

A BLUESTOCKING; OR, ROMANCE & REALITY.

By Miss Annie Edwards.

CHAPTER X.
The Liberta.

Miss Theodora is thrown into a perfect flutter of surprise and agitation on hearing of the sudden stroke of good fortune that has befallen Daphne.

An invitation to dine on board a yacht—a large steam yacht, too—Maitre Andre, shipping his potatoes at the new harbor, saw the Liberta enter the roads, and has already brought full particulars of her rig and tonnage to Quercus. Quite impossible to say what an introduction of the kind may lead to.

"Although as far as introductions go," says Theodora, "I entertain no manner of doubt that our papa was on terms of intimacy with the Jorningham family. I recollect, as though it were yesterday, hearing him speak of them—Jorningham, was it, or Blenkinsop? some name, at all events, of the kind—and in his youth there was a question, even, of his marrying one of the daughters of the house. Now, just to complete the chain of coincidences, we must look up Lady Lydia."

One of Theodora Vandantart's harmless extravaganzas is an annual shilling Peasage; a volume you would think, not much in request at Fief-de-la-Reine, and yet from whose columns of thickly strewn dates, capitals and abbreviations Theodora manages to extract the keenest interest of her existence. As long as we remain living human creatures we cling, of necessity, to some ideal of happiness. Miss Theodora's ideal to the last will be a familiarity with dukes, lords, honorables, and a knowledge of the families into which they may choose to marry.

Looking up her subject with a dexterity born of habit, her finger soon rests upon the page that sets forth Lady Lydia Jorningham's credentials. "Jorningham—Lady Lydia Tabitha daug. of the sixth Earl of Killaloe, born 1854, mar. 1875, Peter George Jorningham, Esq."

And then the vital question of aristocracy set at rest, comes the minor one of how Daphne shall be conveyed to the scene of her approaching grandeur.

"Daphne will do one of two things," says Aunt Hosie, with her accustomed treachery: "walk to the harbor, a matter of close upon four miles, with the thermometer at seven-eighths, or ride there in the spring cart. For her complexion's sake, if Jean Marie has finished his braiding of the upper field (Aunt Hosie's agricultural phrases are of a strictly composite order), and if Maitre Andre has no better use for the mare I should advise the spring cart."

"The spring cart?" echoes poor Theodora, almost with tears. "Well, well—before people of one's own class, I suppose, one may afford to make a show of poverty. If Mr. Jorningham's wife were the daughter of a cotton lord, we must hire the barouche. Lady Lydia will look upon the spring cart in the light of an eccentricity."

Accordingly, shortly after 7 o'clock the "eccentricity" stands ready before the porch; Jean Marie in his meeting house black; Lisette, the stout, old Normandy mare, who does the united work of half a dozen peasant farms, in her best harness.

Daphne is dressed in a plain Holland suit, and the straw hat, trimmed with white ribbon that she wears on Sundays at the village church, her adornment a little nosegay of clove pinks worn in her waistbelt. As she turns to nod a last farewell to Paul before starting, Aunt Hosie cannot choose but think—a new romance ever present before her mind—that that evening four years ago when the girlish figure tripped forth through the summer twilight, the girlish heart, credulous of all things save wrongdoing or deceit, went forth to meet its doom.

"It was a matter of certainty that people would find us out in time," observes Theodora, gazing regretfully at the conveyance which is to bear her niece into the sacred neighborhood of an Earl's daughter, marveling wistfully if any one could mistake Jean Marie for a gentleman's servant out of livery! "Likelier than not Lady Lydia Jorningham will invite some of our family to accompany them when they leave, and if I am wanted as a chaperon, little as I like the sea, I shall feel it a duty to go. Of course one would want a yachting suit," muses Theodora. "But a dozen yards of serge at one-and-sixpence and a couple of pieces of this fashionable white broad would not be ruinous."

"Me go, too," cries Paul with one of the fine intuitions of his age, connecting the word yachting with burnt almonds. "Me go with Mamsey and the grand Musseau blonde who loves Mamsey and little Paul."

The grand Musseau blonde is nowhere to be seen when the spring cart and its occupants—hot, dusty and unaristocratic—reach the harbor. In his place is Severne, with a boat and rowers ready in waiting to convey Mrs. Chester to the Liberta.

Daphne jumps down, nothing ashamed, from Jean Marie's side, and, turning to Sir John, asks at what time a dinner party that begins at eight is likely to finish. Lisette will not, of course, be taken out of Maitre Andre's stable again to-night; but Jean Marie, by Aunt Hosie's special orders, is to walk in from Fief-de-la-Reine to meet her, and—

"Jean Marie will do nothing of the

might, yet destined, by virtue of their very isolation, to stand out vivid flesh-and-blood personalities from the canvas of her memory forever.

Lady Lydia Jorningham first, a tiny Irishwoman, dressed like a child of fourteen—pretty, despite irregularity of feature, through her excess of animation, her black fringed, iron gray eyes; a tiny witch of a woman uttering, pell-mell, in a swee west country brogue, whatever sense or nonsense—it is mostly nonsense—may chance to enter her wild Hibernian head.

Next, Mrs. de Mauley, Lady Lydia's dearest (momentary) friend, a widow bland and blonde, ten years older than her hostess, and ten times more dangerous—the same designing creature who, according to Clementina Hardcastle, would conduct Mr. Broughton to jail in a fortnight did she wed him.

And then the budding novelist, the writing woman in search of materials! An emancipated sister of twenty-nine, with a cavalier hat worn distinctly, even for the days we live in, over one ear, with a rakish-looking double eyeglass, a can, and—no Daphne dreams—a palpable odor of Havana smoke clinging to her gentlemanly yachting jacket, and short clipped, gentlemanly hair.

So far the ladies of the group, well supplemented, in matter of picturesque, by "Man and the Arab." The former is in a rough pilot suit, with regulation buttons; a weather-tanned, red-bearded man of seven or eight, and, bending the elbow, strikes them against the sides of the body, keeping time to a song and stamping vigorously with the right foot while springing up and down with the left knee. The song has a large number of stanzas and begins "Kloya ke, kloya ke," which means "Hail to the Northern Lights."

When the aurora is bright and in an especially dancing mood, the children will often keep up the song and dance for hours at a time.

In winter the Point Barrow children have a snowball game which they play with their feet. They wet some snow and make a ball about as big as two fists. The cold is so intense that the ball immediately becomes solid ice.

Then the player balances the ball on the toes of one foot and with a kick and a jump throws it to the other foot, which catches it and throws it back. Some of the players are so expert that they will keep this up for a number of strokes without letting the ball fall to the ground.

The children of this tip-end of Uncle Sam's land also amuse themselves in winter by sliding down the steep banks of frozen snow which form under the cliffs along the shores of the frozen sea. They use no sleds or toboggans, not even boards, in this sport, but slide down the steep declivities on their knees.

Knelling down and sitting well back, with their hands grasping their ankles, they shoot along down great steep hills of snow, laughing and shouting, and now and then losing their balance and getting a tumble which sends them rolling in a heap to the foot of the snow hill.

Both boys and girls at Point Barrow are fond of playing football, but they seem to have no order or system. They simply get an old mitten or old boot and stuff it with bits of waste deerskin or rags, and then kick it about with merry shouts and in great confusion.

The children are very fond of dancing, and if they can get hold of an old tin can which some whaler has left for a drum, they improvise dances for themselves and invent songs to accompany them.

The little Eskimau of Point Barrow have a most mischievous little instrument which they call a "mitiglanau." It is to the Eskimau boy what the bear trapper is to the white boy.

It is made of a piece of stiff whalebone about five inches long and half an inch wide. It is narrowed off and bent up about an inch at one end.

On the upper side of this bent up end is a little hollow large enough to hold a small pebble, and the other end is cut into sharp teeth. This is purely an instrument of mischief, and many a little Eskimau boy is compelled to retire with his mother into one of their snow huts for a painful interview because of the reckless manner in which he uses his pebble stunner.

The children who frolic by the shores of the frozen sea and dance with the Northern Lights even have mechanical toys among their playthings. One is a wooden doll representing a man dressed in skins.

He holds a drum in one hand and a stick in the other. The arms are made of whalebone, and by pressing them together at the shoulders the figure can be made to move as if beating the drum.

Then they have little toy knives, or canoes, in which are seated dolls with paddles in their hands. By pulling a string the doll is made to move its head from one side and make a motion as if paddling.

The girls are very fond of playing cat's crabs. Two little girls will sit in one of the underground houses, or in one of the huts made of frozen snow and built up by the light of a stone lamp, make all sorts of complicated figures with the string.

The favorite figure, and a difficult one, is the representation of a reindeer which, by moving the fingers, is made to run down hill from one hand to the other.

Lieutenant Ray, who was in charge of the Government station at Point Barrow, says that the children are so polite that they would take pains to mispronounce native words. In the same way as he did so as not to hurt his feelings by appearing to correct him bluntly.—New York Sun.

"Electric Honey." Electricity in all its phases is entering into a great variety of operations, but in one startling report at least its use seems to be given rather undue prominence. "Making Honey by Electricity" is the caption of this report, and as we read we find that in New Jersey is an apriary; that the bees are fed on glucose; that the glucose is manufactured at Edgewater; that \$4,000,000 is invested in the glucose plant; that the daily output is 12,000 barrels, and that electric machinery is used in its manufacture. Hence "Making Honey by Electricity."

The size of the smokestacks of some of the steamships which leave New York is an interesting topic among folk of their size is seen in this comparison: The New East River tunnel, which the Pennsylvania railroad is about to build, is about the same diameter as the funnels of the Lucania and Campania, that is, 21 feet. It seems hard to realize that two Japanese steamships, each of 1,200 tons, could run side by side through the stacks of either of these vessels if they were laid flat.

The Italian election shows a wide vision of sentiment.

ROMADS OF MOROCCO:

Customs and Life of the Wonders of North Africa.

Let us suppose that the winter rains are over, and that the plains are green with the young rising corn. Plowing and work are finished for the year, and within the circle of brown tents—some two dozen in number—all is life and activity. Men and women are gathered together, the few household goods they possess, or pulling up the pegs that hold their tent-dwelling in place. Pots and pans of tinned copper or rough red earthenware are piled about, and strips of matting are being rolled up. The children are chasing the fowls to and fro in their endeavors to capture them; the flocks of heads browse near by, tended by sunburnt shepherd boys, and everything speaks of an early move. Then the tents themselves are struck and rolled up, and the loading of the beasts of burden commences. Every animal capable of bearing a load is pressed into service. Cows and bullocks, mares, mules, and donkeys—even men and women—share joyfully in the labor, for spring is come and the shade of the giant cedar trees awaits the shepherds and hunters—and cattle thieves. Life for the Berbers commences then, and for a few months, in the impetuous hills and forests, they can pass their existence unhampered by Arab neighbors and far beyond the reach of grasping officialdom. Then a move is made, and one and all, singing as they go, the procession starts off. Men on horseback—their tiny little steeds as mud-stained and ragged as the saddles they bear—lead the way. Fine little creatures they are, with all the grace of movement found only in the savage. Their long, tog-like "halks" and straight heavy white cloaks add not a little to their picturesque appearances. Nor are their features devoid of beauty, for, though the suns of summer and the tempests of winter score and mark their faces at an early age, they fall to obliterate the pleasant smile and glittering eye that are so typical of the race. The woman follows on foot, or perhaps on donkey back, strange, overgrown, huddled-up figures, wrapped in long striped shawls, and with their heads tied in handkerchiefs of many colors, and gaiters of knitted wool or leather on their legs. What little beauty nature has bestowed upon them they manage most successfully to conceal under the strange dicta of Berber fashions. Their complexions are stained and striped with red "henna" dye; their noses and chins are tattooed in patterns of dark blue, and even the palms of their hands are marked with intricate designs which they encircle their eyes as so carelessly and coarsely put on as to give the appearance of a recent scrimmage. Untidy, unkempt, and none too clean, the Berber women offer few of the attractions apparent in the men, who, though often sadly in want of a washing, are handsome, frank, and full of spirit, with a mirth that is infectious. With the women are the children, half-naked little savages, some tied on to the back of a friendly cow, some running races by the roadside, and others, again, still at the breast.

And so to the forest.—From "The Berbers of Morocco," by Walter Harris, in Scribner's.

Stories of surprises in cross-examination were exchanged in a small group of men the other day, and the following was sprung by an Illinois lawyer: "Years ago one of the prominent lawyers, afterward Justice of the State Supreme Court, Tunnell, was a great wit and a very smooth article on cross-examination. He did not offer get the worst of it from anybody. He seldom attempted bulldozing in cross-examination, but could back an unwary man into almost any admission. One day Tunnell had an old man named Dave Brown on the opposite side, and the value of the old man's testimony depended upon his claim that he could not read. It was believed that he could read a little and Tunnell tried to trap him. After several adroit efforts, which old Dave neatly sidestepped, the lawyer changed the subject and wandered away from the leading question. Suddenly he asked: "Have you a dictionary in your home, Mr. Brown?" "Yes, sir—a dictionary. Had it for years."

"I'm glad to hear that. Every man should have a dictionary in his home. You use your dictionary I hope?" "Yes, sir; I use it regularly."

"That's right. A man should use his dictionary often. About how often do you use your dictionary?" "Every morning, sir," said the old man, with apparent interest. "Every morning. That is commendable. And what do you use your dictionary for in the morning?" "To stop my razor, sir."—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Milton's Tomb.

There are probably many, even among the subscribers to Milton's statue who will be surprised to hear that the body of the great poet was once on view at a charge of threepence a head within a few yards from the site chosen for this splendid tribute to his memory. It was in 1790, after a little carousal, that two overseers and a carpenter entered the Church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, where Milton lay buried, and, having discovered the leaden coffin which contained his body, cut open the top with a mallet and chisel. "When they disturbed the shroud," Nave says, when telling the story of the ghoulish deed, "the ribs fell. Mr. Fountain confessed that he pulled hard at the teeth which resisted until some one hit them with a stone." Fountain secured all the fine teeth in the upper jaw, and generously gave one to one of his accomplices. Altogether the scoundrels stole a rib bone, ten teeth, and several hundred shillings; and to crown the diabolical business, the female grave-digger afterwards exhibited the body to any one willing to pay threepence for the spectacle.—Westminster Gazette.

A Pennsylvania fisherman has discovered that bullfrogs act as sentries to fish, and that it is useless to try to catch bass when a deep-voiced, bellowing frog is watching.

Electricity in all its phases is entering into a great variety of operations, but in one startling report at least its use seems to be given rather undue prominence. "Making Honey by Electricity" is the caption of this report, and as we read we find that in New Jersey is an apriary; that the bees are fed on glucose; that the glucose is manufactured at Edgewater; that \$4,000,000 is invested in the glucose plant; that the daily output is 12,000 barrels, and that electric machinery is used in its manufacture. Hence "Making Honey by Electricity."

CAROLINA AFFAIRS:

Occurrences of Interest in Various Parts of the State.

General Cotton Market.

Strangled Himself.

A Splendid Gift.

Home-seekers Coming.

Injured by Wild Horse.

Who Gets the Reward?

Hunter Accidentally Killed.

Swansen, Special.

News in Paragraphs.

DOUBTFUL WEATHER PROPHECY:

Marked Dates on Barometers Do Not Always Tell Conditions.

Much of the current faith in the barometer as a weather prophet is, it appears, misplaced. Because a storm is generally expected when the fall of the barometer is great and sudden, and vice versa when it is suddenly risen, it has been for years the practice to make barometers with "fine," "changeable" and "storm" marked on them, and such is the confidence placed in these by many people who own them that they grow indignant at the weather if it dares to rain when the indicator says "fair" or to be clear if it says "storm."

All that a barometer shows is the pressure of the air upon the earth's surface at the point where the barometer is when the reading is made. The pressure does, indeed, vary continually with the weather conditions, but it varies also with the elevation of the point of observation above the sea level, and it takes an expert to tell whether any given variation is unusual or abnormal, and if so, what it means. A barometer adjusted with weather signs for the seashore may often predict great storms there, but if taken to another and higher altitude the markings are wholly unreliable, even for the making of such a forecast as that of the Philadelphia Weather Bureau, in frequency called on by people who know this much to adjust their barometer for the level in which they use it, but he is always careful to point out why, even after such adjustment, the indications are not reliable.—Philadelphia Record.

Little Korea has its own "seven wonders." The first is a hot mineral spring which is claimed to have miraculous healing properties. The second is two springs, far distant from each other, but connected by a subterranean passage. When one spring is full the other is always empty. All the water seems to flow from one spring to another, yet one is blither and the other sweet.

The third wonder of Korea is the Cold Wind Cave, in which there is always a breeze strong enough to take a strong man off his feet. The fourth is a pine forest, in which trees are continually sprouting, no matter how the roots are mutilated. The fifth is a floating stone. It is a large, irregular globe which seems to be resting on the ground, yet a rope may be passed under the stone without touching it. The sixth wonder of Korea is the "hot stone," which for ages has been almost at white heat. "A drop of the sweat of Buddha" is the seventh wonder. This is kept in a temple, and for thirty paces around it no grass, flower or tree will grow or animal will go near.

One Hundred and Ten.

It is an utterly mistaken though popular idea that a man is necessarily superannuated when he is sixty or seventy years old.

Thinking men are fast outgrowing the idea, rooted for centuries in the brain, that man is on the threshold of old age at fifty, and that "the lean and slippared pantaloon" awaits him at threescore and ten. It is now an accepted law of the animal kingdom that the duration of life is normally five times the period of growth, which, being twenty-one years in man, makes the limit of his years 105. Sir Benjamin Richardson, an eminent English physician, expresses the opinion that the normal period of human life is about 110 years, and that seven out of ten persons could live to that age if they would conform to the laws of health. Metschnikoff, the great Russian biologist, holds that we should live 140 years. A man who expires at eighty, he says, is the victim of accident, cut down in the flower of his days.—Home and Farm.

Paper From Rags.

It is not a pleasant thought that the brilliant white note paper which your hand rests upon may have in it the fibers from the filthy garments of some Egyptian fellah after it has passed through all the stages of decay until it is saved by a ragpicker from the gutter of an Egyptian town; and yet it is a fact that hundreds of tons of Egyptian rags are exported every year into America to supply our paper mills. At Mannheim on the Rhine the American importers have their ragpicking houses where the rags are collected from all over Europe, the disease infected Levant not excepted, and where women and children, too poor to earn a better living, work day after day, with wet sponges and over their mouths, sorting these filthy scraps for shipment to New York. Our best papers are made of these rags and our common ones of wood pulp, which is obtained by grinding and macerating huge blocks from some of our soft-wooded forest trees.—David G. Fairchild, in the National Geographic Magazine.

Australian Mine 3000 Feet Deep.

What is believed to be the deepest gold mine in the world is being worked at Bendigo, Australia. The mine is question, which is called the New Chum Railway Mine, has sunk its main shaft to the depth of 3000 feet, or only sixty feet short of three-quarters of a mile. The chief problem is how to keep the tunnels and general workings cool enough for the miners to work in at such a depth. It is usually about 108 degrees, and to enable the men to work at all, a spray of cold water let down from above has to be kept continually playing on the bodies—naked from the waist upward—of the miners. Even then they cannot work hard, or they would faint from exhaustion.

Their Only Shell Fish.

Ex-Judge Julius Mayer is a great lover of things that come out of the sea, and while in Chicago, Ill., attended the Republican convention, he sought to indulge his taste in a well-known restaurant. He ordered little-neck clams, and the colored waiter informed him that they were out of them. "The Judge thought that, in the absence of clams, a broiled lobster might do," but the lobster, likewise, were out. Soft-shelled crabs were his next choice, but the water regrettably informed him that the crabs were also among the absent. "Then why do you keep these things on the bill? Have you any shellfish at all?" the Judge demanded. "Only eggs, sah," replied the waiter.