

## A BROKEN HEART.

A little china figure  
On a little bracket sat,  
His little feet were always crossed,  
He wore a little hat.  
And ev'ry morning, fair or foul,  
In shine or shadows dim,  
A pretty little housemaid came  
And softly dusted him.

She took him up so gently,  
And with such a charming air  
His china soul was melted quite,  
And loved her to despair.  
All day he sat and thought of her,  
Until the twilight came,  
And in his china dreams at night  
He breathed her little name.

One day, whilst being dusted,  
In his joy he trembled so,  
To feel her little fingers, that,  
Alas! she let him go.  
In vain she tried to grab him back,  
Fate willed it they should part;  
He fell against the fender edge  
And broke his little heart.

She gathered up his fragments,  
And she told a little lie,  
Expounding to her mistress how  
The cat had made him die.  
And on the following morning, when  
The shutters back she thrust,  
She spoke his little epitaph—  
"There's one thing less to dust."  
—R. S. Hichens, in the Pall Mall Magazine.

## SCOTT'S LIFE WORK.

It was in the old farm house at Sandy Knowe that the seeds were planted which grew into the most fascinating stories of Highlanders and Borders, knights and kings, and maids of high and low degree, that were ever written. The Scotch grandmother, in whose youth the old border depositions were a matter of recent tradition, had told her tales of Watt of Harden, Wright Willie of Arkwood, and other merry men of the Robin Hood order, to dozens of boys. It was the fertile mind of little Walter Scott that received and kept the impression of that time of romance, to embellish and elaborate it, and make it the property of all the reading world.

Indeed, Watt of Harden, and his wife, "the Flower of Yarrow," were in the direct line of descent of Walter Scott's ancestry, five generations back; and the lad took pride in these ancient lairds, who were practically sheep farmers, and who varied their care of the fold by night raids over the border upon their English cousins, "lifting" cattle and whatever else was "neither too hot nor too heavy." Scott's father, who was the original of the elder Fairford in "The Red Gauntlet," was the first of the Scotts to take to a town life or a profession.

The health of little Walter sent him back to the hills to gain strength, and unconsciously to breathe in what was the nucleus of his life work. As the boy grew older he showed that his taste for medieval legend was a passion whose strength could carry him through the driest work.

In a famous review of Lockhart's "Life of Scott," Carlyle protested against a man writing without preparation. It was said that the immortal novels of the Waverley series were written at a speed of three thousand words a day; but going over the life of Scott, we find that his whole boyhood was a preparation.

He early showed that power of fascination, that eager, vivid, lively personality which quickened the pulse of all who came near him. His own mind moved rapidly, caught color where other eyes saw sober hodgepodge, and heard the echoes of martial music along pathways long given up to the slow feet of cattle. He charmed out of every man, woman, and child, every scrap of material they contained to feed his love of romance. When he was ten, he owned a rare collection of old ballads, and all through his school days his readings were really a serious study of his favorite subject. He says that even in those early days "fame was the spur."

He was balked by nothing that came in his way. He learned Italian that he might read Ariosto, and Spanish to make the acquaintance of Cervantes. It was the "Novelas" of the last which first gave him an ambition to write fiction. He mastered not only modern, but ancient French, when he was only fifteen, that he might delve into the old romances. Discovering that there were, in the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh, old manuscripts bearing upon Scottish family history, he spent months ransacking them. When he was twenty one his opinion upon such records was sought by antiquarians all over Britain.

Scott's preparation for painting the past life of Scotland was little less thorough than his knowledge of contemporary life. He drew everybody to him. He studied law with his father and was one of the most popular members of the Scottish Bar. He was a companion of all the gaieties of the wildest of the younger men; while at home he was obliged to live the life of a puritanic Scotch household. Scott looked upon his profession as a means of getting him a situation where he would have little to do. He had married a Miss Carpenter, the daughter of a French loyalist who had died in the Revolution. She made a wife who could not enter into his intellectual life and who was a constant care to him. The situa-

tion was found, but the salary was not great, and the duties were by no means light; yet these he carried out faithfully for twenty five years as "sheriff depute" of Selkirkshire, with about fifteen hundred dollars a year.

It was as a verse writer that Scott made his first reputation. In 1788 he had heard a lecture by Henry Mackenzie upon German literature, and had immediately set about learning German. It was while he was at the height of his enthusiasm that Mrs. Barbauld visited Edinburgh and recited an English translation of "Lenore," by Burger. Two lines caught his fancy:

Tramp, tramp, across the sea they speed;  
Splash, splash, across the sea!—  
not because they were so beautiful, but because he said he could write that kind of poetry! He tried, and produced "The Eve of St. John," and "The Gray Brother." He then thought of bringing out a book of Border Minstrelsy, and had all his friends on the lookout for material. The Countess of Dalkeith was very much interested in the work, and hearing the story of the hobgoblin Gilpin Horner, sent it to him, asking him to write a poem upon that. Scott resolved, out of compliment to the lady, to connect it in some way with the house of Buccleuch, to which her husband belonged, and to make it the framework for his long designed picture of border manners.

In 1805 "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" appeared. It sold as no poem had ever sold before, and nobody was so much astonished as Scott himself. It is an interesting story told with simplicity, with energy and brilliancy. The meter and rhyme carry the reader along with light feet, but not so rapidly that the lines do not cling to the memory. The goblin part of the story is the only faulty work it contains. The action runs over only three days, and never changes from Branksome and its neighborhood, where

Old Melrose rose, and fair Tweed ran  
The success of the "Lay" decided that literature was to be Scott's life work.

His publishing venture was the one disastrous episode of his life. He was a sleeping partner in the house of Ballantyne and Company, of Edinburgh, but he kept the matter a profound secret, thinking it would injure him socially to be known in connection with a commercial venture. "Marmion" and "The Lady of the Lake" lifted him to the highest point of fame and prosperity, but his business troubles pulled him down to earth again. It was in the midst of ignoble embarrassments that he began to write "Waverley," because he had found that there was money in romance. Pegasus was hitched to the plow, and right nobly he tilled the soil for the harvest.

Scott thought novel writing beneath his dignity, and kept the secret of his authorship long after "The Great Unknown" was on every tongue. He had purchased Abbotsford now, and lived there like a Scotch laird of great wealth, with the arms of a dozen Scotch families painted on the walls, and visitors representative of all the clans. It was a handsome place, within sight of "fair Melrose" and his beloved Tweed.

He continued to produce works to which he signed his own name, and people said that if he also wrote the novels of the Unknown, he must keep a goblin in so ne turret as his amanuensis. Novels fairly flowed from his pen and the proceeds supported his partners in the publishing house, beside the great establishment at Abbotsford with its train of visitors. It recalls the legend of the man with the brain of gold, which his family and friends destroyed. He dictated "Ivanhoe," "The Bride of Lammermoor," and "Montrose" in fits of suffering so intense that he could not suppress his cries of agony. He would shut the door. The crowds of visitors must know of neither work nor pain.

And then finally the crash came, and Scott, who had believed himself rich, found himself responsible for over six hundred thousand dollars! His pride was in the dust at the dishonor of bankruptcy, and he toiled for the rest of his life to get from under the ban. His wife died, bereavements came, and still the hero labored on. In two years he earned two hundred thousand dollars by his pen. Ill, dying, refusing to give up, he labored on, and then happily his mind failed. He fancied his debts paid, his work done, and he went abroad. But he knew he was dying, and he came back to Abbotsford just in time to say farewell to the land he had clothed forever in romance. The end came in September, 1832.

The influence of Scott on young ideas, upon whole countries, has been like an invigorating atmosphere. Bracing, animated, moral, never degenerating into sentimentality, too deep to be cynical, animated throughout by the very spirit and essence of manliness, he appeals, even today, after sixty years, to the good and loyal in man, scorning all that is base.

His characters have become national possessions, and his scenes are the goal of pilgrimages. Ellen's Isle, the locale of the "Lady of the Lake," made the Perthshire Highlands fashionable with a vogue that has never declined.

Scott was a sound historian; but where he

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has changed a historical character for the purposes of his story, it is his hero or heroine that we remember and recognize. When great artists have taken the theme for a picture, it is the romancer's ideal they have painted. He succeeded, like Shakspeare, in putting immaterial living characters into a world of flesh and blood.

Abbotsford is still in the hands of the descendants of Scott's daughter, and is kept as it was in Sir Walter's day.—George Holme.

## The Art of Entertaining.

A necessary endowment for a hostess is tact—the knowledge of how far to go without being intrusive; where to stop without incurring the charge of want of interest—an intuition which leads you to introduce the right people to each other, to say what gives pleasure, and causes you to avoid wounding people's susceptibilities. Tact is a royal gift, and a noble one; a gift, curiously enough, too often despised in this world. Many foolish people pride themselves on being "above" tact. These have probably mistaken tact for finesse. A love of intrigue, and shifty managing ways are surely widely removed from the praiseworthy wish to give pleasure to others, and avoid paining them. Yet another valuable attribute is repose. The woman who perpetually fusses about from guest to guest creates confusion, unrest, discomfort; breaks in upon conversations, and is, in a word, ill-bred. "And so," says one, "just as I was leaving the room what do you suppose happened?" At this juncture our restless hostess breaks in, carries off the narrator to be introduced to some one she would probably rather not know, and the interested listener is left for ever in suspense as to the startling event. *L'art de tenir salon*, on the whole, it is not so easy a one as might be supposed. For its perfection, unselfishness should be the keystone; a spirit of kindness, of geniality, and of good fellowship, the edifice. Cross-grained, sour-tempered women have never shone as mistresses of salons.

When we ourselves least kindly are,  
We deem the world unkind;  
Dark hearts in flowers where honey lies  
Only the poison find.

In conclusion, let us hope that the day may come when the art of entertaining in its highest sense may be more widely practised in England; when the worship of money and luxury shall diminish; and when it may not be reserved for the rich man alone to enjoy the privileges and the pleasures of exercising hospitality.—Lady Jephson in *Atlanta*.

## The Outlook in South Africa.

The outlook for 1895 discloses many grave dangers, many sunken rocks which only fine steering can avoid. This must be freely granted. On the other hand, there is much in that outlook to inspire hopeful confidence. At the end of the year, we may doubt not, Uganda will be in a fair way to being opened up by the telegraph and railway now in progress of construction. Having influenced the Sultan to "square" the Mahdi, Mr. Rhodes's magnificent scheme for knitting North and South Africa by telegraphic means may have become an accomplished fact. The railway to Bulawayo will be nearing its completion, and machinery for crushing the quartz will have found its way into the country, while the splendid possibilities, amounting to actualities, of Matabelliland will have been made patent to the world. Indeed, in the mining industry both of the Rand and Zambesia we may safely look for further and even for unexpected developments. As to the Rand, its position is now unassailable. At the moment several thousand stamps are at work there, and it is estimated that in the coming year these will be increased by 40 or 50 per cent. In 1892 1,210,868 ozs. of gold were extracted, in 1893 1,478,473 ozs., while the output for 1894 amounts to about 2,000,000 ozs. Professor Schweisser's report to the Prussian government estimated the potential value of gold in the central portion of the Rand at £400,000,000, and many persons possessing well-balanced minds think that his conclusion errs on the side of moderation. At present this enormous wealth has only been nibbled at. Many o



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the mines at Johannesburg are capable of being worked, and worked at high pressure, for a century to come. Mr. Hammond's report on the mineral wealth of Matabelliland is equally reassuring. There can be no reasonable doubt that we are standing on the brink of an era of prosperity in South Africa of which the most sanguine scarcely grasp the extent and significance.—*African Review*.

K. D. C. Pills the laxative for children.

## Useful Hint to Writers.

The Boston Pilot says that "Never write anything you would not sign your name to," was one of the sentiments which won a prize at the Boston Press Club's dinner recently, and the Pilot adds: "It is a good principle, although the author should have borne in mind the immortal maxim that 'a preposition should never be used to end a sentence with.' John Boyle O'Reilly anticipated the sentiment when he said, 'never do anything as a journalist which you would not do as a gentleman.'"

W. R. Richardson, of Hartland, Has the agency for the Maritime Wrapper Factory. He has just received his new spring stock of men's and boys' suits which he is selling very cheaply. All sorts of woollen goods, boots and shoes, hats and caps always on hand.

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## Make It Complete.

"The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world," is a sentiment repeated o'er and o'er; The world would like to hear supplementary remarks About the foot that nightly walks the floor.  
—Detroit Tribune.

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