

HER IDEAL.

Esther Lindsay was nineteen when first her story was published. It was not the first one she had written by any means. But somehow her contributions always fell short of the mark of excellence necessary to insure them a favorable consideration, and manuscript after manuscript was returned to her, and was securely locked away in the old drawer of her old-fashioned bureau, which had been dedicated, with a good many tears of disappointment, as a repository for all rejected offerings at the shrine of literature.

She wrote it steadily for more than three months on her "Story of the Steamer Kendrick." One night she finished rewriting it for the twenty-first time, and the next day she sent it to Jesse Arnold, editor of the Ironton Inland Weekly, with a five-line note, asking him to read it carefully, and even if he could not use it to let her know what he thought of it. Her "Story of the Steamer Kendrick" was not a work of genius, but there were phases of the plot that were strong and passages that were unusually well conceived and executed, and after reading it three times Jesse Arnold, who was a conscientious editor, decided to keep it. He accepted it with that feeling of uncertainty with which an insurance man issues a policy on an extra hazardous risk, and congratulated himself on his shrewdness with equal delight when it turned out to be preferred. The public liked the story, and several critics who condescended to review the Inland Weekly praised it. Perhaps Editor Arnold himself was more fully aware of the glaring absurdities in the piece he had brought out than were any of its readers, and each favorable comment that came to his notice only made them the more apparent. At last he concluded to write to his unknown literary protégé and warn her against certain errors which might be pardoned in a young author's first story, but which, if often repeated, would be a serious drawback to her advancement in her art. Before he did so, however, she sent him another hastily written story, and a letter which was a strange jumble of gratitude to him for bringing her before the public, thankfulness that she had been so well received and unstinted expressions of a steadfast belief that she was fairly launched on a sea of success, where wrecks and disasters were an impossibility. In conclusion, she hinted that he ought to be eternally grateful to her for allowing him to print a story which would, in all probability, shed lustre around his own reputation as well as her own. That evening he wrote the contemplated letter.

"You are in danger of being spoiled," he said in part. "You need advice and I feel that I have the right to address you in the capacity of censor. Remember you are in an up-to-date world. Visionary, idealistic, sketches such as yours may make very good reading, but they are not the true stuff. You have unquestioned ability, but if you wish to succeed you must turn it to the portrayal of living men and women, and not imaginary puppets that you have manipulated for the most part in your 'Story of the Steamer Kendrick.' Take you here, for instance. It may be quite comforting for a time to come in contact through the medium of printers' ink and paper with an Apollo, a mental Hercules, a spiritual god and a financial Croesus, all combined in one American man, and a New Yorker at that, but I doubt if any of us would relish a closer acquaintance with him; he would be an excrement on the human race, and after your second or third story the public would have none of him. So take warning. Make your hero a real man—full of imperfections if need be—and let the gods take care of themselves."

Esther Lindsay read and reread the editor's letter. He had not intended to make it unnecessarily pointed or critical, but of all the characters she had ever conjured up her last hero had been the object of her most sincere admiration, and the admonition to shun him and his ilk touched her in the most vulnerable spot. "I want that man to understand me," she said to her mother, after having dreamed over the contents of the letter for a couple of nights, "and in order to bring that about I am going down to Ironton to see him, for it would be utterly useless for me to attempt to explain in writing just what stand I have taken on this subject."

Her family knew her too well to remonstrate against the proposed visit, and the next morning she took the early train for Ironton. It was late in the afternoon when she reached the office of the Ironton Inland Weekly. Jesse Arnold was closing his office and she met him just outside the door. She inquired for him and he stepped back into his paper strewn den and motioned her to follow.

"I am Jesse Arnold," he said, in that still way which habitually adopted when addressing strangers. "What is it you wish to see me about?" At his best the editor was not a good looking man, and that day, when he stood between her and the window, where the full beams of the evening sun poured in and seemed to exaggerate every defect in his person, from the most upright end of his short black hair to his disproportionately large feet, he was painfully conscious that his loosely knit body and swarthy complexion never appeared to worse advantage.

She took in the details of the room and the general make-up of its occupant with one comprehensive sweep of her clear blue eyes, and then said simply:

"I am Esther Lindsay. If it does not inconvenience you I should like to talk to you a little while about the last letter you wrote me."

There was but a trace of his former reserve left, and he took her hand impulsively. "I am glad to see you," he said, with a smile—the best part of Jesse Arnold was his smile—"are you willing to let me be your doctor and to take my prescriptions faithfully?"

"No," she said, flushing slightly under his close scrutiny. "I don't think I am. I don't think I can. You don't understand," she went on, earnestly, encouraged by his look of friendly interest. "I don't suppose there are any men that are absolutely perfect, but I have my ideal of what a man should be, and I put him body and soul into my 'Story of the Steamer Kendrick.' I don't think that I am over optimistic when I say that I believe with all my heart that such men live and that you and I have met them and can point them out."

of her theory. She waited a moment for him to speak, then exclaimed impatiently: "Well, why don't you say something?" "Because," he answered, leaning far back in his creaking chair and clasping his hands behind his head, "I see quite plainly that whatever argument I may present will only antagonize you. You may know such men as you depict; I do not, and my experience has been infinitely more varied than yours. I know you will not heed me, but I repeat that it will not pay you to live in a world peopled only by ideals. You must associate with the real. Take some man of your acquaintance, study him; take human nature for your model, and you will be on the right track."

"You have only one view, and, though it may be right, I feel as though I should be giving up the best part of myself to sacrifice my opinion to yours," she said, with that touch of wisdom she had lately assumed. "But I suppose," she continued, "that if my stories are up to the standard you will not decline them on account of that technicality."

He smiled again. "No," he said, "not on that account." To have one article printed, even though it be in the Ironton Inland Weekly, does not give unquestioned entree into the columns of every other periodical in the country and for many months after the appearance of her first story Esther Lindsay plodded wearily over her literary way, which was an up-hill, sinuous path. A score of unfortunate tales were added to the ungodly library in the bureau drawer before she found an outlet for her ideas the second time. Then followed five years of ups and downs. No literary aspirant ever had a more jealous guardian than she had in Jesse Arnold. He exulted in every victory she achieved and deplored every defeat he made as keenly as though it had been his own, and then one day when some unexpected turn of ill-luck made her despair of trying to push on further in the course she had mapped out for herself he capped the climax of his sympathy and interest by asking her to marry him.

It was a surprise to her, and she promptly refused him. "I never expected this from you," she said, trying to temper his dismissal with a kind of apology, "you, who knew me so well. You may call me a dreamer, an idiot if you like, but I have my ideal still, and unless I find him in real life I shall never marry."

"I'm afraid you will always stay single then," he rejoined, sharply. "I thought, judging by your later writing, that you had begun to hold common sense views on some things, but I suppose I am mistaken. You may change your mind yet." "You shall never know it if I do," she flared out, angrily, and that ended the first chapter of their own romance. She never sent any of her work to the Inland Weekly for publication after that one unhappy incident which left the friendship that had existed between her and its editor partially wrecked, and he only knew her progress through the magazines, to which she had at last become a frequent contributor.

He watched with a particular interest the evolution of the character of her heroes. The June issue of a well known monthly contained a story that made his pulses throb and quiver with hope and joy. He left the Inland Weekly in charge of a subordinate for a few days and went down to see Esther Lindsay. "When you wrote your 'Story of the Steamer Kendrick' your hero was your ideal of mankind, was he not?" he asked as soon as he could speak to her alone.

"Yes," she said softly. "And you were determined that if you failed to find such a creation in real life you would never marry?" "Yes," again.

"When you wrote this last story you had evidently experienced a change of heart and mind?" Again the monosyllabic reply. "Would you mind telling me where you got your idea of a man therein described?" "No," she said defiantly; "not in the least. I painted my imaginary character as I remembered you that day when I first saw you in your office at Ironton. You ought to recognize him; there is the same crooked nose, the same unruly hair, the same smile, the same sunlit window at your back. You told me then to take a friend—someone full of imperfections, it might be—and study him and make him a model for my hero. I have done so."

He leaned forward and looked into her pretty blue eyes. "And is he your ideal?" he asked. "Yes," she said once more.

ROUGH ON THE PURITANS.

An Author who Shows New England Pioneers in Their Worst Light.

According to the Springfield Republican, a miscellaneous collection of odds and ends—is William R. Bliss' "Side Glimpses From a Colonial Meeting House." While certified by town records and by quotations from old newspapers, diaries, and sermons, these pages tell the truth invidiously, and evince an undisguised satisfaction in setting the early New Englander in the unkindly light of his worst foibles.

Here is Mr. Bliss' chapter on "the meeting-house devil," in which he gathers a great number of unpleasantnesses concerning the building or placing of houses of worship, and the relations of those who preached or worshipped therein with each other. Hadley was disturbed for thirteen years over a meeting-house site. It occasioned more than fifty special town meetings, and was finally ended by a lottery. The Watertown people quarrelled many years over two meeting-houses until the general court ordered the removal of both to other locations, "on the principle," as Mr. Bliss assumes, "that kennels of fighting dogs should be far from each other."

In connection with the migration of Thomas Hooker and his flock to Hartford he says: "It was a religion of the New Englander to have his own way. He nourished a will which closed on its purpose as a steel trap closes its jaws on a woodchuck." Tracing back Hooker's line to "John Rogers, he of the nine small children and one at the breast, seen in the New England

Primer," he presumes that the martyr "and his fellows who suffered under the rule of Queen Mary were, like Hooker, victims of a 'certain cholera and obstinate will.'" This phrase he quotes from a letter of Father Parsons, writing in 1598, which ascribes "the sufferings of the martyrs and confessors in England not so much to 'virtue and love of God's cause as to a certain cholera and obstinate will to contradict the magistrate.'" In Wallingford "there was a hand-to-hand fight in the foundation trenches of a new-meeting house the result of a quarrel on the doctrine of probation. This was a 'spite meeting-house,'" a name given to many others that were built in New England."

Next to quarrels the devil got into some of his most effective work in rum and mixed drinks, which, according to this writer, had strong affinities with the religion of colonial times. And next to rum comes the addiction of the New Englanders to slavery and the slave trade. "It was rum that forced the growth of slavery in New England. . . . The commerce in rum and slaves furnished nearly all the money that was annually remitted to pay for merchandise brought from England."

"Boston and Newport were slave markets. Peter Faneuil was deep in the business, and so were other solid men of Boston. The distillers at times could not keep up with the slave trade. In 1752 Isaac Freeman's correspondent at Newport replied to an order for a cargo of rum and molasses: 'There are so many vessels loading for Guinea we can't get on; heads of rum for the cash. We have been to New London and all along the seaport town to purchase molasses, but can't get one hoghead.'"

To put the New Englanders in a still worse light, our writer impugns their business rectitude. Simson Porter instructs his captain sailing for Africa in 1768: "Make your chief trade with the blacks, and little or none with the white people, if possible to be avoided. Water the rum as much as possible and sell as much by short measure as you can." Says Mr. Bliss: "This man represented the commercial morality of that times. John Hancock was a smuggler of tea; Peter Faneuil was a smuggler of brandies; it was a common event to find bundles of shingles short in number, quintals of fish short in weight, casks of rum and hogsheds of molasses short in gallons."

In the chapter on "The Composite Puritan" the New Englander is described as a sadly repulsive mixture of the doctrinal and political Puritan, both in one indeed, as duplicating John Calvin, who stood behind them and shaped the form and policy of their government." Calvin is described as the quintessence of whatever is bigoted, intolerant, and cruel. Mr. Bliss quotes Palfrey's saying that the Puritan represented "the manliness of England," but differs from him altogether. "It is true to say that he represents the obstinate willfulness of the English race." At the same time he credits him with the least possible of a true devotional spirit.

"The religious Puritan to whom the cross was an offense was a darkened being. The doctrinal Puritans were sent at the outset by commercial adventurers, accompanied by educated ministers who were to convert the Indians. But the later immigrants were mainly of a different sort. They were not religionists. . . . No representatives of science, art, or literature came; no statesman, no poet, nor any great leader of social life. But there did come with a few merchants and lawyers shiploads of common people, yeomen, tradesmen, mechanics, servants, and idlers. These all put together made the composite New England Puritan. Into this mass must be mixed Huguenots, Germans, Scotch prisoners sent by Cromwell, and white slaves imported from Ireland to be sold, who became the forerunners of a part of the population; and to complete the contents of the cauldron I must add the abundant offspring of miscegenation between the Indian and the white race."

Menzie, Turner & Co.'s Exhibit

Is situated in the northwest corner of the first gallery of the main building, and without exaggeration is one of the naggiest and most representative to be found anywhere upon the grounds. The lines of their manufacture consists of shades of all description and kinds known to the trade, and they are displaying a number of decidedly new things, among which are what they term Elites. The name, we must say, is quite in keeping with the goods shown, which should be seen by dealers before placing their orders for spring. Their street car and railway coach curtain materials are also of interest to those who require such goods. Their Hercules waterproof for open excursions and street cars can be seen upon the Toronto Railway cars and many other railways, as well as at their exhibit and is without doubt a great improvement upon anything of the kind yet seen, and should meet with a growing demand, while their Europe cloths for close-fitting and railway coaches are up to date in every particular. Their fixture for holding car curtains in position is the acme of simplicity and durability. Their exhibit comprises a great many lines of imported goods, such as English, German, French and Swiss laces, fringes, curtains, poles, pole trimmings, tassels, pulls, upholstery, hardware and every variety of article in any way connected with the window shade and car curtain trade. Their display is unique, exhaustive and a credit to the Industrial Exhibition Association, and must be seen to be appreciated.—From Toronto Globe, Sept. 6th, 1895.

California Vines. California vintage has row begun, and trustworthy estimates as to the production are now available. In every district the outlook is more favorable than last year. The production of dry wine in the States will be about 20 to 25 per cent greater than last year, and will be from 12,000,000 to

13,000,000 gallons. About 4,500,000 gallons of sweet wine will be produced, making a total wine production in California this year of about 17,000,000 gallons. This is far short of the consumption, and much less than the production of 1893, so winemakers look for good prices and prosperous times. The average price for dry wine grapes will be about \$15 a ton.—Ex.

REUBEN E. TRUAX, M. P. P., SPEAKS.

Troubled, With Indigestion and Dyspepsia for 16 Years.

Treated by Physicians and Obtained No Benefit.

Three Bottles of South American Nerve Produced a Complete Cure.

An Important Utterance From This Liberal Member of the Local Legislature.

The most common experience has plainly demonstrated that when the digestive organs are deranged the whole system is deranged. Life is hardly worth living to the man who is a downright victim of indigestion, and neglect of stomach troubles soon create chronic indigestion.

In the country of Bruce few men are better known than Mr. Reuben E. Truax M. P. P., who for years has most ably represented that constituency in the Local Legislature. It would be a hard matter for him, however, to perform his duties with anything like zest and success if he were today a sufferer as he was rather more than a decade ago. Indigestion was the trouble, and it was trouble enough. He says: "I was for about ten years very much troubled with indigestion and dyspepsia. I tried a great many different kinds of patent medicines, and was treated by a number of physicians, but found no benefit in any case. I was recommended to try South American Nerve. I obtained a bottle and I must say I found very great relief. I followed this with two more bottles, which proved sufficient to effect a permanent cure. I am now entirely free from indigestion, and would strongly recommend all my fellow-sufferers from the disease to give South American Nerve an immediate trial. It will cure you."

Rabbits in Australia. In Australia the rabbits climb walls—built at enormous expense under the delusion that they are "rabbit proof"—and run up and hide in the numerous hollow trees as if they were opossums. Tender of wet feet here, in Australia they have overcome the prudence, and take to the water, and swim across rivers like water rats.

No Danger of an Alarm.

First thief (in hotel bedroom)—"Go quiet, Jim. There's a woman asleep in that bed."

Second thief—"It don't matter if she wakes up."

"It don't? One scream would bring half the folks in the house to the door."

"She won't scream. If she wakes up she'll throw the covers over her head and keep still."

"Why will she?"

"Her hair is all up in curl-papers."

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