won't mind living like that any way. They're pigs."

"Pigs, too?" asked Bartlett.

Drayton went on unfolding his plan. "Once I have that top floor, you watch the interest in life I'll provide for them. I'll make their days pleasant and their nights—particularly their nights—beautiful. I'll have suppers up there every evening, and do songs and dances until reveille, if I have to hypothecate to pay my commissary bill, and if my health breaks down. You watch!" He stood up and began to button his blouse. "So you are warned. If the Collinses move in, such is my devotion to them that I'll move in, too. And I'll put in my formal application for those two rooms. No other two in the post will suit, either, you understand."

And it all came about exactly as he had said. There was a hegira of Lawrences and an ingress of Collinses, and great was the latters' wrath when they found Drayton taking possession of the upper floor. They protested to everybody in general, and to the commandant and the quartermaster in particular. And the commandant and the quartermaster said they were sorry, but that Drayton was certainly within his rights. He had applied for the quarters in virtue of the general turning-out that D troop was causing in the post, and he was entitled to occupy them. There was nothing more to be said.

"I can't pretend I'm sorry for them, exactly," Mrs. Lawrence confided to Drayton, when he advised her not to try to settle in her new quarters very elaborately; "I'm only human, after all, and my house did look so sweet, and my garden——. But I'm sorry for you. I think those cildren are the very imps of evil."

Drayton nodded: "There are others," he said.

It was enigmatical, but Mrs. Lawrence looked doubtful, and ready to be hurt. "You don't mean mine?" she said.

"No, my dear lady," Bartlett reassured her, "he doesn't mean yours. He thinks yours are all that tender infancy should be. I don't know what he does mean, however. And probably he doesn't know himself."

"Don't I?" queried Drayton, enigmatical still. "Don't I just?"

"Perhaps," said Bartlett, "you mean Jimmy O'Brien. I saw you hobnobbing with him to-day. Would it be Jimmy now?"

Drayton would not commit himself. But it was Jimmy and none other, nevertheless. Drayton had come upon him when he was playing duck-on-a-rock all by himself, near the sutler's store. The duck was a beer bottle, and Jimmy was pitching stones at it, with indifferent aim. The father of Jimmy was first-sergeant of Drayton's troop, and so the lieutenant felt they had enough in common to warrant a conversation.

It began by a suggestion as to a better way to throw a stone, and it ended with a bargain struck. "Then," said Drayton, "if I promise to pay you two bits for every centipede, four bits for every tarantula, ten cents for every lizard, a nickel for every toad, and a cent for every spider, you will catch all you can and bottle them for me?"

Jimmy nodded, solemnly.

"And you won't say anything about it to any one?" A quarter was pressed into a chapped and grimy hand.

"Nit," said Jimmy, the instinct of a political race to the fore. There was another race instinct strong in Jimmy, too. It was that of the contractor.

The very next morning, before guard mounting, he clambered up the stairway to Drayton's rooms. Drayton was only just dressing. He had kept late hours. Bartlett had helped him, and until 4 o'clock they had alternated pacing heavily to and fro with dropping weighty bodies on the floor. The Collinses were kept awake.

"It's a question of endurance, because we are two," said Drayton, "but I expect we can hold out."

He inspected Jimmy's first catch. There was a centipede, two lizards and three toads. Jimmy's pockets bulged with bottles. There were also five large and unpleasant spiders.

"Good boy," said Drayton, and paid as per schedule.

Mrs. Collins and the mother-in-law's nerves were not calmed, anyway, by the wakeful night. It was the harder for them when they came upon three large toads in their rooms that day. To have a toad hop out at you from a dark corner is not nice. It is still less to step on one and crush it. It gives a peculiar sensation. Mrs. Collins found it so. There was a lizard in the milk bottle and another on the back of a chair, from whence it climbed into a mother-in-law's hair. Big spiders infested the place.

Toward noon Drayton came downstairs carrying on the end of a pin, and examining it critically, a centipede. "Large, isn't he?" he asked, with some pride; "I killed it myself at the top of the stairs. They always come in families of three. The other two will be along pretty soon, I suppose."

The mother-in-law shuddered. "You and Mr. Bartlett made a great deal of noise last night, Mr. Drayton," she reproached.

Drayton looked concerned. These government quarters were so thin-floored, he explained.

"Did he always stay up until 2 o'clock?" He admitted being of a restless disposition and given to insomnia.

. . . . . .

"All right," he reported to Mrs. Lawrence, shortly after. "You just rest on your oars. We'll have you back in those quarters before the kids have had time to do much damage to the place. I should say that a fortnight, at the very outside, should see Mrs. Collins suing for another set—any other old set. Bartlett will let her have them. He's an exceptionally obliging Q. M., as Q. M.'s go. That's his reputation."

It did not run as smoothly as Drayton might have wished. The women of the Collins family did not surrender without giving fight. They attacked Drayton himself first, but were met with an urbanity which parried every thrust. It was the thinness of the walls and floors, and that was manifestedly the government's fault. As for his insomnia, the blame of that lay with the doctor, he should think. He did not like staying broad awake until nearly dawn any better than they did. Of course, however, he would try to control his restlessness. The attempt met with failure, though, and the women appealed to the commandant. The commandant was urbane, too, but the insomnia of his officers was evidently not a matter to be reached officially.

It was plain that the insomnia aroused the suspicions of the Collinses. But the insects did not. They had never—not even in Texas itself—seen a house so overrun with reptiles. There were lizards in everything. There were frogs and toads in dark nooks. They hopped into your lap when you were least expecting it. They were always getting under your feet and—squashing. Spiders spun webs and dropped from the ceiling and the walls. And as for venomous things! A day hardly passed that Drayton did not kill a tarantula or a centipede somewhere around. They seemed to emerge only when he was near. The wrath toward him was tempered with unwilling gratitude to a savior. There had also been a garter snake on the front porch. And one horrible day they had come upon Drayton, saber in hand, standing in the front haliway beside the decapitated body of a rattlesnake. They neglected, in the excitement, to notice that the body was not wriggling.

Jimmy had that morning produced a newspaper package. "Here's a dead rattler," he had said. "I didn't know as you could use him. But I found him and you can have him for a dime."

And the rattler had proved the best investment of all, as well as the last straw. Capt. Collins had carried him on a stick out into the road. Then he had gone to the commandant and Bartlett. He was heavy-eyed for want of sleep. The whole family was that way; and Drayton was, too. In all humility he asked the favor of being allowed to change his quarters. Any other quarters would do, provided there were fewer insects. He was not particular at all. He asked so little, in fact, that Bartlett took pity on him. He renewed his offer of paint.

"Now," he said to Mrs. Lawrence, "you can come back to your own. They'll move out to-morrow. I've just been inspecting the premises, and there hasn't been much harm done. They are still the best quarters in the post. The kids have knocked a few holes in the walls and the woodwork's a little scratched. But I'll give you some paint, too."

Paint was Bartlett's idea of the panacea for all earthly ills. He had not much else in the world, being a second lieutenant; but he had paint, and he was liberal with that.

The Collinses moved next day. Drayton waited until the last load of furniture was gone, and the three women were taking their final look around. Then he came down the stairs holding out, at the length of his arms, two cetipedes on the point of two large pins. He exhibited them.

"These quarters are too much for me," he said. "I'd rather have a corner of a housetop alone, than a wide upper floor with crawling things. I'm going to go back to my own room."

A fierce light of suspicion broke in on Mrs. Collins' mind then. "I believe," she said sternly and accusingly—"I believe, Mr. Drayton, that the whole thing was a put-up job."

"Do you? Do you, really?" asked Drayton, smilingly, deprecatingly. "But consider, my dear lady, consider the centipedes."—Gwendolen Overton, in the Argonaut.

GAVE THE JUROR PIE.

By a feast of her choicest homemade pie and frosted cake, it is alleged that Mrs. Kate Egan won Juror Henry E. Atwood, who sat on the jury that gave a verdict favorable to her.

Mrs. Egan and her husband were defendants in a suit brought by Contractor Richard C. Low for $180, the balance on a contract for building their house on Poplar street. The judge and jury went out to inspect the house. While his honor and the other eleven members of the panel were looking at alleged parting seams and poor plumbing, Juror Atwood, it is said, was attracted to the kitchen, where Mrs. Egan, with her dainty fingers, prepared pie crust and stirred pumpkin.

"What delicious-looking pie!" Juror Atwood exclaimed.

"Oh, thank you, sir; you shall have a piece, and a big one, too," Mrs. Egan replied, with courtesy, and, closing the kitchen door, it is alleged, Juror Atwood sat down to a luncheon of pumpkin pie and some frosted cake.

The jury was four hours discussing the case, and came in with a verdict for $25 and costs for the contractor. Now, counsel for Mr. Lowe, in a motion to set aside the verdict, has made known the facts concerning the luncheon. Mrs. Egan denies that she had any thought of tempting the juror with her pie.

Juror Atwood will probably be summoned into court to explain the incident, and the contractor threatens to proceed against Mrs. Egan.—New York World.

Little Tale From the Persian.

There was a young man who loved a beautiful maiden, but he was poor.

One day he asked her to be his wife, and she answered:

"I love you. Still, I do not wish to be a poor man's wife. Go and get money, and then return and we will live happily ever after."

The young man went away, and ere long began to sway the markets. He made millions, and still more millions, and the maiden waited.

When the man had ten millions he wanted to outshine the man who had fifty millions, and when that wish was granted he longed to have a hundred millions; then he yearned for two hundren millions, and at last he set a billion up as the amount he wished to accumulate.

When, one day in those parts, a certain old maid lay dying, she said:

"There's no use expecting a hog to keep his mind on anything else after he gets his feet in the trough."—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Cheerful Idiot.

"Usually," said the Cheerful Idiot, breaking into the conversation, "the man that is a good liver hasn't."—Indianapolis Press.

Illustrious Red-haired People.

Does the red-haired boy or girl stand a better chance of becoming great than one whose locks are less flaming? Have the majority of the world's great men and women been fiery-headed?

For this startling query the world is indebted to a man who was at least phenomenally successful, if he was not great—the late P. D. Armour, Chicago's richest millionaire, inasmuch as Mr. Armour's own hair was "sandy," as he called it, he had a strong personal interest in investigating this question, and is now known to have found great consolation for his lack of blond or swarthy comeliness in the creed that red locks are indeed a badge of courage and more.

At all events the point ought to be settled. If red hair holds the potentiality of greatness, those who have, and more particularly those who haven't it, ought to know. If it is something more than a subject of cheap buffoonery—or the popularly accepted concomitant of a vixenish temper—or the delight of the ultra-aesthetic colorist—if it actually is a spur to success and its lack a handicap—then it is quite time the world stopped jesting about red hair and treated it with proper reverence.

Indeed, poets and painters, who have a wisdom of their own, have had a good deal to say about red hair, as you will remember. They have seen in it the reflection of the sun and the likeness to fire and to burnished metal, and the color of human blood, and they have made it the symbol of life and light and heat and strength. They have also worshiped it as a thing of great beauty, which ought to be sufficient rebuke to those who stoop to jests of the white horse order.

But perhaps it remained for the Chicago beef dealer to discover what red hair really meant. At all events, this is what Mr. Armour, according to the Rev. Dr. Gunsaulus, had to say about it:

"Without sandy-haired people the world would have frozen to death. The giants and masters of trade and commerce are men of temper, and many of the captains on great fields of war had redder hair than mine. The secret of it all is, not to let things get so hot that there is danger of a conflagration.

"Well, what a time they had in the world," he said of Cromwell, Napoleon, Columbus and Thomas Jefferson. "Queen women. Who are the two most famous women of ancient days? Helen of Troy, probably, and Cleopatra, the siren of the Nile. Both had red hair, if tradition may be relied upon, of uncompromising redness.

The most famous of women warriors and martyrs, Joan of Arc—the most famous Englishwoman, the relentless Elizabeth—the most notorious of Italian women, the wicked Lucretia Borgia, all wore the hallmark of their tremendous personal power in their wonderful abundant auburn hair. Red also was the hair of the unfortunate Mary Stuart, great in the power to charm; and of Catherine of Russia, great in the power to rule.

Among the French there are Marie Antoinette, most beloved and most ill-fated of queens, and Mme. Recamier, perhaps the greatest social influence ever felt in France, as well as one of the most beautiful of women. Unfortunate Beatrice Cenci is another famous red-haired Italian. Sarah Bernhardt, the greatest actress of her time, can hardly be ranked with any one nation, but is rather a citizen of the world. Perhaps it is no more than a coincidence that she has red hair. Perhaps it is indicative of her genius. Elizabeth was also one of them, and they call her the greatest Englishman of her time."

To prove that there was some foundation at least for the Armour theory, the New York World writes a study of the accompanying list of great names. They have been chosen partly at random, partly with a view to cover as many periods and places as possible. The list is only suggestive and by no means exhaustive. Yet it shows that there is no epoch of history when there was not some really great man or woman with red hair. From Helen of Troy to Mrs. Leslie Carter—who, if she was not born great, has had greatness forcibly thrust upon her—from Alexander the Great to Robert Fitzsimmons—red hair blazes beacon-like along the line of fame.

To be conscientiously chronological begin with Alexander. There is not the slightest doubt either that he was great or that he had red hair.

"No single personality, except the carpenter's son of Nazareth, has done so much to make the world of civilization we live in what it is," says one of his biographers. The greatest king and the greatest commander among all the Greeks, the pattern of all subsequent warriors and historymakers, the red-haired Alexander, ought alone to be sufficient encouragement to the red-haired of all time.

There were many other red-haired Greeks. Demetrius, the Macedonian commander, was one of them. And many of the best fighters among the Romans were red-haired likewise, even though they may all seem to us nowadays as colorless as statues.

Caesar, for instance, the greatest fighter of them all, the shrewdest statesman, the most absolute master of his own language, written or spoken, had red hair. Sulla the Dictator, who rose to considerable eminence in his own day, though he failed to perpetuate himself by writing anything that could be used as a text book, as others of his countrymen were far-sighted enough to do—was also of what Mr. Armour would term a "sandy" complexion.

And though red is supposed to be the fighting color, all these men, it is plain, were not only excellent fighters, but much more. What more powerful mind ever impressed itself upon the British people than that of Cromwell, the Theodore Roosevelt of his time? Or who ever so dominated not France alone but the whole of Europe as Napoleon Bonaparte, perhaps the most powerful personality that ever lived? Both these giant men must be classed among the sandy-haired.

But there are other ways of achieving greatness. Discovering America was one of them. And this glory fell to the lot of Christopher Columbus, to whom few would refuse the title of great and to whom none would deny the distinction of red hair. Writing poems, when a whole world is willing to read them, is another excellent avenue to greatness. It was the one that Shakespeare chose—that great-minded, great-souled, physically perfect, red-haired man. Torquato Tasso, the great Italian poet, chose it also. And he was red-haired.

Latz Loved Ivanhoe's Rebecca; She Loved Irving.

There died in St. Louis the other day at an advanced age a retired merchant whose life history was a romance strangely interwoven with Sir Walter Scott, Washington Irving and the original of Rebecca, the beautiful Jewess of Ivanhoe. Of all the millions who have read Scott's wonderful story of clanging lists, frowning castles, ambitious templars, valiant knights, beautiful women, few knew that a retired merchant of St. Louis played every evening upon his violin in minor strains and dreamed of the woman from whom Scott had drawn one of the loveliest characters in all fiction, and that this man's regard for Washington Irving had stood between his own passionate love and its adored object. In the splendor of the beauty and the greatness of heart and intellect of Rebecca, the daughter of Isaac of York, the cold, colorless Rowena of Ivanhoe fades and grows dim. No one ever told down Sir Walter Scott's great novel but he was secretly vexed that Ivanhoe had not married Rebecca and Rowena had not been given to her noble cousin Athelstane. Thackeray felt so strongly about this that he wrote a semi-humorous sequel to Ivanhoe, in which he brought the gallant knight and the beautiful Jewess together in marriage to live happily ever afterward.

It was Rebecca Gratz of Philadelphia from whom Scott drew his picture of the daughter of Isaac of York, and the man whose hapless love for her lasted years after her marvelous beauty had been changed into dust, and until he, too, passed to the grave, was A. J. Latz of St. Louis.

Adolph J. Latz came to St. Louis seventy years ago. At the age of eighteen he was in business for himself. He used to make annual trips to the East on business, and it was on one of these trips that he met the Philadelphia beauty and lost his heart to her. At first he had every reason to hope that his suit would finally be successful, and with the idea of accumulating a fortune that he might lay at the feet of his bride he toiled on unceasingly. He traded in furs and other Western products, and hoarded his money against the day when he should win his bride. For years Latz toiled and loved, but he saw that he had not inspired the affection in the beautiful Rebecca which he had at first thought, and finally she told him frankly that her heart was not his; that her affections were fixed upon another, but one who regarded her with admiration and friendship—not with love.

Rebecca Gratz had at that time attained considerable reputation as a poetess, and it was Washington Irving who had captivated her maiden fancy. Irving admired Rebecca's charms of mind and person and delighted in her company, but Latz always declared that the author never was a suitor for her hand, and that she had given her heart secretly, perhaps unwillingly, to the older and more cultured man instead of to the young Western merchant who loved her so devotedly.

In 1817 Washington Irving made a tour of England and Scotland, and was a guest of Sir Walter Scott at Abbottsford. He told Scott of the Philadelphia beauty, and his description of her caught the fancy of the great writer. When, soon after, he wrote Ivanhoe, Irving's description of Rebecca Gratz was the foundation for the description of the daughter of Isaac of York. After its publication in 1820, Latz always had a copy of Ivanhoe in his room, and declared to his friends that Scott had drawn from Irving's description a wonderfully correct word portrait of Rebecca Gratz.

When Latz realized that his love dream was over he cared no more for business. He took no interest in piling up more wealth, now that the object upon which he had hoped to lavish it could never be his. He was already rich for those days and so many years ago, he retired from business and settled down to a solitary life with his memories and his violin.

Rebecca Gratz died many years ago at to advanced age, but even before her death Latz had given up all hope of ever winning her for his wife and had resigned himself to the inevitable. He always regarded Rebecca and her memory with a tender reverence, but would seldom speak of his life's long love. For the last twenty-three years he has made his home with Max Judd of St. Louis, formerly United States minister to Austria. Latz was a courtly, white haired little gentleman whose chief delight was in the company of children and in doing deeds of charity. He spent almost his entire fortune in charity in a few years after he gave up business. In 1852 he organized the United Hebrew congregation in St. Louis and remained at the head of that organization for eight years. He kept a desk in the office of his successors in business, and until his last illness used to visit the establishment every day, where he was known as "Uncle" to every man and boy employed in the place. "Uncle," too, the children of the Eugene Field school used to call him, and toward the end, when his memory began to fail and he sometimes would lose his way in the open lots of the West End, it was not uncommon to see one of his little friends leading him home to the house of Mr. Judd.

In the evenings, when Latz would retire to his room with his violin, he would play and sing old love songs, long forgotten of other men, and snatches of operas which were popular when Rebecca Gratz was in all her glorious beauty. Then sometimes he would improvise songs so sad that they brought tears to the eyes of those who listened in the rooms below. Thus did he sing and play the night before he died.

Apart from the facts that she was a poetess of no mean order, that she was beloved madly by Adolph Latz and much admired by Washington Irving, and that she was the inspiration of Scott's Rebecca, little is known of the life of the woman around whom this romance centers. No one seems to have taken the trouble to collect her verse in a permanent form, and details regarding her are meager. A portrait of the fair Rebecca was painted by Sully which is reproduced in John Sartain's book of drawings. It shows a woman beautiful and intellectual, but she will be known best by the glowing words of Scott, which describe her as he learned of her from the lips of Irving. Scott says:

"The figure of Rebecca might, indeed, have compared with the proudest beauties of England, even though it had been judged by as shrewd a connoisseur as Prince John. Her form was exquisitely symmetrical, and was shown to advantage by a sort of Eastern dress, which she wore according to the fashion of the females of her nation.

"Her turban of yellow silk suited well with the darkness of her complexion. The brilliancy of her eyes, the superb arch of her eyebrows, her well formed aquiline nose, her teeth as white as pearls and the profusion of her sable tresses, which, each arranged in its own little spiral of twisted curls, fell down upon as much of a lovely neck and bosom as a simarre of the richest Persian silk, exhibiting flowers in their natural colors embossed upon a purple ground, permitted to be visible—all these constituted a combination of loveliness which yielded not to the most beautiful of the maidens who surrounded her.

"It is true that of the golden and pearl studded clasps which closed her vest from the throat to the waist, the three uppermost were left unfastened on account of the heat, which something enlarged the prospect to which we allude. A diamond necklace, with pendants of inestimable value, was by this means also made more conspicuous. The feather of an ostrich, fastened in her turban by an agraffe set with brilliants, was another distinction of the beautiful Jewess, scoffed and sneered at by the proud dames who sat above her, but secretly envied by those who affected to deride them."

A brother of Rebecca Gratz's father was among the early settlers of Kentucky. His descendants are scattered over the Middle West to-day, and traditions of the beauty and talents of their kinswoman have been handed down in the family from one generation to another. All the family traditions confirm the statement that the Philadelphia beauty was the model for Scott's Rebecca.

DOGS LIKE MUSIC.

When They Howl at Playing, It Is From Delight and Not From Anguish.

"Dogs," said a fancier, recently, "are lovers of music. They are very fond of it, in fact."

"They are?" said his friend. "Then why do they howl when they hear it, as so many do?"

"From delight. You know, in villages, when the church bells ring, every dog in town sets up a howl. That is from pleasure. The music in the chimes pleases them. I have often played on a mouth harp, or something of the sort, and have had my dogs howl until they drowned the music; that was their way of showing their delight. In town they are not so acute in this respect as they are in the country, because there is so much noise in the city that their hearing is dulled. But still, the delight they feel is expressed in their howls, which are not of anguish, but from delight.

"Not all dogs, however, are susceptible to the same sounds. Some like one tone, some another. What will attract the mastiff will not be noted by the fox hound. I once had a bull pup which was delighted when he heard music and would howl with glee; yet for a long time my family thought it really caused the dog pain when they played, and they would cease when he came near. Only his wagging tail and the expression in his eyes taught them the truth."

PHILOSOPHY IN A HIGH WIND

A Man Whom the Loss of a Railroad Ticket and Eye Glasses Did Not Fenze.

A man who impressed those who saw him as being a philosopher was seen the other day on the platform of the elevated station at Battery place. It was one of those very cold and windy days of last week.

This man wore eye glasses, not secured by any cord or chain, but simply placed on his nose. As he dropped his ticket into the ticket-chopper's box, a sort of sloping gust of wind dipped down into the hopper and got under that ticket before it struck bottom, lifted it up and blew it away off into space. Almost at the same instant, another equally fierce gust blew off his eye glasses and carried them sailing through the air, finally to fall in the street below and be broken into a thousand pieces.

And was the man put out by this? Quite the contrary. He drew from his pocket a bunch of tickets from which he tore another one, which he now thrust down deep in the hopper of the ticket-chopper's box, and held there until the machine had gripped it. Then, reaching into another pocket, he drew forth another pair of eye glasses, which seemed to be just like those he had lost. Evidently, he was accustomed to carry a pair in reserve. And, placing these on his nose, he passed on into the car smiling.

So far from being disturbed by the loss of what had been blown away, he was pleased, apparently, that he had not been blown away himself.—New York Sun.

When Don Pedro Lost His Hat.

Great efforts were made in the seventeenth century to protect the honor and dignity of foreign ambassadors in England. A proclamation was issued in 1621 by the king and lord mayor to prevent anyone offering affronts, by gesture or word, to any foreign representative. The London mob was not disposed to deal gently with foreigners, and an unpopular ambassador ran some risk of personal violence. There was a certain Don Pedro de Zuniga whose presence was particularly unwelcome. He was driving in his coach, drawn by six mules, through Holborn, one day, when his hat, which had a valuable jewel in it, was snatched from his head by a man on horseback. The crowd laughed and cheered and allowed the thief to run away.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Not Long-Seated.

"I was quite surprised, on my return from my travels, to learn of the death of my old neighbor, Daggerman."

"Yes, he's gone."

"Poor fellow! He never seemed to be in very good health; he died of some long-seated trouble, I suppose?"

"Oh, no; he was only in the electric chair about two minutes."—Richmond Dispatch.

The Lone Star Empire.

Texas has now become "the empire State of the South," having nearly a million more inhabitants than Georgia, which has heretofore had the proud title. It has a greater population than all the New England states combined, exclusive of Massachusetts.

Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited or imposed upon.