

HIGHLAND COURTING.

When was our courting? Oh, ask when the mountains
Keep but a lacing of cold winter's snow.
Grass-lands are greening, and lambs by the foun-
tains
Are bleating below!

Have you not seen on the loch's glassy water,
Dolphins leap onward in sport by the shore;
The hind stand and wonder the stag had not
sought her
With challenging roar?

Heard you the musical note of the black-game,
Flutelike, in tremulous laughter arise
From the pine and the birchwood, while from the
rock came
The cave pidgeon's cries?

Were you then sleeping, when moorland and
meadow
Woke to the call of the plover, and song
Rang in the woodlands that scarce knew a
shadow,
For Spring was yet young?

If you were wakeful, then ask why the season
The Highlands are loveliest—lovely always?
Stay: I will tell you—enough in all reason!
Before—we were grey!
—Lorne, in Blackwood's Magazine.

THE DEMI-NEGRO.

He was the most sorrowful man I have
ever known.

It appeared that the cause of his grief
would endure as long as himself, for he was
a negro and suffered on account of his color.

It must be confessed that there are most
whimsical psychological cases!

This negro looked with horror upon black,
and did not even make an exception of his
own particular black, detesting everything
which reminded him of it; the mirrors in
which he encountered his own likeness, the
clear water of fountains, the windows of
stores, even the silver spoon with which,
every morning, he sipped his chocolate, and
which, when removed from his lips before
being dipped in the cup reflected his face
mockingly.

"Oh, to be white!" he cried, "to be white,
what a dream!"

The dream, alas! had insensibly become a
nightmare.

"And to think," he repeated, "that it will
always remain so! To think that I shall be
a negro at twenty years of age, a negro at
thirty, a negro at sixty, a negro all my life!
Still at sixty it will not matter! But at
twenty! at the most beautiful epoch of exist-
ence, when women look at a man, when they
smile upon him, when they love him, what a
terrible curse!"

This state of mind manifested itself at first
by a very gentle melancholy mingled with
vague and superstitious regrets and strange
illusions; sometimes one might have thought
he still had hopes.

Then this melancholy became a long and
bitter sadness, which turned into hypochondria.
Eternal irony of things! He who held
black in horror, would have died of a black
malady, had he not, one day, allowed his
eyes to fall by accident upon the account of a
meeting of the Academy of Medicine, the
following passage of which interested him to
the utmost:

"M. X. read to his colleagues extracts from
the work of Dr. Peter Bot, who has already
presented to the Academy a treatise written
in Latin upon the making white of negroes:
"De Nigris Denigrescendis," published two
years ago. In this work he endeavors to
demonstrate that many colors hitherto con-
sidered unchangeable are in reality only
temporary, and capable of being destroyed
and replaced. Dr. Bot has appended to his
treatise a number of observations upon the
epidermis of negroes and red men. The
latter part of his work appeared to greatly
impress the illustrious assembly."

II.

These lines filled with joy the heart of
Apollo Bobino, who could not rest until he
had put himself in communication with Dr.
Bot.

This learned man had discovered many
useless things, which caused people who
knew him to say that he lived in the interest
of science.

It was in speaking to him that Apollo
experienced for the first time the
pleasures given by confidences. Until
this time his grief had been all the more
profound on account of his having told
the secret to no one.

This reserve will be understood. Dis-
appointed lovers, unknown inventors, in-
comprehensible poets carry their sorrows to
some sympathizing friend; these are sufferings
admitted, accepted, classified. But imagine
saying to anyone: "I suffer from being a
negro!" The subject is much too delicate.

This kind of suffering is so delicate that
only the elite of psychologists can understand
it. By ninety-nine out of a hundred Apollo
would have been despised, and his suffering
had its dignity.

Therefore it gave him infinite satisfaction
when he could expose to Dr. Bot his regrets,
his sorrows, his ambitions and his hopes.

"Then it was actually possible to become
white! He could really abandon the colors
under which he had served with so much re-
gret! The formidable problem of "denegra-
tion" was capable of solution!"

Doctor smiled sweetly upon this ex-
plosion of enthusiasm. Several times he said
to his visitor: "I repeat to you, that for me,
to be a negro is simply to have a skin
disease." And he added with that modesty
which is the accompaniment of a superior
mind:

"Twenty years of my life has been spent
in arriving at this conclusion, twenty years
of research! Twenty years of struggles! But
up to the present I have only made partial
experiments. You shall be my first com-
plete experiment."

III.

The following day, Apollo proceeded to the
house of the Doctor, who immediately com-
menced to work out upon him his theories.
"We will commence with the calf," said
Mr. Peter Bot. "We must not forget that
we are only making a trial; however confi-
dent of the result, it is reasonable to direct

our researches upon a part which is not ex-
posed to permanent exhibitions like the hands
and face. If our experiment fails, the
changes of color which may be produced can
only injure you in a secondary manner."

Apollo was charmed at this proof of tact,
and immediately bared his right foot and leg
and placed them between the hands of the
Doctor.

There are no precise details as to the pro-
cess employed by Mr. Peter Bot. Naturally,
he kept them a close secret. We know, how-
ever, because Apollo has assured us of it,
that sub-cutaneous injections were used, but
nobody knows what substances were employ-
ed.

The work progressed slowly and painfully.
At the end of three days Apollo felt some-
thing like light punctures. The fifth day he
perceived a large number of small grey stains.

In eight days the calf was white—a dirty
white, it is true, but still it was white!
Apollo could not contain himself for joy,
and rushed to the Doctor, crying: "White!
white! quite white!"

The latter examined minutely the trans-
formed calf, and commenced work immedi-
ately.

From the right calf he passed to the thigh,
thence to the hip, afterwards to the right
side of the throat.

Here, a singular phenomenon was pro-
duced: as soon as the throat commenced to
be acted upon, Apollo, who up till then had
had the liquid speech of negroes who say:
"Je quois," for "Je crois," "Je quains," for
"Je crains," "Vive Paience franco-husse!" for
"Vive l' Alliance franco-russe!" began to
pronounce his r's and other elided consonants
like a native of the Rue Rivoli.

Then Mr. Peter Bot commenced his treat-
ment upon the right side of the head, the
right ear, the right cheek, the right side of
the nose.

The thigh, the hip, the right portion of
the breast and the throat whitened beauti-
fully.

During these labors, Apollo remained in-
doors, boarding with the Doctor. Of course,
it was impossible to walk abroad in Paris
with one ear white and the other black, with
one cheek in process of becoming white and
the other still belonging to the ancient
regime.

As to Dr. Bot, he also indulged in pleasant
anticipations; with the success of his first ex-
periment an enormous and rapid fortune
appeared assured. All the negroes of quality
would thenceforth flock to his house.
Occasionally, even suggestions of Charlatanism
beset this distinguished mind; he thought of
newspaper advertisements and the effect to
be produced on the world of blackmen by
notices like the following:

NO MORE NEGROES.

By the treatment of Dr. Peter Bot,
Rue Philippe-le-Hardi, No 24,
from 2 to 6 o'clock.

But his thoughts dwelt with especial com-
plaisance upon the honors that public bodies
would hasten to accord to the man who had
discovered the negro microbe.

And the idea that he would thenceforth be
the Pasteur of the black men filled him with
joy.

He already began to feel the breath of
glory from clinical societies, and had glimpses
of the Bot Institutes, the homage of several
municipal councils and the gratitude of a
whole race which had been patiently awaiting
its turn since the beginning of the world.

But, alas! the great Hugo says in one of
his immortal verses:

"Ambition realized, as fleeting is,
As stay of rural bird on city roof."

One morning Apollo, who feared the look-
ing-glass no longer, was completing his toilet
and regarding his face, the right side of
which was white, while the left still retained
the color of his fathers, when the cook of
Mr. Peter Bot entered his room with an air
of dejection:

The Doctor had died suddenly of an aneu-
rism, carrying with him the secret of his dis-
covery.

IV.

We cannot depict the sorrow of Apollo!
Our readers, who are people of mind, can
easily form an exact idea of his anguish.
They will divine that his grief was divided
into two very unequal parts:

1. Apollo greatly regretted that M. Peter
Bot was dead.

2. Apollo greatly regretted that he had
died leaving him in the state of a semi-negro.
Put yourself in his place. It cannot be
disputed that to expect a complete transfor-
mation, and finish by remaining "A study in
black and white," is harrowing.

In these cases, one begins by regretting
his benefactor, but ends by bearing him ill-
will.

The poor Apollo dare not go out. How-
ever, the duties of elementary decency obli-
ged him to attend the funeral of the Doctor.
But how could he go? Could he take part as
he was, in "tenuis mixte"? Or should he
blacken the white part of his face? The first
suggestion appeared the most worthy one;
to go as "unfinished" was to render a public
tribute to the Doctor's discovery, and dis-
charge the moral debt owing to Peter Bot,
who certainly had not died on purpose to
leave him in this condition.

But to be the object of a whole funeral, the
subject of all reflections, a laughing stock for
everybody was very hard! Apollo hesitated.
His conscience said to him: "Go as thou
art; do so for his sake; it is thy duty." But
his self-love replied: "Don't make a fool of
thyself."

He ended by finding a hypocritical solu-
tion which gave ease to his conscience.
"I will blacken my face," said he, "in or-
der not to attract the attention of the defunct
friends; then I will write the dean of the
Faculty of Medicine and tell him all the de-
tails, thus immortalizing the memory of
Peter Bot."

An unfortunate circumstance wrecked this
hypocritical but mean calculation.
The day of interment opened with a beam-
ing sun and a sky without clouds, but before
the funeral was over the rain poured down.
Apollo, who had no umbrella, followed the
cortege on foot; and was drenched from head
to foot; so that the color was washed off, and
he arrived at the cemetery half white.

Imagine the movement of curiosity excited
by this unexpected change.

On the morrow Apollo was referred to in
the "Miscellaneous Notes," of the journals,

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and soon, whether because the phenomenon
had been revealed at an interment, or because
of the colors themselves, he became known in
Paris under the sobriquet of "Half Mourn-
ing." Reporters besieged his door and
doctors besought him in the interests of
science to permit an examination. For the
mere pleasure of looking at his head, men
visited his apartment, which was to let
continually.

He was obliged to take a private house.

V.

It is well known that at San Domingo, the
home of Apollo's father, the whites and
blacks are at daggers drawn, for their differ-
ences of color take the place of political
parties.

Now the Bobino family, said to be allied
with that of Toussaint-Louverture, had al-
ways been most uncompromising on questions
of color and even considered a marked cool-
ness towards the mulattos, who were con-
sidered opportunists.

The sentiments of the elder Bobino when
he learned that his son had joined the enemy
cannot be described.

Since the commencement of the world no
such apostasy had taken place; it was the
first time that a negro had not remained one.

The father of Apollo did not hesitate, but
wrote renouncing and disinheriting his son,
also informing him incidentally that his
allowance would be withdrawn.

Poor Apollo began to entertain ideas of
suicide.

His allowance cut off, how could he obtain
a living! What could a licentiate-in-law, in
his own physical situation, turn his hand to?
He could not plead. To enter the magistracy
could no longer be thought of. A magistrate
having need of prestige, the Minister of
Justice is compelled to refuse phenomenons.

"That is contrary to equality before the
law," you may say.

"Undoubtedly, but it must be confessed
that a tribunal composed of the man with the
calf's head, a demi-negro, and presided over
by the man without legs would be a spectacle
not at all likely to inspire the respects of
litigants.

It was, however, necessary to live.

How?

Every time Apollo asked himself this
question he had a slight shiver.

Alas! he had a presentiment: The fair
booth was lying in wait for him.

He had already received more than one
hundred proposals from different showmen
who made superb offers. The famous Bar-
num himself had offered a fabulous sum.

So long as a louis remained in his purse he
resisted, then sold himself to the highest
bidder.

VI.

It was at Rotterdam I made the acquain-
tance of Apollo.

He figured in a booth which was literally
hemmed in by the spectators.

He had only exercised this calling for
three months, and fortune already smiled
upon him; but its origin caused it to lose its
attraction for him.

He related to me his manner of life, adding
bitterly:

"I was made for the magistracy, do you
see; the pain that I have had in embracing an
artistic life will never be known!"

He died two months afterwards in the
capital of a small German principality, and
his Barum, in despair, sold him to the
guardian of the museum, who had him
embalmed.—T. C. G.

25 Cents vs. Kidney Trouble.

For 2 years I was dosed, pill and plastered for
weak-back, scalding urine and constipation, with-
out benefit. One box of Chase's Kidney-Liver
Pills relieved, 3 boxes cured. R. J. Smith,
Toronto.

Clown was at first a tattooed person. In
Britain and France the country people re-
tain the habit of tattooing or of painting the
faces in imitation of tattooing long after it
had been abandoned in the cities.

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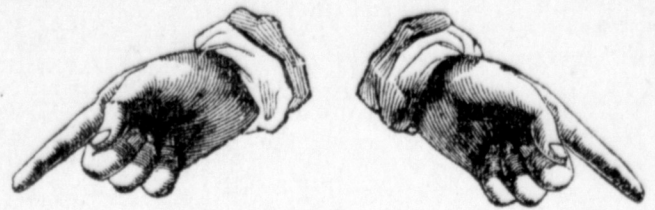
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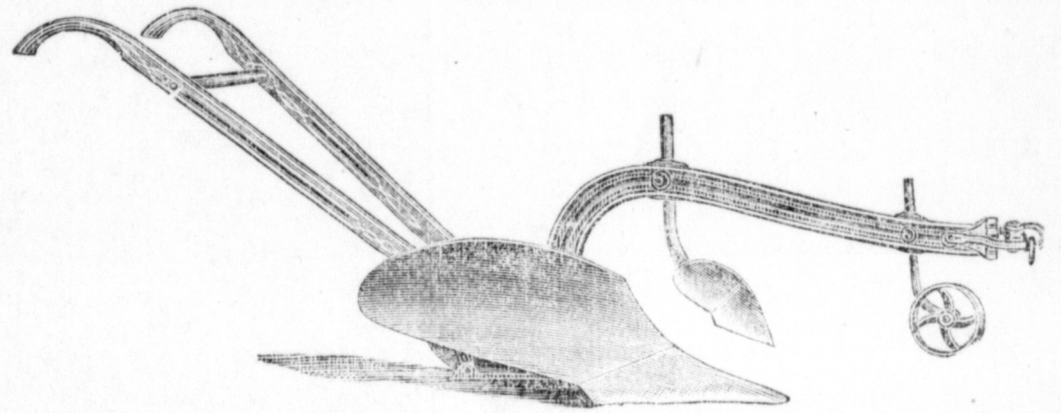
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